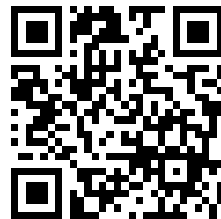
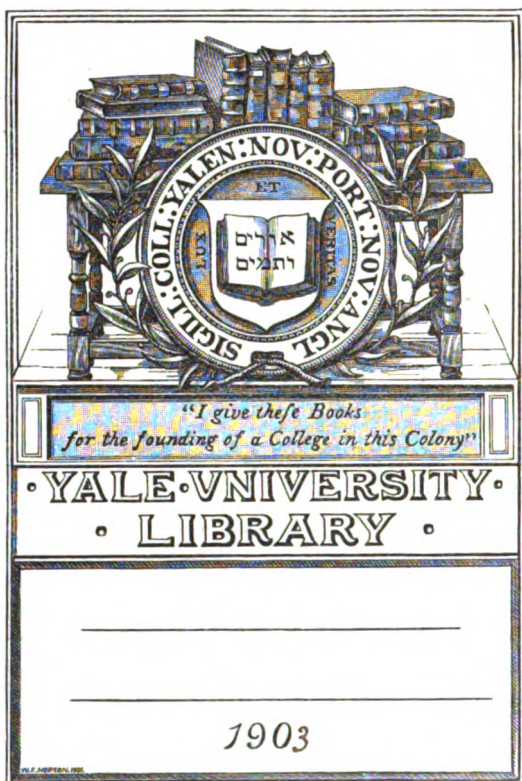

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ONCE A WEEK.

AN

Illustrated Miscellany

OF

LITERATURE, ART, SCIENCE, & POPULAR INFORMATION.

VOLUME VII.

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ONCE A WEEK.



THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoying in the gynning causeth mykel error in the end"—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XXL. A NEW BALLET.

THE Theatre Royal, Long Acre, was crowded from the floor to the ceiling. The success of the new grand romantic ballet "L'Aérolithe," (the music by Signor Strepito) was extraordinary. It was not merely a play-bill and placard and advertisement

success; it was admitted even in the treasury of the theatre,—that little office under the grand staircase, the only part of the great building in which Truth ever built a permanent nest,—it was admitted there between the manager and his confidential officer that the *bally* was a legitimate

triumph; and no exception on the ground of actual inaccuracy could therefore be taken to Grimshaw's constant remark, "that he was pulling in the money like one o'clock." He was now ordering "glasses round" with more than usual persistency; ceaseless in the liberal inquiry as to whether any gentleman would take anything to drink; and the company were this time regaled with a champagne supper, which did not make any of them very seriously ill.

The scene of the new grand romantic ballet was of course laid on the banks of the Danube. Ballets invariably take place on the banks of the Danube. The scenery was in Blister's best style. The spectators never could make up their minds whether they admired most "The Village of Ochsenkopf in Transylvania" (Blister); or "The Pass of the Rothen-Thurm or Red Tower, with distant view of the Convent of Kosia, in Wallachia" (Blister and Boker),—I think that both these scenes, differently set, had done duty under other names in Tootle's opera of "Estafetta, or the Star of Styria," which only ran six nights during a previous unfortunate season),—or the grand scene of "The Summit of Mount Pretroska by Moonlight, amid the Peaks of the Carpathian Mountains" (Blister). But perhaps this last had the greater number of admirers; few could resist the beautiful effect of the lime light, the moon rising behind the peaks, with floating clouds to pass over and obscure it occasionally. Blister had quite a reputation for moonlights: and was often called on the stage to receive the congratulations of the house in regard to this scene. I need not say that Grimshaw took the opportunity of leading on his artist and bowing to him, and shaking him by the hand amidst the loudest applause. "All right," said Grimshaw, as he came off grinning. "We shall secure first-rate press notices by this. They'll say we were both called on. The bally's a hit, and no mistake!"

Does the reader wish to know what the new grand romantic ballet of "L'Aérolithe" was about?

Oscar (M. Anatole) in blue velvet trunks, striped silk stockings, white shirt sleeves, and a hat with a scarlet ribbon, being a peasant of the village of Ochsenkopf, is betrothed to Bianca (Mademoiselle Blondette) the daughter of Claude (M. Renaud) a farmer, and Claudine (Mademoiselle Schmidt) his wife. The wedding festivities are in course of celebration. Many peasant dances are executed (the blind fiddler of the village is a little part admirably performed by that veteran pantomimist Mr. W. H. Sims). There is a *Pas Grotesque* by Michael, the village idiot (M. Pierre); a *Pas de Quatre Hongroise* by Mesdames Celine, Julie, Brown and Estelle. *Pas Cracovienne* by Mademoiselle Blondette (*encored*); *Galop Styrien* by the entire *corps de ballet*. Then a procession of monks (in dark glazed calico) who pass through the village carrying enormous crosses, and bless the peasants (to slow music), kneeling reverentially. Sunset effect—very imposing. The wedding fêtes are resumed. Night comes on. The villagers prepare to depart to their homes after a grand Mazourka of Transylvania with coloured lanterns. The storm! (Signor Strepito's music here becomes of a violently descriptive character). Fall of a

thunderbolt! General consternation! Mystic appearance of *Fiametta, la Fille du Firmament* (Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisleury, *première danseuse* of the principal theatres of Europe, her tenth appearance in England); *Pas d'Orage*, Mademoiselle Boisleury; *Pas d'Electricité*, Mademoiselle Boisleury. Oscar is bereft of reason! *Pas Insensé*, M. Anatole. He deserts his bride, his parents, his village, to follow *Fiametta*. The next is a "carpenter's" scene, the cottage of Bianca. Despair of Bianca at the departure of Oscar. Some comic business for Michael, the idiot, and the blind fiddler. Anger of Claude and Claudine. They determine that Bianca shall now wed the rich farmer Obol (M. Raphael.) Scene changes to the Pass of the Rothen-Thurm. Grand *pas de Désir*, Mademoiselle Boisleury and M. Anatole. Grand Valse, *La Tentation*; *Pas d'Amour*, Mademoiselle Boisleury and M. Anatole. *Fiametta* is an *aérolite*, her mother is the firmament, her father is the earth, on the wings of the storm she can descend from her home in the skies, and assume a mortal appearance. She may lure others to love, but she may never love herself, or she will sink deep into the earth—buried for ever. *Fiametta* explains her situation in pantomime; to those who understand the ballet language her actions are extremely intelligible. Oscar is in great grief. *Pas de Désespoir*, of course. *Fiametta* begins to feel her heart tremble. *Pas d'Alarme*. She flies from Oscar. He pursues. She disappears down a trap (technically called a *vampire*.) There are other episodes in the entertainment upon which it is not necessary to dwell. Finally, *Fiametta* witnesses the devotion of Bianca, who, deserted by Oscar, still loves him. She is struck by the fact that this love is greater than her love. She restores Oscar to Bianca. Then she discovers that she has loved, that she still loves, a mortal! Yet she may escape her dreadful doom if she will consent to lure Oscar to ruin! But she cannot: she sacrifices herself so that Oscar may be happy! She descends in the moonlight (after an exquisite *Pas*) from the skies to "The summit of Mount Pretroska, amid the peaks of the Carpathian Mountains." She swings in the air. She hides her face in her hands to shut out the sight of the bliss of Oscar and Bianca in the foreground, and disappears at the back into the mountain, which splits in sunder conveniently, amidst the loud applause of the whole theatre.

Such is the ballet of "L'Aérolithe." If the reader should be of opinion that it very much resembles some other ballet that he has seen, why I must admit such to be the case; but the truth is, that I never yet saw a ballet that did not very much resemble many other ballets.

Madame Boisleury was one of those dancers who win their public simply, as it seems, by the steady determination to win them, by mere force of will. There was a sort of grand defiance about the way in which she bounded upon the stage (after pushing a path for herself through the coryphées, certainly rather roughly) her eyes glittering from beneath her thick black brows, her nostrils distended, her red lips compressed, and then after a few superb leaps and whirlings, stood suddenly still upon the points of her toes in the centre of

the stage, her head thrown back, her grand round arms raised above—her whole attitude as audacious as it was admirable. She had laughed at Blondette's paint, but it seemed that she had not hesitated to avail herself of similar artifices. She looked much fairer than by daylight; but her massive neck and shoulders were plentifully powdered, while there was very strong rouge upon her cheeks. Yet the glare of gas almost necessitated this. It was one of Grimshaw's standing orders always to turn the gas well on when the *bally* was played, "Mind that, now, Gassy," he would say to his fitter, "and light 'em well up." Mademoiselle Boisfleury's style of dancing was of the *strong* school. It was graceful according to the dancer's theory of grace, but it was never tender; she was agile enough, but never aerial, in spite of the part she played in the romantic ballet. She had none of that slenderness of limb which sometimes makes the spectators tremble lest a foot should give way or an ankle be distorted. The substantial frame of Mademoiselle Boisfleury set at rest effectually all ideas of that kind. She was as a grand flower on a thoroughly strong stalk. She was safe enough—dashing, intrepid, indefatigable, with a smile that did not look assumed, and a glance that seemed to dare the theatre to withhold its applause. Certainly she was an imposing-looking creature in her first dress of flame-coloured gauze powdered with gold stars, with her jewelled armlets and necklace (probably the stones were not precious), and some brilliant ornaments glittering amidst her jet black hair. In the last scene she wore, of course, white muslin, without decoration of any kind, her hair streaming down her back and the rouge washed from her cheeks.

"She's a good one to dance," said a stout gentleman, with his coat closely buttoned, sitting in the stalls, to a friend in gold spectacles.

"Well, yes, she is," the friend answered; "her *entrechats* are really admirable. She is a first rate danseuse of the second rank. She would not suit us in Paris; but she does very well for you others here."

"Has she appeared at your opera house?"

"No; there are reasons for her not appearing in Paris."

"Indeed! Mossoo!" said the Inspector, "our sort of reasons?"

"Let us say *political* reasons, if you will, my friend. It is the plea many of the French urge to excuse their absence from their native country. Some governments are too paternal, and like the wise father, they do not spare their children the rod. Perhaps Mademoiselle Stephanie fears the rod. You see, my friend, I have taken of your *haff-naff*, but I am still of the executive. I know what I say."

"She is a good-looking woman!" said the Inspector, bluntly. "How old do you suppose she is?"

"Ah, well, let me see; she must be as near thirty as a woman ever gets,—let us say twenty-eight. Yes, she is pretty! very charming indeed, *ma chère*! What is this—*La Tentation*, is it not? Yes, of course. She does it very well."

"Has she been dancing all these years?"

"Sometimes she dance—sometimes she sit still: she appear and re-appear. She made her *début* very young. She was then at Brussels—she was young; she could not dance very well."

A handsome bald-headed man, sitting in front of the Inspector and his friend, turned round suddenly at this.

"Will Monsieur kindly permit me to use his opera-glass for one minute?" asked the Frenchman, in a soft voice, bowing politely.

"Immediately," was the answer. The gentleman seemed to have caught sight of some one he knew occupying a private box on a low tier. He looked through the glass, and having apparently satisfied himself upon the subject, he handed the glass to the Frenchman.

"Yes," said George Martin to himself, "it is he, sure enough. Wilford has come here to make certain that Mademoiselle Regine is Mademoiselle Boisfleury! Who can wonder that he should do so, poor fellow. How white he looks! how he keeps at the back of the box. It is a wonder that I saw him at all. How he must suffer! This woman his wife, and Violet——! Can such things be?"

"That *petite* is Mademoiselle Blondette, I suppose?" the Frenchman inquired of his friend. "She is pretty, only she is affected."

"Yes," said the Inspector, "she used to be at the Vulture in the City Road,—a clever girl; but you should hear her father speak of her—hear the character he gives her. Most respectable man by the name of Simcox,—keeps a pie-shop up at Hoxton. Little Sally Simcox—that's his daughter—used to dance Highland-flings and such like, at the Alexandrina Saloon near Shoreditch. Now she calls herself Blondette—cuts her family dead, and won't hear of the name of Simcox—keeps a coach and pair. Such is life!"

"Ah, truly," the Frenchman remarked, philosophically, "it is wonderful the fortunes that are made by ballet-dancers."

Some one entering in great haste nearly placed a foot in the Frenchman's glossy hat on the floor before him.

"*Prenez garde, Monsieur!*"

"*Je vous demande pardon, Monsieur,*" muttered the new-comer.

"Ah! Monsieur Alexis; it is you, then?"

"Ah! Monsieur—"

"Chose. *S'il vous plait, Monsieur Chose.*"

Then suddenly Monsieur Chose abandoned the tone of banter in which he had been speaking, and whispered fiercely in the ear of Monsieur Alexis: "How dare you come here, sir? Go! What do you here? go at once."

"I go, Monsieur," the boy said, in a scared voice, and hurried out. He was afterwards to be seen in the upper boxes of the theatre, vigorously applauding the performance, and especially the dancing of Mademoiselle Blondette.

"Who is he?" asked the Englishman.

"You don't know him? Ah! then you soon will. *Petit diable*; he is a young man of considerable promise."

"He looks a mere boy."

"He is not far from twenty, however. He is a half-breed. If he takes care, there is a chance that he may be able to combine the dexterity of

the Parisian with the brutality of the London thief. At present he is a little too fond of pleasure to be very successful; but in time he may outgrow that; he is young, there is hope for him. He is clever, he has no heart; he would sell his mother for a *chasse de Marasquin*; his sister for a packet of cigarettes; his father—well, he *did* sell him—we owe him thanks for that—for twelve hundred francs: and le père Dominique is now at the galleys as a natural consequence. But *Madame sa mère* knows not of the transaction: it is a hold I have upon her son."

"And the sister?"

"The sister is Mademoiselle Stephanie dancing now for our pleasure."

"And is she—?"

"Ah! Monsieur Inspector, you interrogate me, is it not so? France through her executive, is interested in Mademoiselle Boisfleury and her family. They are *émigrés*. France may wish that they should return to her bosom. She is a great nation; she has moments of clemency; she has moments of cruelty. She may pardon the family for the beauty and the talent of the daughter, or she may turn the key upon the whole group. I don't say which course she will pursue. It is not for us, *cher ami*, to decide this kind of question. We are but members of the executive; police-men, as you others say. *Eh, bien?* we wait and see, and we act when some one whispers in our ears what we shall do. For Stephanie—"

"Hush! don't talk so loud. I must go: I see my gent from Liverpool in a private box, with a lady—his sister very likely—good bye. I must go up-stairs to the door of the box," and the stout Inspector withdrew.

"Have I take too much *haff-naff*—do I talk too much?" Monsieur Chose asked himself.

The bald, handsome gentleman in front here politely proffered his opera-glass to the Frenchman.

By-and-by on a bridge of small civilities, Mr. Martin and Monsieur Chose passed gradually into conversation. Monsieur Chose was evidently in a talkative mood. Martin was always a good listener; he distinguished himself especially in that character on the present occasion. Perhaps he had, or thought he had, an object in view in doing this.

"The ballet in England," said the Frenchman with a grand air, "is an exotic which has never taken deep root—which would die but for much care and what you call *forcing*. In France it is a natural production, and it flourishes always. London tries to like, to acquire a taste for the ballet. Paris loves it from instinct. It is the dream of the English that they have the tastes, the perceptions of the French. Monsieur, believe me, it is not possible. They try to like claret—they swallow it with a wry face; it does not please them, really; why should they pretend that it does? Let England keep to her native productions; to her port wine, her sherry wine, her porter, ale, her *haff-naff*, which is excellent, I know it; which fits well to this climate *opaque and brumeux*. Let her not seek to imitate the pleasures of the French. For you, the pantomime of Christmas;

for us, the ballet—*pensif*—poetic, sublime! We are a nation of sentiment; we love always the appeals to our hearts, to our emotions. We should bias this ballet in Paris. It is good, but it is not good enough. The *nuances* are not preserved; the *ensemble* is not cared for. The whole is without *esprit*. Mademoiselle Boisfleury is charming; Mademoiselle Blondette is *ravissante*, but for the others! Monsieur, to see a ballet of the first quality, you must see it in Paris and nowhere else, as to eat strawberries in perfection you must pluck them yourself from their beds."

"Monsieur," said Martin, bowing, "I have long entertained these opinions, but I have never been able to express them so well. Your remarks are profound—more, they are philosophical."

"MONSIEUR!" exclaimed the Frenchman, his face beaming with delight as he bowed his head repeatedly, "you do me an honour extreme. But it is given to the intellect of France to be not less appreciative and judicial in its character, than competent to wield those attributes to the advantage of the universe!"

Monsieur Chose spoke with an air of enthusiasm and deep conviction: his gestures were extremely animated, and he rose from his seat. There were cries in the pit behind him of "Sit down in front!"

"I am carried out of myself," he said, with an air of greater calmness, "let me remember my situation. Ah, behold us now at the grand scene of 'L'Aérolithe.'"

A roar of applause was the recognition of Blister's triumph in the picture of the "Summit of Mount Pretroska by moonlight, amid the Peaks of the Carpathian Mountains," the last scene of the ballet. (It may be as well to say that Blister had never in his life been further from London than Blackwall! but then he never professed to give faithful representations of particular landscapes; and, indeed, he held that *vraisemblance* had nothing to do with scene-painting, perhaps because he thought that if he made the background too natural, it would interfere too much with the actors who were to be the fore-ground figures, and who it must be said, were generally quite as far off truth of delineation as was Blister.)

Monsieur Chose was loud in his applause throughout the whole of the scene, though his approval was always given with a great air of consciousness of superiority and condescension. Nevertheless, his repeated "Brava! brava!" possessed a tone of languid ecstasy that brought all his neighbours into a like frame of mind, and induced them to applaud also. It was as though his manifestations of delight were wrung from him, notwithstanding the obstacles presented by a constitutional indolence and an aristocratic indifference, and were therefore all the more precious. And the scene was worthy of applause. When the *première danseuse* swung high up in the air, descending gradually lower, a strong lime light pouring upon her—so strong that the wire supporting her was hardly visible from the stalls, while it could not be traced at all from the boxes, except now and then when it caught the light—the effect was almost poetical; Monsieur Chose said it was quite. The inevitably absurd characteristics of the ballet

costume were very nearly lost. There was a sort of gauze cloud wreathing about Stephanie; her long black hair was streaming behind her; her hands were clasped upon her breast; her splendid eyes were turned upward. She looked very handsome, beautiful indeed, while it was part of the effect to make the light—almost blinding in its vividness—appear to emanate from her, until she seemed to hang gleaming in the air like an incarnate jewel. George Martin could not help vieing with the Frenchman in applauding the scene. He gave a glance at Wilford's box to see if he was still present, but he was unable to discover him—possibly because the audience portion of the theatre was darkened for the enhancement of the moonlight scene. Suddenly there was a lull in the applause—a murmur—a gasp! Mademoiselle Boisfleury was to descend into the summit of Mount Pretroska, it was true, but surely not with such rapidity? Was it accidental—was it intentional? Some continued to applaud, nay, clapped their hands the more violently in their regret at what seemed a growing apathy in the house. There were cries for Mademoiselle Boisfleury, then shouts of "Bravo!" "Order!" "Shame!" "Grimshaw!" "Sit down!" "Stephanie!" &c.

"There is something wrong, surely," Martin whispered to the Frenchman.

"Yes, the rope must have broken—I knew it would."

Martin turned to him quickly, looking at him inquiringly.

"Pardon, Monsieur," the Frenchman answered the glance, bowing and smiling. "You flatter my intelligence. I did not know that the rope would break to-night." He added, to himself, "*Enfin*, then, behold me present when the accident has occurred!"

The conviction that there was something wrong grew upon the house. The thing was evident in the looks of M. Anatole, who had given up his ballet attitude, and was now indulging in poses natural, if not graceful. He was turning from one side to the other to get instruction from the people in the wing as to what he should do next. Mademoiselle Blondette was clearly shivering with fright, was holding Anatole's arm tightly with both her hands, speaking to him, looking beseechingly at him—at the prompter. It was quite certain that there was something wrong. A loud cry arose in the upper part of the house. From that point of view many spectators could perceive the figure of Mademoiselle Boisfleury. She must have struck against the scenery in her descent, the rope probably breaking, and then been precipitated to the stage. She was lying, half hidden by a set piece, at the back of the stage. In quiet moments a low moaning could be heard to proceed from the spot; she was no longer the radiant *première danseuse* of the continental theatres—she was simply a poor woman in a huddle of crumpled, soiled muslin, the victim of an accident, grievously hurt. The lime light had been withdrawn, the stage was very dark; still this was perceived; then a small crowd of carpenters, scene-shifters, and ballet-girls, men and women, hurried on to the stage, and the curtain came down—not with the slow regularity of its

usual descent, but with an abrupt scramble. All this takes some lines to tell, but little more than two minutes intervened between the accident and the dropping of the curtain.

The audience looked at each other. The evening's entertainment was over, but could they go in this way? Some hurried off at once, it is true, with white, sickened faces, but the rest remained, talking earnestly in groups; men hitherto strangers, who had sat speechless next to each other, were now discussing the accident as though they had just discovered they were really intimates of the longest standing. Some stood on seats—there was a disposition to hoot and groan. Some obstinate and obtuse people still persisted in applauding. At last there was a tolerably unanimous cry for "Grimshaw!" which strengthened as it went on, and grew more and more angry.

A well-dressed gentleman, holding in his hand a very glossy hat (it is said that at the T. R. Long Acre a glossy hat is always kept ready in the wings for those who make apologies, or are called to receive applause), Tacker, the stage-manager, appeared before the curtain. His look was dignified and serious, his manner irreproachably polite. He was expressly engaged to make apologies, of which Grimshaw himself was quite incapable, though he liked to go on now and then in a rough *bonhomie* sort of way, to show himself, receive applause, and smile and bow to the audience. There was immediate silence for Tacker. He held his hat gracefully in his left hand—his right was of course pressed upon his heart. He glanced up and down, right and left, so as to include the whole audience.

"Ladies and gentlemen. I regret to inform you that an accident, not, as it is believed of a serious nature—" (oh! oh! from the back of the pit. Tacker glared fiercely at that quarter, and was loudly applauded by the stalls). "Not," he repeated sternly, "it is believed of a serious nature, has happened to Mademoiselle Boisfleury. The management have to request, therefore, under these circumstances, the indulgence a British audience has never hesitated to give. The audience are requested to allow the performances to come to a close at once. The cause of the accident shall be searchingly investigated, and provision made against its recurrence. In any case, the management have the pleasure to announce that the new ballet will be performed to-morrow and every evening until further notice."

What could the house do but applaud Tacker and go home?

"Hist!" said the Frenchman to Martin. "Let us go round to the back and make inquiries. I will arrange."

Martin looked at Wilford's box, it was empty. He accompanied Monsieur Chose.

"Well, this is just my luck," said a sturdy gentleman, elbowing his way out of the pit. "I come here for abstraction and recreation, under the pressure of great calamity at home. What happens? A rope breaks, or something goes wrong, and a woman breaks her neck—don't tell me she hasn't broken her neck—I'd take my oath of it; and a good-looking woman, too, in very nice order and preservation; a highly respectable

Murillo; or, at least, an excellent example of the school of Murillo. Poor thing! I'm sure I'm very sorry for her. I came here for amusement, and this is what I get."

It was, of course, Mr. Isaac Phillimore, picture-dealer of Freer Street, Soho.

A shabby-looking man was with him. A man with no shirt-collar, a red nose, a broken hat (with crape on it), and very watery eyes. His lips had a tremulous movement about them, as though they were always talking.

"What is it you're saying, Loafe?" Mr. Phillimore asked. "My poor fellow. You've got into such a way of muttering, there is no hearing a word you say."

Mr. Loafe whispered into Mr. Phillimore's ear.

"O, well!" said Mr. Phillimore, "if you want to go, why of course you *must* go—and here's the half-crown you ask for—I should have to pay it for your supper, so you're welcome to it."

"I'll pay you back," said Mr. Loafe, with breathless earnestness. "Pon my soul, I'll pay you back. I shall get twelve and sixpence, if I'm lucky. I did not see any one doing it, and I dare say I can plant a paragraph on two, or three of the morning papers. Only I must go and get particulars, and do it at once." And Mr. Loafe disappeared.

"Well, I'm sure I never saw a man that looked more as though he wanted twelve and sixpence. I suppose it comes of being a literary man! Why Loafe's got to be a mere drunken boor by Ostade! Then, he added: "Well, my recreation is over, and I go back to my dismal home a more miserable man than I came from it. I suppose that comes of being a picture-dealer and an appreciator of the Fine Arts. Stay! I won't go home yet. I'll try a devilled oyster. Perhaps that will cheer me."

Mr. Loafe's paragraph was as follows:

"SERIOUS ACCIDENT AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, LONG ACRE.—We regret to have to state that a serious accident occurred at this favourite establishment last evening, during the performance of the new and successful ballet, "L'Aérolithe." Towards the conclusion of the performance, as our readers are probably aware, a full description having so recently appeared in our columns, the eminent *danseuse*, Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury who sustains the character of *Fiametta*, the *Fille du Firmament* (from whence the name of the piece is derived), is required to swing for some time over the stage suspended by a wire, the strength of which it is the rule of the theatre to test every morning, so that no precaution may be spared to render the feat a comparatively harmless one, the actress finally disappearing from the gaze of the enraptured audience down a trap-door at the back of the stage. From some cause, with the particulars of which we are unacquainted, and indeed it appears to be a mystery to all concerned, in spite of our ceaseless endeavours to obtain explicit information at the late hour last evening at which we went to press, the rope broke, or became detached from the dress of Mademoiselle Boisfleury, the accident has been explained to us in both ways, but its exact manner does not appear to be suffi-

ently accounted for, and she was precipitated from a great height of some twelve feet or more with considerable violence on to the stage. A scene of extraordinary alarm, consternation, and excitement ensued in the theatre, and the curtain was at once lowered. Mr. Tacker, the admirable stage-manager (whose benefit, we observe by our advertising columns, is fixed for Tuesday week, when we trust that he will receive the support so delightful an actor, and excellent a public servant, fully deserves), endeavoured in a short speech, capably delivered, to allay the fears of the audience, among the female portion of whom considerable fear had been manifested. Mr. Grimshaw has been indefatigable in his attention to the sufferer, and the best medical skill in the metropolis has been called in to her assistance. Meanwhile, Mademoiselle Boisfleury lies in a state, which we fear we must call precarious. Perhaps it is a fitting time to ask how long entertainments of a dangerous character, &c., &c. When will our senators give us an Act of Parliament to remedy a state of things which &c., &c.?"

There was a good deal more of it.

Perhaps, it is fair to state, however, that Mr. Loafe's paragraph did not appear exactly as he had written it.

MOBILE.

THE steamboat route from New Orleans to Mobile is one of the most delightful on the Gulf of Mexico. The distance is about 150 miles, through Lake Ponchartrain and along the coast of Mississippi, while a chain of islands, extending the whole distance, gives a wonderful variety to the prospect, and makes a continuous harbour or safe shelter from the Gulf typhoons.

We start from New Orleans by a short railroad, traversed in ten minutes, through a swamp. But this swamp is picturesque and interesting. Long streamers of moss hang from the gloomy cypresses. The undergrowth is of stunted palms. Birds of bright plumage and unrivalled song are seen and heard among the flowering shrubs. We pass through a fishing-village, out to the end of a long pier, and walk on board the long, light, low-pressure steamer, built strong enough for this sheltered sea navigation, and fleet and powerful enough to run off eighteen or twenty miles an hour without perceptible exertion.

The negro porters, probably the property of the company, place my luggage on board, and I step to the clerk's office, pay my five dollars, and receive the key of my state-room. In a few moments we are careering across the blue waters of the lake, whose low shores are scarcely visible. The spires of New Orleans are fading in the sunset.

Then comes a supper, set out for 200 people, with great elegance and a greater profusion. The strange and delicious fish of these Southern waters and the wonderful oysters are among the choicest luxuries, but nothing is wanting necessary to a substantial and elegant repast. The sun is down, and up rises the yellow moon. The blue southern sky is full of stars, and the constellations which

are here seen in the zenith are there low on the northern horizon. The Pole-star rises but thirty degrees, and then gently dips into the northern wave. It is a glorious night: the sea is like glass, only that long swells come in from the Gulf, while the faint land breeze is loaded with the odours of the jessamine, which now fills the forests with its blossoms, and floods the whole air with its fragrance.

How our fleet boat cuts through the water! I walk forward to her stem, before which rises a slender stream—a little fountain, which falls in a silver shower in the moonlight, with halos of faint lunar rainbows; aft, we leave a long slender line of glittering foam. Our rapid arrow-flight scarcely more disturbs the sea than the flight of a bird over its waters.

Music on the waves! Music and moonlight, beauty and fragrance on the star-gemmed southern sea. A group of ladies and gentlemen have gathered around the pianoforte in the great saloon. The fair Southerners are showing their musical accomplishments. Hark! it was "Ben Bolt" just now, and now it is "Casta Diva;" the next will be some negro melody, or "Old Dog Tray." But this is not the only music. I hear the mellow twanging of the banjo forward, and the pulsing beat of dancing feet keeping time to the rude music. Between decks are groups of negroes—men, women, and children—who have come down the river from Kentucky and are bound to the plantations up the Alabama. Some are asleep; others are reclining in picturesque groups, while a ring of whites and blacks are enjoying the rude music and dance. The owners of the negroes are making them comfortable for the night, or talking the eternal politics, and chewing the eternal tobacco.

I fall easily into conversation with one of the most intelligent. He is a fiery Southerner, and there is no measure for his contempt of Northern politicians. Trust Douglas? Never! The time has come when the South must control her own destinies. The Northern democracy must join with the South, and elect a Southern candidate, or the Union is gone for ever. They have borne too much. They will bear no longer. There was much more, but it is not needful to recite it. It was the quiet and gentlemanly but determined expression of the spirit that has already covered the gory battle-fields of that fair Southern land with thousands of her devoted sons, that has carried desolation and mourning into thousands of Southern homes.

When I questioned about slavery, and the condition of the negroes, he only pointed to the groups lying around us.

"There they are," said he, "look at them. We have four millions of such; and in some way we must take care of them. If we can contrive any better method for all parties concerned, you may be mighty sure that we shall adopt it. We claim that we, who live among our negroes and were raised among them, understand their condition and necessities better than people thousands of miles away. We are all in the same boat, and we must sink or swim together."

As I had no vocation to convert the gentleman

to my views, or impress him with my feelings, we passed to other subjects. But it was clear that his mind was full of the sense of injury and injustice—clear that he, like all the Southerners I ever met, believed that he understood the whole subject of his own domestic institutions better, and could manage it more wisely, than his near or distant neighbours.

I took one more look at the soft bright scene through which we were gliding, and retired to my state room. At dawn we were passing up Mobile Bay. The great cotton ships were lying at anchor outside the bar, some miles below the city, and the steamers were bringing down their loads of cotton. If Mobile had but a channel of twenty-five feet of water over her bar, she would be the great cotton city of the South. But the Bay closes in, and we glide up to the wharves. It is early; few are stirring, and the city is almost silent, but the view up the long, shaded garden streets, lined with white villas, with their green blinds, is enchanting.

It is too early for breakfast, but the steward has his smoking coffee-urn on a table set out with small cups, and he offers us a cup of *café noir* and a biscuit before we go on shore. The passage-fee has paid for everything, but I pass a dime to the negro steward with my empty cup. It is worth it to see the grace and dignity of his salutation of thanks. I really think there cannot be found anywhere a more perfect manner than among the better class of Southern negroes, but why the manners of the Southern slaves should be superior to those of the free negroes of the North, I will leave it to others to determine. The fact is unquestionable. I have not been to Liberia, and cannot tell how it may be where negroes, with the advantages of civilisation, are masters of the situation, and have no antipathies or rude repulsions of race to contend against. There may be great refinement of manners in Liberia; it is certain that the habitual deference of the negro to the white, and the corresponding condescension of the white gentleman to the negro, produces a kind of courtliness of behaviour which is not seen in the free communities of the Northern States.

Mobile is one of the oldest cities of the Southern States. Lemoine d'Iberville, a brave French officer, planted a colony at Biloxi, on the coast west of Mobile, in 1699. In 1701 he removed his colony to the site of the present city of Mobile. The Spanish had a few years before built a fort at Pensacola. Mobile is older than New Orleans; but I will not write its history. It has now a population of 28,000, a large commerce, and as it lies at the mouth of two rivers, navigable for hundreds of miles through the richest cotton regions of the South, it is, with respect to this trade, one of the most important of American cities. The streets are broad and finely built, with a profusion of shade, trees and shrubbery. The drives around are exceedingly fine, as the land rises gradually from the sea. The hedges are of the Cherokee rose, which climbs over everything and covers the trees with its rich foliage and flowers.

There are, as in all American cities, immense hotels, accommodating hundreds of guests, an

abundance of churches, the principal one here being the Roman Catholic Cathedral. The Catholics, descended from the oldest French and Spanish families, are numerous and influential. They have a fine hospital, orphan asylums, a Jesuit college near the city, where the young men are educated, and a spacious Convent of the Visitation for young ladies.

It is not easy to write of the social character of a foreign city without seeming to betray social confidences. I shall try not to give offence. One of my first visits was to a lady, who though quite at home, not only in New Orleans and New York, but in half the capitals of Europe, is a thorough Southerner, and takes special pride in Mobile. She is a lively writer, but still more lively in conversation. She speaks all necessary languages, and knows everybody in the world worth knowing. In her drawing-room, surrounded by the souvenirs of her travels and acquaintances, and listening to her lively anecdotes, you are sure to meet, under the most favourable circumstances, just the people you most wish to see. And the little lady, who has made for herself a position quite regal, is not obliged to be exclusive. You are as likely to see with her and be introduced to an actress, a singer, an artist, or a man of letters, as a mere person of fashion, titled or otherwise. Indeed, if her manner was warmer to one than another, her voice kinder, and her smile more cheering, it was to the struggling genius, who needed just such encouragement and just such influence as she could give him.

In the suburbs of Mobile I remember, and shall never forget, a group of white cottages, shaded by immense live oaks, stretching out their giant arms a hundred feet. It was a cluster of gardens. The proprietors could sit under their own vines and fig trees, for there were plenty of both. Here lived one of my hospitable entertainers, in this patriarchal suburban Eden, surrounded by his children and grandchildren; and in one of the cottages lived his mother, a woman of eighty, whom this son of sixty kissed with the tenderness of a lover as often as they met. It was a pleasant thing to see this family of four generations gathered at dinner, or all kneeling together at church. The gentlemanly young negro who waited upon me seemed a humble member of the family. The cook was an artist in her department of the Franco-American school, with some African modifications. It would require a painter's pencil, with a palette plentifully charged with ivory black, to do justice to the boy of eight who waited upon the table, or the younger apprentice of six, whose important business it was to wield a long whisk, and make war on every fly that dared to alight in that vicinity.

One day we made up a nice party to go on a small steamer down the bay. It was a charming voyage. The princess of the *fête* was a little girl of nine years old, an orphan granddaughter of my host. He was taking her to see a score of negroes, who were part of the property left her by her father, and of whom he had the care. "I did not like to hire them out," said he. "Hired negroes are liable to be worked too hard, and badly treated. A man does not take so good

care even of a hired horse as of one he owns. So, as I had an island down here, with plenty of clay on it, and bricks were in good demand, I hired a Yankee overseer, and set the boys to making bricks. The women cook and take care of them, and I go down every week or two to see how they get on, and carry them some little comforts, tea, coffee, and tobacco."

"And how does the Yankee overseer?" I asked.

"Very well, now. He wanted to drive too hard at first, and thought the negroes ought to work as hard as he did. He pushed them so hard, and kept them on such a short allowance, that two of the boys stole a boat one night, and came up to town to complain of him. They said they couldn't stand it. But I promised to make it all right, and went down with them. I told him he must not expect negroes to work as hard as white people; and he has done very well since. These Yankees are great workers themselves, and hard masters to other people."

The little lady was joyfully received by the whole coloured population. She distributed her presents of tea, tobacco, and gay kerchiefs among her property, listened to their stories, heard a long impromptu song composed in her honour, with a break-down accompaniment, and left in the golden sunset, her kind, graceful, and even affectionate good-byes answered by showers of thanks and blessings.

The whole scene and the events of my visit were vividly recalled to my mind by a letter I lately received from the gentleman whose hospitality I so greatly enjoyed. "We are in the midst of a long, I fear, and terrible war," he wrote; "but we are united and determined. My sons and sons-in-law are with the army, and when there is a call for more soldiers I am ready to buy me a pair of revolvers, and follow them. We may be defeated—we never can be conquered."

Beautiful Mobile, ere this, perhaps, many of thy hospitable homes are shrouded in mourning, and many of thy genial hearths are desolate!

MY UNCLE'S CASHIER.

"My dear Charles," it is a question for you, not for me—you must decide yourself; I can only state the conditions upon which that decision must be founded. If you go to college, you must go with a very small allowance indeed, and you must work hard for a fellowship of some kind, for I can leave you nothing, as you know that beyond a provision for your mother and the unmarried girls, I shall leave nothing behind me when I go. If you do go to college, you will enter a circle, the entering of which will multiply tenfold your chances of success in after life; it will give you a position in society of which nothing but bad conduct on your part can deprive you, and will put you in the fair road to become what I should like to see you—a scholar and a gentleman. If, on the other hand, you accept your uncle's offer, you will have a far larger allowance, as salary, than I can give you under any circumstances, the chance of succeeding him in a very good business, and soon becoming a man of some

importance in the commercial world. I need say no more, you must choose for yourself; I shall want your answer to-morrow, in time to post; go and think it over. Don't say anything to your sisters, or they'll persuade you to go to Paris, for the chance of visiting you there."

Such was my father's address to me at the age of seventeen. It was a difficult question to decide—Oxford or Paris? Still I did decide, and next day announced that decision.

"I should prefer going to college, father, at all events."

"Glad to hear it, my boy, though the other course would have been the cheaper for me; still I am glad to hear it. I can't do much for you, but in sending you to college I can do more than I can in any other way. If there's anything in you, it will come out there; if not, you will not be spoilt for other things afterwards, so God speed you, my boy."

To college, therefore, I went, with only one more word of advice from my father. As I left the gate in the hired chaise for the station, he said:

"God bless you, my boy; if you mean to be anything, don't hear midnight strike too often."

Three years passed, and I was "getting on," as my mother used to tell her friends; and in a few months more I had hopes of getting something worth having in the shape of my degree with honours, and a fellowship. Alas! My hopes were vain. I had hardly returned to college at the end of my third long vacation when I received a telegram announcing my father's illness, and reached home too late to see him again alive. My college dreams were over—I had not a penny in the world—I must work for all I was to have.

My uncle now wrote to repeat his former offer. I joyfully accepted it, and a month after my father's death I was in Paris:

My uncle's house was in one of the small streets lying between the Rue Vivienne and the Rue Montmartre, just north of the Bourse. It was, as may be supposed from its situation, an old rambling place, with the banking offices on one side of the courtyard, and the residence on the other. The offices, the scene of my new duties, consisted of a suite of three rooms, communicating by swing doors; in the farthest sat my uncle, the next was the chief cashier's or clerk's, and the third the office proper. A counter stretched along the whole length of the room, and on top of the counter ran a high, strong, wire-guard, with two or three small circular openings, through which the money was passed and papers were taken. Behind this guard I was to sit as third cashier or clerk. My uncle's business was that of a banker, bill discounter, and money-lender; and to judge by the rate at which he lived, he must for some years have employed a very large amount of capital, or have lent his money, at a little more than five per cent. interest.

My uncle having shown me the offices, took me over to the house.

"My daughter, Mr. Wardes,—Victorine, my dear, Mr. Wardes—a nephew of mine."

I looked at my cousin once and again—she was worth looking at—a most singular mixture of

racess was visible in her face. She had a high, broad, thoughtful, German forehead—a man's rather than a girl's—a delicate chin and mouth, with the small teeth so characteristic of the more highly organised French nature, and a nose and eyes unmistakeably English in the clear bridged outline of the one, and the open, fearless gaze of the others. She was a curiosity—a new thing—and I determined to study Victorine, my cousin.

"You must dine with us, at six o'clock. Where did you sleep last night?"

"At the Bedford."

"You'd better bring your trunks here; your room is ready."

"Really, I had no idea that I was to live here."

"Where else, boy? Where else? Paris is not a cheap place for young men; you'll live here cheaper than anywhere else; more comfortably, perhaps, if you and Victorine don't quarrel."

This was more than I had hoped for, to find myself domiciled in my uncle's house. I thought he had done much in renewing his offer after my previous refusal, but this overcame me.

"I'm really very grateful to you for all your kindness."

"All right, my lad, all right. See and get your things here, or you'll be late for dinner."

At dinner I was introduced to the chief clerk, or rather, the manager of my uncle's business. Once or twice I noticed his eyes fix themselves on me in a way that gave me the idea of his measuring me. I felt annoyed at this; and I showed it a little, perhaps, in the tone of my voice as I answered his inquiries as to the practices of English commerce.

"Oh!" said my uncle, "he knows nothing about the matter, Monsieur Vernay. Ask him to recite to you a chorus from the 'Antigone,' and he'll repeat half the book; but of commerce—of banking—he knows nothing."

"We shall be able to teach him our system in a few years, if he shall stay so long with us."

"He'll stay longer than I shall, I dare say, M. Vernay."

"Let me hope not, M. Wardes, you are a young man yet; quite a young man."

"That may be, but I don't mean to spend all my life in your dear Paris, M. Vernay. O no."

"Whatever comes, we shall do our best with the young gentleman to make him useful."

I felt angry and vexed at this conversation: though the hints thrown out by my uncle were plain enough, I did not like this contemptuous treatment from his manager.

Moreover, I noticed that M. Vernay paid most assiduous and graceful attentions to Victorine, who accepted them as a matter of course, and this made me still more inclined to dislike him.

My work was easy enough—too easy. I copied letters, paid away money, and did the work that belonged to my department as junior clerk. M. Vernay was careful to give me nothing to do that was not simplicity itself, and I was bored for want of something that might occupy my mind as well as my fingers. In the evenings I seldom went out, and was very content to spend my time with Victorine, who, on her part, seemed to think the

evenings were pleasant enough to seem short; so while papa dozed in his chair, Victorine and I talked and sang to our heart's content.

M. Vernay came about once a week to dinner, and contrived then, and indeed at all times, to give my uncle the idea that I was in need of much teaching as regarded business matters.

"How many years do you think, Charles" (we were cousins, reader), "it will take you to learn to conduct papa's business?"

"How many months you mean, Victorine. These practical men, your father and M. Vernay, are greatly mistaken in their estimate of me: they fancy that because I never looked into a day-book, or journal, or ledger before I came here, I shall be years learning their use; it's a mistake of theirs. I have ever since I was old enough to think, done little else but think, and discipline of this kind enables me to learn in a month what their undisciplined minds would require twelve for. As for M. Vernay, and his '*Système*,' as he calls it, it is a good one, and a workable one; but there are fifty methods of applying the same principles. He boasts that by his system fraud is rendered impossible, because discovery is certain; he's wrong, and greatly wrong, and if I had access to his books, I believe I could prove to demonstration that it is so."

Victorine somewhat incautiously defended me the next time I was attacked, and repeated my remark that if I had access to his books I could prove fraud to be possible.

M. Vernay started, turned pale, and turned on me a glance that made me sure of two things; first, that this chance bolt had hit the mark—that there *was* fraud; and next, that if M. Vernay could put me out of his way he would not be very particular as to the means of doing it.

This one idea of fraud kept forcing itself before me constantly; M. Vernay's jealous care of particular books and keys, his constant endeavours to make my uncle take "one glass more" than was good for him, and the strange, suspicious-looking people who came to him first, and then drew out money from the bank; all compelled me to think of it. I was more than confirmed in my suspicions by an incident which occurred some few months after this idea first entered my mind.

I had lost myself in one of the Faubourgs rather late one evening, and entered a small, mean-looking restaurant to ask my way. There were a number of men in the room, and as I glanced in a looking-glass I saw a face there was no mistaking—that of M. Vernay. He was sitting at one of the little round marble-topped tables, with two companions, with his face to the wall, and his side-face reflected in the glass. I saw him clearly, but from his position he could not see me. Instead of asking my way, I took a seat near the party, and took up the paper. They spoke in French and rapidly, in an under tone.

"I tell you," said Vernay, "it will not do; you always have to ask me before you draw, and unless you can do it in my way it cannot be done."

"Repeat," said one, "repeat; what is your way?"

"This," said Vernay. "I will give you a

cheque now for 50,000 francs, with the Marquis de ———'s signature. Lizette will bring it; she must come in her carriage and cash it to-morrow—and—"

"That's it exactly"—and—"what are we to do?"

"Give me notes for 45,000 francs to-night."

"45,000—that is only 5,000 francs, and a carriage and horses and Lizette's dress—it is too little; besides, we have not got the money; I like the old way best; I will come as usual."

"You cannot do that without risk of discovery. That prying English nephew is suspicious—he has the eyes of an eagle—an owl I ought to say, for he sees in the dark."

"Can't you quiet him? There is water under all the bridges of the Seine, still."

"He's too happy for that: happy men don't drown themselves."

"Does he go out at night? An appointment with a pretty girl might tempt him."

"Not at all—he's in love with Victorine."

"That is serious, Vernay—she was to be yours."

"That may be, yet. Now, will you have it, or shall I go to Hamburger, and make him the offer?"

The two consulted for a moment, and one of them left the room. In a few minutes he returned (I was deeply absorbed in the paper which completely hid my face); he said to his companion:

"I have it."

"You are agreed, then?"

"Yes. Where is the cheque?"

Vernay drew from his pocket-book a blank cheque, filled it for 50,000 francs, and dated it.

"Now the notes. All good?"

"All good! To be sure."

Vernay looked carefully at the notes, and then, signing the cheque, handed it over to his companions.

"What time?"

"O, at two; and tell her not to talk too much."

He rose and left the room with his companions. I hardly knew when I saw the table vacant whether I had dreamt it or not. I looked at the table, and there was nothing that would help me to realise the truth; but under the table lay a piece of paper. I pounced upon it, and found that it was a piece of blotting paper similar to that I had used in the office, and on it was the thickened impression of the signature of the cheque. I reached home in a state of anxiety that may easily be imagined, and found my uncle rather worse than usual. He was always a little "comfortable," as kind wives say, towards evening; to-night he was asleep in his arm-chair, and snoring violently. Victorine came down, hearing I had come in.

"Charles, what is the matter with you—you look so ill and pale. What has happened? Do, pray, tell me; so cold, too. Come up-stairs, there's a fire in the drawing-room."

She made me go with her—made me take some brandy, and then again asked me what was the matter. I told her. We had reached that deli-

cious stage of affection, when, though nothing has been said, it is felt by both, that there is but one interest between them. She was almost incredulous at my narration of the incident, as I was myself, of having witnessed the scene. I showed her the blotting-paper, and it convinced her.

"It's no use telling my father to-night, he has such confidence in M. Vernay that he will not believe it; you must tell him in the morning."

I told him in the morning what I had heard and seen.

"My dear nephew, you must have been very drunk, or else—no, that is not possible; your father's child could not get drunk. I do, myself, sometimes; but he could not deliberately lie. No, my dear Charles, M. Vernay is an old and tried servant of mine, and I will not believe you. I will not insult him by it. You were drunk, sir, very drunk. Don't let me hear of it again."

I went to my desk an hour afterwards. M. Vernay came in with my uncle.

"Charles, did you balance your cash last night?"

"Yes, sir. I always do."

"It was right?"

"Quite right."

"There's a mistake somewhere," said M. Vernay. "There is missing a sum of 1000 francs."

"It can't be in my accounts, uncle; for here is the book, and here is the balance to correspond."

"True."

"Let me cast it," said Vernay."

He did,—520, 346.

"Try that, M. Wardes. I do not make it correct; I make it more."

I cast it again, and it was more by just 1000 francs. I cast it again—521, it was. My uncle cast it—521, it was.

"How is this, Charles? you said you made the balance right. Did you look at your cash last night?"

"I did. I can assert that the balance last night in the book and the cash-box was the same. I can prove it. I posted it, according to M. Vernay's system, in the daily balance-book."

"It is 520 here, M. Wardes."

He handed the book to my uncle. The door opened.

"Well, Francois, what is it?"

"Only that I shall give this to Monsieur Wardes. I have found it in his chamber."

He held out a paper to me; it was a note for 1000 francs.

"Charles, my boy, you should let me know when you want money. M. Vernay, see those books are corrected." And my uncle walked away.

How the day went I do not know. I noticed, however, that M. Vernay once or twice went down to the strong room and brought up some books, and that no woman came for money.

About five o'clock M. Vernay came to me, after the other clerk and my uncle had gone, and said:

"M. Wardes, we have been looking at the accounts of Madame la Marquise —; will you help me to carry down these books? the porter has gone; I am rather late."

I took the books, and followed him down into the basement. He unlocked the outer gate of the outer safe, where the general books were kept, and passed through to the inner safe in which were kept the deeds and valuable securities on which my uncle lent money; this was separated from the outer safe by an iron gate in the day time, and at night by a solid fire-proof door.

He put his books on the shelf, and requested me to put mine on the same shelf in the proper order. The numbers on the backs were almost illegible, and I was some time, even in the strong gas-light, trying to read them.

"Can I help you, M. Wardes?"

"No, thank you, I've just done."

I put up the last book, and turned to go. The heavy door swung rapidly on its hinges—I heard the spring catch, and the key turn, and I was in black darkness.

"M. Vernay! M. Vernay! The door is shut."

"I know it," said his voice, muffled by its thickness; "you have access to all my books now."

I heard the heavy clash of the door of the outer safe, and then silence, as deep as death, was round me. I did not swoon or faint. I felt I was the victim of a most horrible trick; it was nothing more—I should be released in the morning, and I would make him repent it. I heard, presently, a hissing sound—it continued; presently I smelt gas. I should never see the morning. I should be stifled with the gas—the plan was clear before me now. An accident—no one knew I helped him with the books—he did not know I was in the safe, and he shut the door. It was purely one of those accidents that will happen.

Still the gas hissed, like a serpent before its fatal spring. I must stop that. I felt round the walls for the burner, and soon found it. There was no tap! I remembered now, the tap was in the outer safe, and the gas was lighted in the inner one by a long stick between the bars of the gate. My fingers stopped it in a moment, but I could not keep my finger there always. I tried, and the arm became so tired of the contracted position above my head, that I could not keep my finger over it to save my life. I thought of some other plan. To light it—alas! I did not smoke, I had no means to do it; and if I had it would only have consumed the air, every inch of which was precious as life itself. At last I thought of something that would do; I tore some corners off the leaves of a book, chewed them into a pulp, and put it over the holes in the tube, pressing it in hard—the hissing ceased. I climbed the shelves, and smelt round the burner—I had one foe the less. I then began to think seriously as to the chances of the air lasting me till released in the morning. In the morning? this was—oh God! Saturday! Saturday! Sunday, Monday—two nights and a whole day! There was no hope! I might have lived till the morning, but on Sunday there was no business done, and my absence would be easily accounted for by that horrible mistake in my books.

Two nights and a day—how many hours? To Sunday night at five, twenty-four. To Monday morning at ten, seventeen. Forty-one long hours!

Forty-one hours! There was not air enough to last me ten! I felt round the door; it was all but air proof. If I could make them hear! It was impossible; the house was the other side of a noisy courtyard—I must die! And Victorine! No, no,—ten thousand times no! I must live—I will live.

I bethought me of my old store of knowledge. How long could I live without fresh air? How many hours had I in which to reach it? I paced the length and breadth of the room—I measured its height, and found that by breathing only twenty times a minute I might live for thirteen hours; that would be till six o'clock on Sunday morning; and after that I must have air—air was life. I must bore through the walls, the lock was impregnable. The walls of brick would yield to tools. Tools! mockery! I had but a penknife—a toy—and I had thirteen hours to get through a wall at least two feet thick. It was a work of years, not hours. Tools! A long pointed bar and a hammer. I remembered to have seen a mason boring through a wall at my father's with such tools. My penknife was two inches long. The gas-burner! I tried it; it was soft brass, my knife cut it readily. It might work through beside the gas-pipe. The man surely bored a larger hole than the pipe would fill. I felt the pipe where it went round the wall, and then pricked the wall with my knife; the cement with which the hole had been filled round the pipe was harder than the wall itself.

In tracing my way round the room my hand touched the gate. I was saved! I never felt such a sensation as when my hand touched that gate. It was rapture! bliss! I had despaired—I was now full of hope. I passed my hand carefully over the gate; I felt one of the bars, they were of round iron, about three-quarters of an inch in thickness, and after running through the framework of the gate were pointed at the end. But to get them out of that framework! I pulled one. It yielded a little, and then mocked at my efforts. I must have a hammer. I felt carefully round the walls again. The shelves were all let into the walls—there was nothing! I felt again, and close to the gate the shelf had been cut away to allow the gate to roll back, and the shelves were supported on brackets. If those brackets were wrought-iron I was helpless—cast-iron might save me yet. I felt them carefully and compared them; if they were wrought, they would be unlike in some points—if cast, alike in all. I knew now what the touch of the blind must be, so full of instruction to the mind.

They were cast-iron, not a trace of difference could be found. One more sign and I was certain; if cast, they would be cast in a mould, and there would be a slight roughness in the casting where the halves of the mould had been joined. I felt again. There was the roughness—the same in both. And now to break them off. A blow, a heavy blow, alone could do it. I remembered to have noticed, when putting away the books, a small chest of apparently solid iron on one of the shelves. I sought for it and found it; it was heavy, nearly the fourth of an hundredweight I thought. I poised it carefully, and felt I had

strength enough to throw it with an aim. I cleared away the books from the slate shelf which rested on one of these brackets, and then measuring carefully the distance, threw the chest on to it. It fell short, and crashed on the floor.

Once more I tried, and this time successfully. The missile smashed the shelf into pieces. I kicked and beat away the smaller fragments till the bracket stood out from the wall by itself. And now came the test of my skill. If I threw once at the bracket in that black darkness, I threw twenty times or more; at last, one fortunately-directed blow, and I had the joy of hearing it ring on the pavement of the room.

I had now a hammer—awkward it is true; still a tool that would give a blow with a certain force.

I struck again and again at the bars of the gate, they yielded as the other had done and then were fast. I sank down exhausted with my useless efforts. Why did they not yield? I could give no more force to the blow—to throw the chest at them would be useless; the size would spread the blow over two or three of the bars, and the force would be lost. I must cut through one of the bars in the middle and thus wrench out the half I needed. How had I seen men cut through iron? With files—I could not hope for these. I remembered to have heard of prisoners who cut through iron bars with a watch spring—by what horrible fatality was my watch at that moment in the case on my dressing-table. A watch spring—a thin piece of steel. Would iron do? It might. In almost less time than it takes to tell, I had broken up one of the sheet-iron deed boxes, and by carefully bending a piece of it backwards and forwards on the sharp edge of the chest I had used as a missile, I obtained a strip about the length of my hand, and two fingers broad, and with this I commenced sawing one of the bars. Half an hour's hard work produced no impression on the bar, and had turned up the edge of the soft sheet-iron on both sides.

If it had been a question of saws, I could have turned ten deed boxes into a hundred saws to cut through that one bar. Alas! it was no such thing, the saw would not cut; and then sprung up before me the vision of a large yard with blocks of stone and the motion to and fro of the suspended saw of the stone sawyer, and his little trickling water barrel and heap of sand. Once more I went to work. I broke off a corner of one of the stone shelves (the lower ones were of stone the upper of slate), pounded it fine with my hammer, and then wetting the edge of the saw with saliva, I strewed the pounded stone upon it. I felt the saw become steadier and steadier, and at last I could feel with my nail a little nick in the bar. I worked for nearly three hours at this one bar, changing my saw when it was worn hollow for another and another till I had worn out six of them. I was nearly through—another half hour, and I should be quite through; yet it might break off now with a blow—it might—and it might leave a ragged end to my chisel that would destroy half the force of my blows when I came to bore through the wall; I would not strike, but kept on patiently, and at last the saw went

through. I seized the end, and in a few minutes I held in my hand the instrument of my deliverance.

The air of the room had by this time become close and stifling, and it was only by stooping that I could breathe freely.

I had still, as far as I could judge, some five hours left—in those I must accomplish my deliverance or die.

I now commenced sounding with my hammer for the least solid part of the wall.

In striking it on a part nearly opposite the shelves cut out for the gate, I thought I heard it sound hollow, I struck again and again without success; it all seemed alike. Once more I determined to strike over the whole space I had previously struck; this I did, and found the spot about the size of a penny piece from which the sound came. I then carefully felt the wall in the neighbourhood, and found a rough indented line ran from this place round the angle of the wall, and on the wall in the same line were three small holes in a circle. I decided at once that this was the place of some burner fixed, and afterwards removed; the rough line was the mark left by the pipe, and the hollow place must be the hole through which the old pipe entered the room. I drove the chisel into the place and found it hard—very hard, but still hollow. My life now hung upon the choice of a right place; if this hole was filled up with the hard cement, and the difference of sound arose merely from difference in density, then I had better try the wall over for a brick softer than the rest; but if it was not full—if those who should have filled it had put but a few inches of cement at each end of the hole; then in another hour I was as safe as if I were free. I would risk it. That hollow sound was so cheery, that I *would* believe that it must be a true guide.

Blow after blow, and the hole grew deep, and my progress less as my control over the point of the instrument lessened, when one sudden, sharp blow drove the chisel into the wall the length of my arm. The place was hollow. I had now but to drive it through the crust of cement on the outer wall, and I should live. I drove it cautiously and carefully, and at last heard the echo of the pieces falling on the other side, and drawing out the chisel, felt the air rush in. How can words convey the sensation I experienced as I drew in the God-given breath of life. I could now defy Death; there was a fountain at which I might drink and live.

For hours I sat close to the hole and breathed, and then fell asleep. I know not how long I slept, but I awoke sore and tired, and with a horrible hunger and thirst on me. I could not have many more hours to stay, so I hoped on, and tightened my belt to ease the gnawing pain at my stomach. And now began the horrors of solitude; while I had employment for the mind, I felt no pain of any kind now; I was going mad with anxiety and fear. I must find some employment. And what? in this utter darkness. But if darkness, why not light? Yes, I would have light. For this I must enlarge the hole, and went to work again with blistered hands, and in two hours had

enlarged it to twice its original diameter, and had consequently four times as much air flowing in.

My next step was to grate from the edges of a book a paper powder for tinder, and spreading this on the ground in a heap, I struck with the point of my hammer the stone shelf above it. The sparks flew about at the contact, but it was at least an hour before one lodged in the heap and set it smouldering. I watched anxiously as the little red ring grew larger and brighter in the heap, and then applying a piece of thin paper rolled to a fine point to the centre of the ring, I gently blew the redness into flame—yes, flame! Real flame, that blinded me by its brightness, that seemed to pierce my brain with a sword, so long and deep had been the darkness.

I took my paper stop from off the gas and heard the serpent hiss once more—this time without fear. I lit the issuing gas, and then sat looking at it as Bartimeus might have done in the joy of his new found sight.

I had done—I had light and air; but still I must have employment or I should rave.

Employment. The thought came to me of that unfortunate sentence that had caused me to run this risk: "If I had access to his books I would prove that fraud was possible."

There they were—everyone; not one missing. Could I prove it? Could—I must—my good name depended on proving it. If he were true, I was false. I set to work, and with my pencil, which I happily had with me, I went through account after account from beginning to end, and well was I rewarded; for I learnt that my uncle, supposed to be rich, had been systematically robbed for years by this scoundrel, and was now almost ruined; and that his daughter's portion invested in English securities, had been sold out, and the interest paid by M. Vernay himself, so that father and daughter were at the mercy of this man.

These facts I learned from a small locked book that was in a box marked with M. Vernay's name. So confident had the servant been of his master's trust in him, that he had left in that master's safe the whole of the securities of his nefarious investments, and there they were, with a systematic account of them in this locked book; so that while the master, who was supposed to be worth his hundreds of thousands, was almost a bankrupt, his clerk was a man of immense wealth.

When I broke the lock of that book, and read down its columns, I felt a joy and a pleasure that would have enabled me again to endure what I had suffered, if it would have led to the same result.

I made notes of the whole affair, and took the securities into my possession, and then calmly waited long, long hours; I could not tell how long, for I was waked up from a kind of stupor by the sound of a door opening, and then I heard the voice I knew so well—that of M. Vernay.

"You need not stay; I can bring up all I need. Give me a lucifer."

He was speaking to the porter. I heard the

muffled-sounding footsteps ; I heard the key turn in the lock ; and then, as the door opened, I stood face to face with my foe, and where he expected to find darkness and death he found light and life. He saw me—saw, in my hand, his book that contained the secrets of a lifetime, with the lock forced—saw his schemes defeated, and himself an out-cast. It was too much for his mind. He shrieked a cry of mingled horror and fear, and fell forward in the doorway as if he were dead.

I went up-stairs to the office, said to the porter, "M. Vernay is below in the strong room ; go down and see to him," and went over to the house.

I suffered a long illness, during the whole of which Victorine was my nurse, and thanks to that, and a good constitution, I recovered, and got up such a clear case against M. Vernay, that the whole of the property I had rescued was restored to my uncle.

To M. Vernay this was a matter of indifference, for his mind never recovered the shock, and he spent the short remainder of his life in a criminal lunatic asylum.

The mistake of the thousand francs was easily explained by the application of a magnifying glass to the figures. He had cleverly altered the *one* to a *nought*, and bribed Francois to put the missing note into my room.

Need I add that I am now in possession of my uncle's business, and blessed by my Victorine's constant presence ; and further, that my present strong-room can be opened from the inside with perfect ease ?

A. STEWART HARRISON.

A DAY-DREAM ON THE RHINE.

O FOR a kingdom rocky throned
Above the brimming Rhine !
With vassals who shall pay their toll,
In many sorts of wine ;
Above me nought but the blue air,
And all below the vine.

I'd plant my throne where legends say,
In nights of harvest time,
King Charlemagne in golden robe
(So runs the rustic rhyme)
Doth come to bless the mellowing crops,
While the bells of heaven chime

(Children have heard them !) ; and a bridge
Of gold leaps o'er the stream
For the king to cross. A maiden once
Saw its bright arches gleam ;
The priests they burnt her for that sight,
Calling it " Satan's Dream."

Churches should in my valleys hide,
Old towers rise on each hill :
The forge, the farm-house, and the inn,
Should cluster round the mill,
And past them all, the river broad,
Should flow at its own sweet will.

My stream at noon of fairy gold,
Should crimson turn ere night,
Then by the magic of the moon,
Change to quick-silver bright.
At dawn each little wave should be
Mantled with purple light.

I'd dwell where Charlemagne looked down,
And turning to his peers,
Exclaimed, " Behold for this fair land
I've prayed and fought for years,"
Then all the Rhine towers shook to hear
The earthquake of their cheers.

That day the tide ran crimson red,
(But not with Rhenish wine) ;
Not with these vintage streams that through
The green leaves gush and shine :
'Twas blood that from the Lombard ranks
Rushed down into the Rhine.

'Twas here the German soldiers flocked,
Burning with love and pride,
And threw their muskets down to kiss
The soil with French blood dyed.
"The Rhine—dear Rhine," ten thousand men,
Kneeling together, cried.

O fairest of the many brides,
Wedded to Father Sea,
That from thy cold home in the snow,
Trippiest so merrily,
As if in eager haste of love
To plight thy fealty.

Thy handmaids are the little streams,
That to thee flock and throng,
Each with her own small dower of vines
Each with her special song ;
Each like a vein of blood, the more
To make thee stark and strong.

Fair daughter of the crowned Alps
In aspiration bold,
No frost can bind thy fervid flood,
That never doth grow old,
Unchecked by summer's golden fire,
Or by fierce winter's cold.

O, special favourite of God,
Eternal beauty cling
Around thy banks—let all thy vines
Together praise and sing,
And o'er thee angels bend and pause
With sheathed and reverent wing.

Sweet river ! where the laughing hills
Thy majesty do greet,
And echoes call from rock to rock,
All through the noonday heat,
In earliest dusk the gathering stars
Above thee love to meet.

When lovers in the ferry-boat,
Forget the passing tide,
And closer drawn cling lip to lip,
What though the river's wide,
And silver clouds no secrets tell
To the towers on either side.

When church-bells o'er the water speak
Of God unto the hill,
Where ruined castles on the cliff,
Speak of God's anger still,
How strong His arm, how swift His shaft,
Who may resist His will ?

Then here upon this haunted Rhine,
My kingdom I will found,
No spectre knight, or goblins blue,
My purpose shall confound ;
I'll bring the golden age again
To this old feudal ground.

WALTER THORNBURY.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER I. RACHEL FROST.

THE slanting rays of the afternoon sun, drawing towards the horizon, fell on a fair scene of country life. Flickering through the young foliage of the oak and lime-trees, touching the budding hedges, resting on the growing grass, all so lovely in their early green, and lighting up with flashes of yellow fire the windows of the fine mansion, that, rising on a gentle eminence, looked down on that fair scene as if it were its master, and could boast the ownership of those broad lands, of those gleaming trees.

Not that the house possessed much attraction for those whose taste savoured of the antique. No time-worn turrets were there, or angular gables, or crooked eaves, or mullioned Gothic casements, so chary of glass that modern eyes can scarcely see in

or out : neither was the edifice constructed of grey stone, or of bricks gone black and green with age. It was a handsome, well-built white mansion, giving the promise of desirable rooms inside, whose chimneys did not smoke or their windows rattle, and where there was sufficient space to turn in. The lower windows opened on a gravelled terrace, which ran along the front of the house, a flight of steps descending from it in its midst. Gently sloping lawns extended from the terrace, on either side the steps and the broad walk which branched from them ; on which lawns shone gay parterres of flowers, already scenting the air, and giving promise of the advancing summer. Beyond were covered walks, affording a shelter from the sultry noontide sun ; shrubberies and labyrinths of many turnings and windings, so suggestive of secret

meetings, were secret meetings desirable; groves of scented shrubs exhaling their perfume; cascades and rippling fountains; mossy dells, concealing the sweet primrose, the sweeter violet; and verdant sunny spots open to the country round, to the charming distant scenery, on whose benches you could sit and feast the eyes through the live-long summer day.

It was not summer yet—scarcely spring—and the sun, I say, was drawing to its setting, lighting up the large clear panes of the windows as with burnished gold. The house, the ornamental grounds, the estate around, all belonged to Mr. Verner. It had come to him by bequest, not by entailed inheritance. Busy-bodies were fond of saying that it never ought to have been his; that if the strict law of right and justice had been observed, it would have gone to his elder brother; or, rather, to that elder brother's son. Old Mr. Verner, the father of these two brothers, had been a modest country gentleman, until one morning when he awoke to the news that valuable mines had been discovered on his land. The mines brought him in gold, and in his later years he purchased this estate, pulled down the house that was upon it—a high, narrow, old thing, looking like a crazy tower or a capacious belfry—and had erected this one, calling it "Verner's Pride."

An appropriate name. For if ever poor human man was proud of a house he has builded, old Mr. Verner was proud of that—proud to folly. He laid out money on it in plenty; he made the grounds, belonging to it, beautiful and seductive as a fabled scene from fairy-land; and he wound up by leaving it to the younger of his two sons.

These two sons constituted all his family. The elder had gone into the army early, and left for India; the younger had remained always with his father, the helper of his money-making, the sharer of the planning out and building of Verner's Pride, the joint resident there after it was built. The elder son—Captain Verner then—paid one visit only to England, during which visit he married and took his wife out with him when he went back. These long-continued separations, however much we may feel inclined to gloss over the fact, do play strange havoc with home-affections, wearing them away inch by inch.

The years went on and on. Captain Verner became Colonel Sir Lionel Verner, and a boy of his had been sent home in due course, and was at Eton. Old Mr. Verner grew near to death. News went out to India that his days were numbered, and Sir Lionel Verner was bade get leave of absence, if possible, and start for home without a day's loss, if he would see his father alive. "If possible," you observe, they put to the request, for the Sikhs were at that time giving trouble in our Indian possessions, and Colonel Verner was one of the experienced officers least likely to be spared.

But there is a mandate that must be obeyed whenever it comes—grim, imperative death. At the very hour when Mr. Verner was summoning his son to his death-bed, at the precise time that military authority in India would have said, if

asked, that Colonel Sir Lionel Verner could not be spared, death had marked out that brave officer for his own especial prey. He fell in one of the skirmishes that took place near Moultan, and the two letters—one going to Europe with tidings of his death, the other going to India with news of his father's illness—crossed each other on the route.

"Steevy," said old Mr. Verner to his younger son, after giving a passing lament to Sir Lionel, "I shall leave Verner's Pride to you."

"Ought it not to go to the lad at Eton, father?" was the reply of Stephen Verner.

"What's the lad at Eton to me?" cried the old man. "I'd not have left it away from Lionel, as he stood first, but it has always seemed to me that you had the most right to it; that to leave it away from you savoured of injustice. You were at its building, Steevy; it has been your home as much as it has been mine; and I'll never turn you from it for a stranger, let him be whose child he may. No, no! Verner's Pride shall be yours. But, look you, Stephen! you have no children, bring up young Lionel as your heir, and let it descend to him after you."

And that is how Stephen Verner had inherited Verner's Pride. Neighbouring gossipers, ever fonder of laying down the law for other people's business than of minding their own, protested against it among themselves as a piece of injustice. Had they cause? Many very just-minded persons would consider that Stephen Verner possessed more fair claim to it than the boy at Eton.

I will tell you of one who did not consider so. And that was the widow of Sir Lionel Verner. When she arrived from India with her other two children, a son and daughter, she found old Mr. Verner dead, and Stephen the inheritor. Deeply annoyed and disappointed, Lady Verner deemed that a crying wrong had been perpetrated upon her and hers. But she had no power to undo it.

Stephen Verner had strictly fulfilled his father's injunctions touching young Lionel. He brought up the boy as his heir. During his educational days at Eton and at college, Verner's Pride was his holiday home, and he subsequently took up his permanent residence at it. Stephen Verner, though long married, had no children. One daughter had been born to him years ago, but had died at three or four years old. His wife had died a very short while subsequent to the death of his father. He afterwards married again, a widow lady of the name of Massingbird, who had two nearly grown-up sons. She had brought her sons home with her to Verner's Pride, and they had made it their home since.

Mr. Verner kept it no secret that his nephew Lionel was to be his heir; and, as such, Lionel was universally regarded on the estate. "Always provided that you merit it," Mr. Verner would say to Lionel in private; and so he had said to him from the very first. "Be what you ought to be—what I fondly believe my brother Lionel was: a man of goodness, of honour, of Christian integrity; a gentleman in the highest acceptation of the term—and Verner's Pride shall undoubtedly

be yours. But if I find you forget your fair conduct, and forfeit the esteem of good men, so surely will I leave it away from you."

And that is the introduction. And now we must go back to the golden light of that spring evening.

Ascending the broad flight of steps and crossing the terrace, the house door is entered. A spacious hall, paved with delicately-grained marble, its windows mellowed by the soft tints of stained glass, whose pervading hues are of rose and violet, gives entrance to reception rooms on either side. Those on the right-hand are mostly reserved for state occasions; those on the left are dedicated to common use. All these rooms are just now empty of living occupants, save one. That one is a small room on the right, behind the two grand drawing-rooms, and it looks out on the side of the house towards the south. It is called "Mr. Verner's study." And there sits Mr. Verner himself in it, leaning back in his chair and reading. A large fire burns in the grate, and he is close to it: he is always chilly.

Ay, always chilly. For Mr. Verner's last illness—at least, what will in all probability prove his ending—has already laid hold of him. One generation passes away after another. It seems but the other day that a last illness seized upon his father, and now it is his turn: but several years have elapsed since then. Mr. Verner is not sixty, and he thinks that is young for the disorder that has fastened on him. It is no hurried disorder; he may live for years yet; but the end, when it does come, will be tolerably sudden: and that he knows. It is water on the chest. He is a little man with light eyes; very much like what his father was before him; but not in the least like his late brother Sir Lionel, who was a very fine and handsome man. He has a mild, pleasing countenance; but there arises a slight scowl to his brow as he turns hastily round at a noisy interruption.

Some one had burst into the room—forgetting, probably, that it was the quiet room of an invalid. A tall, dark young man, with broad shoulders, and a somewhat peculiar stoop in them. His hair was black, his complexion sallow; but his features were good. He might have been called a handsome man, but for a strange, ugly mark upon his cheek. A very strange-looking mark indeed, quite as large as a pigeon's egg, with what looked like radii shooting from it on all sides. Some of the villagers, talking familiarly among themselves, would call it a hedgehog, some would call it a "porkypine;" but it resembled a star as much as anything. That is, if you can imagine a black star. The mark was black as jet; and his pale cheek, and the fact of his possessing no whiskers, made it all the more conspicuous. He was born with the mark; and his mother used to say—but that's of no consequence to us. It was Frederick Massingbird, the present Mrs. Verner's youngest son.

"Roy has come up, sir," said he, addressing Mr. Verner. "He says the Dawsons have turned obstinate and won't go out. They have barricaded the door, and protest that they'll stay, in spite of him. He wishes to know if he shall use force."

"No," said Mr. Verner. "I don't like harsh measures resorted to, and I won't have it done. Roy knows that."

"Well, sir, he waits your orders. He says there's half the village collected round Dawson's door. The place is in a regular commotion."

Mr. Verner looked vexed. Of late years he had declined active management on his estate; and, since he grew ill, he particularly disliked being disturbed with details. "Where's Lionel?" he asked, in a peevish tone.

"I saw Lionel ride out an hour ago. I don't know where he is gone."

"Tell Roy to let the affair rest until to-morrow, when Lionel will see about it. And, Frederick, I wish you would remember that a little noise shakes me: try to come in more quietly. You burst in as if my nerves were as strong as your own."

Mr. Verner turned to his fire again with an air of relief, glad to have got rid of the trouble in some way, and Frederick Massingbird proceeded to what was called the steward's room, where Roy waited. This Roy, a hard-looking man with a face very much seamed with the small-pox, was working bailiff to Mr. Verner. Until within a few years, he had been but a labourer on the estate. He was not liked among the poor tenants, and was generally honoured with the appellation "Old Grips," or "Grip Roy."

"Roy," said Frederick Massingbird, "Mr. Verner says it is to be left until to-morrow morning. Mr. Lionel will see about it then. He is out at present."

"And let the mob have it all their own way for to-night?" returned Roy, angrily. "They be in a state of mutiny, they be; a saying everything as they can lay their tongues to."

"Let them say it," responded Frederick Massingbird. "Leave them alone and they'll disperse quietly enough. I shall not go in to Mr. Verner again, Roy. I caught it now for disturbing him. You must let it rest until you can see Mr. Lionel."

The bailiff went off, growling. He would have liked to receive *carte blanche* for dealing with the mob—as he was pleased to term them—between whom and himself there was no love lost. As he was crossing a paved yard at the back of the house, some one came hastily out of the laundry in the detached premises to the side, and crossed his path.

A very beautiful girl. Her features were delicate, her complexion was fair as alabaster, with a mantling colour in her cheeks. But for the modest cap upon her head, a stranger might have been puzzled to guess at her condition of life. She looked gentle and refined as any lady; and her manners and speech would not have destroyed the illusion. She may be called a protégée of the house, as will be explained presently; but she acted as maid to Mrs. Verner. The gentle colour in her cheeks flushed somewhat deeper when she saw the bailiff.

He put out his hand and stopped her. "Well, Rachel, how are you?"

"Quite well, thank you," she answered, endeavouring to pass on. But he would not suffer it.

"I say, I want to come to the bottom of this

business between you and Luke," he said, lowering his voice. "What's the rights of it?"

"Between me and Luke?" she repeated, turning upon the bailiff an eye that had some scorn in it, and stopping now of her own accord. "There is no business whatever between me and Luke. There never has been. What do you mean?"

"Chut!" cried the bailiff. "Don't I know that he has followed your steps everywhere like a shadder; that he has been ready to kiss the very ground you trod on? And right mad I have been with him for it. You can't deny that he has been after you, wanting you to be his wife."

"I do not wish to deny it," she replied. "You and the whole world are quite welcome to know all that has passed between me and Luke. He asked to be allowed to come here to see me; to 'court' me, he phrased it; which I distinctly declined. Then he took to follow me about. He did not molest me, he was not rude—I do not wish to make it out worse than it was—but it is not pleasant, Mr. Roy, to be followed whenever you may take a walk, let the distance kept be ever so great. Especially by one you dislike."

"What is there to dislike in Luke?" interrupted the bailiff.

"Perhaps I ought to have said by one you do not like," she resumed. "To like Luke, in the way he wished, was impossible for me, and I told him so from the first. When I found that he followed my steps I spoke to him again, and threatened that, if it were persisted in, I should acquaint Mr. Verner. I told him, once for all, that I could not like him, and never would have him. That is all that has ever passed between me and Luke."

"Well, your hard-heartedness has done for him, Rachel Frost. It has drove him away from his native home, and sent him, a exile, to rough it in foreign lands. You may fix upon one as won't do for you and be your slave as Luke would. He could have kept you well."

"I heard he had gone to London," she remarked.

"London!" returned the bailiff, slightly. "That's only the first halt on the journey. And you have drove him to it!"

"I can't help it," she replied. "I had no natural liking for him, and I could not force it. I don't believe he has gone away for that trifling reason, Mr. Roy. If he has, he must be very foolish."

"Yes, he is foolish," muttered the bailiff to himself as he strode away. "He's a idiot, that's what he is! and so be all men that loses their wits a sighing after a girl. Vain, deceitful, fickle creatures, the girls be when they're young; but once let them get a hold on you, your ring on their finger, and they turn into vixenish, snarling women! Hags! Luke's a sight best off without her."

Rachel Frost proceeded in-doors. The door of the steward's room stood open, and she turned into it, fancying it was empty. Down on a chair sat she, a marked change coming over her air and manner. Her bright colour had faded, her hands hung down listless; and there was an expression

on her face, of care, of perplexity. Suddenly she lifted her hands and struck her temples, with a gesture that looked very like despair.

"What ails you, Rachel?"

The question came from Frederick Massingbird, who had been standing at the window behind the high desk, unobserved by Rachel. Violently startled, she sprang up from her seat, her face a glowing crimson, muttering some disjointed words, to the effect that she did not know anybody was there.

"What were you and Roy discussing so eagerly in the yard?" continued Frederick Massingbird. But the words had scarcely escaped his lips, when the housekeeper, Mrs. Tynn, entered the room. She had a mottled face and mottled arms, her sleeves just now being turned up to the elbow.

"It was nothing particular, Mr. Frederick," replied Rachel.

"Roy is gone, is he not?" he continued to Rachel.

"Yes, sir."

"Rachel," interposed the housekeeper, "are those things not ready yet, in the laundry?"

"Not quite. In a quarter of an hour, they say."

The housekeeper, with a word of impatience at the laundry's delay, went out and crossed the yard towards it. Frederick Massingbird turned again to Rachel.

"Roy seemed to be grumbling at you."

"He accused me of being the cause of his son's going away. He thinks I ought to have noticed him."

Frederick Massingbird made no reply. He raised his finger and gently rubbed it round and round the mark upon his cheek: a habit he had acquired when a child, and they could not entirely break him off it. He was seven-and-twenty years of age now, but he was sure to begin rubbing that mark unconsciously, if in deep thought. Rachel resumed, her tone a covert one, as if the subject on which she was about to speak, might not be breathed, even to the walls.

"Roy hinted that his son was going to foreign lands. I did not choose to let him see that I knew anything, so remarked that I had heard he was gone to London. 'London!' he answered: 'that was only the first halting-place on the journey!'"

"Did he give any hint about John?"

"Not a word," replied Rachel. "He would not be likely to do that."

"No. Roy can keep counsel, whatever other virtues he may run short of. Suppose you had joined your fortunes to sighing Luke's, Rachel, and gone out with him to grow rich together?" added Frederick Massingbird, in a tone which could be taken for either jest or earnest.

She evidently took it as the latter, and it appeared to call up an angry spirit. She was vexed almost to tears. Frederick Massingbird detected it.

"Silly Rachel!" he said with a smile. "Do you suppose I should really counsel your throwing yourself away upon Luke Roy?—Rachel," he continued, as the housekeeper again made her appearance, "you must bring up the things as

soon as they are ready. My brother is waiting for them."

"I'll bring them up, sir," replied Rachel.

Frederick Massingbird passed through the passages to the hall, and then proceeded up-stairs to the bed-room occupied by his brother. A sufficiently spacious room for any ordinary purpose, but which did not look half large enough now for the litter that was in it. Wardrobes and drawers were standing open, their contents half out, half in; chairs, tables, bed were strewed, and boxes and portmanteaus were gaping open on the floor. John Massingbird, the elder brother, was stowing away some of this litter into the boxes; not all sixes and sevens, like it looked as it lay, but compactly and artistically. John Massingbird possessed a ready hand at packing and arranging; and, therefore, he preferred doing it himself, to deputing it to others. He was one year older than his brother, and there was a great likeness between them in figure and in feature. Not in expression: in that, they were widely different. They were about the same height, and there was the same stoop observable in the shoulders; the features also were similar in cast, and sallow in hue; the same the black eyes and hair. John had large whiskers, otherwise the likeness would have been more striking; and his face was not disfigured by the strange black mark. He was the best looking of the two: his face wore an easy, good-natured, free expression; while Frederick's was cold and reserved. Many people called John Massingbird a handsome man. In character they were widely different. John was a harem-scarem chap, up to every scrape; Fred was cautious and steady as old time.

Seated in the only free chair in the room—free from litter—was a tall, stout lady. But that she had so much crimson about her, she would have borne a remarkable resemblance to those two young men, her sons. She wore a silk dress, gold in one light, green in another, with broad crimson stripes running across it: her cap was of white lace garnished with crimson ribbons, and her cheeks and nose were crimson to match. As if this were not enough, she wore crimson streamers at her wrists, and a crimson bow to the front of her gown. Had you been outside, you might have seen that the burnished gold on the window-panes had turned to crimson, for the setting sun had changed its hue: but the panes could not look more brightly, deeply crimson, than did Mrs. Verner. It seemed that you might light a match at her face. In that particular, there was a contrast between her, and the perfectly pale, sallow faces of her sons: otherwise the resemblance was great.

"Fred," said Mrs. Verner, "I wish you would see what they are at with the shirts and things. I sent Rachel after them, but she does not come back, and then I sent Mary Tynn, and she does not come. And here's John as impatient as he can be."

She spoke in a slow, somewhat indifferent tone, as if she did not care to put herself out of the way about it. Indeed it was not Mrs. Verner's custom to put herself out of the way for anything. She liked to eat, drink, and sleep, in undisturbed peace: and she generally did so.

"John's impatient because he wants to get it over," spoke up that gentleman himself in a merry voice. "Fifty thousand things I have to do, between now and to-morrow night. If they don't bring the clothes soon, I shall close the boxes without them, and leave them a legacy for Fred."

"You have only yourself to thank, John," said his mother. "You never gave the things out till after breakfast this morning, and then required them to be done by the afternoon. Such nonsense, to say they had grown yellow in the drawers! They'll be yellower by the time you get there. It is just like you! driving off everything till the last moment. You have known of going some days now."

John was stamping upon a box to get down the lid, and did not attend to the reproach. "See if it will lock, Fred, will you?" said he.

Frederick Massingbird stooped and essayed to turn the key. And just then Mrs. Tynn entered with a tray of clean linen, which she set down. Rachel followed; a contrivance in her hand, made of silk, for the holding of needles, threads, and pins, all in one.

She looked positively beautiful as she held it out before Mrs. Verner. The evening rays fell upon her exquisite face, with its soft dark eyes and its changing colour; they fell upon her silk dress, a relic of Mrs. Verner's,—but it had not crimson stripes across it; upon her lace collar, upon the little edge of lace at her wrists. Nature had certainly intended Rachel for a lady, with her graceful form, her charming manners, and her delicate hands.

"Will this do, ma'am?" she inquired. "Is it the sort of thing you meant?"

"Ay, that will do, Rachel," replied Mrs. Verner. "John, here's a huswife for you!"

"A what?" asked John Massingbird, arresting his stamping.

"A needle-book to hold your needles and thread. Rachel has made it nicely. Shan't you want a thimble?"

"Goodness knows," replied John. "That's it, Fred! that's it! Give it a turn."

Frederick Massingbird looked the box, and then left the room. His mother followed him, telling John she had a large steel thimble somewhere, and would try and find it for him. Rachel began filling the huswife with needles, and John went on with his packing.

"Halloa!" he presently exclaimed. And Rachel looked up.

"What's the matter, sir?"

"I have pulled one of the strings off this green case. You must sew it on again, Rachel."

He brought a piece of green baize to her and a broken string. It looked something like the cover of a pocket-book or of a small case of instruments. Rachel's nimble fingers soon repaired the damage. John stood before her, looking on.

Looking not only at the progress of the work, but at her. Mr. John Massingbird was one who had an eye for beauty: he had not seen much in his life that could match with that before him. As Rachel held the case up to him, the

damage repaired, he suddenly bent his head to steal a kiss.

But Rachel was too quick for him. She flung his face away with her hand; she flushed vividly; she was grievously indignant. That she considered it in the light of an insult, was only too apparent: her voice was pained—her words were severe.

"Be quiet, stupid! I was not going to eat you," laughed John Massingbird. "I won't tell Luke."

"Insult upon insult!" she exclaimed, strangely excited. "You know that Luke Roy is nothing to me, Mr. Massingbird; you know that I have never in my life vouchsafed to give him a civil word. But, much as I despise him—much as he is beneath me—I would rather submit to have my face touched by him than by you."

What more she would have said was interrupted by the re-appearance of Mrs. Verner. That lady's ears had caught the sound of the contest—of the harsh words, and she felt inexpressibly surprised.

"What has happened?" she asked. "What is it, Rachel?"

"She pricked herself with one of the needles," said John, taking the explanation upon himself, "and then said I did it."

Mrs. Verner looked from one to the other. Rachel had turned quite pale. John laughed: he knew his mother did not believe him.

"The truth is, mother, I began teasing Rachel about her admirer, Luke. It made her angry."

"What absurdity!" exclaimed Mrs. Verner, testily, to Rachel. "My opinion is, you would have done well to encourage Luke. He was steady and respectable, and old Roy must have saved plenty of money."

Rachel burst into tears.

"What now!" cried Mrs. Verner. "Not a word can anybody say to you lately, Rachel, but you must begin to cry as if you were heart-broken. What has come to you, child? Is anything the matter with you?"

The tears deepened into long sobs of agony, as if her heart were indeed broken. She held her handkerchief up to her face, and went sobbing from the room.

Mrs. Verner gazed after her in very astonishment.

"What has taken her? What can it possibly be?" she uttered. "John, you must know."

"I, mother! I declare to you that I know no more about it than Adam. Rachel must be going a little crazed."

CHAPTER II. THE WILLOW POND.

BEFORE the sun had well set, the family at Verner's Pride were assembling for dinner. Mr. and Mrs. Verner, and John Massingbird: neither Lionel Verner nor Frederick Massingbird was present. The usual custom appeared somewhat reversed on this evening: while roving John would be just as likely to be absent from dinner as not, his brother and Lionel Verner nearly always appeared at it. Mr. Verner looked surprised.

"Where are they?" he cried, as he waited to say Grace.

"Mr. Lionel has not come in, sir," replied the butler, Tynn, who was husband to the house-keeper.

"And Fred has gone out to keep some engagement with Sibylla West," spoke up Mrs. Verner. "She is going to spend the evening at the Bitter-worths', and Fred promised, I believe, to see her safely thither. He will take his dinner when he comes in."

Mr. Verner bent his head, said the Grace, and the dinner began.

Later,—but not much later, for it was scarcely dark yet,—Rachel Frost was leaving the house to pay a visit in the adjoining village, Deerham. Her position may be at once explained. It was mentioned in the last chapter that Mr. Verner had had one daughter, who died young. The mother of Rachel Frost had been this child's nurse, Rachel being an infant at the same time, so that the child, Rachel Verner, and Rachel Frost—named after her—had been what is called foster sisters. It had caused Mr. Verner, and his wife also while she lived, to take an interest in Rachel Frost: it is very probable that their own child's death only made this interest greater. They were sufficiently wise not to lift the girl palpably out of her proper sphere; but they paid for a decent education for her at a day-school, and were personally kind to her. Rachel—I was going to say fortunately, but it may be as just to say unfortunately—was one of those who seem to make the best of every trifling advantage: she had grown, without much effort of her own, into what might be termed a lady, in appearance, in manners, and in speech. The second Mrs. Verner also took an interest in her; and nearly a year before this period, on Rachel's eighteenth birthday, she took her to Verner's Pride as her own attendant.

A fascinating, loveable child had Rachel Frost ever been: she was a fascinating, loveable girl. Modest, affectionate, generous, everybody liked Rachel: she had not an enemy, so far as was known, in all Deerham. Her father was nothing but a labourer on the Verner estate; but in mind and conduct he was superior to his station; an upright, conscientious, and, in some degree, a proud man: her mother had been dead several years. Rachel was proud too, in her way; proud and sensitive.

Rachel, dressed in her bonnet and shawl, passed out of the house by the front entrance. She would not have presumed to do so by daylight; but it was dusk now, the family not about, and it cut off a few yards of the road to the village. The terrace—which you have heard of as running along the front of the house—sloped gradually down at either end to the level ground, so as to admit the approach of carriages.

Riding up swiftly to the door, as Rachel appeared at it, was a gentleman of some five or six-and-twenty years. Horse and man both looked thorough-bred. Tall, strong, and slender, with a keen, dark-blue eye, and regular features of a clear, healthy paleness, he—the man—would draw a second glance to himself wherever he might be met. His face was not inordinately handsome; nothing of the sort; but it wore an

air of candour, of noble truth. A somewhat impassive face in repose, somewhat cold; but, in speaking, it grew expressive to animation, and the frank smile that would light it up made its greatest charm. The smile stole over it now, as he checked his horse and bent towards Rachel.

"Have they thought me lost—I suppose dinner is begun?"

"Dinner has been in this half-hour, sir."

"All right. I feared they might wait. What's the matter, Rachel? You have been making your eyes red."

"The matter! There's nothing the matter with me, Mr. Lionel," was Rachel's reply, her tone betraying a touch of annoyance. And she turned and walked swiftly along the terrace, beyond reach of the glare of the gas-lamp.

Up stole a man at this moment, who must have been hidden amid the pillars of the portico, watching the transient meeting, watching for an opportunity to speak. It was Roy, the bailiff: and he accosted the gentleman with the same complaint, touching the ill-doings of the Dawsons and the village in general, that had previously been carried to Mr. Verner by Frederick Massingbird.

"I was told to wait and take my orders from you, sir," he wound up with. "The master don't like to be troubled, and he wouldn't give none."

"Neither shall I give any," was the answer, "until I know more about it."

"They ought to be got out to-night, Mr. Lionel!" exclaimed the man, striking his hand fiercely against the air. "They sow all manner of incendiariams in the place, with their bad example."

"Roy," said Lionel Verner, in a quiet tone, "I have not, as you know, interfered actively in the management of things. I have not opposed my opinion against my uncle's, or against yours, or come between you and him in any way. When I have given orders, they have been his orders, not mine. But many things go on that I disapprove of: and I tell you very candidly, that were I to become master to-morrow, my first act would be to displace you, unless you could undertake to give up these nasty acts of petty oppression."

"Unless some of 'em was oppressed and kept under, they'd be for riding roughshod over the whole of us," retorted Roy.

"Nonsense!" said Lionel. "Nothing breeds rebellion like oppression. You are too fond of oppression, Roy, and Mr. Verner knows it."

"They be a idle, poaching, good-for-nothing lot, them Dawsons," pursued Roy. "And now that they be behind-hand with their rent, it is a glorious opportunity to get rid of 'em. I'd turn 'em into the road without a bed to lie on, this very night!"

"How would you like to be turned into the road, without a bed to lie on?" demanded Lionel.

"Me!" returned Roy, in deep dudgeon. "Do you compare me to that Dawson lot? When I give cause to be turned out, then I hope I may be turned out, sir, that's all. Mr. Lionel," he added, in a more conciliating tone, "I know better about out-door things than you, and I say it's

necessary to be shut of the Dawsons. Give me power to act in this."

"I will not," said Lionel; "I forbid you to act in it at all, until the circumstances shall have been inquired into."

He sprang from his horse, flung the bridle to the groom, who was at that moment hastening forward, and strode into the house with the air of a young chieftain. Certainly Lionel Verner appeared fitted by nature to be the heir of Verner's Pride.

Rachel Frost, meanwhile, gained the road, and took the path to the left hand, which would lead her to the village. Her thoughts were bent on many sources, not altogether pleasant, one of which was the annoyance she had experienced at finding her name coupled with that of the bailiff's son, Luke Roy. There was no foundation for it. She had disliked Luke, rather than liked him, her repugnance to him no doubt arising from the very favour he felt disposed to show to her: and her account of past matters to the bailiff was in accordance with the facts. As she walked along, pondering, she became aware that two people were advancing towards her in the dark twilight. She knew them instantly, almost by intuition, but they were too much occupied with each other yet to have noticed her. One was Frederick Massingbird; and the young lady on his arm was his cousin, Sibylla West, a girl young and fascinating as was Rachel. Mr. Frederick Massingbird had been suspected of a liking, more than ordinary, for this young lady; but he had protested, in Rachel's hearing, as in that of others, that his was only cousin's love. Some impulse prompted Rachel to glide in at a field-gate which she was then passing, and stand behind the hedge until they should have gone by. Possibly she did not care to be seen.

It was a still night, and their voices were borne distinctly to Rachel as they slowly advanced. The first words to reach her came from Miss West.

"You will be going out after him, Frederick. That will be the next thing, I expect."

"Sibylla," was the answer, and his accents bore that earnest, tender, confidential tone, which of itself alone betrays love, "be you very sure of one thing: that I go neither there nor elsewhere without taking you."

"Oh, Frederick, is not John enough to go?"

"If I saw a better prospect there than here, I should follow him. He will write and report after he shall arrive, and be settled. My darling! I am ever thinking of the future for your sake."

"But is it not a dreadful country? There are wolves and bears in it that eat people up."

Frederick Massingbird slightly laughed at the remark.

"Do you think I would take my wife into the claws of wolves and bears?" he asked, in a tone of the deepest tenderness. "She will be too precious to me for that, Sibylla."

The voices and the footsteps died away in the distance, and Rachel came out of her hiding-place, and went quickly on towards the village. Her father's cottage was soon gained. He did not live alone. His only son, Robert,—who had a wife and family,—lived with him. Robert was

the son of his youth; Rachel the daughter of his age: the children of two wives. Matthew Frost's first wife had died in giving birth to Robert, and twenty years elapsed ere he married a second. He was seventy years of age now, but still upright as a dart, with a fine fresh complexion, a clear bright eye, and snow-white hair that fell in curls behind, on the collar of his white smock-frock.

He was sitting at a small table apart when Rachel entered, a candle and a large open Bible on it. A flock of grandchildren crowded round him, two of them on his knees. He was showing them the pictures. To gaze wonderingly on those pictures, and never tire of asking explanations of their mysteries, was the chief business of the little Frosts' lives. Robert's wife—but he was hardly ever called anything but Robin—was preparing something over the fire for the evening meal. Rachel went up and kissed her father. He scattered the children from him to make room for her. He loved her dearly. Robin loved her dearly. When Robin was a grown-up young man the pretty baby had come to be his plaything. Robin seemed to love her still better than he loved his own children.

"Thee'st been crying, child!" cried old Matthew Frost. "What has ailed thee?"

Had Rachel known that the signs of her past tears were so palpable as to call forth remark from everybody she met, as it appeared they were doing, she might have remained at home. Putting on a gay face, she laughed off the matter. Matthew pressed it.

"Something went wrong at home, and I got a scolding," said Rachel at length. "It was not worth crying over, though."

Mrs. Frost turned round from her sauceman.

"A scolding from the missis, Rachel?"

"There's nobody else at Verner's Pride should scold me," responded Rachel, with a charming little air of self-consequence. "Mrs. Verner said a cross word or two, and I was so stupid as to burst out crying. I have had a headache all day, and that's sure to put me out of sorts."

"There's always things to worry one in service, let it be ever so good on the whole," philosophically observed Mrs. Frost, bestowing her attention again upon the sauceman. "Better be one's own missis on a crust, say I, than at the beck and call of others."

"Rachel," interrupted old Matthew, "when I let you go to Verner's Pride, I thought it was for your good. But I'd not keep you there a day, child, if you be unhappy."

"Dear father, don't take up that notion," she quickly rejoined. "I am happier at Verner's Pride than I should be anywhere else. I would not leave it. Where is Robin this evening?"

"Robin—"

The answer was interrupted by the entrance of Robin himself. A short man with a red face, somewhat obstinate-looking. His eye lighted up when he saw Rachel; and Mrs. Frost poured out the contents of her sauceman, which appeared to be a compound of Scotch oatmeal and treacle. Rachel was invited to take some, but declined. She lifted one of the children on her knee—a

pretty little girl—named after herself. The child did not seem well, and Rachel hushed it to her, bringing down her own sweet face caressingly upon the little one's.

"So I hear as Mr. John Massingbird's a-going to London on a visit?" cried Robin to his sister, holding out his basin for a second supply of the porridge.

The question had to be repeated three times, and then Rachel seemed to awake to it with a start. She had been gazing at vacancy, as if buried in a dream.

"Mr. John? A visit to London? Oh, yes, yes; he is going to London."

"Do he make much of a stay?"

"I can't tell," said Rachel, slightly. A certain confidence had been reposed in her at Verner's Pride; but it was not her business to make it known, even in her father's home. Rachel was not a good hand at deception, and she changed the subject. "Has there not been some disturbance with the Dawsons to-day? Old Roy was at Verner's Pride this afternoon, and the servants have been saying he came up about the Dawsons."

"He wanted to turn 'em out," replied Robin.

"He's Grip Roy all over," said Mrs. Frost,

Old Matthew Frost shook his head:

"There has been ill-feeling smouldering between Roy and old Dawson this long while; and now it's come to open war, I mis-doubt me but there'll be violence."

"There's ill-feeling between Roy and a many more, father, besides the Dawsons," observed Robin.

"Aye! Rachel, child,"—turning his head to the hearth, where his daughter sat apart—"folks have said as young Luke wants to make up to you. But I'd not like it. Luke's a good-meaning, kind-hearted lad himself, but I'd not like you to be daughter-in-law to old Roy."

"Be easy, father dear. I'd not have Luke Roy if he were made of gold. I never yet had anything to say to him, and I never will have. We can't help our likes and dislikes."

"Pshaw!" said Robin with pardonable pride. "Pretty Rachel is not for a daft chap like Luke Roy, that's a head and ears shorter nor other men. Be you, my dear one?"

Rachel laughed. Her conscience told her that she enjoyed a joke at Luke's undersize. She took a shower of kisses from the little girl, put her down, and rose.

"I must go," she said. "Mrs. Verner may be calling for me."

"Don't she know you be come out?" asked old Matthew.

"No. But do not fear that I came clandestinely—or, as our servants would say, on the sly," added Rachel, with a smile. "Mrs. Verner has told me to run down to see you whenever I like, after she has gone in to dinner. Good-night, dear father."

The old man pressed her to his heart: "Don't thee get fretting again, my blessing. I don't care to see thee with red eyes."

For answer, Rachel burst into tears then—a sudden, violent burst. She dashed them away

again with a defiant, reckless sort of air, broke into a laugh, and laid the blame on her headache. Robin said he would walk home with her.

"No, Robin, I would rather you did not to-night," she replied. "I have two or three things to get at Mother Duff's, and I shall stop there a bit, gossiping. After that, I shall be home in a trice. It's not dark: and, if it were, who'd harm me?"

They laughed. To imagine harm of any sort arriving, through walking a mile or so alone at night, would never enter the head of honest country people. Rachel departed: and Robin, who was a domesticated man upon the whole, helped his wife to put the children to bed.

Scarcely an hour later, a strange commotion arose in the village. People ran about wildly, whispering dread words to one another. A woman had just been drowned in the willow-pond.

The whole place flocked down to the willow-pond. On its banks, the centre of an awe-struck crowd, which had been quickly gathering, lay a body, recently taken out of the water. It was all that remained of poor Rachel Frost—cold, and white, and DEAD.

(To be continued.)

THE CATERPILLAR.

DRAW thy tender rings behind thee, overtop that spear of grass,

Slowly browse across the leaf here, slowly browse and slowly pass.

O, what thrilling loves await thee! O, what wealth of purple wings!

Yea, the air shall be thy kingdom! thou shalt sip celestial springs!

Blind as th' first of all thy race was to thy fate, thou wendest on:

I can fuse thy past, thy present, and thy future into one!

Yea, my kinship to th' Eternal thou revealest in my thought,

And the days of time are swallowed in the day where time is not.

I, a prophet, gaze upon thee, deep self-awe is in my heart,

I can look from what thou shalt be back to what this eve thou art.

Is there One, from heights of wisdom, looking down this eve on me,

Turning at this moment to me from the being I shall be!

WALTER ALFRED HILLS.

PRIVATE AND CONFIDENTIAL.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

SIR MOWBRAY MOUNT EDGEcombe TO THE READER.

I AM a gentleman,—of fortune—and with a taste for fine things,—and goodness in guns, clothes, jewels, laces,—

"A dandy of sixty, who bows with a grace,
And has taste in collars, cuirasses, and lace."

Some one—I think it was that radical Hone—wrote this rhyme about the Regent, of whom, in his liking for finery, I am, perhaps, a type. Am I better or worse?—'tis not for me to say. But I have many kind friends, whose judgment, learning, and experience I value, and on which I know I can rely;—I trust I write with proper diffidence

—so that with their aid I can make a very interesting narrative of what I see at the Exhibition at Kensington, where "Emulation's thousand sons, who one by one pursue," are just now holding their superb fair—festival—International show, &c. What I see to please me, perhaps I should rather say: and I shall begin with "The Diamonds," as I think every one acquainted with my long-cherished habits will agree that I should.

In the Creation, and in the wonderful narrative of it, surely the most imposing command is—"Let there be light." So amid all the myriad riches of the sullen mine, its gold, silver, platinum, ore, and quartz, and silica, and pyrites, and the heaps of products from the uses of the pickaxe, spade, and shovel,—how strange that 'tis the rudest labour, delving and digging as in the primeval days, which works most ably and successfully in the lately discovered auriferous regions—amid all the wonders and splendours, I say, dug from the bowels of the harmless earth, this DIAMOND, on which "light" plays, sparkles, and shines, as though the precious gem were itself "light" solidified and fixed, transcends everything that has grown up, far or near, in its neighbourhood.

And, that you may understand how keenly this strange beauty of the Diamond affects even those whose business it is to cut, polish, refine, and remove from its grosser covering or incrustation, the stone which is perhaps one day to be "a king's ransom," take the following fact. The artist who was employed to cut the KORUNOOR was months at his task. With such veneration did he set himself to his work, that if his hand trembled in the morning when he rose before continuing his responsibility of shaping or thinning this magnificent treasure, he stayed work for the day. Long he pondered whether he should venture to thin or diminish the size of this delight of his eyes,—whether he should dare to lessen its weight, even though he increased its brilliancy. But he went on as a great workman, loving and honouring what he had to do, and the jewel was thinned and pared somewhat, and became the magnificence and glory we now see it. I can well believe and estimate this Oriental worship for "The Diamond," and can understand an artist's sacrifices for quality instead of quantity, as my dogged friend at my elbow suggests. Will it be considered childish for me to aver, moreover, that I thoroughly relish the allegory of Sinbad the Sailor's adventures in the valley of Diamonds, and his account of the merchants' stratagem to obtain the jewels.

In Mr. Lane's very interesting notes to his translation of Sinbad's story in the Arabian Nights, "El-Kazweenee" relates that—"To the place in which the diamond is found, no one can gain access. It is a valley in the land of India, the bottom of which the sight reacheth not; and in it are venomous serpents, which no one seeth but he dieth; and they have a summer abode for six months, and a winter abode where they hide themselves for a like period. El-Iskender (either Alexander the Great or the first Zu-l-karneyn) commanded to take some mirrors and throw them into the valley, that the serpents might see in them their forms and die in consequence. It is said also that he watched for the time of their

absenting themselves, or returning into their winter quarters, and threw down pieces of meat, and diamonds stuck to these: then the birds came from the sky, and took pieces of that meat, and brought them up out of the valley: whereupon El-iskender ordered his companions to follow the birds, and to pick what they could of the meat."

I fear I ramble and am discursive, but anon I shall be able to show that I can make use of the solid facts which are promised me by friends about "The Diamonds of the Exhibition." And presently I shall from my gossip-wallet deliver stories about the hand guns, rifles, and sporting small-arms, in which Mr. Whitworth, Messrs. Houllier, Blanchard, Durisme, L. Bernard, Custine Renette, Le Page Moutier, and the well-known Liege firms have all distinguished themselves. And you shall know the true and complete detail of the "wroughting" of the superb wedding present by the City of Berlin to the Crown Prince of Prussia, and our own dear Princess Royal, and "why" Vollgold and Sohn had the order for such a trophy of art. Then again, for a topic, there's the gorgeous memorial or testimonial, commemorative of a very varied and honourable career, the grand silver and gold gift-piece to De Brouckere. You can see it just by the western dome, before you ascend the dais or platform on the northern side. And, by-the-bye, I shall have to record the richness of Mr. Wertheimer's exquisite furniture, at which all Belgravia raves with admiration, though presently I shall take pains to interest my readers and myself with details of its cost and the finish of the whole of the work. Oh! and again by-the-bye, there is the tale of that glorious monster of a tiger, "shot in the Deyrah Dhoon in March, 1860, by Colonel Charles Reid, C.B., of H.M. 2nd Goorkahs (Sirmoor Rifles)," measuring, I should think, eight feet and a half from his nose to the end spine! How oddly one digresses. I feel I am getting from the "Diamonds," but I promise faithfully to treat of them in the next number.

And if my gentle readers will but accept this discursive small introduction as a reverence or preliminary bow—preface, the authors call it—I am sure that more suitably in the next amount of space kindly permitted me by the Editor of *ONCE A WEEK*, I shall be able to tell them very interesting and peculiar points of attraction about the "mountain of light," and the lesser brilliancies, round which a throng of crinoline holds its court daily.

(To be continued.)

HOW I CAME TO BE SOMEBODY'S BRIDESMAID.

It had from early childhood, been my great ambition to be somebody's bridesmaid—not some particular body's, but some indefinite body's—anybody's in short. The desire was so strong within me that I exacted promises from a whole bevy of my school companions (I never had a sister), to elect me to the delightful office, so soon as the time should come for any of them to appear in the character of bride. As for being a bride myself, truly I rarely, if ever, thought of that; a bridesmaid's seemed in my imagination so much the more interesting, the more felicitous destiny. A

bride, so I argued, had to leave the home and friends of her childhood; some tear, some faint sigh of regret must mingle with her strange, new, untried happiness; whereas a bridesmaid, she had no call for anything but smiles unclouded, and pleasure unalloyed. Accordingly Julia Davis, Mary Hunter, Fanny Powell, and Barbara Hemming, all promised, if they were married before me (as I was certain they would be—were they not, every one of them, a thousand times prettier, and nicer, and more pleasing than I?)—each of them promised to make me her bridesmaid. I thought myself sure of the expected bliss; but, alas! in all these four cases the cup has slipped from my lip.

Pretty, blooming Julia Davis took the small-pox directly after she left school, and was so disfigured by it that nobody knew her again, and everybody seems to consider her chances of marriage gone for ever. How I should like to remind those foolish men that beauty is but skin deep, and that Julia has an infinite number of imperishable virtues, which would ensure her husband happiness tenfold more than any of them deserve.

Mary Hunter, the second friend I named, lost her only surviving parent, also about the epoch of her leaving school, and had to go out to join her brother in India, where she married within a twelvemonth. India was, however, I considered, too far off for me to claim the fulfilment of her promise.

Fanny Powell, dear, silly, sentimental little creature, had a disappointment at seventeen: and—it is four years ago—has continued ever since to protest she shall never marry. It was only the other day she told me, with a world of emphasis, nobody must ever look to be her bridesmaid now.

And Barbara Hemming, my last, best card,—for though perhaps not the most beautiful, I always thought her the most charming of all my friends,—she was, as I was sure she would be, very early engaged. I am still her chosen friend, and should be her first bridesmaid, only—the lovers are both so poor that matrimony is at present out of the question. I, for my part, could have waited patiently for this forlorn hope of bridesmaidship, but that I have to combat somebody else's impatience, for—it can no longer be kept a secret—before I had ever thought of such a thing, I was myself engaged to be married. I don't know how it came to pass, but Henry is really a very nice fellow, and I could not well refuse him only because I had never yet been a bridesmaid. Almost my first confidence reposed in him was, however, this secret wish of mine, and I could not help feeling hurt that he treated it so lightly.

"Have you any sisters, dear?" I asked one day.

"Three, dearest," was his reply.

"Oh! then," I continued, "one of them must be going to be married, and I know, darling, that you will persuade her to ask me to be one of her bridesmaids."

It was such a cruel disappointment when he told me all his sisters were married. I said he ought to have opposed such early marriages.

"Why, they were all older than you at the time," returned he, laughing.

"Oh!" I said, "but I am not going to be married for several years yet. I am determined to be Barbara Hemming's bridesmaid first."

Whereat he laughed again shamefully, and protested he had no intention of waiting until Barbara's betrothed should hear of something to his advantage.

"He has been a curate on 80*l.* a-year," said Henry, "for the last ten years, always hoping for something better, and never getting it."

I now proposed that Henry, who had more money than he knew what to do with, should buy him a living, representing it to come from some unknown friend and benefactor. But, though I had never before thought meaness one of his faults, Henry declined to do this. Ah! we had many lovers' quarrels, and this was always the fatal cause. At length my parents took part against me, blamed my obstinacy, and declared my nonsense unreasonable. In my despair, I now thought I should be obliged to yield, when my wish was gratified in a most unexpected and extraordinary manner.

One morning my mother received a letter by the post, stating that grandmamma was very ill, and desiring that either mamma or I would go to her at once. We never thought very much of grandmamma's illnesses: she cried out so frequently, that we could not help recalling to mind the boy and the wolf in the fable. Nevertheless, she had never before sent us an immediate summons of this kind, and even if it could be proved ever so unnecessary grandmamma must not be offended—the call must be obeyed. Mamma could not very well leave home on so short a notice: I must be the one to go.

In a couple of hours my things were packed, and I was ready to start by the next train. It was a long journey, and in its latter part new to me, grandmamma having changed her residence since I had last visited her. Her present abode was quite in the country, about three miles from S—— railway station, where, she had written, her carriage should be waiting to meet the traveller. I found the journey tedious: the scenery, my chance companions, the book I had brought with me for amusement, all alike dull and uninteresting, and before I reached S—— I was thoroughly tired and sleepy. I had my senses, however, sufficiently about me to jump out at the right time and place. S—— was an inconsiderable village station, and I the only passenger who alighted. There, sure enough, stood grandmamma's carriage, and advancing towards me was her servant, not the same she had when I was last with her, I thought; but it was almost dark, and I was not sure. Having pointed out to him my luggage, "How is grandmamma?" was my question.

"Pretty much as usual, miss," answered the man, touching his hat respectfully.

"Pretty much as usual!"

The words made me quite indignant. So grandmamma had summoned me all this way, had hurried me from home at a moment's notice, on a cold, miserable, November day, for just no reason at all. However, the deed was done. Here I was, and wishing myself back again would not trans-

port me thither; there was nothing for it but to make the best of present circumstances. It was, I reflected, very wicked and unnatural of me to be sorry at hearing my venerable relative was no worse than usual, such news ought to be a cause of rejoicing.

Having seen my trunk safely stowed on the box, I stepped inside the carriage, the man mounted, cracked his whip, and we sped along merrily. There was no moon, and the twilight was too far advanced for anything to be gained by gazing out of the window; so, leaning back in one corner, and making myself as comfortable as I could, I had leisure, feeling now no longer sleepy, to indulge my own reflections. What would Henry say when he heard of my sudden journey? I must write by to-morrow's post to tell him, and perhaps he would come in a few days to fetch me home. If grandmamma was as well as usual, there could be no occasion for my staying long, and it was always dreadfully dull at her house. What should I do with myself? Perhaps there might be some nice people in her new neighbourhood who would take pity on my forlorn estate; but this idea gave me small comfort, since grandmamma always made a point of declaring she invited me to amuse *her* and not myself. I should have to pet the cat, and talk to her—grandmamma I mean; it was a tom cat, so there is no real ambiguity in the pronoun—and to read aloud all the trials for murder in the newspapers. Grandmamma had a decided taste for murders: manslaughter was insipid twaddle to her, but there was some excitement in a downright determined murder. What a great deal of embroidery, too, I might get done, only I hated embroidery, and, as I was not going to be married until after Barbara Hemming, there was no occasion to hurry with that set of cambric handkerchiefs.

These and similar thoughts occupied my mind until the coachman descended to open a gate, and I immediately after became aware we had entered the drive up to the house. Dear me! what a blaze of light shone through the windows—they must have thought to honour my arrival by an illumination extraordinary. Grandmamma's soul must be opening to liberality in her latter days, I thought, as I recollected the solitary candle which, in former times, was all the light vouchsafed to our darkness in the gloomy room, with the old oak furniture, where we used to spend our evenings. Astonishment yet greater was to follow. The carriage was now close to the house, and I could hear distinctly the sound of many voices mingled with merry laughter. Had grandmamma, reported dangerously ill in the morning, assembled a party in the evening to welcome her expected guest? Astounding indeed—the nearest approach to a party I had ever witnessed under her roof, having been the arrival of the clergyman and his wife to partake of a solemn cup of tea, an event signalled by the appearance of two candles instead of one, and an extra plate of bread-and-butter,—otherwise I always found such evenings duller than when grandmamma and I were tête-à-tête together. In my bewilderment I was beginning to feel a great dread lest my aged relation should have suddenly lost her senses—lest this should be the

sound of maniac laughter, and all these chattering people but an embassy from an asylum, striving, vainly perhaps, to confine her in a strait-jacket. Before the fear had, however, time to shape itself distinctly (thought is swift, and what it has taken some time to relate, passed through my mind like lightning), the house-door opened ere the bell was rung, the sound of our wheels having been heard inside, and hurrying past the servants, who came forward to assist me to alight, appeared two young and pretty girls whom I had never seen before in my life. Was I dreaming? They seemed to know me quite well—seemed to be eagerly expecting me.

"How are you, dear?" said one; and "A thousand welcomes, darling!" exclaimed the other; and they both threw their arms round me and kissed me warmly before I was well out of the

carriage. The next moment, however, all seemed not quite right to them. Both the girls stared hard at me as I stood full under the light of the lamp in the hall. Their arms suddenly relaxed their affectionate embrace; again they stared, yet harder than before, then shot like two arrows from my side, opened the door of the room whence I had heard the sounds of merriment proceeding, and called "Mamma!"

A lady, elderly, but still handsome, and of a particularly sweet and prepossessing countenance, immediately answered the summons. I had hitherto remained tongue-tied, dumb with surprise and astonishment,—now was the time that I must speak.

"I am afraid there is some mistake," I began, "and that I am not at Myrtle Grove." Such was the name of my grandmamma's residence.



"Dearly Beloved . . ." (See page 23.)

I often wondered afterwards over its singular inappropriateness. One does not expect to find literal groves of myrtle in our northern clime, but grandmamma's garden was destitute of the veriest twig thereof, and nothing like a plantation or grove of any description of trees was to be seen for miles.

In reply to my question the elder lady informed me that I was indeed not at Myrtle Grove, but at Crofton Manor. In great embarrassment I then began my story, how I had left the train at S— station, expecting to find grandmamma's carriage waiting to convey me to her house—how I had seen a carriage, had at once concluded it to be hers—how the servant had offered no remonstrance, but had straightway transported myself and luggage, like an expected cargo, to the place where I now found myself.

"Was there no other young lady besides yourself who left the train at S— station?" inquired Mrs. Horton—such I shortly afterwards learnt was the name of the mistress of Crofton Manor.

"No, madam," I replied, "I am quite sure I was the only person."

"This is singular," pursued she; "we were expecting a young friend. To-morrow is my daughter's wedding-day, and her cousin was to come to be one of her bridesmaids. Our coachman has not been with us long, has never seen the young lady, consequently he not unnaturally supposed you to be our expected guest. But poor Fanny Heath," she said, turning to her daughters, "must have missed the train; there is, however, one later which stops at S—, the carriage must meet that, and after he has brought Fanny here,

Thomas can drive this young lady to Myrtle Grove."

I here apologised for my mistake, and the trouble I was occasioning.

"Don't mention it," said kind Mrs. Horton, "it was a very natural mistake, and you are not to blame at all. I hope you will make yourself comfortable here until we are able to forward you to your destination."

She then told her daughters to conduct me upstairs to take off my things, and afterwards to the drawing-room.

Lucy and Mary Horton were such nice girls I felt to like them from the first moment, and the attraction must, I think, have been reciprocal; they could not have been kinder or more attentive to me if I had in reality been the "dear darling" cousin they were expecting. They remained

pleasantly chatting beside me till I was ready to go downstairs. I had meanwhile learnt that Myrtle Grove was three miles on the other side of S—, and nearly six miles from Crofton Manor; that they knew grandmamma slightly, and would call to see me some day at her house.

"I should think you will find it rather dull there," said Lucy, the elder Miss Horton.

"Indeed, I know I shall," I replied dolorously, and again they promised to come and see me.

"We have a grandmamma here at home," said Mary Horton, "you will see her when you go down; she is such a dear, delightful old lady, everybody loves grandmamma."

"Oh, then she must be your cousin, Miss Heath's grandmamma too," I said; "that accounts for it;" and I told them how I had asked the coachman after grandmamma's health, and how



"... Amazement." (See page 23.)

his reply had somewhat surprised me, never dreaming he could be speaking of anybody else's grandmamma than my own. Both the girls laughed pleasantly.

"I am glad of the mistake, since it has made us get to know you," they exclaimed together.

My travelling dress was not at all suited for a *début* in a drawing-room on the eve of a wedding, as I remarked to the Miss Hortons, and I proposed they should leave me to remain in the bed-room, where a bright fire was burning, and which was furnished luxuriously, quite like a little drawing-room. But they would not hear of such a thing, declared I looked very nice—transparent flattery this—and one on each side they almost carried me down stairs.

Mrs. Horton rose to meet me as I entered the drawing-room; she had told my story beforehand,

and everybody seemed to feel for my position, and to try to make me feel as comfortable and as much at home as possible. Though a large, they were entirely a family party, with the exception of two young ladies who were to officiate as bridesmaids on the morrow. There was grandmamma, who looked all that her young relatives had declared her; there was Mr. Horton père, a tall, stout, grave, but benevolent-looking gentleman; there were a brace of sons, the two daughters I had already seen, and a third, the bride elect, seated by the side of her *fiancé*. My eye did not at first take in all the rest of the group, but there were about half a dozen others, more distant relatives.

"I hope you don't feel very tired after your journey," inquired kind Mrs. Horton. "Has it been a long one?" And when she heard it was nearly 200 miles, she persisted in seating me in an

easy-chair, and in making me take some immediate refreshment. Tea would be brought in half an hour, she said, but I must take something first. I had a glass of wine and a biscuit in my hand, and was beginning to feel quite at my ease, when the sound was heard of a horse's hoofs on the drive outside, followed immediately by a loud ring at the door. "Can this be Fanny arrived on horseback?" exclaimed one of the Mr. Hortons junior.

"Nonsense!" began his sister Lucy, which word was scarcely out of her mouth, when a servant entered the room, and gave a paper into Mrs. Horton's hand.

"A telegram!" exclaimed that lady, turning pale, "do you read it," she added, reaching it to her husband, who opened it, glanced at it for a moment, and said:

"Nothing that need alarm you, my dear, but still a disappointment to you all. He then read aloud:—

FROM FANNY HEATH TO MRS. HORTON.

DEAR AUNT,—Sprained my ankle this morning, getting into the carriage—so sorry I cannot come to the wedding.

They did all look disappointed, and Arthur (the young gentleman who had suggested the possibility of Fanny's coming on horseback) vented his disappointment loudly in words.

"Can't we put off the wedding?" was his very likely proposal.

"Indeed, I think Augusta can better do with five bridesmaids instead of six," replied the indignant bridegroom elect.

Hereupon Lucy looked at me, and whispered something to her mamma.

"My daughter proposes," said the latter to me, "that you should be Augusta's bridesmaid instead of her cousin. What do you say to her idea?"

Before I could answer the sisters loudly urged the request: "Oh, do," said one; "An odd number is so unlucky," cried another; "You really seem sent by a kind Fate in Fanny's place," asserted a third. "And we shall be so glad to have you," they all chorussed.

Here was an opportunity—how unlooked for!—of gratifying my long cherished wish, of calming the ruffled surface of Henry's and my own course of true love, of removing the one hitherto insurmountable barrier to our union. But I had no bridesmaid's dress. This hindrance I brought forward.

"Fanny's dress is here, all ready," cried the eager Lucy. "Our dressmaker took her measure, and made all the dresses that they might be exactly alike. And you are just Fanny's height and figure, it was that made Mary and me take you for her the first minute. Do come upstairs, and let us try the dress on at once, and then if any alteration is required, our maid will have time for it before the morning." She drew me, nothing loath, from the room, Mary following. "White tulle with blue trimmings, and a wreath of convolvulus to match—it will be the very thing to suit your complexion, and you will look lovely," continued nonsense-talking Lucy, as we went upstairs.

It was a pretty dress, and really could not have fitted better had it been made for me. The maid had nothing to alter when it was tried on. The sisters would have me go down to show myself, and all the ladies agreed it fitted perfectly. The gentlemen, of course, were not allowed to have an opinion on the subject.

"So that is settled," said Mrs. Horton.

"Thank you; indeed I should like it so much, but grandmamma—" I faltered.

"Oh," continued she, "I don't think Mrs. Meredith could object. One of the grooms shall ride over to-night to let her know where you are, and to bid her not expect you till the day after the wedding."

"But if she is very ill—" I began.

"That she is not," interrupted Mr. Horton. "I am her physician: I saw her this morning, and can set your mind at rest on that score. Besides, she deserves to lose you for a day, for not having sent her carriage in time to meet you."

I made no more objections; indeed I was very glad at heart. The coachman, who was just about to proceed to the station a second time, had his drive countermanded. The groom was despatched to Myrtle Grove, and I gave myself up to enjoyment.

The wedding was a very pretty one, the beauty of the bride and bridesmaids—of course I am not supposed to speak of myself, whatever I may think—eclipsed that of their dresses; the bridegroom and his men were also sufficiently well-looking. I think I fared the worst in this respect, not but that Arthur, my groomsmen, was as handsome as any, but his thoughts happened to be a good deal with Fanny of the sprained ankle, so that I found him only a dull companion.

Yet, in spite of this, I enjoyed it all. Yes, I think I enjoyed it all nearly, if not quite as much as I had expected. There were six clergymen to tie the nuptial knot. After the service in church—from "Dearly beloved," down to "Amazement"—there was a splendid wedding-breakfast, then the bride and bridegroom left us, *en route* for Paris, and in the evening we had a ball, by which time Arthur had nearly recovered his spirits, and proved not at all a bad partner. He danced remarkably well, by-the-way.

The next morning, not very early,—for we were up late after the ball,—I was forwarded to Myrtle Grove, where I found grandmamma almost convalescent, and not particularly angry with me for my little escapade. She had sent her carriage to meet me on the evening in question, but it had reached the station five minutes after the train had passed, when I was already on my way to the Hortons. It was very stupid of me to mistake the latter's handsome equipage and horses for grandmamma's shabby turn-out, though, as it happened, I had cause only to congratulate myself on my want of observation.

My visit to grandmamma's was less dull than usual, owing to the kindness of the Hortons. Henry, my betrothed, came to fetch me home at the end of three weeks, and, as I have had my wish, and been somebody's bridesmaid, I suppose now I may be a bride before Barbara Hemming.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynning causeth mykel errour in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."



CHAPTER XXII. "RENÉ!"

THE address of Mr. Tacker, the stage-manager, while it may have been successful in allaying to a great extent the alarm of the audience, certainly did not do justice to the real state of the case behind the curtain. A crowd surrounded the senseless form of Mademoiselle Boisfleury. She had not moved since her fall. She had moaned for some minutes, evidently in acute suffering. This expression of pain was not loud, but it was intense. Great agony masters the strength, and forbids any noisy or prolonged cry—and these feeble moans had ceased as she became insensible.

"She is dead!" cried several of the women who surrounded her, all looking from one to the other, trembling; some were crying violently—while others with stronger minds, or with less feeling probably, were emphatically denouncing it as a shame that Grimshaw should have allowed her to swing from that rope, as they had known very well all along that an accident was sure to come of it at some time or other. It was necessary to abuse some one. If a fellow creature suffers, it is always indispensable that we should look about and see whom we can conveniently denounce as the cause of the suffering. Perhaps the *corps de*

ballet had no great reason to love Grimshaw—he often fined them, and bullied them, and swore at them, and stopped their salaries—though he did now and then talk to them "affably," and thank them for their exertions, and invite them to a *cham* supper. So when an event of this kind happened, it seemed only natural on their parts to give him the full odium of the occurrence. He had all the profit—he ought to have all the loss; so they argued—not reasonably perhaps—but then women are not always reasonable; and as for logic from *coryphées*, of course that's out of the question. They did not remember at the moment that any one of them would have been only too delighted to play the part of *Fiametta*, and to accomplish Mademoiselle Boisfleury's feat, if permitted to appear in a grand new dress for the occasion—the dress of course provided by Grimshaw—and find a slight addition to the salary to be received from the treasury on Saturday night. Certainly it was more convenient to abuse Grimshaw, who was on the spot, under their eyes, than an incoherent public who had roared for a "sensation" ballet, and were now scattered over the town, ornamenting many British homes, voting the whole thing very horrid and shocking,

agreeing that it "ought not to be allowed," and enjoying their suppers amazingly.

Had a doctor been sent for? Yes. Two or three men had started off to call in a doctor. Nervous, excitable men, most anxious to be of use—scared, and desirous to be away from a painful scene—to assist from a distance. Not good people to send on such an errand. They would go dashing about for some time, running at their topmost speed in vague directions, only gradually conscious at last of the real object of their hurry—to bring a doctor into the theatre, to the aid of the sufferer—and a good half-hour would be lost.

There was great confusion. A huddle of carpenters in paper caps stood round, in stooping attitudes, their palms on their knees, as though they were at a private dog-fight, or round a horse slipped down in the Strand.

"She ain't dead," said one. "I see her move just then. Didn't you, Bill?"

Grimshaw pushed through, picking his teeth with a penknife, and tolerably calm.

"Now—get along, you women," he cried to the *corps de ballet*. "You can't do any good. You carpenters, be off. I won't have my stage blocked up in this way." (These orders were strengthened by strong adjectives—too strong indeed for printing.) "Mrs. Bell"—he singled out a *coryphée*, she was one of those dancers who are generally very much at the back of the stage during the performances—whose youth is a thing quite of the past—and who are, in most cases, mothers of large families, if not grandmothers—"Mrs. Bell, you understand these things. Can she be moved? You think not—not just yet? Very well; let her remain here for the present, until the doctor comes. Something to put under her head? Certainly. By all means. Here, Hobson! Where's the property master? Bring a cushion, or something. A glass of water, Mrs. Bell? Certainly. Fetch a glass, some of you girls."

A whisper went through the throng—a look of surprise—something of a snigger, perhaps—midst all the alarm and sorrow and sympathy. It was said that the husband of Madlle. Boisfleury had come down to the theatre. Some one spoke on the subject to Grimshaw.

"Let him come, of course," said Grimshaw. "I never knew she had a husband," he added, in a lower voice, as he turned on his heel: "but somehow these women always do have husbands. I don't see that he has any grounds for an action, however." He invoked—not a blessing upon husbands generally, and then went away to abuse an inebriated scene-shifter, and discuss with Tacker the performance of the morrow.

"If she's too bad to show," he said, "who are we to put into the part? Is Celine strong enough? She's ugly, I know; but her figger ain't bad."

Wilford Hadfield was led to where the poor woman was lying.

A pillow had been placed under her head. To effect this it had been necessary to raise her a little. The pain so occasioned, in a measure, restored her to animation. She was sprinkled with water, and Mrs. Bell was busy bathing her temples and fanning her. She shivered—her lips

parted—her eyes half-opened—she drew together her hands, her fingers twitching convulsively.

"Her arms ain't broken, at any rate," said a carpenter, who still loitered near. Perhaps he had experience of accidents.

"Regine!" said Wilford, in a low, deep voice. He knelt at her side. Her head turned in the direction of his voice. She gazed into his face in a wild, dazzled sort of way.

"You, Wilford?" she asked at last; "and here?"

"I saw all," he said. "Do you suffer much?" and he took her hand.

"You wished me dead, are you satisfied?" she moaned, closing her eyes again, and shivering.

There was another movement among the crowd, now at some distance from the sufferer. Two gentlemen approached.

"The doctor," people said to each other.

"Are you a doctor?" whispered Martin to Monsieur Chose.

"Have no fear!" was the calm answer.

"Ah!" cried Martin. "*He* is here, then!" And his eyes lighted upon the figure of Wilford, kneeling at the side of Regine.

"It is true," Monsieur Chose muttered, "the gentleman from the Soho quarter. You know him?" he inquired of Martin.

A little ballet-girl, with a frightened, childish face, stepped forward. She had overheard the inquiry. She had a timid, shy manner, but the excitement of the occasion gave her courage. Perhaps she was amazed that the doctor did not hasten to his patient, was anxious that he should lose no time by standing on ceremony.

"He is only the husband of Mademoiselle Boisfleury," she said.

The Frenchman uttered a strange ejaculation—a sort of click in his throat which might signify anything—surprise, inquiry, suppressed laughter, regret, anything.

"Only the husband!" he said, and nudged his companion.

"You wished me dead, are you satisfied?" Regine asked again in a trembling voice.

Monsieur Chose overheard. He whispered in Martin's ear:

"Regard, then—how women are clever! How quick to avail themselves of a chance, to twist it to their own advantage! How it is extraordinary! See! she would have him to believe—the tall white gentleman with the beard—that she fell not by accident, but on purpose. It is wise! It is admirable! Women are superb, always! If she has done him a wrong, will he not pardon her now? How all that is adorable!"

Martin did not appear to enjoy especially the opportunity his companion had selected for descanting upon feminine peculiarities. But he already understood that Monsieur Chose was not a gentleman of any great depth of feeling. Monsieur Chose had not hurried himself in making his way to the stage; he had even loitered to point out one or two details of stage management he deemed worthy of observation.

"*Mon dieu!*" he said, with a smiling approval as they came along, "how are all these things curious and interesting and full of charm! How

familiar they seem to me—how I feel at home thus surrounded—how I am reminded of my *jeunesse*."

Upon the stage he surveyed through his gold spectacles the assembled group with a smiling, rather leering patronage. Then he whispered to Martin:

"How different are the stalls and the stage! It is wonderful! Your Mademoiselle Blondette is *un peu maigre* when one comes to see her close!"

"Oh, Wilford! you will never pardon me," murmured Regine.

"Let us not speak of this now, Regine," said Wilford. "Are you much hurt? Can you bear to be raised?"

"Why are you here? Why do you speak so kindly to me? Why do you not permit me to die? Why do you come here?"

"It may be it is my duty to be here."

"You do not hate me?"

"No. Heaven forbid!"

"But you do not know all—you do not know all, or you would kill me—you would curse me!"

"She *loves* then always *ce grand monsieur*. Is it not so? Does it not seem so? *Mon dieu!* it is very interesting this scene."

But Martin rather shrunk at the light tone of his companion.

"It is with regret I disturb this *réunion* of lovers, but it is time, is it not, to assume my *rôle* of doctor?" He advanced to Regine. "Stop, then, dear children," he said to the ballet; "stand back, if you please; give us, then, all the air we can have. Thank you, madame," he continued, bowing to Mrs. Bell, who at his signal relinquished her task of fanning Regine, and withdrew. "Thank you, a thousand times—that will do!"

"He is a Frenchman—the private doctor of Mademoiselle Boisfleury," said the little ballet-girl, with very wide open eyes.

"We have want of air—it is necessary for the poor child to breathe." He took a penknife from his pocket and cut the lace of her dress. He turned to Wilford, standing at his side abstractedly. "A glass of water, if you please, monsieur. Will you get it for me?" he asked with extreme politeness.

Wilford, hardly knowing what he was doing, went in quest of the water.

Monsieur Chose beckoned to Martin.

"Would you like to assist at the performance of a little drama in one act? he asked, with a strange grimace.

He appeared to read in Martin's puzzled expression an answer sufficiently affirmative.

"Look, then," he said. He removed his hat and gold spectacles carefully; he rumbled his thick black hair, and pushed it back from his face and behind his ears. He took the hands of Regine and pressed them, drawing her towards him.

"Regine!" he called in a hissing whisper. She started. With staring eyes she looked into his face.

"Regine!" he repeated. "*Ma chatte bien aimée*."

"You!" she exclaimed, wildly, trying to draw her hands from his."

"Ah, oui," he answered, "*c'est moi, chère Mimi, ma belle biche blanche!*"

"Here? Am I dreaming?—am I mad? Where is Wilford? If he should see you—if he should know——" She was raising her voice in a scream."

"Silence, amie!" said the Frenchman, sternly.

"Oh, RENE!" she cried, "what have I done?—what do you wish me to do?" and she swooned back.

Wilford returned with some water. The Frenchman sprinkled some on her face, and wetted her temples and the palms of her hands.

He rose.

"Her limbs are safe," he said, aloud, "the brain is not injured, nor the spine. For the ribs I will not say; if they press upon the lungs—the heart—it may be bad. She can be moved from here soon. It is not good for her to remain here,—it is cold—there is very much of draughts; she had better be taken to her dressing-room for the present; let a couch be brought upon which she may be carried." He resumed his glossy hat and gold spectacles.

"It was interesting, was it not?" he asked in a low voice, turning to Martin.

"You know her, then?"

"Perhaps—a little; but behold! *ce Monsieur*. It is a little history of which I have revealed to you—a chapter, do you see?—that is all. Ah! *ce Monsieur*, regard him—the poor husband, is it not so? I have for him a grand sympathy."

Regine recovered a little.

"Wilford!" she murmured.

He again took her hand: she opened her eyes with a shudder, and then started.

"No," she cried, "it was a dream,—this is really Wilford!"

"The brother of Mademoiselle Boisfleury!" said the little ballet-girl, as some one else appeared upon the scene.

"Ah! behold the brother, Monsieur Alexis," muttered Monsieur Chose. "Truly this is charming. We have quite a family *réunion*."

Wilford fell back as his eyes rested upon Alexis.

"Are you much hurt, Regine?" asked Alexis as he stooped down; his voice was cold and unsympathetic enough.

"I suffer frightfully," said the poor woman turning away her head. Perhaps she had some innate fear as to the consolation likely to be proffered her by Monsieur Alexis.

"I have great grief for you, my sister," he said in a mocking, insulting tone that gave the lie to his words. "You will not be able to appear to-morrow night—no, nor the next, nor the next. You will not appear for a long time. Your engagement will be broken—you will be dismissed. It is terrible, is it not? Do you know who will sustain your *rôle* to-morrow?" He paused, and a frightful grin passed over his face. "From henceforward Mademoiselle Blondette will play *Fiammetta*. It is charming, is it not? How I shall applaud!"

Regine writhed as she lay; the insult gave her strength. She scowled at Monsieur Alexis.

"She will be hissed by the public!" she said hoarsely, "she is a skeleton. Away with your

Mademoiselle Blondette! What do I care? You are an imbecile! Her sharp bones will project, let her paint as thick as she may. Truly, she is what you call *lath and plaster*! Go, little fool."

The expression of Regine's face, as she said these words, was not pleasant.

Monsieur Alexis slunk away. Regine's strength left her as the taunts of Alexis faded from her memory.

"Wilford!" she cried. He came to her again.

"Oh, Wilford! you will never pardon me."

"Do not think so, Regine, my poor soul. I will try to pardon. What right have I to withhold forgiveness? I will try to pardon, and I shall succeed."

"But you do not know, perhaps. You cannot know—"

"Know what, Regine?"

"I have disobeyed you—I have acted cruelly, shamefully, again. It is since our meeting, Monsieur Wilford—"

"What have you done?"

"Pardon me. I have seen *her*—Violet—your wife! Pardon me—no! You cannot—you cannot!"

"Violet!" he screamed, aghast. "You have dared do this?—you have seen *her*—you have spoken to her?"

"I have insulted her—wronged her. I have told her *all*! More—I have lied to her!"

"*All*! Oh, God! She has learnt this dreadful news, and not from me. It has come upon her a sudden blow—she will sink beneath it—you have killed her!" He staggered back. He glared fiercely at Regine.

"Pardon me!" she cried again in agony.

"I cannot—I cannot!" and he pushed his way angrily through the bewildered bystanders.

"Wilford!" cried Martin, hastening after him. But the cry was not heard. Wilford was gone.

"Stop, *mon ami*," said the Frenchman to Martin, who was starting in pursuit. "You know, then, this gentleman?"

"He is the dearest friend I have in the world," Martin exclaimed, warmly.

"Ah, then it is different. But it is too late to stop him now. You will not catch him, and you will lose an episode very interesting. See, the English doctor has arrived."

A stout, red-faced man advanced, hurried.

"Where is she?" he asked, bluntly, blowing his nose fiercely, and flourishing about a large silk handkerchief of many colours.

"Monsieur," said the Frenchman, removing his hat and bowing obsequiously. "I have to demand a thousand pardons. I am also a humble follower of your distinguished profession. I have hitherto seen to the lady whose sufferings are the cause of your presence, then, as of mine. But I hasten to render her to your cares. My diploma is not of this country. Accept, Monsieur le docteur, the assurance of my highest consideration. In your hands the patient will be secure. I cede her to you—"

"Well, well, let me go and see what's the matter;" and the English doctor brushed past,

loudly blowing his nose, like the "advance" on the trumpet.

"How these English are droll," said the Frenchman, with a pitying smile, raising his eyebrows and his shoulders. "But see, he is a man of action, he is already having the patient moved upon a *fauteuil*. It is true that she has fainted again. But what does it matter? It is time to go home."

"See about the bills," said Grimshaw, to certain of his officers, "and the advertisements. Put up Blondette, 'in consequence of the severe indisposition of Boisfleur.' One good thing—the run won't be stopped. Brown or anybody can play Blondette's part. She's a plucky girl is Blondette, and the public like her. She's not a bit afraid. She'd hang on to the rope by her eyelashes to get a round of applause. We shan't do so badly. There'll be a row, of course, about dangerous performances; but that always brings the money in and fills the private boxes. The west end will come down to the place in a body if they think there's an excitement to be got out of the thing; and I shall be able to get a letter into the papers, defending the theatre; those are always the best advertisements for which you don't have to pay; and we must be careful to *bill* the bally well. If Boisfleur's really bad, we'll get up a subscription, and I'll head it, and that will look well; and then we can have up a benefit for her, and come the charitable move, with a prologue for the occasion, by a literary swell. Somehow we shan't do so badly. A rehearsal, mind, to-morrow, at twelve, for Blondette; you must attend to it, Tacker; I shan't be here; I've got an appointment with a man who's brought over a performing elephant—wonderful animal I'm told—does the *globe roulant* and the double *trapeze*—that ought to draw, I think."

Martin and the Frenchman stood outside the theatre.

"Nearly two o'clock," said Martin, looking at his watch. He paused for a minute, then he added, rather sadly: "No, it will avail nothing if I go to him now. By this time he will know all. Poor Wil."

"All?" said the Frenchman, a strange smile running along his thin lips. "You think he will know all? Pardon me: he will not know all yet."

"What do you mean, Monsieur?" asked Martin, eagerly.

"Smoke, *mon ami*," and Monsieur Chose proffered an embroidered cigar-case. Each lighted a cigar.

"You are interested much, very much, it seems, in this Monsieur Wilford, and—shall I say Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleur, or Madame sa femme? Mis-tress Wilford—is that not correct English?"

Martin thought for a moment; an idea appeared to occur to him; he drew himself up; then he bowed with an extreme courtesy to the Frenchman.

"Monsieur," he said, very deliberately, speaking in French; "it is not for me, I comprehend perfectly, to ask of you questions. These it may be in your power to answer; still I feel, Monsieur,

that the claim I can make for the information your replies would afford to me must be of the very slightest. Briefly, I have no right to ask you for information; still, Monsieur, I venture to hope for your aid." (They bowed to each other here, removing their hats—indeed, a like ceremony was gone through at nearly every full stop). "You understand, Monsieur—you can appreciate with that intimate acquaintance with the habits and perceptions and sympathies of this country which you have manifested in the course of this evening in a manner so full of charm and interest" (Monsieur Chose quite purred with pleasure), "that in England what is known as 'the home,' 'the hearth,' 'the peace of the domestic circle,' is of a value inestimable. In an English family dear to me, and in whose happiness I take an interest which may seem to you extraordinary, but which is, in fact, capable of an easy explanation, some events of an unhappy nature have recently occurred. Monsieur Wilford, a husband, a father, has been subjected to a claim on the part of Mademoiselle Boisfleury; but I need not, I am sure, go further with this painful case. Your admirable intelligence anticipates me. My interest in this family is very great, as I have said."

"Does he love Madame, the *other* wife?" was Monsieur Chose's sinister French suggestion. But he kept it to himself.

"I feel that you are in possession of information in regard to Mademoiselle Boisfleury that may be of vital consequence to this family. You are the member of the executive of a foreign government whose knowledge is justly reputed to be universal. In the course of your professional career you have become acquainted with certain valuable facts. But, Monsieur, it is not in your character of a member of the executive that I elect to address you. No, Monsieur, I ask you to put on one side wholly these considerations. I, an Englishman, in sorrow and suffering, appeal to you as one man imploring assistance from another. I address myself to those sentiments of the heart to which a gentleman of the glorious country of France has ever responded. Monsieur, I appeal to that elevated sensibility, to that chivalrous devotion, to that generosity, grand and simple, the peculiar privilege of Frenchmen; and, Monsieur, I am satisfied I shall not in vain request your assistance. You will help me. You will join with me in the effort to restore peace to this sad English home. You will tell me all you know concerning this Mademoiselle Stephanie Boisfleury.

"Monsieur!" cried the Frenchman, radiant with delight. "How you are a poet! how you are sublime—superb. I am yours—for always—I consecrate my life to your service. But one thing remains, *embrassons nous*."

And Martin found himself hugged to the heart of the Frenchman. There was a strange look in Martin's face as it appeared over the shoulder of Monsieur Chose. The Englishman was certainly convulsed—it might have been with poetical expansion—but it was a little like suppressed laughter.

Afterwards Martin handed his card to Monsieur Chose, who promised to call upon him without

loss of time. Finally they parted upon terms of a remarkable cordiality, with protestations of affection.

"Well," said Martin, smiling, as he walked towards the Temple, "I might have talked a long time to an English 'peeler' about sentiment, and chivalry, and devotion before I should have got anything out of him. There is a wonderful charm in bathos. I do believe that with an appropriate burst of sentimental rubbish, judicious smiling, and incessant taking off one's hat, a Frenchman can be made to say or do anything." Then he added, rather gloomily, "It remains to be seen, however, whether this man has really any information to give, after all. What can he tell me that I don't know already? Who is he? The lover of Mademoiselle Regine? To turn from Wilford to him! Heaven! what are women not capable of! How horrible all this is. Yet—no—don't let me censure all women in one breath."

He was very sad indeed as he entered his darkened rooms, and felt for the matches on the chimney-piece.

"A letter!" he said, "from whom? An answer already from the lawyer?"

And he read aloud.

"Sise Lane, Bucklersbury, London.

"DEAR SIR,

"I am able at once to answer your inquiries. Certain relatives of the late Mr. — are clients of our firm. My information is derived from them, and is therefore reliable. Mr. — was in holy orders. He left England in consequence of pecuniary embarrassments, and died shortly afterwards at a French sea-port. No proceedings were ever taken in reference to him, nor was his absence ever brought officially before the bishop of his diocese. Upon his death the Reverend Mr. — succeeded to his cure. I shall be happy to furnish you with any detailed information as to this question that you may desire, and

"I am, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"JOHN JORDAN,

"George Martin, Esq."

"So then," said Martin, "there is no hope in that quarter. I have now only this broken reed of a Frenchman to lean upon. A broken reed, indeed. 'René,' she called him. René what? I don't even know his name. He may not come after all—he may wake and think I have fooled him. I have not the slightest hold upon him, and perhaps I may never see him again. It's a sad, sad business. Poor Wilford! Poor Violet! I must go round to Freer Street to-morrow. I wish I could have spoken to him to-night, after the accident, and stopped him. Poor fellow! What will he do when he finds that Violet is gone?" He stopped and shuddered. "Nothing rash—I trust he will do nothing rash. But I did not like the expression of his face as he hurried from the theatre."

For some time Martin remained, holding the lawyer's letter in his hand. He was oppressed with very painful thoughts—very strange dreads.

When at last he took his candle and went to

bed he obtained little rest. When he was able to sleep at all he was the victim of terrible dreams, and woke frequently, starting up in quite a paroxysm of alarm.

CHAPTER XXIII. A SISTER-IN-LAW.

IT was morning. Mr. Phillimore, restless, uncomfortable, disturbed, paced up and down his front-room in Freer Street. His toilet was little cared for, and he had not enjoyed his breakfast. He no longer appeared to be the same cosy, prosperous picture-dealer—genial almost to joviality, serene almost to sublimity—who, at an earlier period of this history, had the honour of introduction to the reader. His sleekness had gone; he was as a cat with its fur rubbed roughly the wrong way; the bloom of his smugness had been blemished; he was as a fingered plum, more unsightly from its disfigured beauty than if it had never possessed beauty at all—just as a pretty lady with pock-marks is less attractive than a plainer woman with a smooth skin. If Mr. Phillimore had seemed less supremely happy before, he would not have been so remarkable an object now in his hour of depression. Even the gorgeousness of his brocaded dressing-gown did little to redeem the melancholy nature of his presentment; his splendour seemed inappropriate, useless, culpable even in connection with his state of mind—altogether out of place, like coronation robes upon a deposed monarch. The economy of his life appeared to have been visited by a convulsion; his career had suffered a sprain, if not an absolute dislocation. He was not the same man: for he was now miserable, and he had never been that before. He would have gone out in unpolished boots and a crumpled cravat; and the thought began to occur to him that, after all, port wine, even the best and in pints, was an over-rated drink.

He was himself struck by the change in his appearance. He paused before the mirror in the carved oak frame.

"I look disgraced and debased, that's quite clear; I've lost my old burgomaster air; or else I'm a burgomaster that's been in the Bench or dragged through the Court after opposition on the part of all the creditors. I look no better now than a toper by Ostade, or a skittle-player by Teniers. Hum! It's not pleasant. If I had looked like the Banished Lord, in the National Gallery, or Ugolino, I wouldn't so much have minded. It can't be helped! I suppose people always go down in effect when their collections are dispersed, or their galleries burnt down; and I'm not even insured! I doubt even if I could have effected an insurance. But what then? No money can replace an art-treasure. My sweet Raphael, with her pure, lovely, saintly look! I suppose she always hid her nimbus somehow in her bonnet, or twined her hair-plaits over it. She's gone—went away suddenly and sorrowfully, a glaze of tears dimming her lustrous, religious, grey eyes; and no one knows where she's gone; and she's taken the precious little Fiamingo with her; and St. Joseph, too, has disappeared; I begin to be afraid that he's not a Joseph at all. No; nor a saint neither. And my *riposa* is utterly

ruined, past all repairing or replacing. It's very, very sad! I seek recreation, and I see a Murillo break away from its cord and nearly smash itself into pieces. I try devilled-oysters for consolation, and I find that the devil predominated greatly over the fish; then rum-punch and oblivion, to be followed by nightmare, and dyspepsia, and headache, and misery, and the unwholesome effect of a very bad Dutch picture."

He took a few more strides about the room.

"The whole household upset. The Rembrandt doesn't know what's become of herself—she won't be worth a frame soon—she's washed her face with her tears about the loss of the Fiamingo, and she puts rancid butter on the toast and forgets to put the tea in the pot; and that at a time when I particularly wanted tea. I see what it is. It's quite time I retired from business; or I'll go into the country and devote myself to landscapes—they can't run away."

He took up the Times newspaper.

"I wonder whether it will be any good if I were to advertise—'Lost, stolen, or strayed, an undoubted *riposa* by Raphael.' The public must be warned against buying the figures cut out and sold separately—that's always a dodge with picture-thieves. I should have to offer a very considerable reward. It would make a great sensation in the trade. Why I'd sooner have given the picture to the government even than such a thing as this should have happened!"

So Mr. Phillimore rambled on in his eccentric way. Suddenly, Sally appeared at the door.

"Lawks!" she said, looking round. "Why I thought there was some one else here by the talking. You *have* got a lot to say to yourself!"

"What do you want here, Sally? I shall not have any dinner to-day! I shall never want dinner any more!"

But Sally paid no heed to this sad remark.

"He's come back!" she said in a loud whisper.

"Who's come back?" Mr. Phillimore inquired.

"The master on the first-floor. Haven't you heard him moving about? He's come back, but he an't been to bed all night."

"How awful!" cried Mr. Phillimore, clasping his hands.

"Where is she?" he keeps on asking. "Where is she?" as if I could tell him!"

"As if, indeed!" echoed Sally's master.

"Seems to me as if he was going out of his mind like," said Sally, "and he looks shocking, and he's emptied the water-bottle——"

"Hush!" said Mr. Phillimore, starting up and running to the window; "there's some one at the door."

After a moment's pause, he exclaimed:

"Bless my soul! Why it's the sister of the Raphael—it's the Lanceret—the Greuze—but how she's grown!—how she's changed!—why she's positively developing into a Guido!"

Mr. Phillimore was correct. Miss Margaret Fuller—the sister of Violet—knocked at the door of the house in Freer Street. She had grown tall, and grand-looking, and very handsome. More, as Mr. Phillimore hastened to assure himself, from her richness of hue—quite Giorgionesque, as he said—than from any absolute regularity in the

outline of her features. A trace of the Madge of old might have been perceived in the carelessness which permitted a thick, tangled cable of warm-coloured hair to protrude from the back of her bonnet in a great loop. Her form was rounded. The angularities and disproportions of her youth had vanished; her figure seemed now to have been cast in a full, massive mould; and her manners and movements had acquired a solidity and dignity that were indeed quite new.

But her apparent calmness did not make it the less evident that she was really very angry. There was a rich glow upon her cheeks—her delicate nostrils were dilated: by the marked rise and fall of her bosom it could be told that her heart was throbbing with some violence, and her breathing quick. Her superb blue eyes seemed quite to emit light. They were thrown so wide open, and were so brilliantly bright and limpid. She hurried past Sally—there was just a slight smile of recognition playing upon her red lips—but the Rembrandt understood that the situation did not admit just then of conversation—there were other more pressing matters demanding the attention of the visitor. Madge ascended the stairs, and entered the front room on the first floor—it had been Violet's drawing-room.

Wilford was crouched upon the sofa. She started back as she discovered him. He was dreadfully pale—his hair rumpled, falling upon his face—his beard dishevelled—his whole appearance neglected and disarranged. He appeared to have torn open his shirt, round his neck, and flung away his neckerchief. His boots were covered with mire—his clothes splashed and creased. He was staring fixedly into vacancy before him—apparently abstracted—unconscious.

Madge stopped, hesitatingly, when she perceived him.

"Can it be?" she asked herself, with a very leaping heart. "Is he mad?"

His appearance was sufficiently strange to warrant the question. Madge grew a little frightened.

"Wilford!" she said, at length, in a tolerably firm voice. But he did not hear—or did not heed her.

"Wilford!" she repeated. This time she was evidently trembling.

He heard then. He started, like a man rousing himself with some effort from an absorbing and terrible dream. He passed his hands over his eyes—he pushed his hair from his forehead. He gazed round him in a wild, bewildered way. At last his eyes settled upon the figure of Madge standing in the doorway. His countenance underwent a rapid change, though its duration was but momentary; but the look of deep despair and acute suffering yielded to the brief rule of a hopeful and radiant expression. Though the likeness of Madge and Violet was by no means remarkable, there was at certain times that general resemblance between them to be always found amongst members of the same family. With his whole mind concentrated upon his absent Violet, his every wish magnetically drawn to her, he was liable to be morbidly influenced by the sudden apparition of Madge. For an instant he thought he really saw what it was the sole passionate

desire of his soul that he should see; and the figure of Madge seemed to him as a vision of Violet. He uttered a strange cry—he held out his hands imploringly—he fell on his knees.

"Violet! Violet!" he exclaimed, vehemently "Have pity! Have mercy! Forgive me!"

But he had no sooner spoken than he became conscious of his error. He pressed his hands upon his head, as though to bind together by that action his disturbed, distracted intellects. He shrunk back, still kneeling, and his voice thick and hoarse, as though it escaped with difficulty from his parched throat. He cried:

"No, it is *not* Violet—it is *not* Violet," and he stopped. A pause of a few moments.

"No, it is *not* Violet," said Madge, at last, painfully agitated and very pale, but with an attempt at calmness and severity. "It is I—her sister. I have come here to demand—" but her assumed strength gave way. She yielded herself to a passionate burst of tears, as she cried, in a broken voice: "Oh! Wilford, Wilford, why have you done this? Why have you made us all so wretched? What have we ever done that you should bring this cruel, cruel wrong upon us? O how shameful, how cruel, how miserable all this is!"—then her sorrow fairly conquered the poor girl's utterance, and her further words were lost in her loud, heartbroken sobs.

He raised his hand to her again beseechingly. She turned away from him!

"Where is she? Tell me, Madge. Where is she?" he asked, hoarsely. It was some moments before she was able to answer.

"She is with us. She is safe with us, at Grilling Abbots. With us, who love her—who would die for her."

"Does she suffer very much, Madge? Tell me. I implore you, Madge—my sister—tell me! Is she well?"

"Well?" she exclaimed, with anger. "How can she be well? No, you cruel Wilford, she is not well—she will never be well—it will kill her—she is dying."

From a kneeling he sunk to a crouching position on the floor, and cried, in an agony:

"Don't say that, Madge! Don't—don't—for God's sake, don't tell me she is dying, and that I am her murderer!"

There was such genuine suffering in the tone of this cry, that even Madge, with all her predetermination to be harsh and cold and obdurate, was moved in spite of herself.

"Oh, Wilford," she said, "how dreadful all this is—how miserable! Who could have believed our happiness could have ended like this? I cannot think of it. I cannot believe it to be true. It seems like some terrible dream from which I shall suddenly awake to find myself at home, and safe, and all well. Is it true? Tell me, Wilford, that it is all a mistake, or a jest—a mad, wicked jest; that we can laugh now that is over, though it pained us so greatly while it lasted. Wilford, tell me this!"

But he only swayed about on the floor, bowing down his head. She saw that there was no hope. She read in the utter wretchedness of his looks that all was only too true.

"How happy we were!" she went on; "how proud my poor Vi was of you, and of her poor baby—how fond—how devoted! She would have given her life for you, Wilford, at any moment. Violet, my sweet sister—so good—so pure—so true, who loved you with her whole soul, whose gentle heart was yours, for ever, Wilford. Oh, how have you repaid that love!"

He moaned piteously, and the tears stood in his glaring blood-shot eyes.

"And we—miles away in the country—at Grilling Abbots. Papa and I alone, in our little white cottage, were always with you and Violet, Wilford, in our thoughts. Yes," she added, in a soft, low voice; "and in our prayers. I never went to bed at night," she continued, "but I prayed to God for your happiness—for the safety of Violet and her poor little child; and for your safety, too, Wilford: it was but praying for myself, for what was your happiness, after all, but mine? Yes, and we shared her joy, her pride in you, her devotion to you, as now,—now we must share her sorrow, her great and cruel anguish. You never gave us a thought, perhaps; you had other things to occupy you here, in this great London, but we were always full of you; it was our comfort in the evening to draw together and talk of you, wondering what you were doing, what you were saying then, at that moment, whether by chance you were near us in thought as we were near you. And papa, how proud he was of Violet, how tenderly he loved her! You will never know how cruelly it pained him to part with her, even to give her to you, whom he loved and trusted for years and years, as his own son. Oh, how dreadfully all this has ended! Who could have looked forward to this! And then, to please him, I learnt to play Violet's favourite airs on the piano, and the Mozart songs from the old book, that you were so fond of. It was only so, in thinking of her constantly, we could find consolation for her absence—in thinking of her and remembering that she was happy here, as we thought, with her husband and her baby child. You cannot know how I loved my sister Vi: as, indeed, I ought to love her, for was she not good, and true, and beautiful, as one of God's angels? My poor, poor sister—" and Madge surrendered herself to a tearful grief that would permit of no more words.

"Spare me, Madge—my sister," said Wilford; and he dragged himself along the ground to her, and took her hand, pressing it to his lips. She made only a feeble effort to withdraw it—indeed, her sorrow seemed quite to have deprived her of strength.

"I didn't intend to come here and cry like this," she said, after a pause; "but—but indeed I can't help it. Each time I think of poor Vi, the tears will come into my eyes.—I thought I was above such weakness. I thought I was too angry, and stern, and indignant, to cry; and I came here to learn from you—from your own lips, Wilford, whether Violet had heard aright, whether the story that woman told—that other dreadful woman—whether her story was true. There was a hope—a weak one, perhaps, for she brought proofs with her, it seems—a hope that

she was a cheat and a forger, as she was a bold, bad, shameful woman, or she wouldn't have treated Violet so cruelly—would never have said to her the wicked, wicked things she did say, or have spoken of the poor unoffending baby as she did. I can't say her cruel, heartless words. What had Violet or her child ever done to her? What wrong? What injustice? None—none; they could not; they would not! My poor Vi, who never did an injustice in word, or deed, or thought, to any living creature; who would step aside to spare a worm; nay, she would remove it rather with her own hands to a place where it was likely to be safe from other feet. What wrong could she have done to this unfeeling, heartless woman? I came here, if not at Vi's request, at least with her sanction. I wrung it from her, ere she went to sleep last night, in my arms, the tears still wet upon her pale cheeks—"

"Tell me of her, Madge," Wilford interrupted, passionately. "Speak to me of her—tell me she lives and loves me still; at least she does not hate—does not scorn me."

"Have you a right to ask for her love?—ask yourself that question," said Madge, the fire of her eyes not quite quenched by her tears; "haven't you earned her hatred and her scorn?—if indeed it were possible for her to hate and to scorn anybody or anything!"

"But speak to me of her, Madge—I will ask that only," he urged, with an earnest humbleness.

"Tell me first, then. Is it true? When you married Violet, you had been already married to this bad, foreign woman?"

"God help me!" he moaned. "It is true!"

"And this woman still lives?"

"Yes!" he said, utterly prostrated.

"And Violet is without a husband! Your child is without a father! Oh! Wilford, how could you bring this unutterable shame upon us? How could you wrong so infamously one who loved and trusted you so purely and wholly as Violet loved and trusted? She would have staked her life upon your truth and honour, Wilford: how could you stoop to this wrong-doing? She was warned when she married you that your early life had been strange and wild, but she would not listen to such words in her boundless faith in you. With her own true nobleness she waved away these hints and rumours; she trusted in the future—in you. She gave herself, her heart, her all, to your keeping. She never once looked back with a regret or forward with a suspicion. She was wholly yours. Oh, Wilford, I will speak the words—you are a monster, and a coward, and a villain! You have wronged, past all reparation, one of the best and purest and noblest creatures that ever lived upon God's earth. Shame on you! Violet may not hate or despise, but I do. I am less forgiving, as I am less good, less beautiful: in every way inferior to her. I loathe and scorn you with all my heart and soul!"

She moved away, tore her hand from him, and swept her skirts from his reach. She stood at length at some paces' distance, glowing with passion—very beautiful, but very fierce, very angry.

"Madge!" he cried, hoarsely, with a painful

effort. "I swear to you, that when I married Violet—"

"Don't lie to me, Wilford. Don't make your sin greater by trying to make it seem less. I know the truth. I know that you have made my poor sister your victim by a most infamous treachery. But just as she was good and truthful herself, so she believed others to be the same. So she was caught and betrayed by your most wicked plot. Could nothing induce you to spare her, you heartless man? Did neither her beauty nor her purity move you to pity? Don't lie to me, sir: you know that you have been guilty of a shameful wrong. Be assured that your guilt is now known, that your sin is now laid bare. You married Violet, knowing that your marriage was a fraud and falsehood. Still you hoped to escape detection; you changed your name; you lived here obscurely, unknown; you never returned to Grilling Abbots—to the Grange; you sought to sever every tie that united you to us—to our family, and to your own at Grilling Abbots. The plot was as adroit as it was wicked, cruel. It has succeeded; your blow has struck well home; and you have killed the poor confident, loving, tender woman who believed herself your wife. Surely you are satisfied. Stop now; let there be no more wrong-doing. Your lies are thrown away now—at least, they will not deceive us any more."

Very slowly, by grasping a chair, and so half pulling himself up—for he seemed terribly crushed by his suffering—Wilford raised himself, his face quite livid, the perspiration in beads upon his forehead, wetting his matted hair. He stretched out a shaking hand.

"My sister—Madge, will you hear me?" he said, in tones so solemn and strange that, in spite of herself, she was awed and silenced. "You do me a grave injustice, but let that pass. Perhaps I may never hope for Violet's pardon or pity. The wrong I have done—I am quite conscious how great and cruel that wrong is—may well hinder her from one further feeling of tenderness towards me. Still, Madge, it cannot but be some comfort to her in the future to know that her suffering, her anguish—well—her shame, if you will have it so, was brought about certainly by no human design, but by means of an awful and inscrutable accident—a wild, mad chance. If you will see in it the hand of an Almighty, chastening a prodigal and a wrong-doer, even at the sacrifice of one of the purest, and best, and noblest of His creatures, be it so; I may not gainsay you. But, my sister, I swear to you—"

But again she shrunk from him. He could not but perceive it, and he stopped. Presently he resumed, however, lowering his eyes, and in a low, agitated voice.

"I cannot marvel, I can still less complain that you should persist in a refusal to credit me. After what has happened it is perhaps but natural that you should distrust, despise, hate me—it is part of my punishment that this should be so. I can bear it. It is not for myself I speak. I am not coward enough for that. It is for her sake—for Violet's—that I ask you to hear me. For one moment, Madge, try to think of me as I

seemed to you before this awful revelation was made. You would have believed and trusted me then—no one sooner—and I am not changed; it is the same Wilford Hadfield who speaks to you, and implores you to hear and to credit. On my soul, then, I swear to you that when I married Violet, your sister—I swear it—I believed that *the other* was dead—believed that I held proof, certain proof, of her death years and years before."

"Yet you never breathed word of this to Violet, never told her of your former love—of your former marriage!"

"No; because it was a shame and a sin, taken at the best. I could not speak on such a subject to her. I loved her. I had need of all her love, all her respect. I did not dare to risk the loss of these by drawing the curtain that hid the past. I could not sully my union with her by a thought of that former most shameful union. I sought to conceal from her the depths to which it had been possible for her husband to sink. Years had gone by; the secret of that first marriage was known to a very, very few; these I believed—and I had reason for believing so—dead, or gone away beyond all chances of discovery. I did not dare to breathe life into the secret that seemed so dead—to hold it before Violet, my wife, as a shameful and hideous ghost of what my early life had been. Married to her, I planned a new career, founded upon the buried corpse of the past. I was presumptuous enough to think that Heaven had forgiven and forgotten! I am punished. It is not the least cruel part of my chastisement to find that the blow which has fallen upon me has struck down Violet also. For my change of name, my life here—these, I do assure you, had no connection with that dreadful secret. My sister, I swear to you that I have spoken truly."

Madge could not but be softened by his words; the tone in which they were uttered carried conviction with it.

"I believe, Wilford—at least I will try to believe that this is so. I am violent and passionate, I know; and, indeed, it is hard to be calm thinking of this subject. Perhaps I have said more than I ought. Certainly more than I had Violet's sanction to say. If this be all as you have told me, Wilford—and why should it not be?—there is perhaps more need of sorrow and pity than anger, is there not? Forgive me, Wilford, if I have in speaking to you been too violent and headstrong—if I have said things I had better have left unsaid. I am only a girl; wilful, not very wise, perhaps, and my temper getting the better of me often; still you must know how much I love Vi—how I wouldn't have her injured for all the world—how the thought of a wrong to her makes me half wild. For Violet—"

"Yes, Madge, tell me of her."

"She is very still, very calm, there is hardly a tear in her eyes. Yet it is dreadful to see her. I think if she could only cry and storm and get very angry as I do, it would be better for her. Oh! so sad she looks, so wan, and hardly speaks, hardly looks from the ground; holding her baby so close to her heart, as though she feared to lose that also; and then she turns from one to the

other of us, half frightened, half imploring that we will say no word against you. She will not listen to an accusation against you. 'He is not guilty of this sin,' she murmurs always; 'he has been the victim of some scandalous fraud. He never would have done this wrong—never, never!' over and over again, like one crazed. Oh, Wilford! you have never been so loved as Violet loved you."

"My own Violet!" he sobbed.

"Oh! she has been dreadfully tried, and yet remains good and saintly as ever. The things that foreign woman said to her! She was like a tigress let loose; she was furious in her jealousy and her hatred; smooth and calm and cunning at first, then lashing herself into a whirl of rage, and saying such things! I wish she had said them to me instead of to Violet! How could you, Wilford, have ever loved such a woman? I hate her for her shamelessness, her cruelty, her — Let me not talk of her, or I lose patience altogether. The whole thing is so wretched and sad, that I feel quite faint and sick with it. Yet I am glad I have seen you. The charge against you is dreadful enough, but it is less vague and horrible than it seemed at first. Yet all is hopeless! If I dreamt to find some flaw in the woman's story, if I ever hoped that yet a chance remained which could give you back to Violet—all that is over now; from your own lips I have had confirmation. The very first tears that Violet shed started to her eyes at my proposal that I should come up here by the early train from Mowle to see you. Poor Violet! she yet clung to the hope that the story might be false, though she was shown proof in your own writing—letters, and a certificate of the marriage—though she could not really doubt. Yet I go back something less sad, less angry. Violet is not your wife, but she has been wronged by accident, not villainy."

"Did she send no word?—no message?" he asked.

" 'We can never, never meet again,' she said; 'it must be henceforth as though death had parted us. Yet let him know that if he has need of my forgiveness, it is his. I have given him my whole heart: I cannot take it back again if I would. He will be as dead to me; but, as I have loved him living, so I will love his memory, as though he had died in my arms—my husband! I will teach my child to pray for him, and to love him. May God ever bless him! and now especially in this hour of sore trouble. Say this to Wilford, and implore him,' she went on, 'if he ever loved me, that he will forbear all attempt to see me again; there are some things it is not possible to bear. I am only a woman, and I have loved him. I dare not see him again.' So she said, the hot tears streaming from her eyes, in quite an agony of grief. And now, Wilford, I must leave you: I must go back home again."

"Why did I not die in her arms before this frightful secret was revealed? She would not then have known the wrong she had suffered, or, at least, would have seen in my death expiation sufficient. No, Madge, you must not go! At least not alone. Do not start. I must see Violet! I must! It will indeed be for the last time.

Madge, I implore you, let this be so! Think what it is that I am asked to do. To go, and never see her more! To be exiled for ever from her presence! Can I bear this? I who have loved her! God help me! who love her still. No! I tell you I must see her again, though it be but for a moment. I must look once again into her eyes. I must press our child again to my heart. For it is our child—Violet's and mine! Then I will go away,—anywhere! I will drag out the remainder of my life, obscure and unknown, praying to Heaven that the end may soon come. Madge, have mercy, let this be so! Let me see her once again! Let me learn from her own lips that she pardons me! You will grant me this? You cannot refuse me this? Think that this would be her own wish, Madge, if she knew all! Have mercy, my sister, and let me return with you!"

And he flung himself at her feet.

Soon after they passed together out of the house in Freer Street.

"The poor master!" cried Sally, holding up her hands. "White as wax, and trembling like a haspin!"

"Shocking!" murmured Mr. Phillimore. "Yet very like an Old Master—a study by Carravaggio, say; but next to a Guido! No wonder he looks poor in colour and weak in tone."

And the picture-dealer shook his head in vigorous deprecation of such an injudicious arrangement of works of art.

(To be continued.)

A BILLIARD ROOM ACQUAINTANCE.

THERE is a pleasant story told by some old writer, of a fine lady and a curate viewing the moon through a telescope.

"I perceive," said the lady, "two shadows inclining towards each other; doubtless they are two happy lovers."

"Not at all:" replied the curate: "they are two steeples of a cathedral."

It is an illustration of the influence that propensity exercises over opinion and belief. Sympathy and propensity are closely related. In youth our sympathies, rarely penetrating beneath the surface, are easily ensnared by outward appearances: and it is thus, said to me one evening, a hale, vigorous, and portly gentleman of some seventy-five years, that I philosophise over a very egregious mistake I made in the estimate of two men, notorious in the annals of crime, whom chance threw across my path in early life. I was then a clerk in the counting-house of a merchant in the city of London; and, unlike my brother employes, who either lived in the house, or in the immediate neighbourhood, anticipated the habits of the present generation, inasmuch as I affected the—at that time—pretty rural suburb of Islington. One consequence of this taste for the *rus in urbe* was, that I was compelled to dine at an eating-house; and usually eat my solitary chop in an old tavern in New Court, Lombard Street. Upstairs there was a billiard-room in which was usually spent the remainder of my hour's mid-day

relaxation from toil. I doubt very much if I could hit a ball now, and as at my age it is inglorious to be beaten, I have long since given it up altogether, content to repose on the laurels of my youth; but, at the time I am speaking of, I was passionately fond of the game. The marker was a little shrivelled-up, prematurely-aged creature, with a malignant, cunning, leering countenance, expressive of every odious quality; an abortion, in short, who had only come into the world by mistake. Though a magnificent player, his style of play was as grotesque, uncouth, and puny as his person. The violent antipathy with which this mishapen libel on humanity inspired me, was probably as ill-grounded and unjust, as my prepossession in favour of two frequenters of the room whose ingenuous friendship seemed to emulate the fabled self-negation of Nisus and Euryalus. Their intimacy was the more extraordinary through the apparent dissimilarity between the two men. Nisus was a stout middle-sized man, of rubicund visage, beaming with good-nature and joviality. The snow-white wristbands drawn down to the top of his knuckles; the high-rolled velvet collar encircling a large expanse of shirt-frill, in the centre of which sparkled a magnificent diamond brooch; and the enormous bunch of seals and trinkets depending from his fob, appeared to my unsophisticated vision to be the outward signs of a prosperous Boniface, with an ill-regulated taste for dress and jewellery. In striking contrast was the gentlemanly, albeit threadbare, attire of Euryalus; nor less so his tall, spare figure, and care-worn, intellectual countenance. A high-bred gentleman, thought I, whom the fickle goddess has cruelly maltreated.

If I had seen these men with the eyes of my old age, would my opinion have been the same? Perhaps the grotesque marker would have excited more pity than aversion. The jovial Boniface might have been metamorphosed into a vulgar, over-dressed, and not over-scrupulous money-lender; and in the pale, haggard features of his Pythias, I should probably have traced the impress of long years of profligacy.

A circumstance that occurred about this time connected with the firm in which I was engaged, caused me to lose sight of these men; and, for a time, to forget their existence. A merchant in the Levant, with whom we had extensive business relations, failed, and I was selected to proceed thither, and save what I could out of the wreck. I was absent three years. When I returned to London the whole town was in the greatest state of excitement about the murder of Mr. Ware. A day or so afterwards I repaired to my old haunt near Lombard Street. There was a new marker in the billiard-room.

"What has become," I inquired, "of the one who was here three years ago?"

"He hung himself," was the reply.

"And the two gentlemen who were in the habit of playing here so constantly," said I, describing them. "Do they still come as usual?"

"Dear me! sir! Did you not know? Why the tall one was Mr. Thurtell; and the short, stout gentleman, Mr. Ware."

ROYAL ESPOUSALS.

NINETY years ago, the people of England, from the Lord Chancellor and the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the ploughboy and scullion maid, had their heads as full of royal marriages as ours can be to-day. It was the year (1772) of the strongest national excitement about royal marriage that had been known in England since the days of the Tudors. King George III. had known what it was to love, and to be crossed in love by the vigilance of the guardians of royal youth. He had been deeply smitten by the charms of Lady Sarah Lennox, afterwards the mother of the knightly group of Napiers: but his disappointment in being forbidden to prosecute his suit did not soften his heart towards his brothers, but rather caused a reaction of temper, as if he was bent upon not allowing other princes the freedom of which he had been deprived. This reaction carried him further still; and he obtained from Parliament powers which should never have been granted, and should have been long ago abolished.

He was then five-and-thirty, and had half-a-dozen children; so that there was no danger about the succession; yet he required that his brothers, long ago marriageable, should please him in their choice of wives, before thinking of themselves. The Duke of Cumberland had married Mrs. Horton, a daughter of Lord Carhampton, and the Duke of Gloucester was known to have been for several years the husband of Lady Waldegrave, the daughter of Sir Edward Walpole, and to have two daughters living. The Queen's German passion for immaculate royal quarterings had a good deal to do with the King's passionate pursuit of his object. His strong self-will was roused; and in 1772 he required of Parliament the passage of a Bill which is the disgrace of our statute-book at this day. Lords Camden and Rockingham, Burke, and most of the chief statesmen of the day opposed it with their whole force; but the Bill was carried with a high hand.

I have just been reading (in the "Annual Register" for the year 1772) the Protests of nine of the peers in one group, and six in another; and it certainly seems to me that those Protests should be studied from generation to generation till the Royal Marriage Act is repealed. The two chief grounds of protest were that the Act violates the great laws of Nature, in the first place, and constitutional principle in the next. It was called from the beginning an "Act for the Encouragement of Royal Vice and Immorality;" and there was no less objection to the unconstitutional powers which it gave to the Sovereign first, and to Parliament afterwards, by which the succession was endangered, and every preparation was made for future discord and disorder. The Act comprehended all the descendants of George II., except the offspring of princesses married to foreign potentates; and, as there were then thirty thousand persons in England, from the peer to the chimney-sweep, who had royal blood in their veins, this law gave the Sovereign power over the domestic destiny of an incalculable and ever-increasing number of his subjects. It was declared

to be a radical vice in the law that it imposed no restraint on the marriage of the reigning Sovereign, or of any Regent who should have reached the age of twenty-one. It was declared monstrous that Royal princes should not be of age, in regard to marriage, till twenty-five; and that then they must depend on Parliament for permission to marry, and must wait a full year from the time of petitioning, for the chance of a prohibition by the legislature. Every effort was made to obstruct the passage of the law: the records of the Peers were ransacked: the Judges were invoked: all the forms of both Houses were made use of to obtain delay; but the King put forth his resources also; and by moral and political violence, the Bill was carried in six weeks. At the conclusion of the protest of the nine lords, they claim to be for ever regarded as free from responsibility for the disorders and sorrows which could not but arise from the operation of such a law. Some of them lived to witness what they had foretold; but the King and Queen themselves had to endure the worst of the retribution, in the spectacle of the corruption and blight which they had inflicted on their own children.

Half a year after the passage of the Act, it became necessary to acknowledge the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester, which had taken place five years before. It was done with the worst possible grace; and by this impolicy the public sympathy was directed full upon the pair who had done nothing wrong, but who would have been made to suffer less if their connection had been illicit. A son was born to them four years later; and he was not only made to feel that the shadow of Royal displeasure hung about his existence, but was doomed to have his domestic happiness delayed for twenty of the best years of his life by this cruel law.

It is not necessary to dwell upon the sins and sorrows of the many children of George III. It will never be forgotten that their family history presented a succession of scandals such as could never have happened if marriage had been within their reach as it is with all other young men and maidens. It has long been known that all the daughters, as well as the sons, were married in one way or another; and there is no more affecting story, in the whole family history, than that of the disclosure to the king, by his dying daughter Amelia, his favourite child, of her long-standing marriage,—by the shock of which his tottering reason was upset. One daughter—one of the most amiable and dutiful, and the most distinguished of all for the perfection of her manners,—the Princess Mary,—waited through long years of deferred hope, and saw the spring and summer of her life pass away before she married at last the object of her affection. Her lover did not fail her. He was steady in his attachment from his youth up; and if they had been but a little older, all would have been happy with them. But they were only one-and-twenty when the Princess Charlotte was born: and, as it was soon evident that the Prince Regent would have no male heir, unless his estranged wife died, the cruel law came in to forbid the marriage of the Duke of Gloucester. The King had first precluded his heir

from pleasing himself in marriage, and had thereby driven him to an illegal union with the lady whom society, and finally William IV. acknowledged as his wife; he had then made a marriage for him with his cousin whom he never could endure; and then, when the unhappy pair were separated, he prevented his daughter Mary from marrying her lover, because the Duke of Gloucester must be kept single, in order to marry the Princess Charlotte, in case of the failure of any sufficiently desirable Continental connection. Old gentlemen and ladies of my standing can well remember the vividness of the interest when the time came at last for feeling some hope and comfort in the prospect of domestic life for an English princess. The sympathy of the whole nation was with the Princess Charlotte in her early troubles. Her admirers were noted and watched by every one of us, as if we had a personal interest in her; yet we had some sympathy left too for the Princess Mary, who had waited while her niece was growing up, and who now hung on the chances of her niece's marriage for the happiness or the doom of the rest of her life.

In 1814, the Prince of Orange was here; and presently his father announced to the world that he was to marry the Princess Charlotte. For a little while the Princess Mary looked bright, and as if, at eight-and-thirty, she was renewing her youth. But the Prince of Orange went away—not to return; and she drooped. We wondered afterwards how much she knew of the young soldier—the obscure young German prince who had been here with the Allied Sovereigns, and who was not forgotten by the Princess Charlotte when he had departed. Within two years we had the pleasure of witnessing a royal love-match—a marriage which gratified the domestic heart of England: and not one only, but two. I was a young reader of newspapers then; but I remember the emotion caused by two lines of the narrative of the wedding. When the young bride was passing to her carriage on that May evening, after the ceremony, she was met and embraced at the foot of the grand staircase at Carlton House by the Princess Mary, bathed in tears. Everybody knew then what to expect; and in a few weeks—in July—the sober couple were married.

There was then a long abeyance of that sort of interest. It was nearly a quarter of a century before there was another royal marriage which could excite national sympathy. The state-marriages which took place after the death of the Princess Charlotte had little interest for the heart-sick and mourning nation. They were all entered upon with a view to the succession; and they appealed to political judgment, and not to natural feeling. When the matter of the succession was clear, those who knew the story of the reigns of the two last Georges began to hope that the time was at hand when the fearful Royal Marriage Act would be repealed. When the Princess Victoria became Queen seemed to be the time for action.

There were none left of the old generation who could be in anyway affected by such a repeal; and the thing might be best done before a new generation grew up. The Sovereign was under no restriction from it; and the State had nothing

to fear from her two or three cousins. The thing was not done, however; and it is not done yet. Our Royal marriages for nearly half a century have been so unlike those wretched arbitrary alliances of the old King's time, that the nation has nearly lost the sense of the moral evil and political danger involved in that law: and it may be that trouble may not again arise from it: but nobody can be sure that it will not; and we should have been more secure, and the royalty of England would have been more dignified in all eyes, if we had used our opportunity to rid ourselves of a law suitable only to a long past condition of society.

Since it was enacted, a new view has been opened to us in another direction. We know more than our fathers did of the facts and *rationale* of human life and health. We understand better than they did the consequences of marriages of consanguinity, and can see how entirely indefensible is any law which restricts the choice in marriage within a narrow field of dynastic connection. Nothing can be more fatal to the stability of thrones and the prospects of nations, in regard to combined order and freedom, than a continuance of the practice of intermarriage between a few families; and, unless the palaces of Europe are to be filled with mere dregs of royal races,—with the halt and the blind, and the deaf and the idiotic,—there must be that obedience to natural laws in Royal marriages which old King George's home-made law insolently violates. If order is to be preserved throughout Europe, the princes of Europe must be wise and strong, in mind and body: and if freedom is to live and grow, there can be no such close dynastic connection allowed as would be the result of the king-made marriages which George III. and his Queen insisted upon, as a proper field of regal function and prerogative. We know more than they did of the necessity of new blood to sustain both the physical and moral strength of European royalty; and we regard more than they did the political prospects of rulers and of peoples, which are never so dark as when the smallest number of families engrosses the largest amount of the control of nations. If we have among us sufficient political philosophy to apprehend these truths, we shall not forget that the Royal Marriage Act of George III. is still on the Statute book.

It is no reason for carelessness about this fact that we have had no occasion to trouble ourselves about the law in the present reign. It had no bearing, as I have said, on the Queen's own choice: and the marriages of her two eldest daughters have thoroughly satisfied us all. After the dreary matrimonial proceedings of the elder generation, the rational happiness of our Royal household has been a refreshment to the heart and conscience of the nation. It seems but the other day that the citizens were speaking to one another of the comfort to us all of our young Queen having a real home, and an equal companion,—a good man to repose her faith on,—an intelligent friend to counsel her,—a cultivated man to fill her opening mind, and to give her the privilege of revering and deferring, like other young wives. The public anxieties then arising made us rejoice all the more in the marriage; and

though we were far from anticipating what we might one day think of Prince Albert, we felt that there was no drawback but that of consanguinity. Now that their daughters have risen up to claim our sympathy as brides, the feeling of national satisfaction is, as far as I know, absolutely unmixed. We are glad that the Princess Alice is not quite so young as her sister was: but we had not an objection to make when the Princess Royal appeared before us,—so sensible and quiet, while so happy,—so unaffected in the enjoyment of a blissful first love which all the old folks in the kingdom enjoyed with her. We were all anxious to be certain that her Prince fully understood the worth of his prize; and I believe we had no misgivings whatever after the delightful outpourings of frank confidence and joyful emotion on his arrival for his wedding, which made a friendship at once between the Crown Prince of Prussia and all who cherished England's Eldest Daughter,—that young creature to be so called!

It would have surprised us then to be told that we should feel far more deeply and more strongly upon occasion of the marriage of the second daughter. We should have thought it impossible; yet, unless I am much mistaken, so it is. Many influences have combined to create a singular emotion in us towards the Princess Alice. From the time when we first heard of any distinctive traits of character in her, we have been aware of a great general superiority,—a strength, both of heart and head, an energy and devotedness, belonging only to a high nature; and a strong and severe discipline of circumstances has brought out all this power, so as to make it clear to all eyes.

First, we thought of her as very happy in her young love,—her parents being so happy in it, with and for her. We take her Prince upon trust, with all confidence and pleasure, because of her wise father's satisfaction with his intended son-in-law. Then, when the engagement had already lasted long enough to show a wise precaution against a too early marriage, began the sad series of postponements which must have tried that young heart very sorely. Little may have been said about that result of the Queen's afflictions in the loss of her mother and her husband; but it has not been the less felt. There has been hearty sympathy with the Prince of Hesse and his betrothed, while the expression of sorrow has been naturally loudest in regard to the bereaved Queen. It was really a general comfort when it was found that the marriage was to take place privately during the year of mourning. The devotedness of the daughter was, it appeared, to be repaid by the self-denial of the mother; and the consequence is that that quiet wedding at Osborne—quieter than the middle-class weddings of every day—is hailed with a deeper emotion than even those espousals of the Princess Royal which were a brilliant national festival.

The bride of this week is greeted by a homage as hearty as the nation's sympathy. It is not often that a young creature has occasion or opportunity to show such qualities as command the highest respect while winning admiration and love. The Princess Alice has, in one word, always been equal to every occasion, under trials

singularly severe for one so young, and not the eldest of the family. Power, heart, conscience, and judgment have all sufficed for her needs, and for those of her parents, in their hour of dependence upon her. Therefore it is that when we have said, "Poor Prince Louis! how very hard are these disappointments for him!" we have added, "But they show him what a treasure it is that he is waiting for."

And now the waiting is over. There were anxieties and doubts to the last, from the visitations of sickness and death on every side. What-ever might have happened, everybody hoped that the young people would be sanctioned in making

their grave and simple marriage; and now that it is done, they will be at rest in each other—strong enough to bear, or free to enjoy, whatever may betide in that human fate of whose uncertainty they have had such strong admonition. They have all the world for well-wishers; and they are really making a whole people happy (and perhaps the oldest most) by the proof that a Royal marriage may be as natural and single-hearted, and therefore as holy and as safe, as any in that temperate zone of social life in which all natural ordinances are supposed to work most perfectly. The nation's blessing is upon them.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.



MARGARET WILSON.

See Lord Macaulay's History of England, vol. i., page 501. Margaret Wilson's epitaph, from Wodrow, in the Churchyard of Wigton, is as follows:

Murdered for owning Christ supreme
Head of his Church, and no more crime
But her not owning Prelacy,

And not abjuring Presbytery;
Within the sea, tied to a stake,
She suffered for Christ Jesu's sake.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER III. THE CROWD IN THE MOONLIGHT.

SEATED in the dining-room at Verner's Pride, comfortably asleep in an arm-chair, her face turned to the fire and her feet on a footstool, was Mrs. Verner. The dessert remained on the table, but nobody was there to partake of it. Mr. Verner had retired to his study upon the withdrawal of the cloth, according to his usual custom. Always a man of spare habits, shunning the pleasures of the table, he had scarcely taken sufficient to support nature since his health failed. Mrs. Verner would remonstrate: but his medical attendant, Dr. West, said it was better for him that it should be so. Lionel Verner (who had come in for the tail of the dinner) and John Massingbird had likewise left the room and the house, but not together. Mrs. Verner sat on alone. She liked to take her share of dessert, if the others did not, and she generally remained in the dining-room for the evening, rarely caring to move. Truth to say, Mrs. Verner was rather addicted to dropping asleep with her last glass of wine and waking up with the tea-tray. She did on this evening.

Of course, work goes on down stairs (or is supposed to do so), whether the mistress of a house be asleep or awake. It really was going on that evening in the laundry at Verner's Pride, whatever it may have been doing in the other various branches and departments. The laundry-maids had had heavy labour on their hands that day, and they were hard at work still, while Mrs. Verner slept.

"Here's Mother Duff's Dan a-coming in!" exclaimed one of the women, glancing over her ironing-board at the yard. "What do he want, I wonder?"

"Who?" cried Nancy, the under-housemaid, a tart sort of girl, whose business it was to assist in the laundry on busy days.

"Dan Duff. Just see what he wants, Nancy. He's got a parcel."

The gentleman familiarly called Dan Duff was an urchin of ten years old. He was the son of Mrs. Duff, linendraper-in-ordinary to Deerham—a lady popularly spoken of as "Mother Duff," both behind her back and before her face. Nancy darted out at the laundry-door and way-laid the intruder in the yard.

"Now, Dan Duff!" cried she, "what do you want?"

"Please, here's this," was Dan Duff's reply, handing over the parcel. "And, please, I want to see Rachel Frost."

"Who's it for? What's inside it?" sharply asked Nancy, regarding the parcel on all sides.

"It's things as Rachel Frost have been a-buying," he replied. "Please, I want to see her."

"Then want must be your master," retorted Nancy. "Rachel Frost's not at home."

"*Zis'!* she?" returned Dan Duff, with surprised emphasis. "Why, she left our shop a long sight afore I did! Mother says, please, would

she mind having some o' the dark lavender print instead o' the light, 'cause Susan Peckaby's come in, and she wants the whole o' the light lavender for a gownd, and there's only just enough of it. And, please, I be to take word back."

"How are you to take word back if she's not in?" asked Nancy, whose temper never was improved by extra work. "Get along, Dan Duff! You must come again to-morrow if you want her."

Dan Duff turned to depart, in meek obedience, and Nancy carried the parcel into the laundry and flung it down on the ironing-board.

"It's fine to be Rachel Frost!" she sarcastically cried. "Going shopping like any lady, and having her things sent home for her! And messages about her gownds coming up—which will she have, if you please, and which won't she have! I'll borrow one of the horses to-morrow, and go shopping myself on a side-saddle!"

"Has Rachel gone shopping to-night?" cried one of the women, pausing in her ironing. "I did not know she was out."

"She has been out all the evening," was Nancy's answer. "I met her coming down the stairs, dressed. And she could tell a story over it, too, for she said she was going to see her old father."

But Master Dan Duff is not done with yet. If that gentleman stood in awe of one earthly thing more than another, it was of the anger of his revered mother. Mrs. Duff, in her maternal capacity, was rather free both with hands and tongue. Being sole head of her flock, for she was a widow, she deemed it best to rule with firmness, not to say severity; and her son Dan, awed by his own timid nature, tried hard to steer his course so as to avoid shoals and quicksands. He crossed the yard, after the rebuff administered by Nancy, and passed out at the gate, where he stood still to revolve affairs. His mother had imperatively ordered him to *bring back* the answer touching the delicate question of the light and the dark lavender prints; and Susan Peckaby—one of the greatest idlers in all Deerham—said she would wait in the shop till he came with it. He stood softly whistling, his hands in his pockets, balancing himself on his heels.

"I'll get a basting, for sure," soliloquised he. "Mother 'll lose the sale of the gownd, and then she'll say it's my fault, and baste me for it. What's gone of her? Why couldn't she ha' come home, as she said?"

He set his wits to work to divine what *could* have "gone of her"—alluding of course to Rachel. And a bright thought occurred to him—really not an unnatural one—that she had probably taken the other road home. It was a longer round, through the fields, and there were stiles to climb, and gates to mount: which might account for the delay. He arrived at the conclusion, though somewhat slow of drawing conclusions in general, that

if he returned home that way, he should meet Rachel; and could then ask the question.

Had he turned to his left hand—standing as he did at the gate with his back to the back of the house—he would have regained the high road, whence he came. Did he turn to the right, he would plunge into fields and lanes, and covered ways; and emerge at length, by a round, in the midst of the village, almost close to his own house. It was a lonely way at night, and longer than the other, but Master Dan Duff regarded those as pleasant evils, in comparison with a “basting.” He took his hands out of his pockets, brought down his feet to a level, and turned to it, whistling still.

It was a tolerably light night. The moon was up, though not very high, and a few stars might be seen here and there in the blue canopy above. Mr. Dan Duff proceeded on his way, not very quickly. Some dim idea was penetrating his brain that the slower he walked, the better chance there might be of his meeting Rachel.

“She’s just a cat, is that Susan Peckaby!” decided he with acrimony, in the intervals of his whistling. “It was her as put mother up to the thought o’ sending me to-night: Rachel Frost said the things ’ud do in the morning. ‘Let Dan take ’em up now,’ says Dame Peckaby, ‘and ask her about the print, and then I’ll take it home along o’ me.’ And if I go in without the answer, she’ll be the first to help mother to baste me! Hi! ho! hur! hur-r-r-r!”

This concluding divertisement was caused by his catching sight of some small animal scudding along. He was at that moment traversing a narrow, winding lane; and, in the field to the right, as he looked in at the open gate, he saw the movement. It might be a cat, it might be a hare, it might be a rabbit, it might be some other animal: it was all one to Mr. Dan Duff: and he had not been boy had he resisted the propensity to pursue it. Catching up a handful of earth from the lane, he shied it in the proper direction, and tore in at the gate after it.

Nothing came of the pursuit. The trespasser had earthed itself, and Mr. Dan came slowly back again. He had nearly approached the gate, when somebody passed it, walking up the lane with a very quick step, from the direction on which he, Dan, was bound. Dan saw enough to know that it was not Rachel, for it was the figure of a man, but Dan set off to run, and emerged from the gate just in time to catch another glimpse of the person, as he disappeared beyond the windings of the lane.

“Twarn’t Rachel, at all events,” was his comment. And he turned and pursued his way again.

It was somewhere about this time that Tynn made his appearance in the dining-room at Verner’s Pride, to put away the dessert, and set the tea. The stir woke up Mrs. Verner.

“Send Rachel to me,” said she, winking and blinking at the tea-cups.

“Yes, ma’am,” replied Tynn.

He left the room when he had placed the cups and things to his satisfaction. He called for Rachel high and low, up and down. All to no purpose. The servants did not appear to know

anything of her. One of them went to the door and shouted out to the laundry to know whether Rachel was there, and the answering about “No” came back. The footman at length remembered that he had seen her go out at the hall-door while the dinner was in. Tynn carried this item of information to Mrs. Verner. It did not please her.

“Of course!” she grumbled. “Let me want any one of you particularly, and you are sure to be away! If she did go out, she ought not to stay so long as this. Who’s this coming in?”

It was Frederick Massingbird. He entered, singing a scrap of a song: which was cut suddenly short when his eye fell on the servant.

“Tynn,” said he, “you must bring me something to eat. I have had no dinner.”

“You cannot be very hungry, or you’d have come in before,” remarked Mrs. Verner to him. “It is tea-time now.”

“I’ll take tea and dinner together,” was his answer.

“But you ought to have been in before,” she persisted; for, though an easy mistress and mother, Mrs. Verner did not like the order of meals to be displaced. “Where have you stayed, Fred? You have not been all this while taking Sibylla West to Bitterworth’s.”

“You must talk to Sibylla West about that,” answered Fred. “When young ladies keep you a good hour waiting, while they make themselves ready to start, you can’t get back precisely to your own time.”

“What did she keep you waiting for?” questioned Mrs. Verner.

“Some mystery of the toilette, I conclude. When I got there, Amilly said Sibylla was dressing, and a pretty prolonged dressing it appeared to be! Since I left her at Bitterworth’s, I have been to Poynton’s about my mare. She was as lame as ever to-day.”

“And there’s Rachel out now, just as I am wanting her!” went on Mrs. Verner, who, when she did lapse into a grumbling mood, was fond of calling up a catalogue of grievances.

“At any rate, that’s not my fault, mother,” observed Frederick. “I dare say she will soon be in. Rachel is not given to stay out, I fancy, if there’s a chance of her being wanted.”

Tynn came in with his tray, and Frederick Massingbird sat down to it. Tynn then waited for Mr. Verner’s tea, which he carried into the study. He carried a cup in every evening, but Mr. Verner scarcely ever touched it. Then Tynn returned to the room where the upper servants took their meals and otherwise congregated, and sat down to read a newspaper. He was a little man, very stout, always dressed in plain clothes.

A few minutes, and Nancy came in, the parcel left by Dan Duff in her hand. The housekeeper asked her what it was. She explained in her crusty way, and said something to the same effect that she had said in the laundry—that it was fine to be Rachel Frost. “She’s long enough making her way up here!” Nancy wound up with. “Dan Duff says she left their shop to come home before he did. If Luke Roy was in Deerham one would know what to think!”

"Bah!" cried the housekeeper. "Rachel Frost has nothing to say to Luke Roy."

Tynn laid down his paper and rose:

"I'll just tell the mistress that Rachel's on her way home," said he. "She's put out like anything at her being out—wants her for something particular, she says."

Barely had he departed on his errand, when a loud commotion was heard in the passage. Mr. Dan Duff had burst in at the back door, uttering sounds of distress—of fright—his eyes starting, his hair standing on end, his words nearly unintelligible.

"Rachel Frost is in the Willow-pool—drowned!"

The women shrieked when they gathered in the sense. It was enough to make them shriek. Dan Duff howled in concert. The passages took up the sounds and echoed them; and Mrs. Verner, Frederick Massingbird, and Tynn came hastening forth. Mr. Verner followed, feeble, and leaning on his stick. Frederick Massingbird seized upon the boy, questioning sharply.

"Rachel Frost's a-drowned in the Willow-pool," he reiterated. "I seed her."

A moment of pause—of startled suspense, and then they flew off, men and women, as with one accord, Frederick Massingbird leading the van. Social obligations were forgotten in the overwhelming excitement, and Mr. and Mrs. Verner were left to keep house for themselves. Tynn, indeed, recollected himself, and turned back.

"No," said Mr. Verner. "Go with the rest, and see what it is, and whether anything can be done."

He might have crept thither himself in his feeble strength, but he had not stirred out of the house for two years.

The Willow-pool, so called from its being surrounded with weeping willows, was situated at the corner of a field, in a retired part of the road, about midway between Verner's Pride and Deerham. There was a great deal of timber about that part; it was altogether as lonely as could be desired. When the runners from Verner's Pride reached it, assistance had already arrived, and Rachel, rescued from the pool, was being laid upon the grass. All signs of life were gone.

Who had done it?—what had caused it?—was it an accident?—was it a self-committed act?—or was it a deed of violence? What brought her there at all? No young girl would be likely to take that way home (with all due deference to the opinion of Master Dan Duff) alone at night.

What was to be done? The crowd propounded these various questions in so many marvels of wonder, and hustled each other, and talked incessantly; but to be of use, to direct, nobody appeared capable. Frederick Massingbird stepped forward with authority.

"Carry her at once to Verner's Pride—with all speed. And some of you"—turning to the servants of the house—"hasten on, and get water heated and blankets hot. Get hot bricks—get anything and everything likely to be required. How did she get in?"

He appeared to speak the words more in the light of a wailing regret, than as a question. It

was a question that none present appeared able to answer. The crowd was increasing rapidly. One of them suggested that Broom the gamekeeper's cottage was nearer than Verner's Pride.

"But there will be neither hot water nor blankets there," returned Frederick Massingbird. "The house is the best. Make haste! don't let grass grow under your feet."

"A moment," interposed a gentleman who now came hastily up, as they were raising the body. "Lay her down again."

They obeyed him eagerly, and fell a little back that he might have space to bend over her. It was the doctor of the neighbourhood, resident at Deerham. He was a fine man in figure, dark and florid, but a more impassive countenance could not well be seen, and he had the peculiarity of rarely looking a person in the face. If a patient's eyes were fixed on Dr. West's, Dr. West's were invariably fixed upon something else. A clever man in his profession, holding an Edinburgh degree, and practising as a general practitioner. He was brother to the present Mrs. Verner: consequently, uncle to the two young Massingbirds.

"Has anybody got a match?" he asked.

One of the Verner's Pride servants had a whole boxfull, and two or three were lighted at a time, and held so that the doctor could see the drowned face better than he could in the uncertain moonlight. It was a strange scene. The lonely, weird-like character of the place; the dark trees scattered about; the dull pool with its bending willows; the swaying, murmuring crowd collected round the doctor and what he was bending over; the bright flickering flame of the match-light; with the pale moon overhead, getting higher and higher as the night went on, and struggling her way through passing clouds.

"How did it happen?" asked Dr. West.

Before any answer could be given, a man came tearing up at the top of his speed; several men, indeed, it may be said. The first was Roy, the bailiff. Upon Roy's leaving Verner's Pride, after the rebuke bestowed upon him by its heir, he had gone straight down to the George and Dragon, a roadside inn, situated on the outskirts of the village, on the road from Verner's Pride. Here he had remained, consorting with droppers-in from Deerham, and soothing his mortification with a pipe and sundry cans of ale. When the news was brought in that Rachel Frost was drowned in the Willow-pool, Roy, the landlord, and the company collectively, started off to see.

"Why, it is her!" uttered Roy, taking a hasty view of poor Rachel. "I said it wasn't possible. I saw her and talked to her up at the house but two or three hours ago. How did she get in?"

The same question always; from all alike: how did she get in? Dr. West rose.

"You can move her," he said.

"Is she dead, sir?"

"Yes."

Frederick Massingbird—who had been the one to hold the matches—caught the doctor's arm.

"Not dead!" he uttered. "Not dead beyond hope of restoration?"

"She will never be restored in this world," was the reply of Dr. West. "She is quite dead."

"Measures should be tried, at any rate," said Frederick Massingbird warmly.

"By all means," acquiesced Dr. West. "It will afford satisfaction, though it does nothing else."

They raised her once more, her clothes dripping, and turned with quiet, measured steps towards Verner's Pride. Of course the whole assemblage attended. They were eagerly curious, boiling over with excitement; but, to allow them their due, they were earnestly anxious to give any aid in their power, and contended who should take turn at bearing that wet burthen. Not one but felt sorely grieved for Rachel. Even Nancy was subdued to meekness, as she sped on to be one of the busiest in preparing remedies; and old Roy, though somewhat inclined to regard it in the light of a judgment upon proud Rachel for slighting his son, felt some twinges of pitying regret.

"I have knowed cases where people, dead from drowning, have been restored to life," said Roy, as they walked along.

"That you never have," replied Dr. West. "The apparently dead have been restored: the dead, never."

Panting, breathless, there came up one as they reached Verner's Pride. He parted the crowd, and threw himself almost upon Rachel with a wild cry. He caught up her cold, wet face, and passing his hands over it, bent down his warm cheek upon it.

"Who has done it?" he sobbed. "What has done it? She couldn't have fell in alone."

It was Robin Frost. Frederick Massingbird drew him away by the arm.

"Don't hinder, Robin. Every minute may be worth a life."

And Robin, struck with the argument, obeyed docilely like a little child.

Mr. Verner, leaning on his stick, trembling with weakness and emotion, stood just without the door of the laundry, which had been hastily prepared, as the bearers tramped in.

"It is an awful tragedy!" he murmured. "Is it true"—addressing Dr. West—"that you think there is no hope?"

"I am sure there is none," was the answer. "But every means shall be tried."

The laundry was cleared of the crowd and their work began. One of the next to come up was old Matthew Frost. Mr. Verner took his hand.

"Come into my own room, Matthew," he said. "I feel for you as deeply as I could for myself."

"Nay, sir; I must look upon her."

Mr. Verner pointed with his stick in the direction of the laundry.

"They are shut in there; the doctor and as many as he wants round him," he said. "Let them be undisturbed: it is the only chance."

All things likely to be wanted had been conveyed to the laundry: and they were shut in there, as Mr. Verner expressed it, with their fires and their heat. On dragged the time. Anxious watchers were in the house, in the yard, gathered round the back gate. The news had spread, and gentlepeople, friends of the Verners, came hasting from their homes, and pressed into Verner's Pride, and asked question upon question of Mr. and Mrs.

Verner, of everybody likely to afford an answer. Old Matthew Frost stood outwardly calm and collected, full of inward trust, as a good man should be. He had learnt where to look for support in the darkest trial. Mr. Verner, in that night of sorrow, seemed to treat him like a brother.

One hour! Two hours! and still they plied their remedies, under the able direction of Dr. West. All was of no avail, as the experienced physician had told them. Life was extinct. Poor Rachel Frost was really dead.

CHAPTER IV. THE TALL GENTLEMAN IN THE LANE.

APART from the horror of the affair, it was altogether attended with so much mystery that that of itself would have kept the excitement alive. What could have taken Rachel Frost near the pool at all? Allowing that she had chosen that lonely road for her way home—which appeared unlikely in the extreme—she must still have gone out of it to approach the pool, must have walked partly across a field to gain it. Had her path led close by it, it would have been a different matter: it might have been supposed (unlikely still, though) that she had missed her footing and fallen in. But unpleasant rumours were beginning to circulate in the crowd. It was whispered that sounds of a contest, the voices being those of a man and a woman, had been heard in that direction at the time of the accident, or about the time: and these rumours reached the ear of Mr. Verner.

For the family to think of bed, in the present state of affairs, or the crowd to think of dispersing, would have been in the highest degree improbable. Mr. Verner set himself to endeavour to get some sort of solution first. One told one tale; one, another: one asserted something else; another, the precise opposite. Mr. Verner—and in saying Mr. Verner, we must include all—was fairly puzzled. A notion had sprung up that Dinah Roy, the bailiff's wife, could tell something about it if she would. Certain it was, that she had stood amid the crowd, cowering and trembling, shrinking from observation as much as possible, and recoiling visibly if addressed.

A word of this suspicion got whispered in her husband's ear. It angered him. He was accustomed to hold his wife in due submission. She was a little body, with a pinched face and a sharp red nose, rather given to weeping upon every possible occasion, and as indulgently fond of her son Luke as she was afraid of her husband. Since Luke's departure she had passed the better part of her time in tears.

"Now," said Roy, going up to her with authority, and drawing her apart, "what's this as is up with you?"

She looked round her, and shuddered.

"Oh, law!" cried she, with a moan. "Don't you begin to ask, Giles, or I shall be fit to die."

"Do you know anything about this matter or don't you?" cried he, savagely. "Did you see anything?"

"What should I be likely to see of it?" quaked Mrs. Roy.

"Did you see Rachel fall into the pool? Or a-nigh the pool?"

"No, I didn't," moaned Mrs. Roy. "I never set eyes on Rachel this blessed night at all. I'd take a text o' Scripture to it."

"Then what is the matter with you?" he demanded, giving her a slight shake.

"Hush, Giles!" responded she, in a tone of unmistakable terror. "I saw a ghost!"

"Saw a—what?" thundered Giles Roy.

"A ghost!" she repeated. "And it have made me shiver ever since."

Giles Roy knew that his wife was rather prone to flights of fancy. He was in the habit of administering one sovereign remedy, which he believed to be an infallible panacea for wives' ailments whenever it was applied—a hearty good shaking. He gave her a slight instalment as he turned away.

"Wait till I get ye home," said he, significantly. "I'll drive the ghosts out of ye!"

Mr. Verner had seated himself in his study, with a view to investigating systematically the circumstances attending the affair, so far as they were known. At present all seemed involved in a Babel of confusion, even the open details.

"Those able to tell anything of it shall come before me, one by one," he observed; "we may get at something then."

The only stranger present was Mr. Bitterworth, an old and intimate friend of Mr. Verner's. He was a man of good property, and resided a little beyond Verner's Pride. Others—plenty of them—had been eager to assist in what they called the investigation, but Mr. Verner had declined. The public investigation would come soon enough, he observed, and that must satisfy them. Mrs. Verner saw no reason why she should be absent, and she took her seat. Her sons were there. The news had reached John out-of-doors, and he had hastened home full of consternation. Dr. West also remained, by request, and the Frosts, father and son, had pressed in. Mr. Verner could not deny them.

"To begin at the beginning," observed Mr. Verner; "it appears that Rachel left this house between six and seven. Did she mention to anybody where she was going?"

"I believe she did to Nancy, sir," replied Mrs. Tynn, who had been allowed to remain.

"Then call Nancy in," said Mr. Verner.

Nancy came, but she could not say much: only that in going up the front stairs to carry some linen into Mrs. Verner's room, she had met Rachel, dressed to go out. Rachel had said, in passing her, that she was about to visit her father.

"And she came?" observed Mr. Verner, turning to Matthew Frost, as Nancy was dismissed.

"She came, sir," replied the old man, who was having an incessant battle with himself for calmness; for it was not *there*, in the presence of others, that he would willingly indulge his grief. "I saw that she had been fretting. Her eyes were as red as ferrets'; and I taxed her with it. She was for turning it off at first, but I pressed for the cause, and she then said that she had been scolded by her mistress."

"By me!" exclaimed Mrs. Verner, lifting her head in surprise. "I had not scolded her."

Then catching the eye of her son John, who had also lifted *his* head, she remembered the little scene of the afternoon.

"I recollect now," she resumed. "I spoke a word of reproof to Rachel, and she burst into a violent flood of tears, and ran away from me. It surprised me much. What I said was not sufficient to call forth one tear, let alone a passionate burst of them."

"What was it about?" asked Mr. Verner.

"I expect John can give a better explanation of it than I," replied Mrs. Verner, after a pause. "I went out of the room for a minute or two, and when I returned Rachel was talking angrily at John, as it seemed. I could not make out distinctly at what. John had begun to tease her about Luke Roy, I believe, and she did not like it."

Mr. John Massingbird's conscience called up the little episode of the coveted kias. But it might not be altogether prudent to confess to it in full conclave.

"It is true that I did joke Rachel about Luke," he said. "It seemed to anger her very much, and she paid me out with some hard words. My mother returned at the same moment. She asked what was the matter: I said I had joked Rachel about Luke, and that Rachel did not like it."

"Yes, that was it," acquiesced Mrs. Verner. "I then told Rachel that in my opinion she would have done well to encourage Luke, who was a steady young man, and would no doubt have a little money. Upon which she began weeping. I felt rather vexed: not a word have I been able to say to her lately, but tears have been the answer; and I asked what had come to her, that she should cry for every trifle as if she were heartbroken. With that, she fell into a burst of sobs, terrifying to see, and ran from the room. I was thunder-struck. I asked John what could be the matter with her, and he said he could only think she was going crazed."

John Massingbird nodded his head, as if in confirmation. Old Matthew Frost spoke up, his voice trembling with the emotion that he was striving to keep under:

"Did she say what it was that had come to her, ma'am?"

"She did not make any reply at all," rejoined Mrs. Verner. "But it is quite nonsense to suppose she could have fallen into that wild burst of grief, simply at being joked about Luke. I could not make her out."

"And she has fallen into fretting, you say, ma'am, lately?" pursued Matthew Frost, leaning his venerable white head forward.

"Often and often," replied Mrs. Verner. "She has seemed quite an altered girl in the last few weeks!"

"My son's wife has said the same," cried old Matthew. "She has said that Rachel was changed. But I took it to mean in her looks—that she had got thinner. You mind the wife saying it, Robin?"

"Yes, I mind it," shortly replied Robin, who

had propped himself against the wall, his arms folded and his head bent. "I'm a minding all."

"She wouldn't take a bit o' supper," went on old Matthew. "But that was nothing," he added: "she used to say she had plenty of food here, without eating ours. She sat apart by the fire with one o' the little uns in her lap. She didn't stay over long; she said the missis might be wanting her, and she left; and when she was kissing my poor old face, she began sobbing. Robin offered to see her home—"

"And she wouldn't have it," interrupted Robin, looking up for the first time with a wild expression of despair. "She said she had things to get at Mother Duff's, and should stop a bit there, a gossiping. It'll be on my mind by day and by night, that if I'd went with her, harm couldn't have come."

"And that was how she left you," pursued Mr. Verner. "You did not see her after that? You know nothing further of her movements?"

"Nothing further," assented Robin. "I watched her down the lane as far as the turning, and that was the last."

"Did she go to Mrs. Duff's, I wonder?" said Mr. Verner.

Oh, yes; several of those present could answer that. There was the parcel brought up by Dan Duff, as testimony: and, if more had been needed, Mrs. Duff herself had afforded it, for she made one of the crowd outside.

"We must have Mrs. Duff in," said Mr. Verner.

Accordingly, Mrs. Duff was had in. A voluble lady with red hair. Mr. Verner politely asked her to be seated, but she replied that she'd prefer to stand, if 'twas all the same. She was used to standing in her shop, and she couldn't never sit for a minute together when she was upset.

"Did Rachel Frost purchase things of you this evening, Mrs. Duff?"

"Well, she did, and she didn't," responded Mrs. Duff. "I never calls it purchasing of things, sir, when a customer comes in and says, 'Just cut me off so and so, and send it up.' They be sold, of course, if you look at it in that light: but I'm best pleased when buyers examine the goods, and chat a bit over their merits. Susan Peckaby, now, she—"

"What did Rachel Frost buy?" interrupted Mr. Verner, who knew what Mrs. Duff's tongue was, when it was once set going.

"She looked in at the shop, sir,—while I was a serving little Green with some bone buttons, that her mother had sent her for,—'I want some Irish for aprons, Mrs. Duff,' says she. 'Cut off the proper quantity for a couple, and send it me up sometime to-morrow. I'd not give the trouble,' says she, 'but I can't wait to take it now, for I'm in a hurry to get home, and I shall be wanting the aprons.' 'What quality—pretty good?' said I. 'Oh, you know,' says she: 'about the same that I bought last time. And put in the tape for strings, and a reel of white cotton, No. 30. And I don't mind if you put in a piece of that German ribbon, middling width,' she went on. 'It's nicer than tape for nightcaps, and them sort o' things.' And with that, sir, she was turning out again, when her eyes was caught by some lavender

prints, as was a hanging just in the doorway. Two shades of it, there was, dark and light. 'That's pretty,' says she. 'It's beautiful,' said I: 'they be the sweetest things I have had in, this many a day: and they be the wide width. Won't you take some of it?' 'No,' says she, 'I'm set up for cotton gownds.' 'Why not buy a bit of it for a apron or two?' I said. 'Nothing's cleaner than them lavender prints for morning aprons, and they saves the white.' So she looked at it for a minute, and then she said I might cut her off a couple o' yards of the light, and send it up with the other things. Well, sir, Sally Green went away with her buttons, and I took down the light print, thinking I'd cut off the two yards at once. Just then, Susan Peckaby comes in for some grey worsted, and she falls right in love with the print. 'I'll have a gownd of that,' says she, 'and I'll take it now.' In course, sir, I was only too glad to sell it to her, for, like Rachel, she's good pay; but when I come to measure it, there was barely nine yards left, which is what Susan Peckaby takes for a gownd, being as tall as a maypole. So I was in a mess: for I couldn't take and sell it all, over Rachel's head, having offered it to her. 'Perhaps she wouldn't mind having her aprons off the dark,' says Susan Peckaby: 'it don't matter what colour aprons is of; they're not like gownds.' And then we agreed that I should send Dan up here at once to ask her, and Susan Peckaby—who seemed mighty eager to have the print—said she'd wait till he come back. And I cut off the white Irish, and wrapped it up with the tape and things, and sent him."

"Rachel Frost had left your shop then?"

"She left it, sir, when she told me she'd have some of the lavender print. She didn't stay another minute."

Robin Frost lifted his head again.

"She said she was going to stop at your place for a bit of a gossip, Mother Duff."

"Then she didn't stop," responded that lady.

"She never spoke a single word o' gossip, or looked inclined to it. She just spoke out short, as if she was in a hurry, and she turned clean out o' the shop afore the words about the lavender print had well left her. Ask Sally Green, if you don't believe me."

"You did not see which way she took?" observed Mr. Verner.

"No, sir, I didn't; I was behind my counter. But, for the matter o' that, there was two or three as saw her go out of my shop and take the turning by the pound—which is a good proof she meant to come home here by the field way, for that turning, as you know, sir, leads to nowhere else."

Mr. Verner did know it. He also knew—for witnesses had been speaking of it outside—that Rachel had been seen to take that turning after she left Mrs. Duff's shop, and that she was walking with a quick step.

The next person called in was Master Dan Duff—in a state of extreme consternation at being called in at all. He was planted down in front of Mr. Verner, his legs restless. An idea crossed his brain that he might be going to be accused of putting Rachel into the pond, and he began to

cry. With a good deal of trouble on Mr. Verner's part, owing to the young gentleman's timidity, and some circumlocution on his own, the facts, so far as he was cognisant of them, were drawn forth. It appeared that after he had emerged from the field, when he made that slight diversion in pursuit of the running animal, he continued his road, and had gained the lonely part near where the pond was situated, when young Broom, the son of Mr. Verner's gamekeeper, ran up and asked him what was the matter, and whether anybody was in the pond. Broom did not wait for an answer, but went on to the pond, and Dan Duff followed him. Sure enough, Rachel Frost was in it. They knew her by her clothes, as she rose to the surface. Dan Duff, in his terror, went back shrieking to Verner's Pride, and young Broom, more sensibly, ran for help to get her out.

"How did young Broom know, or suspect, there was anybody in the pool?" questioned Mr. Verner.

"I dun know, please, sir," sobbed Dan Duff. "That was what he said as he runned off to it. He asked me if I had seen any folks about, and I said I'd only seen that 'un in the lane."

"Who did you see in the lane?"

"I dun know who it was, please sir," returned Dan, sniffing greatly. "I wasn't a-nigh him."

"But you must have been nigh him, if you met him in the lane."

"Please, sir, I wasn't in the lane then. I had runned into the field after a cat."

"After a cat!"

"Please, sir, 'twere a cat, I think. But it got away, and I didn't find it. I saw somebody a-passing of the gate up the lane, but I warn't quick enough to see who."

"Going which way?"

"Please, sir, up towards here. If I hadn't turned into the field, I should ha' met him face to face. I dun know who it was."

"Did you hear any noise near the pool, or see any movement in its direction, before you were accosted by Broom?"

"Please, sir, no."

It appeared to be of little use to detain Mr. Duff. In his stead young Broom was called in. A fine-grown young fellow of nineteen, whose temperament may be indicated by two words—cool and lazy. He was desired to give his own explanation.

"I was going home for the night, sir," he began in answer, "when I heard the sound of voices in dispute. They seemed to come from the direction of the grove of trees near the Willow-pond, and I stayed to listen. I thought perhaps some of the Dawsons and Roy had come to an encounter out there; but I soon found that one of the voices was that of a woman. Quite a young voice it sounded, and it was broke by sobs and tears. The other voice was a man's."

"Only two! Did you recognise them?"

"No, sir, I did not recognise them; I was too far off, maybe. I only made out that it was two—a man's and a woman's. I stopped a few minutes, listening, and they seemed to quiet down, and

then, as I was going on again, I came up to Mrs. Roy. She was kneeling down, and——"

"Kneeling down?" interrupted Mr. Verner.

"She was kneeling down, sir, with her hands clasped round a trunk of a tree, like one in mortal fright. She laid hold of me then, and I asked what was the matter with her, and she answered that she had been a'most frightened to death. I asked whether it was at the quarrel, but she only said, 'Hush! listen!' and at last she set on to cry. Just then we heard an awful shriek, and a plunge into the water. 'There goes something into the Willow-pool,' said I, and I was turning to run to it, when Mrs. Roy shrieked out louder than the other shriek had been, and fell flat down on the earth. I never hardly see such a face afore, for ghastliness. The moon was shining out full then, and it daunted me to look at her. I thought she was dead—that the fright had killed her. There wasn't a bit o' breath in her body, and I raised her head up, not knowing what to do with her. Presently she heaved a sort of sigh, and opened her eyes; and with that she seemed to recollect herself, and asked what was in the pond. I left her and went off to it, meeting Dan Duff—and we found it was Rachel Frost. Dan, he set on to howl, and wouldn't stay, and I went for the nearest help, and got her out. That's all, sir."

"Was she already dead?"

"Well, sir, when you first get a person out o' the water it's hard to say whether they be dead or not. She seemed dead. But, perhaps, if there had been means right at hand, she might have been brought to again."

A moan of pain from old Matthew. Mr. Verner continued as it died out:

"Rachel Frost's voice must have been one of those you heard in dispute?"

"Not a doubt of that, sir," replied young Broom. "Any more than that there must have been foul play at work to get her into the pond, or that the other disputing voice must have belonged to the man who did it."

"Softly, softly," said Mr. Verner. "Did you see any man about?"

"I saw nobody at all, sir, saving Dan Duff and Mrs. Roy; and Rachel's quarrel could not have been with either of them. Whoever the other was, he had made himself scarce."

Robin Frost took a step forward, respectfully.

"Did you mind, sir, that Mother Duff's Dan spoke to seeing some person in the lane?"

"I do," replied Mr. Verner. "I should like to ask the boy another question or two upon that point. Call him in, one of you."

John Massingbird went out and brought back the boy.

"Mind you have your wits sharp about you this time, Mr. Duff," he remarked—which piece of advice had the effect of scaring Mr. Duff's wits more completely away than they had been scared before. "You tell us that you saw a man pass up the lane when you were in the field after the cat," began Mr. Verner; "was the man walking fast?"

"Please, sir, yes. Afore I could get out o' the

gate he was near out o' sight. He went a'most as fast as the cat did."

"How long was it, after you saw him, before you met young Broom, and heard that somebody was in the pond?"

"Please, sir, 'twas a'most directly. I was running then, I was."

As the boy's answer fell upon the room a conviction stole over most of those collected in it, that this man must have been the one who had been heard in dispute with Rachel Frost.

"Were there no signs about him by which you could recognise him?" pursued Mr. Verner.

"What did he look like? Was he tall or short?"

"Please, sir, he were very tall."

"Could you see his dress? Was it like a gentleman's or a labourer's?"

"Please, sir, I think it looked like a gentleman's—like one o' the gentlemen's at Verner's Pride."

"Whose? Like which of the gentlemen's?" rung out Mr. Verner's voice, sharply and sternly, after a moment's pause of surprise, for he evidently had not expected the answer.

"Please, sir, I dun know which. The clothes looked dark, and the man were as tall as the gentlemen, or as Calves."

"Calves?" echoed Mr. Verner, puzzled.

John Massingbird broke into an involuntary smile. He knew that their tall footman, Bennet, was universally styled "Calves" in the village. Dan Duff probably believed it to be his registered name.

But Frederick Massingbird was looking dark and threatening. The suspicion hinted at—if you can call it a suspicion—angered him. The villagers were wont to say that Mr. Frederick had ten times more pride than Mr. John. They were not far wrong—Mr. John had none at all.

"Boy!" Frederick sternly said, "what grounds have you for saying it was like one of the gentlemen?"

Dan Duff began to sob.

"I dun know who it were," he said; "indeed I don't. But he were tall, and his clothes looked dark. Please, sir, if you basted me, I couldn't tell no more."

It was believed that he could not. Mr. Verner dismissed him, and John Massingbird, according to order, went to bring in Mrs. Roy.

He was some little time before he found her. She was discovered at last in a corner of the steward's room, seated on a low stool, her head bent down on her knees.

"Now, ma'am," said John, with unwonted politeness, "you are being waited for."

She looked up, startled. She rose from her low seat, and began to tremble, her lips moving, her teeth chattering, but no sound came forth.

"You are not going to your hanging, Dinah Roy," said John Massingbird, by way of consolation. "Mr. Verner is gathering the evidence about this unfortunate business, and it is your turn to go in and state what you know, or saw."

She staggered back a step or two, and fell against the wall, her face changing to one of livid terror.

"I—I—saw nothing!" she gasped.

"Oh, yes, you did! Come along!"

She put up her hands in a supplicating attitude, she was on the point of sinking on her knees in her abject fear. At that moment the stern face of her husband was pushed in at the door. She sprang up as if electrified, and meekly followed John Massingbird.

(To be continued.)

SILURIA.

MORE changes have come over South Wales—even in the memory of an ordinary man—than perhaps over any other part of the United Kingdom. Some districts, as for instance much of the mineral country of Glamorganshire, resemble the vigorous bursts of Australian life, rather than the gradual efflorescence so common in British civilisation. In the extreme west corner, increased railroad communication has induced corresponding activity in the harbours and dockyards. Larger supplies of wealth generally tempt men to the seaside; therefore the Mumbles, Gower, and Tenby are yearly more crowded. Before the influx of English, old Welsh customs are fast dying out. Crinoline, we are glad to see, is superseding the hideous beaver hat in which not even the handsomest woman could ever look fascinating. The yeoman no longer—except in the most remote and mountainous districts,—rides to market with his wife behind him on a pillion. If you inquire the way in your most polite English (to make up for ignorance of Welsh), the haughty Cymro will no longer reply, contemptuously, as happened to a friend of ours, "Sassenach diaoul" (English devil). It is gratifying to state, that before schoolmasters and telegraphs, even the national sin of drunkenness is lessening, remnant though it be of the heroic days when Taliesin and his compeers quaffed bowls of metheglin. So thoroughly are the Welsh identifying themselves with the English, that ere long their language seems likely to be lost; and some fair daughter of the great family of Jones will probably become as celebrated in the principality as Dolly Pentreath is in the West of England—the last old woman who could speak Cornish.

South Wales, as known to the ancients, was inhabited by three powerful tribes. Under their King Caractacus, the chief of these, the Silures (dwelling in Monmouth, Hereford, Brecknock and Glamorgan), were especially troublesome to the Romans. The name of Siluria is better known to us, however, through the geological researches of Sir R. Murchison, though, with him, it is extended to embrace North Wales as well. The northern counties excel Siluria proper in grandeur of scenery; but any one who is a stranger to South Wales would be surprised at its very respectable mountains. The Breconshire Beacons hold their heads very high; and if the rest of the southern mountains cannot compete with those of the north, they have in some sort an interest of their own, so closely connected are they with the life of the immense collier population toiling at their bases, and even, like the giants of old, whelmed under their weight.

When every one, then, is seeking a new country

for a summer holiday, let us recommend South Wales. The climate is Devonian, with a tinge of Scotland. The Flora also is intermediate between these two regions. For the antiquary, again, Siluria has many interesting memories. King Arthur and his Round Table, held "at old Caerleon upon Usk"—that town itself, with Menevia (St. David's), the seats of British Bishops before Augustine—the marches of Wales—its old castles, such as Oystermouth and Caerphilly, the latter, with the exception of Windsor, probably the largest of any of which we have remains—its churches, with their plain, short, strong towers, which the villagers could hold out against an enemy: these are some of the curiosities of the country well worthy of examination.

Tourists and guide-books are not as yet common in Siluria, so you have the additional pleasure of treading upon comparatively unknown ground. As for national customs, the old custom of a lad wrapped in a sheet, carrying round on a pole a horse's head tricked out with ribbons, which is called "Mary Lloyd" (i. e., Grey Mary), is indeed only to be witnessed on Christmas evenings; but, in summer, there are "eisteddfods" in plenty for those who care to revive the ghosts of the bards. Fishing, too, can be had; and no one need be at a loss to fill a sketch-book in this aboriginal country.

Geologically considered, the country of the Silures is like a poached egg. In the centre (corresponding to Glamorgan) is a tract of "black country," the coal-measures, which we may fancy the yolk; round this runs the red conglomerate cornstone and marl of Brecon, Monmouth, and Herefordshire, for the white of the egg. It is in the yolk that the chief commercial interests centre. This is the realm of numberless steam-engines, pits, ruined workings, canals and railroads. Aberdare, with a population of 32,000, having quadrupled its numbers in an ordinary life-time, may be taken as the typical town of this "black country," with its terraces of white-washed cottages, each exactly like its neighbour, hastily run up round three or four immense cinder-heaps surmounted by a couple of tall chimneys enveloped in smoke-wreaths.

There is a core of shops and better houses in Aberdare, but the town proper is made up of one of these collieries in its volcanic-looking district, succeeded by another, and then another, more straggling than either of the others, fading away into the barren common, with just one or two deserted ventures near it to point the exact demarcation.

Take Merthyr Tydfil again, and if you substitute iron works for collieries, terraces of cottages, rising in tiers round a central pandemonium of smoke, flame and ashes, die away similarly amongst the adjoining hills. Owing to the fact of steam having only recently opened up these mineral districts to commercial enterprise, the houses, the society, the sectarianism, the willingness to be deluded by any popular phantasy, Mormonism, electro-biology, &c., are all to be referred to the latest type of modern civilisation, and correspond in great measure to the social life of the colonial gold districts. Industry, enter-

prise, and money-making, may be beheld on a gigantic scale in these regions of Siluria. Its natural features often perish in a few years when they once come within the coils of railroads and canals. "Tips," or deserted works, raise enormous accumulations of cinders—artificial tertiary deposits—which, in two or three years, lose their hardness of outline, and are gradually clothed with verdure. Flat commons are turned into "tips," till they resemble the depressions of a chalk country were it not for the traitorous black dust. In a few months tunnels and cuttings, for a new mineral line will destroy the character of hills which have been familiar to untold centuries.

Round these mountains of the old red formation, which commence as the coal measures fall off, are to be found some of the finest atmospheric and landscape effects in the kingdom. Hills with bold outlines—swelling up to take the sun's light or catch the fleecy vapours, and descending into wooded valleys, thickly interspersed—are characteristic of the formation. Over all the outskirts of the "black country" a lover of Nature will observe manifold changes of the skies—sunsets brilliant as those which Turner loved to paint—clouds of many tinged splendours, grandly massed like armies assaulting the mountain tops round which they hang. Far in the distant valley you may see the river which carries off the hill streams, flashing over its rocky bed, but no murmur reaches this high ground. The slender wild flowers and weather-beaten lichens speak only of summer peace and rest. The bee seeking the mountain thyme is the last straggler from the busy, industrial world behind you. Very beautiful is Siluria in the sunshine; nor is it altogether devoid of interest at night. The screech-owl lends the requisite solemnity to the scene—then the distant river becomes audible on the fitful evening breeze—

The mountains, more by blackness visible,
And their own size, than any outward light,

leave an indelible photograph on the memory. No one who rests awhile on one of the higher mountains will then regret his holiday spent in Siluria, as he overlooks

From high, the sullen water far beneath
On which a dull red image of the moon
Lies bedded, changing oftentimes its form,
Like an uneasy snake.

But even in the mineral district Siluria is not without a beauty of her own. I do not know whether the contrast as you walk from a busy colliery up the hill-side above it, and a new plant, or the gleam of a bright flower strikes you, is not on the whole more enjoyable than the richer landscapes further up the country. Mr. Ruskin notes very subtly that the imagination can be cloyed with too much beauty, which is often the case in a very bold country. But not a hundred yards from that vast mound of coal-dust and ashes you may stumble over a bog, where the water tinged with yellow talls of the iron treasures below, by means of huge boulders tipped with lichen; and then, striking up the barren, dun-coloured hill, streaked here and there with

shades of darker verdure, a rough stone wall stops the way. Even here a healthy mind may find enjoyment. It is not every day that the "ceterach," with its shining scales, can be found in such profusion as it here runs riot. Haply a "gled" (as kites are called in Wales) may sail over you; he, too, is not seen every day in other counties. And if your visit be paid to the mountains in spring or early summer, you are certain to see more charming groups of mountain lambs crowning the rocks, and agilely leaping the fences at every turn, than Landseer or Ansdell ever transferred to canvas.

Those who are fond of English history will find traces in Siluria of many well-known personages. Take Glamorganshire alone. After the Conquest it belonged to the Clares and Spencers; then it passed to the Beauchamps and Nevilles and so to Richard III., who lost it, along with the rest of his kingdom, to Henry VII., at Bosworth; and that king gave it to his uncle Gaspar, Duke of Bedford. From its many castles, each thickly crusted with its own store of memories, we may choose Cardiff as a sample. In its dungeons languished the gallant Robert of Normandy for twenty-eight years, bereft of sight, and imprisoned by Henry I., and at Gloucester, where Robert's shrine is to be seen in the Cathedral, he seems to pass almost visibly into the turbulent scenes of Anglo-Norman royalty.

Camden tells us, from Giraldus, a wonderful story of "two pleasant but small islands, called Sully and Barry" (from St. Baruch, who lies buried there), "scarce three miles from the mouth of the Taff." There is said to have been a chink in a rock in one of these, "to which, if you put your ear, you shall perceive such a noise as if smiths were at work there." Anyhow, its glories have now disappeared, having "migrated" according to some, to Wormshead. If we try this story in the scientific crucible, "the workshop of Vulcan" probably points to the phenomena of blow-holes, caverns, &c., where the incoming tide resounds against the walls, and the roar is conveyed by a natural funnel to the ear. The geologist can point to several of these wonders on the Cornish coast; and the whole story is an admirable illustration of Malebranche's theory, that man is never deceived by his senses, but by the interpretation he puts on the information they give him of the outer world. It would be no unworthy object for a visitor tired of the Wye and Fluellen's "salmons," to investigate such phenomena. They who thus occupy themselves vastly increase the pleasures of a summer holiday.

It is astonishing how few people know anything of Siluria. North Wales, with its grander mountains and engineering marvels, is visited by everybody; and yet we will affirm that very many objects of interest may be found in that vast extent of country which spreads from the marches of Monmouth to Fishguard Bay.

Siluria is fruitful in hospitality, prodigal in natural beauty, and peopled with the strangest superstitions. As you listen to the old crones telling of corpse-candles, portents of death, and haunted houses lighted up by bluish flickers more thrilling than even the superstitions of

Jersey, you feel yourself at once transported to the dark ages. Though to the sportsman Siluria will be most pleasing in winter, when the snipe rises from every wet meadow, and a woodcock may be flushed in every other coppice, we venture to recommend it in its summer dress to everyone tired of home and business. Then the wheat-ear flits over the commons, and the mountains look greener and brighter than at other times, for the light strikes up from the cultivated vales below, and is caught on their rugged sides. After spending a few days in Siluria, we prophesy that your notions on the country will be revolutionised.

So we cannot conclude better than in words Shakspeare puts in Gower's mouth to a person similarly astonished at the reputation of South Wales:—"You find it otherwise; and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition. Fare ye well." M.

TILL DEATH.

Two hands held in one clasp,
Two hearts bound in one chain,
Two bosoms beating warm,
Loving, beloved again.

Two smiles of fervent faith
On each caressing cheek,
Two voices soft and low,
As whispering angels speak.

Two figures kneeling glad
Before the sacred shrine,
Two vows of mutual love
Exchanged in sight divine.

Two coffins, side by side,
Beneath the daisied sod,
Two spirits dwelling in
The perfect rest of God.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

HAMBURG TO COPENHAGEN AND ROSKILDA.

TIRED of Hamburg and its handsome streets, tired of the Alster Lake and the famous Jungfernstieg, or Maiden's Walk, where the trees are so exactly like the toy trees of our Noah's arks, where the boats are clumsy and the oars worse; weary of Gruby's and "Chablis" and "Clicquot" at Jacobson's, the "Star and Garter" of Hamburg, and ill with its bad cigars—and in no town in Europe are there so many bad ones—and at last grown fairly callous to the familiar novelties of the city, we started for a week's jaunt to Copenhagen. Is Copenhagen as fine a town as Hamburg? we asked of a fellow-passenger in a third-class carriage of the train to Kiel, to whom we had casually communicated our destination. Is it as gay and are the streets as broad and as frequented as Hamburg? It is a magnificent town—the streets swarm with people. My companion, half a German by birth, and quite one in feeling, stared somewhat indignantly I thought.

"Hamburg. Why, Copenhagen is the finest city in Europe," he was about to say; but luckily for our peace and quietness, for my companion's

face wore an angry scowl, the train came to a stop, the guard shouted the name of a small station and opened the door, and our fellow-traveller, gathering his moveables in a hurry, left us. He was a Dane, a fair-haired Dane, such as Mons. Fechter's Hamlet, only not so handsome, though quite as good-looking as the Laertes with whom that gentleman fences at the Princess's Theatre in our own Oxford Street. Our anticipations were considerably roused by the answers of the enthusiastic Dane, and we soon forgot, in hearing from our other fellow-travellers of the various lions of the City of Harbours, the cushionless state of a Holstein third-class carriage. About 9.30, p.m., in the dark streets of Kiel, we had our first experience of the Danish coinage: for though we had, like experienced travellers, studied the subject beforehand, still it is only practice that can make you perfect; and when an inhabitant of the new country startles you with an assertion that the value of the dollar is a third less than what the books tell you, you are at first, I would say, just a little flabbergasted, and we were too: but we soon rallied, and being really "up" in the intricacies of the coinage, we entered at once into a noisy discussion with the droski-driver and stood out boldly, and the discomfited droskier "crawled" away, muttering his disappointment. We had heard that the Baltic was one of those seas "where sleep young Cyclads on a sunnier deep," and where the storm god is unknown. Now as we had but second-class tickets, and on reaching the boat, we found all the berths taken, it would have been well for us, who had to pass the night on deck, if the Baltic had preserved that poetic serenity. But we were doomed to be disappointed, for it blew hard all the night, and with morning came damp fog, which nearly pierced through our Inverness capes as we lay extended on a bench on the after deck. At five o'clock a fair-haired Dane, with large, brilliant, blue eyes, brought us each a cup of coffee, and we shook ourselves, drank it gratefully, and looked around us. There were many young "Cyclads" about just visible in the mist, the largest of these was "Rügen."

The grey dawn, streaked with red, was slowly clearing away the mist as we steamed into the little harbour of Korsør. From thence a train—one of, perhaps, the slowest in Europe, for they are not very rapid in Denmark in travelling—bore us, willingly enough, for we were gluttonously thinking of breakfasting on our arrival. We passed through the famous Baltic corn-country—flat and hedgeless as our own dear Cambridgeshire fens—and where for miles a vast expanse of corn waves like a sea of gold and amber. This continual yellow and gold, with its infinite varieties of tint, seemed to us a peculiar feature in our trip; our crew on board the boat were all yellow-haired—the skipper, the helmsman, and the mate,—all tints of hair were there, from pale straw-colour to bright golden cowslip. In Copenhagen everyone was fair-haired, and we saw not even one dark-haired Dane. Our first impression was, that the City of Harbours was collectively asleep; but it was a false one, for at mid-day it was the same—a city in its decline—with large, white, hideous

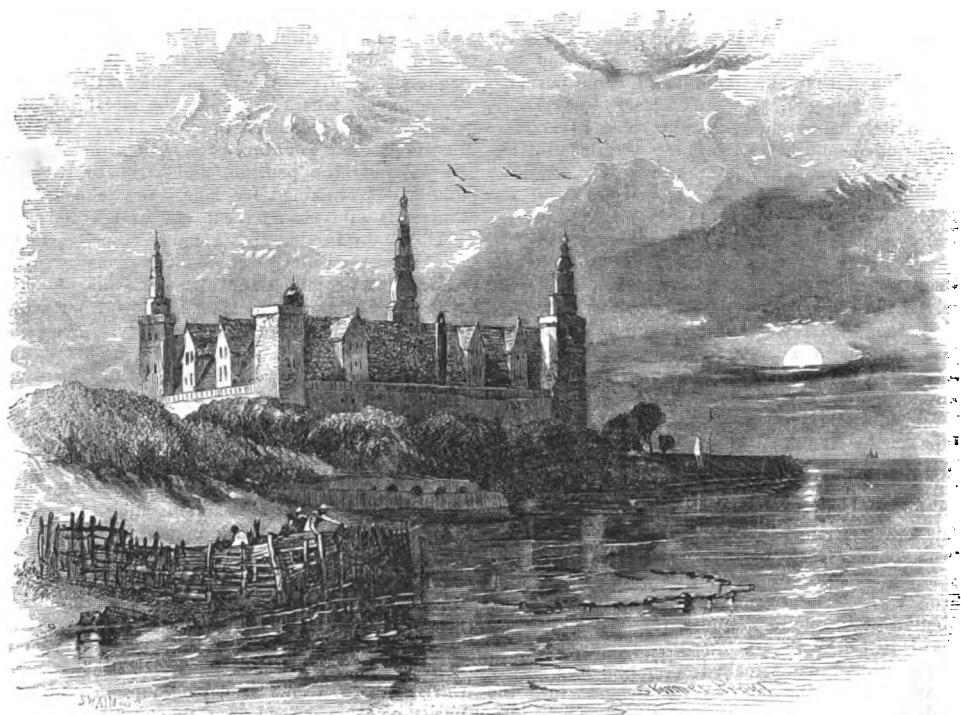
palaces, all uninhabited (for the king, who is not the most popular, lives in Holstein); a city, plain and cheap-looking, where art external, at least, is an expensive luxury. Thorwaldsen's sculptures are, of course, a glorious exception. Copenhagen began to attain importance in the twelfth century: it was originally called Axelstad, from a Bishop of Roskilde (the ancient capital of Denmark), who erected a castle here in 1168, on the site of the present Christianborg, as a protection against pirates; later it was called Kiøbmaendhorn—the haven of merchants—and latterly Kjøbenhavn, or Copenhagen. Thorwaldsen's sculptures are contained in a painted stucco building, which was partly designed by Thorwaldsen himself. It is one of the noblest collections in the world! Barthelemy or Bertel Albert von Thorwaldsen, like Canova, who was the son of a stonemason, was a man sprung from the people. His father made figure-heads, and Bertel, showing early signs of skill, was sent to the art-schools of Copenhagen, where he gained the silver medal at the age of seventeen, in the year 1787. In 1793, by the patronage of Reventlow, the prime minister, he obtained the pension, and went to Rome to study, but remained for four years in obscurity, and it is said that on the eve of his departure home again in despair, Thomas Hope, a Dutch banker, caused him to change his plans by giving him his first commission to execute his model of "Jason" in marble, for 500 sequins, after which his fame and fortune rose rapidly. His inexhaustible fertility of invention led to his making an enormous number of models, a third of which were executed in marble. Among those most known to Englishmen are the "Christ," copies of which are so often seen in Parian china, and which formed the principal figure to the group of the Twelve Apostles, and is now in a church in Copenhagen; the "Night and Morning" bas reliefs (fac similes of which are in possession of Lord Lucan); the famous "Lord Byron" at Cambridge, in Trinity Library; and the "Lion" at Lucerne. One of his famous pieces is the "Triumph of Alexander," ordered by Napoleon—the modern Alexander—to decorate the Quirinal Palace at Monte Carlo, but which is now in the palace of Christianborg. This man, whose grand and calm purity of style caused him to contrast with the burning genius of Michael Angelo and Canova, never executed any design until matured by deep study and reflection, and all his works bear this character. There are three portraits of him—one by Gazzoli, engraved at Rome in 1831, another by Kitzler, at the age of sixty-six, and a third by Horace Vernet. On his return to Copenhagen he was received by the whole people, rich and poor, coming down to meet him disembarking; this scene is depicted in fresco on the outside of his museum, so deeply had his kind-heartedness and generosity endeared him to everyone. His last works were a bust of Luther and a "Hercules." He died of apoplexy at the theatre one evening, just before the play began, and his funeral was attended by the whole people of Copenhagen.

The Castle of Rosenberg, with grey walls and quaint zinc roofs, is a picturesque building, and

risers handsomely from amid a noble grove of chesnut-trees ; but, like all the other palaces, it is empty and deserted. We met no dark-haired Danes, and my companion fell desperately in love with more than one blue-eyed Chrysocome. In the evening we went to Renz's Circus, of almost continental celebrity — and *facile princeps* of all Ducrows, Battys, and Cookes. The great feature of the evening was a swinging-boy ; but our readers have seen Leotard, so I shall not describe him. There was, of course, Mr. Merryman, who, of course, had some English ribaldry to utter, and there was the usual India-rubber-man void of joints, quite unpleasant to look at, and, to conclude, a grand medley combining the various excellencies of an English cup-race,

steeples-chace, and fox-hunt, with blue and red-fire besides.

After a plunge in the fiord from the baths which are built in the centre of the stream, we started for Elsinore—a trip of a few hours down the Sound. The Danish coast near the city is low and wooded, dotted here and there with the country houses of the wealthy Copenhagenites, and tiny villages with pearly-thatched cottages : then low, sandy cliffs, and as you go down towards Elsinore the coast is bolder ; we were too far off to see the character of the Swedish coast. The Sound, the scene, by the way, of the dispute some few years back about the shipping dues, when England paid 500,000*l.* as her share of compensation money for the withdrawal of those hideous exactions, the



Castle of Elsinore, Denmark.

Sound dues were called before that time, from these lucrative taxes, the "Gold Mine of the King of Denmark." Though it has not the blue beauties of the Bosphorus, or even of the Menai Straits, still the Sound is not without beauty, but we admired it more at-home than on board the steamer, for the sea has a way of twisting itself about when it blows hard, in a way peculiar to narrow channels, and by no means agreeable. It was full of Danish men of war and the entrance is strongly fortified by two castles, one on each coast.

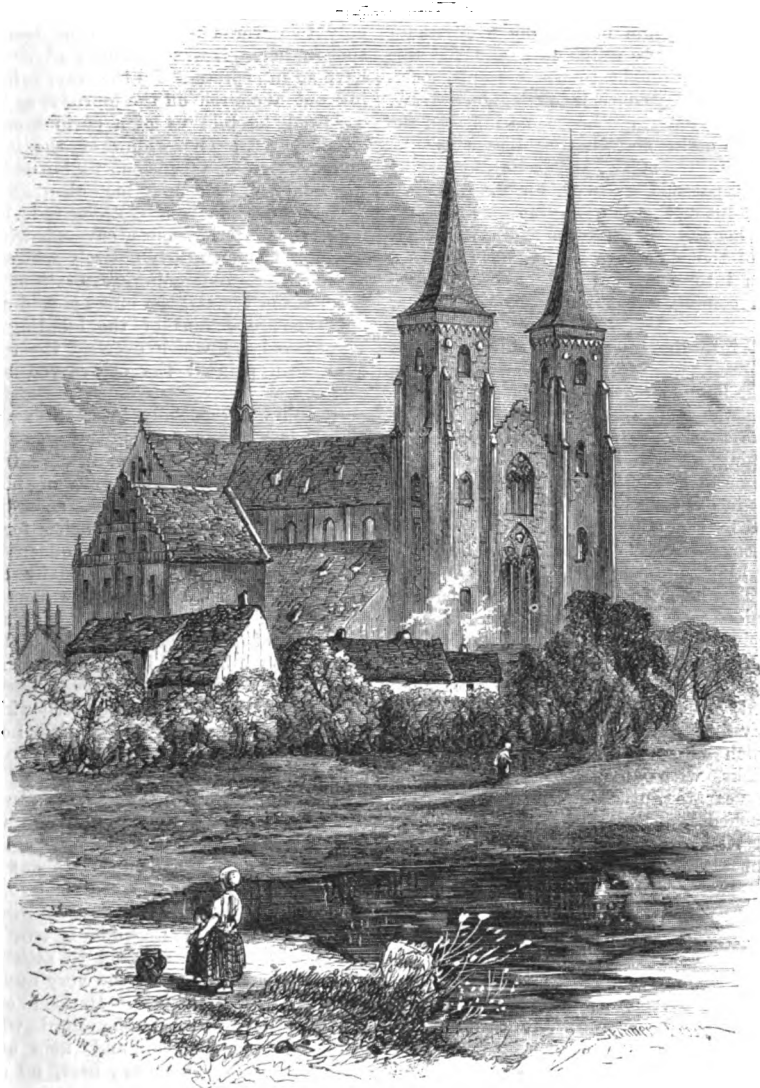
The Sound at Elsinore is about four miles in width, and is commanded on each side by the castles of Elsinore and Helsingborg : thus it is not so wide as the Hellespont, which is five miles across. King Harold Hardrada's fleet is said to have reached across it. The steamer calls

first at Elsinore, and afterwards at Helsingborg, and at the latter place remains a few hours, after which it returns to Elsinore, and thence to Copenhagen. Being unable to see both places, we chose Elsinore. The town is small and mean, and has little to interest one. The castle, which is very strongly fortified, was garrisoned at the time we saw it by 400 Holsteiners, under a Danish Commandant, whom of course they cordially hated.

One soldier, on our asking him the name of his officer, said :—"he didn't know the 'Kerl's' name, who he was ;" but we will not enter into the merits of the Holstein dispute here. The Princess Matilda Caroline, daughter of George II. of England, who was married to Christian VII. of Denmark, was imprisoned here for some years, being

suspected by him (who seems, by the way, to have been a monster of brutality and sensuality), of an intrigue with Struensee, his prime minister; but her banishment and the subsequent downfall of that minister were the results of a plot hatched by the other party. When she was imprisoned there, it is said that the captain of an English merchantman, then in the Sound, whose name

unfortunately has not been preserved, hearing of her unhappy condition, and anxious to alleviate it, sent her by the medium of the English consul at Elsinore, a leg of mutton and potatoes: which she graciously accepted, sending him in return a gold chain. This Princess was subsequently removed to Aalberg, and after an imprisonment of three years there, died at Zell in Hanover.



Cathedral of Roskilde, Denmark. See page 56.

In the course of our trip we had become used to seeing the names *dramatis personæ* in Shakspeare's play constantly recur; but I don't think we were prepared to dine on or near Hamlet's grave; but Marienlust, a small hotel, or boarding-house, with its garden, occupies the traditional spot. As all the Danish kings were and are still buried at Roskilde, it does not appear how Hamlet's grave

comes to be here. As all our readers have not read "Dunham's Scandinavia, or Saxo-Grammaticus," we will give the original story as told there.

Fengo and Horwendil were joint sovereigns of Jutland. Hamlet was the son of the latter: Fengo murdered Horwendil, married his widow Gertrude, and became sole ruler. Thus, the main incidents

in the story of the play are historical facts. Hamlet eager to revenge his father's murder feigned madness, and for this cause put on a strange garb, and did the most ridiculous things.

He was frequently seen on the hearth among the ashes, making wooden hooks which he hardened by the heat. On being asked for what he intended them, he said :

"For the revenge of my father!"

Fengo suspecting him of feigning madness for some design, set spies to watch him, and for this purpose had him brought to the Queen's apartment, where a spy lay concealed under some straw. But Hamlet, on entering the room, imitated the crowing of a cock, and waving his arms like wings, leapt on the straw, and feeling something beneath it, despatched him with his sword; after which, while his mother is bewailing his insanity, he upbraids her with her crimes as in the play. The body of the slain man he had cut in pieces, and thrown into a sewer; and on being asked on Fengo's coming, what had become of him, replied :

"He fell into the sewer, and being unable to extricate himself, was eaten by the swine."

After this, Fengo devised his plan of sending him to England, which country, at that period, was, we are told, a fief of Denmark. Hamlet, before starting, desired his mother in one year from that time to celebrate his obsequies: assuring her that in one year he would return. He was accompanied by two creatures of Fengo, and from them he discovered, while asleep, the mandate to the English king to murder him, which was carved on wood. This he so ingeniously altered that the two companions were put to death, while he himself was received with the greatest hospitality, and was so much admired that he received in marriage the hand of the King's daughter. He pretended to be grieved at the death of his two companions, and to pacify him the King gave him a quantity of gold which he melted and inclosed in two walking sticks, with which he returned at the end of the year to Jutland. Here in a motley garb he reached the house of his uncle, where his funeral rites were being held. After the astonishment at his appearance had subsided, he was asked:

"Where are your two companions?"

"Here they are," he replied; showing his two sticks.

He then joined the cupbearers, and as his flowing garments interfered with his movements, he girt his sword on scabbardless, and to impress them with his insanity grasped the blade till his blood flowed. He then succeeded in making them all drunk, so that they were unable to stir from the room. At length, all being asleep, he cut the cords supporting the curtain which covered the room, so that it fell down, and then fastened it to the ground over the men; after which he set the building on fire, and they were all destroyed. He then goes and kills the king, first upbraiding him for his crimes, and then retires to a safe place to watch the progress of events. But popular feeling setting in his favour, he soon reappears, and is proclaimed king.

We shall not pursue his story any further; nor will we detain our readers by describing the return journey to Copenhagen. Having heard in our young days of Roskilda, or Roskild, as the ancient capital of Denmark, we resolved to visit it, and started off by railway the next morning. A rosy-faced, fair-haired Dane, who spoke English like a native, was of great service to us here; he was a native of Roskilda, and volunteered to cicerone us; now as we knew only two words of Danish—for German is not spoken here—it was no small advantage to us to have an interpreter. By the way, as he was pointing out a church on the journey, as being richly endowed, he told us of a curious custom which obtains here. The widow of the incumbent or holder receives a pension, to be deducted from the salary of the next incumbent. The cathedral of Roskilda is a Gothic, red, brick building; the interior, once covered with gorgeous frescoes, is now nearly entirely whitewashed; it is, however, undergoing restoration. As there is no stained glass, the effect is cold and dreary; but the proportions of the building are noble. The same hand which overlaid the frescoes with whitewash painted the oak-carved stalls stone-colour.

Roskilda is especially interesting as being the burial-place of the old Danish kings; the earlier tombs are mostly in the vaults, and are almost universally covered with palls of black velvet, starred with gold or silver, according to the sex of the deceased—gold being for the kings and princes, and silver for queens and princesses. There are a great many tombs in a side chapel, and among others that of Louisa, daughter of George the Third of England, and the wife of Frederick the Fifth of Denmark, a princess much beloved in Denmark; she died very young.

Under some portraits of the earlier kings we saw the words "et rex Angliæ," a title no doubt retained long after the Danish reign had been forgotten in England, just as the title of *Rex Galliarum* was retained by our own kings down to the time of George III. There are two marks in a pillar, said to be the heights of Christian I., and Peter the Great; the former's height is about seven feet, while the latter is not more than four feet five inches.

The once famous Roskilda is now a miserable village, and we were forced to satisfy ourselves with such scanty fare as the very humble inn of the place could produce. One side of the town lies on the banks of the fiord which winds round to Copenhagen, and here are remains of bathing establishments; here, no doubt, once were innumerable bathing-houses, and pleasure-barges and boats crowded the lake, and there was all the parade of fashion and pleasure; but that must have been many years ago, for now there are no barges, and no boats; and the wind sweeps over the lake with not more than one solitary fisherman's sail to check it in its course, and where once the chivalry of Denmark trod, the rush grows long and rank, and Roskilda and its glories are part and parcel of the past.

THE PRODIGAL SON.

BY DUTTON COOK, AUTHOR OF "PAUL FOSTER'S DAUGHTER," &c.

"A lytel misgoyng in the gynnyng caueth mykel error in the end."—Chaucer's "Testament of Love."

CHAPTER XXIV. WILFORD'S WIFE.

It was twilight. Though the weather was not cold, a fire was lighted in the pleasant drawing-room of Mr. Fuller's cottage at Grilling Abbots. The doctor had himself given orders for the fire, finding his daughter shivering and weak. So, close to the hearth, on a low chair, holding her sleeping child in her arms, sat Violet. She had been reading until the daylight had faded, and her eyes ached too much, or were too full of tears, for her to continue. It is needless to say from what book Violet, in her deep affliction, was seeking consolation and support. Faint with suffering, she leant upon the religion which had been the treasured possession of her whole life, and found the strength to endure, and the patience and comfort of which her want was so immediate. By the waning light she had read yet once again the golden words of invitation to the oppressed:—*"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;"* and already her burthen seemed something lightened. The first

pangs of her agony had passed away. She had recovered a little from the primal overwhelming effects of the blow which had descended upon her with a violence and a suddenness alike frightful—which, while it had lacerated her poor heart, had deranged her intellect and menaced even her life. This excess of acute suffering had gone, and she had now acquired calmness and strength to support a pain which, if less violent in its visitation, was yet hardly less certain and lasting. Still now she could weep and pray. At first even these had seemed not possible to her. She wept and prayed, hugging her child to her heart.

It was painful to look upon her now—remembering what she had been—how radiantly happy so short a time back, as a wife, as a mother. In what vulnerable places had the poor soul been stricken! A wife no longer. A mother—when the word seemed to convey reproach and disgrace. How white she was—as marble—with a strange rigidity about her lineaments—as though they had

been, as it were, petrified by her great grief. That mobility of expression which had distinguished her face so exquisitely before, was now wholly gone. In lieu of it, there was one fixed look of hopeless suffering—almost of utter despair. Now and then, when she closed her aching eyes—for even the poor light of the fire was a torture to them—there was quite a corpse-like look upon her face—it was so still, so lifeless. If she was a Madonna now, it was a Madonna carved in stone. The colour was gone from her cheeks, from her lips, and the light from her eyes. For some time she would remain almost motionless; it was only by the gentle heaving of her bosom, and perhaps now and then by a slight change of position of the thin white hands that were twined and woven round her baby, that it could be seen that she lived. Poor Violet! And she was schooling herself to support her hard fate. She was ousting, by her trust in Heaven, all repining at its decrees; and she was crushing down with all her might each impulse that prompted her to level a charge, or a reproach, against the man who had brought upon her all this dire trouble.

"He is my husband before God," she murmured. But even the comfort of that thought could not overcome her dread of what Man would say of her, and, above all, of the poor little one in her lap; and her doom seemed to be harder than she could bear.

The door was opened softly, and her father entered. He looked very pale and troubled. The sad events that had come so recently to his knowledge—that had brought his daughter again to his house—seemed to have added several years to his age. He was much bent, his hair quite white, and he trembled as he walked. Noiselessly he advanced into the room; but Violet opened her eyes as he approached.

"Dear father," she said, with a very sad smile, but a most kindly look in her eyes; and she put up her face to be kissed. It was the same action she had been wont to use years and years ago, when she had been quite a child, and they had all been happy, very happy! So it seemed, looking back into the past from that terrible present. The doctor turned away as this thought occurred to him, and for a moment would not trust himself to speak.

"I thought—I hoped that you were asleep, dear one," he said, at length, stooping down and kissing her, as he smoothed her soft hair.

She shook her head, mournfully. "No, I cannot sleep."

"You should try and follow baby's good example," he went on; and he moved the light muslin kerchief that half hid the rounded pink face of the little one, sleeping soundly—two small plump fists cuddled together under its chin. "See how soundly baby sleeps!"

She bowed her head over the child, hiding her face.

"How like it is to *him*!" she whispered, rocking herself to and fro.

A cloud passed over the doctor's forehead. He frowned fiercely, as he said: "Don't speak of him! I can't bear it. I can't bear to think of

him even—and the cruel, cruel wrong that he has done to you, my darling. He is a villain—"

"No. No, father—don't say that. I must not—I cannot bear to hear you speak so. Remember always"—and she placed her hand, with a solemn gesture, on the Bible at her side—"it is not for us to judge—and—and—he is my husband before God! I must not say—I must not hear—a single word against him."

"You are an angel, Violet; and this man"—but he stopped himself. "How I trusted him! How fond I was of him—ever since he was quite a child—a baby in his grand cradle at the Grange. How I cheered his poor mother with good prophecies about her boy! I would have staked my life upon his integrity. I did more, my dear one—I staked your happiness! I am rightly punished. I would take no warning. The old man—whom I thought so hard and cruel and relentless—was right, after all. He knew his son better than I did. I see it all now—the cause of their quarrel, years ago—the reason why they never could be reconciled, and the old man took away the estates, and went down into the grave cursing his first-born. And I dared to set myself up in opposition to him—combated his opinions—disputed his judgment—took the son to my heart and home, and gave him my dear, dear daughter! This man who had made a low and scandalous marriage, and disgraced his family irretrievably. Surely that was enough! But to keep this marriage secret—and then to marry again, his first wife still living—to win my child from me by a cowardly falsehood and fraud—to bring shame upon our happy home here! Was that worthy of one of the Hadfields of the Grange? He does well to shrink from bearing that honoured name—he does well to try to hide the infamy he has brought upon his family history! Violet, I can never forgive myself that I brought him beneath this roof. I know not what romantic folly prompted me to do this. I am rightly punished—I am rightly punished."

The old man moved about the room, trembling and in great sorrow.

"Father," said Violet, "let us not repine! What is done is done. Let us bow our heads to Heaven's will. Our burthen is very, very hard to bear, but strength will be given to us, or He will take us to himself. Let our trust be always in His infinite goodness and mercy. Let us not speak of this again; it is but to re-open our wounds and endure their agony anew. We have many things to think about—much to arrange. Come and sit down close to me, and let us talk as to the future."

Nobly Violet tried to fight with and support the suffering of her position.

"You are very brave, my darling," said her father, struck by some such thought; and, with a proud look in his face, he stooped down again and kissed her. She smiled sadly; perhaps he did not know how much of her firmness was assumed for his sake.

"For the future—" she began, but rather faintly.

"You still desire that the secret should be kept?"

She bowed her head.

"At least, for the present," she answered. "For all our sakes it will be the best so. Never to see him more, and to hide his sin from the world; to live and die obscurely—*here*, if possible—if not, then in some other quiet place where the story may never be known. It is not for myself, father, I ask this, but for the child in my arms. O God! if it should grow up to hate its parents!" (What an agony this thought caused her!) "It must never know—never know."

"Perhaps this will be the best; though, for my part, I own my first impulse was to proclaim aloud, as from the housetops, the infamous cruelty of this man!"

"No, no, father!" and she pressed his hand fondly, "vengeance is not for us, but forgiveness; and try—try as I do—to think he has erred through a cruel chance, rather than from premeditation and design."

But she saw that it was useless to urge this plea at present. Her father's brow was lowered, and his hands clenched with an involuntary anger.

"Do they know in Grilling Abbots that I am here?" she asked hastily, to change the turn the conversation was taking.

"It was not possible to keep that a secret long, but I think I can manage to keep our friends at bay for a little while, at all events until you are more composed—until we have decided definitively as to the future." And the doctor smiled as he added, "I contrived to put Mrs. Stephen to rout this afternoon. It seemed she had heard of your arrival, and was coming down post-haste to make inquiries; but I made her turn her ponies' heads quickly. I said that you had come down because of the illness of the baby—that its disorder, however, was not serious, though it might be infectious. Her face changed, she sent all sorts of kind messages, but she thought of the safety of her own little ones at home and hurried off. The report will spread, and we can keep visitors at a distance by such means for some time to come."

Violet thanked him with her eyes.

"It grows dark," she said with some anxiety, "surely Madge will not be long now."

"She should have been back before this," and Mr. Fuller looked frowningly at his watch: "she could have had no difficulty in getting a fly at Mowle. I am sorry I let her go. I ought to have gone myself."

"No, father," Violet urged eagerly, "you were too angry—too excited. In your frame of mind no good could have resulted from your meeting him. It was better for Madge to go. Besides, it was her own proposal, and it was important to find occupation for her. The poor darling's sorrow was so great it would have preyed upon her mind else. It will be a satisfaction to her always to think she undertook this journey; it will give her courage and self-confidence; and then, she may not have seen him after all."

"If he should insult her?" Mr. Fuller suggested angrily.

"He will not—be sure he will not."

"He is capable of anything; he has proved that sufficiently, I think. What good can come of his seeing Madge? Can he undo the past?"

Violet answered very quietly and sadly.

"No; little good can come of it, perhaps. I know it is hoping against hope; yet it will be something to learn from himself of the strange past: at least he may have excuses to offer."

"He will lie, Violet, there is no doubt of that. There can be no excuses in the truth."

"We have heard him accused—"

"And the accusation has been only too fully proved."

"Still, father, he should be heard; he may have some answer to give."

"It is not possible, Violet."

"There may be reason for our pity—our forgiveness. Surely in every human error there is reason for these. Ah! the sound of wheels! Madge returns."

There was the noise as of a carriage approaching along the road from Mowle.

"Be calm, dearest; pray compose yourself. I will go out and see."

And Mr. Fuller left the room.

A few minutes, and Violet started up suddenly. There was a noise as of some one tapping at the window.

"How nervous I grow," she said, in a frightened voice: "it is only a branch blown against the panes."

But the noise was repeated. She went to the window: looking out she recognised a figure standing in the garden.

"Madge!" she cried, eagerly; and she unlocked the sash and threw it open. "Madge!—my sister!"

They were in each other's arms instantly.

"How tired you must be; how cold your face is! My poor child, come to the fire."

Even at such a moment she could think first of her sister.

"Dearest Vi, be brave, be strong, there's my good Vi." Madge stopped as though in fear of the effect of what she was about to say; then she went on in a different tone upon another subject. "We have been such a long time coming from Mowle—there was such a poor horse in the fly." She peered at Violet: was she composed enough yet to hear what was to be told? How pale—how trembling she was!

"Why did you come to the window, Madge?" said Violet, in a strange voice.

"Because—" What was she to say? Rather frightened, she glanced over her shoulder.

"*He came with you?*" Violet demanded, with a scream.

"Be calm, my sister."

"*He is there?*" and she pointed to the garden.

"My dearest sister—"

"Quick—quick—tell me. *It is true?*"

Madge knew to what the question referred, with what wild hope Violet was trembling.

"Yes, my poor Violet, *it is true!* But he believed her dead; he did not—could not, know the wrong he did you. It was accident, not design—"

"O, Madge, why did you bring him here? How wrong—how cruel! O, God help me! I must not—dare not see him." She reeled, covering her face with her hands—but for Madge's aid she would have fallen.

"Dear Violet, be calm; he comes for one last moment to see you, to hear your own lips pronounce his pardon—to see once more his child—"

"What of *that*—what of *that*?" Violet asked, almost fiercely. The baby was on the sofa now, curled up, calm, beautiful, quite unconscious of the great grief afflicting those so near to it. "He would not take it from me? It is all mine now; it is all I have in the world now! It is for my baby only that I wish to live, my poor baby, who has no father now—my poor baby, who has no one now to look to for comfort, and support, and protection; no one but a wretched mother, whom, by-and-by, he will be taught to hate." She bent over the child as though to shield it from harm. "He has not come to take my child from me?"

"No, dearest, be calm; he never dreamt of such a cruel thing. But to kiss it, Violet; he may do that. He is poor baby's father—"

"Yes, his father—he may see his child."

"And you will see him, Violet? He is greatly changed—so broken—so utterly prostrate and wretched—say one kind word to him, Violet, before he goes away—for ever—for ever, Violet."

"Yes," she said, after a pause, and in a calmer voice, "I will see him."

"No, it is impossible. I forbid it!" cried Mr. Fuller, solemnly and sternly as he entered the room. "This man shall not again enter my house. Has he not brought suffering enough already? Would he insult his victim? Does he dare to cross my threshold again? I will not answer for his life! Violet, my dearest, this must not be—I cannot suffer it!"

"Father, have mercy," she said, as she threw her arms round his neck: "there is no fear; but one moment, and then he will have gone from me for ever! Whatever he has done, he is my husband before God. Be not alarmed for me. I have more courage than you think. Trust in me, father: a short time and all will be over, for ever!"

The old man could seldom act in opposition to her wishes; least of all now. He suffered himself to be led from the room by Madge. Violet watched him to the door. She turned, to behold the figure of Wilford Hadfield standing at the window.

He tottered rather than walked into the room.

"Violet! Violet!" he cried, in a strange hollow voice. He sunk upon his knees—more he intended probably to say—his lips moved as though in an attempt at utterance; though no sound came, yet with outstretched imploring arms, his action was as eloquent as speech.

Greatly troubled, swaying to and fro, her hands clasped together with convulsive energy, Violet stood for a moment irresolute, gazing wildly at him.

Suddenly she raised her eyes. She then perceived another person standing at the window. The fire burned up brightly at the moment, and lit up the room.

What was it she read in the face of this man at the window? What meant that sudden change that came over her? She was breathing so quickly she could scarcely speak, and her hands were pressing

her heart. "*My husband?*" she seemed to gasp out at last—an almost delirious question.

"Yes, your husband!—for he is your husband—your true and lawful husband."

George Martin was the speaker.

"What are you saying?" cried Wilford, in a scared, dazed way.

"The truth. I have come all this way to tell it. You were too busy to hear the galloping of my horse. I have come full speed. Can you bear to hear me?"

He glanced from one to the other. How greedily they seemed to drink in his words. As calmly and distinctly as he was able, Martin continued.

"You have been both victims of a cruel and shameful conspiracy and fraud. The marriage with Regine Pichot is void. Be assured that it is so. I hold the proofs in my hand. At the time of that marriage, Regine was already the wife of one Lenoir, formerly a medical student of Paris, late a singer in the chorus of the Grand Opera, Brussels, and now spy and agent of police in the employment of the French Government. From the lips of the woman Regine, and the man Lenoir, I have gathered this day a confession of their history. Any claim made by the woman is one founded upon imposture. The marriage has been all along utterly void. Wilford Hadfield, you are the lawful husband of Violet Fuller."

A moment, to obtain firm mental grasp of this intelligence—to gather from Martin's earnest face confidence in its truth—then Violet was locked in the embrace of her husband.

"My own Violet!" cried Wilford, "pardon me—pity me—love me, ever!"

"My husband!" and she pressed him to her heart, how fondly.

Martin drew back from a scene upon the sacred nature of which his presence seemed to be a trespass!

CHAPTER XXV. CONCLUSION.

MONSIEUR RENÉ ISIDOR PHILIPPE ST. JUST LENOIR—*Monsieur Chose*, as he had playfully named himself at an early period of this narrative—was as good as his word. He had called upon George Martin at his chambers in the Temple. With the important information derived from the Frenchman, Martin had hurried to the house in Freer Street, but he arrived there only in time to encounter the earnest lamentations of Mr. Phillimore and the faithful Rembrandt over the recent departure of Wilford and his sister-in-law. He of course concluded that his friends had journeyed to Grilling Abbots. Martin had then hastened to the railway station; he found, however, that he was too late for the train which had conveyed his friends into the country. He had to wait some hours before there was another train to Mowle. He knew the importance of the intelligence he had obtained, while he dreaded the consequences that might be involved in any delay in communicating upon the subject with those most interested. Arrived at Mowle, late in the day, he had at once taken horse and proceeded to Grilling Abbots with all possible speed. The events that followed his appearance at the doctor's cottage have already been related.

Lenoir had put into writing the chief facts contained in his recital to Martin. This written statement, although it comprised a history of the career of the Frenchman by no means without interest and value, it is not necessary to set out here in detail, its connection with the chief characters of our narrative being often too remote and undefined. Monsieur Lenoir had moreover strengthened the especially important points of his statement by the production of evidence from various quarters. At a later period he obtained a letter from Regine, confirming all he had related in regard to her. She had been taken to the Charing Cross Hospital, and while still suffering acutely from the effects of her recent accident, had dictated a letter, to which she was able with some exertion to add her signature, and in which she confessed her share in the deception that had been practised, and besought pardon of all concerned for her fraud and wickedness.

It will be convenient for our purpose to consider the statement of Lenoir, and the letter of Regine, as one source from which we may derive a brief explanation of such of the foregoing facts as may appear to need elucidation. In truth, such details as we propose to give are obtained now from one, now from the other, of these documents—occasionally, indeed, from both—but it will not be necessary to trace back each fact to its specific author. As a whole, the following summary of information may be received as substantially authentic and complete.

René Lenoir, the son of respectable parents of the *bourgeois* class, had commenced life as a student of medicine at Paris. His habits were not very orderly. Soon he was a prisoner for debt at Clichy. There he formed an important acquaintance. There was a gentleman also confined for debt during Lenoir's sojourn at Clichy, who was of some fame as a composer and musical director. Lenoir had a passion for music, and an excellent barytone voice. The composer had also a passion for having his boots brilliantly polished. The captives came to a definite understanding and agreement—Lenoir blacked the composer's boots, the composer undertook the musical education of Lenoir. Released in due course from Clichy, Lenoir found that return to Paris, and continuance of his studies, would be as unavailing, as unattractive. His parents were dead, and they had left no money for their son. He joined a vagrant *troupe* of vocalists. Ultimately he crossed the frontier—for reasons best known to himself—and was soon a member of the chorus of the Grand Opera at Brussels; and also, it should be stated, one of the choir of the church of Saint Etienne du Mont, in that city. He was prosperous. He was now and then promoted to a small part in the opera—he was occasionally entrusted with a solo in one of the anthems sung at Saint Etienne du Mont. Years went by; he made progress as a singer. Meanwhile, he enjoyed himself after his wont, and, smoking his pipe at the window of his most ill-furnished *mansarde*, contemplated the sports of the young ladies, scholars at a neighbouring *pension*.

Lenoir was of a susceptible nature, was an admirer of the sex. In due time he found himself

deeply fascinated with one of his young neighbours—alight, small, a brunette with superb eyes. He wrote a sonnet to her eyebrows, wrapped the lines round a *bombon*, and flung the parcel at the feet of the young lady. She read the verse, and ate the confectionary; it would be hard to say which she liked the best. She was young; and probably her digestive organs, both mental and physical, were sound, strong, and good. She could not throw back other verse and *bombon*, for her lover's *mansarde* was up too high; but she replied appreciatingly—lovingly—with her eyes, and the mode of answer seemed to be quite as efficacious. Lenoir was charmed; and he never rested until he had become the accepted lover of Mademoiselle Regine Stephanie Pichot; more, until he had carried her off from the *pension* and made her his wife. The ceremony was performed by a not too respectable priest attached to the church of Saint Etienne du Mont. There was little difficulty about the matter. The young lady was an English subject, the daughter of English subjects; why should she not marry, if she so chose, even a member of the chorus of the opera—of the choir of St. Etienne? Of course Madame Latour, mistress of the *pension*, was very angry; but what did that matter? Her pupil was already sharing the *mansarde* of the husband.

Official proof of his marriage was annexed to Monsieur Lenoir's statement.

For a very short time the newly married couple were very happy indeed; they spent all the money they had in the world; they exhausted all their credit—that was soon done—they enjoyed themselves immensely. But they made mutual discoveries; the husband found that his wife had a temper that was not always angelic; the wife that her husband was idle, dissolute, poor. Soon it became necessary that Madame Lenoir should work in aid of the funds of the household. When Madame Pichot arrived from England to remove Regine from school, the young lady was found to be not only married, but also a promising figurante in the *ballet* of the Grand Opera, her husband being one of the best basses in the chorus of the same establishment.

Of course, there was a tremendous scene, into the particulars of which it is not advisable to enter. And Madame Pichot did not spare Madame Latour; the *pension* was ruined. Next, Monsieur Lenoir found himself again in prison, thanks, probably, to the connivance of his mother-in-law. Regine was taken to England, to enter the Harley Street house of Colonel Hugh Hadfield, and to meet there, for the first time, another lover, the Colonel's nephew, Wilford Hadfield. Lenoir came out of prison, after some time; he missed his wife a good deal at first, but he consoled himself. He had forfeited his engagement at the opera; he had only one mouth to feed now—it was quite as well. He returned to Paris; to become eventually a member of the French police, distinguished for his intelligence, versatility, and utter want of either heart or principle. When next he heard of his wife she was living in London; he wrote to her repeatedly. At one time he almost began to think his passion for her

was reviving. She replied to his letters. This correspondence, as the reader has been informed, came to the knowledge of Wilford Hadfield, and led to his separation from his wife, for such he believed Regine to be. When Lenoir next encountered the Pichots in Paris, they were living in apparent affluence, probably upon the money they had obtained under the will of Colonel Hadfield. But M. Pichot gambled very much. By-and-by, he was keeping a boarding house, in other words, a gaming-table. The police interfered; there was said to be a distinct conspiracy to defraud, in which the Pichot family were all implicated. Upon a charge arising out of this, true or false, it was hard to say, Regine was found guilty, and imprisoned in St. Lazare. She escaped, to quit France, return to the profession she had adopted at Brussels, to work hard, to appear at various continental theatres, with a rising fame as *Mademoiselle Boisfleury*, and ultimately to delight London at Mr. Grimshaw's establishment, with the result we have seen. Monsieur Dominique Pichot was less prosperous. He was not morally benefited by his incarceration. He formed imprudent acquaintances. From cheating at cards and conspiring to defraud, he advanced to forgery, robbery with violence, &c. He obtained at last a sentence of hard labour at the galleys for twenty years, upon a conviction for burglary and attempt to murder. It was not found possible at that time, to the regret of very many, to prove any complicity in the crime on the part of Madame Pichot. She was permitted to quit France, and in the character of Madame Boisfleury to *chaperone* her daughter, the danseuse, about the continent.

For Regine's share in the nefarious transactions we have narrated, it is only to be said, that she was completely an instrument in the evil-working hands of the Pichots. Born in India, luxurious by nature and habit, indolent, vain, pleasure-loving, it was not surprising that she should find the restrictions of the Belgian *pension* singularly irksome—it was not wonderful that she should turn a willing ear to the ardent petitions and promises of René Lenoir—since in these she found a certain escape from conditions that constrained and vexed her. It is even likely enough that, at the outset, she had believed in the devotedness of her admirer, as she had fancied that she reciprocated his devotion. Brought to England, she had attached herself greatly to Colonel Hugh; it is possible that this state of feeling was generated by certain hints let fall from time to time by Madame Pichot, to the effect that in the Colonel, Regine beheld her real father. In this affection, and in the threat to reveal to the Colonel the secret of her marriage with Lenoir, the Pichots found that they possessed extraordinary power over Regine, a leverage by means of which they could move her in whichever direction they might will. Regine—not naturally cruel—and shrinking from the villainy she saw impending, did all that was possible to avert from herself the affection of Wilford Hadfield. She was compelled to listen to him; as in time by means of threats, and cajoleries, and assurances that her first marriage was void, she was induced to become his wife. The

marriage accomplished, Regine found herself more than ever in the power of her putative parents. They informed her that she had been deliberately guilty of a felony, and that they had but to lay the facts of the case before the police to bring down upon her condign punishment. She, however, availed herself of the first opportunity to obtain a separation from Wilford, though she could not prevent this separation being made the means of extortion to an extraordinary amount. In truth, she had not been greatly moved by his love, occupied as she had been by the difficulties of her own position, and possibly by the remains of such affection as she had ever entertained for René Lenoir. The feeling she had permitted herself to manifest in her interview with Wilford, a short time before the accident, at the T. R. Long Acre, and the outburst of jealous rage with which she had dared to insult Violet and her child, can only be attributed to those uncontrollable impulses and violent changes of emotion to which a woman of Regine's nature and habits of life will always be subject. It is possible, however, that such love as she was capable of, might be aroused in Wilford's favour, by a recollection of his former devotion to her—a striking contrast, it might be, to such forms of passion as she had since had experience of—and the shameful injuries that devotion had entailed upon him, while the thought that this was now hopelessly gone from her, would be sufficient to prompt her to almost any excess of violence and anger.

Thus far we have drawn from the confessions of Lenoir and Regine such explanations as appear to be necessary for the proper understanding of our history. There is but little to add to the information thus obtained.

In a letter received from Lenoir at a date shortly subsequent to his statement Martin read :

"Be consoled, my dear friend; a dangerous person will be removed from your country—free, happy, and noble. There will be no *esclandre*. It will be done without the assistance of your minister of the interior: yet the hospitality superb of England will not be insulted. You will sleep, while we shall act; as under the influence of chloroform there will be removed from your bosom a cancer dangerous and painful; the operation will be performed adroitly by the government of which I have the honour to be an executive.

I am instructed to arrest Madame Pichot. She is hiding; but I owe it to her child—Monsieur Alexis—that I know where to find her. Monsieur Pichot, in the hope of ameliorating his condition, has made confessions implicating his wife. It is not generous; it is in effect cruel to the wife who loves her husband. But what do you wish? It is good for France, for justice, for the police. She will be apprehended to-night; to-morrow she will sleep in Paris—in prison. Ah! has she not cause to love her husband? But the wife has always cause.

"'And Monsieur Alexis escapes, then?' you ask me. I hear your voice, I see your looks. Ah, my friend! calm yourself, have patience. It is true: and you will believe no more in the justice poetic! But believe, then, in the poetry of

the police. He is free, but he is ours. A pretty criminal is the dear child; but we will leave him on the tree, not gather him too soon; he will be more worth our trouble by-and-by. Shun immature fruit—it tries too much the teeth and the stomach. Meanwhile leave him—idle, corrupt, wicked—alone in London, with the sleepless eyes of a paternal government watching over him. He is quite safe, the handcuffs are already made for him, and—laugh, my friend!—he loves the *maigre Blondette! Délassement suprême!* Say, then! do you still believe no more in the justice poetic?"

By way of more last words we are permitted to add the following. The date is as of the 21st December, 185—, three years later, it should be stated, than any of the events previously chronicled.

EXTRACT FROM THE DIARY OF GEORGE MARTIN.

"*Temple, London.*

"This morning I received a letter from my old friend Wilford, reminding me of my promise to spend Christmas at Grilling Abbots. I had not forgotten it; though I do believe that I am coward enough to avoid this visit if it were possible. But it is not; I must go. He accuses me of neglect; says that upon a shameful pretext I evaded joining their happy party last year; that we never meet now, and that it is my fault. Perhaps he has reason for these reproaches.

"We do seldom meet; and for correspondence it is not, I think, in the nature of men to write letters—conversational, friendly letters. They can't do it; only grim, brief, hard notes, which satisfy neither writer nor reader. And we are parted by circumstances. Time has brought him peace and happiness and success, I am happy to know. What need has he to linger in this dreadful, depressing, heartless London? He is in the country; the tenant of the beautiful old Manor House Farm on the Hadfield estate. I believe Stephen had his way in that matter, at last, and the farm is to be settled on little Wilford. There was a great fight about it, but the ladies were all on Stephen's side, and Wilford was overwhelmed at last by numbers. It is a noble old place, with high gable-ends, stone coigns and window-cases, and with Prince Rupert's name scratched on one of the panes—he was there one night only during the Civil War. The grand old hall, with its carved oak panels and mantelpiece and ceilings, would be the very place of all others in which to spend Christmas—and yet—and yet—

"Does *she* know my secret? I feel she does. She knows it, and yet will not know it. It is better so, for it is folly, madness, this secret! I feel that she has read me through on the subject, and gently, tenderly, has given me her pity and her sympathy—as, indeed, she would bestow them upon any one who suffered; and I know, at least I think I do, the good soul's dream, her plan for my happiness. Is it not to bring me to Madge's feet?

Dear Madge! she is very charming; and so good and true—we are great friends. Can she care for me ever so little? Sometimes I think

this may be so; at other times it seems fairly impossible. I never feel so old as when I am basking in the radiance of Madge's youth and beauty; it is always in the strong sunlight that one's wrinkles become the most visible. There is certainly great happiness in going down with worn nerves, jaded and gloomy from the overwork of my life here, to the peace and calm of the Manor House; to hear in the evening the lovely voice of Violet giving new beauty to those old true melodies of Mozart; to talk with Wilford over a pipe in the snug porch; to romp with little Wilford on the lawn; or to sing absurd songs and give endless rides upon my knee to the tiny second child, just two years old, little Gertrude Violet, my god-daughter, for whom, by the way, I must take down all sorts of presents at Christmas. How dreadful to have children thinking one shabby! It's hard if one can't even be a hero to them. And I have omitted Madge from my list. Is it no pleasure to gaze into the lustrous depths of her superb blue eyes? Yes, indeed it is.

"This is all great happiness. Yet the coming back here again is so dreadful! My life seems to be so utterly lonely and wretched; indeed, solitude begins to grow very detestable. It is because for one reason, these notions torture me so when I return to town that I am always vowing that I will never leave it again. Yet I have promised to spend Christmas at Grilling Abbots!

"And I am to meet old Phillimore there, am I? The good old boy. He has taken, Wilford writes, Mrs. Gardiner's cottage and settled just outside Grilling Abbots. He boasts of his collection of landscapes by Gainsborough, and is always arranging what he calls 'nice bits of still life' in his garden. They say he was quite shocked to find there had been an addition to the family in the shape of little Gertrude. He declares it is quite unparalleled in art to introduce the figure of a female child into a *riposé*. He never heard of such a thing, and wonders what St. Joseph, means by it. The faithful Sally, the Rembrandt, is still in his service. He busies himself with arranging and cleaning and rearranging the pictures in the gallery at the Grange, and in teaching drawing and a love of art to Stephen's children and to little Wilford. He has publicly announced that the boy is to be his heir—'he has developed into such a beautiful Vandyke.' The child seems to be really quite attached to the old gentleman, and I know that Wilford and Violet have a great regard for him—he is associated in their minds with a very remarkable period of their married life. It was rather a shame of Wilford—putting the old picture-dealer into his last novel. However, the old gentleman read the book, and pronounced his opinion upon it without having remarked his own portrait, and so no great harm was done. Indeed I think Mr. Phillimore somehow had rather the best of it, though Wilford pretended not to be vexed that his picture had not been recognised, and said the likeness was unimpeached notwithstanding.

"How strangely one hears of things! That queer fellow, C—, was here to-day. He has just returned from Paris—full of a wonderful dancer at the Grand Opera—a Madame Lenoir-Boisfleury. She is making a large fortune and turning the

heads of the Parisians by her daring style of performance. Surely this must be Regine again? But *Lenoir-Boisfleury*? Is my police friend at her side then—giving her the protection of his name—and receiving her salary in return? It is not impossible.

"Well, I have written to Wilford. I spend Christmas in the old Manor Farm-house. There is to be more mirth they promise themselves than they have known for some years past.

"New Year's Day—we are all to be *fêted* at the Grange. That good Mrs. Stephen! she has already decided which of her daughters is to be married to little Wilford, and which of her young gentlemen is to give his hand to my little god-daughter. She is a good woman; and she has been scheming too, I know, as to another wedding, to take place at an earlier date I presume. She thinks dear old Mr. Fuller's second daughter and that Mr. Martin are quite cut out for each other!

"Who can tell how this will end?

"I will go to the farmhouse—I will look carefully into the dear child's sweet face—if I see one glance that seems to bid me speak, I—

"But I must stop for to-night. Past two o'clock, and the lamp going out. Let me close my book!"

(Conclusion.)

HOW TO DEAL WITH OUR RURAL POOR.

CIRCUMSTANCES caused my husband and myself to settle on a property of which we had rather unexpectedly become possessed in one of the largest counties in the north of England. Wild and extensive, remote from the county-town, or indeed any town, the sea and the moors cutting it off from society on one hand, and an enormous property in the hands of an unsocial proprietor as effectually doing so on the other, our children and ourselves looked forward with some dismay to the loss of the agreeable and varied society we had enjoyed in a very different part of England. Our new home was aptly described by one of them as "ten miles from everywhere." However they as well as we fully responded to the now somewhat trite saying that "Property has its duties as well as its rights," and we set forth in no desponding mood to take possession—perhaps even with some little feeling of pride in becoming landed proprietors and members of the genuine squirearchy. We had a very old and rambling house to make inhabitable, a wilderness to form into a trim garden, and, last not least, a tenantry whom we were very sincerely anxious to attach to us and to benefit. In this last we were successful; and I do not think the little history of the means we pursued can be uninteresting in these days, when such real zeal exists for benefiting the lower classes of society. All landed proprietors cannot build model cottages and mediæval schools, but all may exert an influence of a most beneficial character, with even small pecuniary means at their command. The day in which we are living is one of peculiar difficulty as regards the dealings of classes with each other. The acknowledged tendency of all European nations is towards democracy, though our insular position has staved off this evil—

if we may venture to call that evil which seems, in the order of Providence, to be at least one of the phases through which the nations must pass in their progress to the unknown Hereafter—the old feudal feeling of the poor towards the upper classes has all but disappeared, though it is retained to a certain extent in the higher classes towards them. Antagonism is too often the consequence of this divergence on their part, and irritation arises in the mind of a landlord when he finds his schemes for benefiting his people received at best with indifference, and too often thwarted altogether, his schools unattended, and a disheartening ingratitude his sole return for much honest effort. Sometimes, again, a great return is expected for small mercies, and much subversy required for doles of broth and flannel—one altogether disproportionate to the benefit conferred.

I determined from the beginning to take these people in hand in my own way. But I must begin at the beginning of my little history.

We brought with us from the south a staff of servants on whom we thought our comfort depended—*treasures* who, one and all, gave warning when they saw the wilderness we had brought them to, and that all was not exactly ready to their hands, and, as I learnt afterwards, frightened by there being a well-authenticated ghost-story attaching to the house. Their places were soon supplied by natives; the gardener we found there had been retained from the first.

The expenses of taking possession of this neglected property were enormous. In addition to our own house, every farm-house and its buildings required repairing, and the whole of the land wanted draining, and I felt that we must give up London and every expense that would take us from the place. We determined to throw our whole minds into the business we had undertaken, and to find our happiness in doing our duty in the position we were placed in. I was told that the village had been entirely spoiled by our predecessors, that its inhabitants were a dishonest, ungrateful crew, and had always had the habit of living on the Hall and pilfering all they could lay their hands on, and that, far from being as I supposed an unsophisticated set, they were up to all sorts of tricks. I had always had my own idea of how the power of influencing the poor should be obtained, and I determined to take these people in hand my own way. I argued thus: Human nature is the same in all classes; if I wished to obtain the affection of people in my own rank in life, how should I set about it? Should I not see them frequently, to become thoroughly acquainted with them, in the first instance, and then, by sympathy in their joys and sorrows, obtain their regard? I determined from the first *never* to give money when I visited in my village. It must act in two ways. I felt sure, in the first place, not being rich, it would make my visits fewer, and if I was looked upon as a mere doler of half-crowns, the expectation of this donation would, on their part, unconsciously perhaps, give them the feeling that they must give the money's worth in flattery and humbug. A physician's feeling, when he knows you have your guinea in your hand, will best explain what I mean, all but

the flattery and humbug. Advice I determined not to give till I knew them well. In my own class of life there are many who are really poor, but what would be their feelings if I called on them, advised them how and where to buy their clothes, ordered their dinners, and gave them a ten-pound note? Depend upon it, the poor feel as we do, and that it often requires an effort and all the feelings of dependence they have on a landlord not to reject our money and advice with scorn; and love will never spring up if there is no better intercourse than that with the poor. I determined to see them each and all constantly, to make myself thoroughly acquainted with the characters and circumstances of each family, not doubting that events would arrive in which they would find they had in me an intimate and reliable friend, to whom they could open their hearts in joy and sorrow; but I was aware that this could only be the growth of time.

My first visit was to an old farmer, the only freeholder in the place. I ought perhaps to mention, that in one respect we enjoyed a peculiar facility in dealing with these people, for both my husband and myself belonged to the old county families, and our names were well known to them; several had relations living under the heads of our families, either as tenants or servants; so we were accepted at once as a *gentleman* and a *lady*, and those who know the poor know that there is no class that has a higher notion of what those two words mean, or of that to which *noblesse oblige*.

My visit to the old freeholder in question was thus described by him to one of my family:

"Heh! but you have a good mother; none of your little set up, cocked up bodies, but a good* plain woman. Mary made her a cup of tea, and she talked just as if she had been my mother."

It is very essential to understand the grades of rank amongst the lower orders, or we may unconsciously offend them grievously. Have we never been offended by those above us forgetting our own smaller claims of this nature? An English freeholder, living on the land that has come down to him from father to son, for many generations, ranks very high; his stake in the country is as valuable to him as to the country gentleman; and his politics are generally conservative; his feelings are perfectly independent; and I have seen in such a much nearer approach, both in manner and appearance, to the *old British nobleman* than in any other class. There is in such persons an entire absence of assumption, and great simplicity of manners.

Beware of appearing to condescend and be affable to a man of this class; behave to him, when you visit him, as you would to the man he resembles. You are then "the good plain woman," namely, the simple-mannered gentleman he admires. This one had always been in opposition to every plan suggested in the parish, and would not go to church, because he had a personal quarrel with the rector! We won him over, and before a year had passed he was willing to aid in every scheme we had on hand.

My husband had brought with him from the

south many of the new—at least, what were then new—farming implements: drills and clod-crushers, hoeing and hay-making machines. These were the subject of a very great curiosity. I have seen all the scanty population of our parish gathered together to watch them at work. They saw their merits at once. The draining of the land was the great stumbling-block.

"It's to no use, Cunnel, saying what's done in other parts. I woant say I has not heard tell about drainin'; but you're clearly wrong with your land, Cunnel; t' land will grow varry little with t' whatter (water) on it; and what will it grow if ye tack it away?"

Many were the shakes of the head over the Colonel's "newfangled notions," and the prophecies that "he would ruin them twa fine lads o' his."

The draining of his own farm was the first experiment; and in two years after that all his tenants, by their own wish, paid him five per cent. on what he laid out for them in this way.

We invited the whole of our tenantry, farmers and cottagers, to a housewarming on our first arrival. I took as much pains to ascertain the rights of precedence, as if I had been receiving the first people in the county. I am sure this caused the success of our *fête*, which gave immense satisfaction.

The freeholder (he was the only one in our parish), the farmers and their wives, we had at our own table, in our own dining-room; their sons and daughters at another table, presided over by our sons and daughters; the cottagers in the servants' hall, waited on by our upper servants.

My directions were, that the tables should be entirely covered, each dish to touch the other.

"Heh! Cunnel, but your missis is a rare provider!" I had the gratification of overhearing.

We had many such gatherings.

Shortly after this entertainment, one of our family had an illness. If he had eaten all the ducks and chickens and dozens of new-laid eggs which were sent as appropriate presents for invalid diet, he might soon have had another. He constantly had tea with our tenant-farmers, and never refused to taste the cake and (what was a real trial) the gin and the rum which was offered with it.

We were determined to be popular, and to have our ideas adopted; and as we decidedly succeeded, where many who are equally anxious signally fail, I hope my readers will excuse my detailing all the methods pursued.

A school existed in the village—such a one as satisfied a bygone generation. The master was a cripple and a drunkard, and had been a saddler. Our good rector had made many efforts to get a more efficient man, and at one time thought he had succeeded. He had engaged a master from the Training School at N—, and had a promise from the farmers to guarantee a certain income to the man, independent of scholars, who in a scanty population always fluctuate much in number. During the rector's absence he unfortunately fell ill, and had to return to his friends at a distance, for some months. On his return he found the saddler reinstated; and on complaining to the

* Simple.

principal tenant, who, he found, had been mainly instrumental in effecting this change, the answer was :

"Why, you see, sir, it was a deal o' money we had to give you chap; t'ould maister was good enough for the likes of us. What's t' use o' such a deal o' schooling? You see, sir, I was at school mysel' for a month when I was a lad, and what good did it do me?"

Certainly none. The objection was unanswerable. A school-room was built, and a first-rate master engaged. We had to build a house for him, and this contained a room large enough for us to gather our people together, and to give a lecture in, occasionally. The master had under his care a well-selected lending library; but I think nothing we did gave more pleasure, or promoted more the happiness of young and old, than a system of prizes for the prettiest and neatest flower gardens. Our cottages were low, miserable places: to rebuild them all at once was to us an impossibility. Most of them consisted of one room on the ground floor, with one above, reached by a narrow ladder, and a "lean-to" behind. It was a service of difficulty to visit the sick. One poor woman, who was yearly in an interesting situation, and who had broken her arm, the bone of which had never afterwards united, was always unable, for the last month, to climb her perch, and used to take to her bed at that period, and lie there, patiently awaiting the event! It is well old times are passed away, when such dwellings could be built for labourers. By fencing in the ground before their doors, and thus giving each a neat little plot of ground, it was for many months of the year like an additional room. It was most pleasing to see every spare moment devoted to these little gardens, which were altogether *de Saxe*, for they had others for cabbages and potatoes out of sight. The whole aspect of the village was altered; a small sum effected it, and it answered so thoroughly, that I am tempted to give the rules* by which the prizes were obtained, to show how much may be done with small means, when they exactly hit the circumstances of the case: given, a frightful village, to make into a sightly and pleasant one.

The garden was delivered over into my especial charge, and the gardener duly informed that my orders were to be carried out. He had lived all his life on the property, and a garden, according to my understanding of the word, he had never seen. If he had been altogether ignorant, I should have had hopes of him; but he was self-taught—a genius in his own estimation, and the oracle of

the village. He had the most supreme contempt for all female learning. My husband had told him that the garden was my exclusive domain, and that every order I gave was to be carried out exactly, to which he replied, "Yes, sir, we must indulge the weaker sex." The "Gardener's Chronicle" he would not read. "He had learnt all that when he was a 'prentice." His learning was indeed overwhelming. He was transplanting for me a shrub, which I was unacquainted with. I asked him its name. He left his place, came within a few paces, placed his foot on his spade, assumed an attitude: "That, mum, is the Athenian Laurel, with which the ancients bound the brows of their heroes at the Olympian games." This was said with a look of, "What have you to say to that, mum?" I found contention with him hopeless. I had brought the loveliest plants with me, which all died under his hands, so his days in our service were numbered; for utterly deprived of society as I was, if my garden had failed me as an amusement, I should have been badly off indeed.

In many outlying districts, money that has been left for charitable or benevolent purposes, has been diverted by neglect and the cupidity of overseers from its original intent; and it is very useful to look up these things and restore them, when feasible, to their rightful purpose. Money had been left by a benevolent ancestor to maintain a footpath between our church and a distant village. For generations the overseers had appropriated this sum for mending the roads (such roads!) and saving their pockets. My husband set this right, and a nice dry causeway was made through the street, to be carried on as the fund allowed. Our predecessors had been quite old, jog trot, country gentry, who had never thought of this, nor of an open sewer, which ran the length of the village. We found typhus a constant autumnal visitor—it left us for ever under the new régime.

In making my calls and ascertaining exactly of how many each family consisted, I was truly shocked to find the number of, what they were pleased to call, love children, and the very lenient view taken of lapses of male and female chastity. One old woman, who I knew was unmarried, showed me, with evident pride, two great louts who had come home on the Saturday to bring her their linen to wash.

"Your sons! I did not know you were a married womap!"

"Well, you see, mum, they were little mistakes of mine when I was young."

Little mistakes indeed! I showed my disapproval of all such proceedings by omitting to invite any such delinquent to our tea-drinkings, and by giving no caudle to such damsels as returned to the paternal abode under disgraceful circumstances.

Neither parents nor children seemed to view this great sin as they ought.

My garden-prizes were strictly for gardening. It so happened that the greatest scamp in the parish obtained the highest prize the first year. It was suggested by a friend that it ought not to be given him, on moral grounds; but I adhered to the rules, and I have reason to believe that the

* RULES FOR THE COTTAGE GARDENS.—First prize, 12s.; second prize, 7s.; third prize, 5s.; fourth prize, 3s. 6d.; fifth prize, 2s. 6d. These given on the 1st of November. The first prize cannot be obtained two years running, but may the third year. The cottages to be all washed the same shade of stone-colour, every year, in March; the hedges to be neatly clipped, all of an even height; the walk to be kept neat and even; any of the following creepers to be trained against the house,—pyracantha, pyrus japonica, Virginian creeper, climbing roses. April: primroses, Van Thols, polyanthus, hepatica, yellow auricula, wallflowers, pansies, red and white daisies. July: roses, white lilies, pinks, carnations, nasturtiums, sweet-pea, any gay annuals. September: scarlet geraniums, white petunias, dabbias, mary-golds, &c., &c. The gardens will be inspected in the months named, and those that are neatest, as well as the gayest, all the year, will have the preference.

strict justice shown did more for morality than any deviation would have done, and gave me more influence. I told him, on presenting it, that when I gave a prize for the *best man*, I hoped he would obtain that also.

We had a contumacious blacksmith who never would come into the gardening rules, and who had the gratification of seeing his home the only eyesore of the village. My husband allotted a certain field for what were then called cow-gates, and built a row of cow-sheds. A cricket-club he also organised, in which our sons played; it was most useful in keeping the young men from the public-house on Saturday nights, and made the rising generation intimately known to us.

Our labourers' wages were always paid on a Friday, to enable a judicious expenditure of them at the Saturday market. So much labour was in demand that the rate of wages, for some miles round, rose considerably and permanently. It was delightful, after working on for seven years, to see the changed aspect of everything around us—it was a rich reward for what had been very happy work.

My pen almost refuses to go on with my history, but I should never have known the deep affection felt by these poor villagers, had not one of those life shocks that scatters existence, and leaves it a blank and dreary waste, henceforth and for ever fallen on me!

I was gone—my place knew me no more. No explanation had these poor friends; but, years after, I found they had never doubted me. I was staying in the neighbourhood and drove over to see them, and few such days greet one, in this life, as the one I spent with them. My visit was wholly unexpected. As I walked down the village, the first woman I met was one whose child had almost died in my arms. She looked as if she had seen a vision; then, setting down her water-pail, she seized both my hands, and finally threw her arms round my neck and wept there. I went into every home—tears and the tenderest welcome greeted me; they showed me much true delicacy—such an absence of all unseemly curiosity, and of questions that might have pained me; such charming anecdotes were remembered and told me about my children! All that could cheer and comfort me they seemed to think of with such demonstration of affection that it was what one would have thought more appertaining to Irish than English character: it was beautiful and deeply affecting. I had put up our horses at a neighbouring farmhouse; the tenant who held it when I lived near was dead—and my visit was to his widow. There had been a sale after the sad catastrophe I have alluded to, and all the little treasures accumulated in happy days—each with some dear association attached to it—were scattered for ever. One single article I had commissioned this good man to bid for; it chanced to be—so his daughter told me—*now*, the one thing he wished to buy himself, and several persons also came from a distance to purchase it. But he passed the word in the crowd that he was “bidding for the missis,” and no one bid against him. He had insisted on packing it and sending it with his own team to the station.

In no spirit of self-laudation have I written this little history, but to prove that the hearts and

feelings of the poor may be gained by those who will try, as we tried, by sympathy and real love to them in the beautiful words of Scripture, “Weeping with those that weep, and rejoicing with those that rejoice.” The poor are accurate judges of character—I should say, better judges than we are; they see it more undisguised, and know its deep springs, which, with us, are lost in artificial wanderings over cultured fields, and are too often absorbed in the selfishness of over-refinement. All affectation with them is seen through in a moment. Nothing is gained by an undignified familiarity. The manners of a gentleman and a lady you must never attempt to lay aside to accommodate yourself to their vulgarity; their manners will refine under your influence; hats that, at first, would not have been even touched as you passed them, will come off altogether, if they feel sure of a kindly greeting in return.

How natural this is! Did we never look another way if a fine lady, whom we thought likely to cut us, was driving past us in the park?

The old feudal feelings of aristocracy are dying out all around us. Democracy is upon us—it is inevitable—and we *must* accept the situation; but, if we are to be the “masters” of it, we must help to carry out the only safe democracy, which is that of a developed Christianity. K. T. L.

RAIN.

In one of the earliest notices of our island to be found in Latin authors the reproach which even now is so often cast upon its climate is at once broadly stated. “Britain,” says Tacitus, “has an atmosphere foul with showers and clouds.” November is popularly supposed to be the month in which such influences have most power, and in which consequently, it is said, that most suicides occur. As a matter of fact, however, England, though a rainy country, is far surpassed by Norway, and even by a part of Spain. Except in such an abnormal year as 1860, sunny weather during six months at least may be reasonably expected as the rule and not the exception. Yet the misty ideas of the Roman historian still float in people's minds. Even if dispossessed of the notion that England as a country is remarkable for rain and clouds, every one transfers the notion to his own county or to some other county where his summer holiday was once spoilt, so as to suit his particular grievance. Devon and Westmoreland are special victims to this, but Lincolnshire is the general scapegoat for atmospheric sins. It is but quite recently that railroads have informed people that its inhabitants are not web-footed, and do not keep boats instead of carriages. It is supposed to be the home of fogs, mists, and aguish miasmata. Only those who are deeply read can discriminate between the fens, wolds, and marsh into which it is physically divided; and the leaping-poles, still to be seen in a few districts, serve to keep in a state of credulous vitality the fabulous notions which have been mentioned. Yet, notwithstanding its evil odour, statistics disclose to us that Lincolnshire is amongst the driest counties of England.

One of the most thankless offices of science is

that of destroying popular beliefs. If it were not to run the hazard of bringing witch-burning into repute again, we should much like to assert that while wizards and alchemists flourished society was more honest and simple and courteous; and to confirm our statement, we should allege that in villages where a little superstition still lingers there is more true courtesousness and brotherly love than in many places which are better enlightened. However, it is an ill-work to stop the wheels of progress. If we turn to the domain of history, Niebuhr and Grote have shown that truth and certainty do not lie on the surface of primitive legends; yet few, we apprehend, are duly grateful for the criticism which has destroyed a belief in the exploits of the heroes so dear to their childhood. Thus, when we consider how intimately our daily hopes and fears are bound up with the uncertainty of the weather—how important an element is its fickleness in the intercourse of social life—how naturally we give and accept guesses on its present and future aspects as often as we shake hands with a friend, it is not too much to predict that he who shall succeed in bringing meteorological phenomena under a few simple laws, so as to enable every man to be his own weather-prophet, will not win a gracious welcome from most domestic philosophers. How mournful then will it be to see Paterfamilias tapping the barometer that to him, at least, was never wont to be mendacious, or inspecting the skies as he used to do every morning in pre-scientific times, when Charlie—home for the holidays, with some "Smith's Law," or "Jones's Theory," at his fingers' ends—will be able to inform his father in a moment, that "rainy days being as the squares of the full moon, to-day, the 9th of May, must be fine until three o'clock."

Yet it is to this end that inductive science practically looks. She sets before her the noble purpose of increasing man's command over nature, and so lessening the amount of dangers to life and property with which the elements are fraught. To reduce under fixed laws the atmospheric causes of these dangers, which seem in single instances so capricious, this is what induction as applied to the physical sciences seeks to effect. Of these sciences meteorology is still in its infancy. So very many causes in our inland home concur to make up a rainy day that we cannot as yet seize them, or ascertain their mutual connection and sequence. Nay, no two people are at present agreed as to what is a rainy day. Johnson was in his office during business hours, but it was fine after breakfast and again when he walked home to dinner; he can therefore by no means agree with Thompson who assures him next morning that yesterday was the wettest day of the season—he wished to take his wife to Sydenham, and it poured all day. Harrison's remembrance of it, again, is, that all the morning was fine; he was up long before his usual time to go to Exeter by the South Western, and it was only, he will tell you, as he approached the treacherous county of Devon, that it began to rain at all. Again, to continue our familiar illustrations, A.'s gauge measured so many decimals on such a day; he has only registered observations for two years, and finding this the

maximum he has known, confidently pronounces it an exceptionally wet day. His neighbour B., with a register of a dozen years, knows that very many such days occur in such a time, and judges it therefore an ordinarily wet day. C., however, a Fellow of two or three meteorological societies, and familiar with the registration of half a century, sees nothing at all uncommon in it. For it is an axiom of meteorology, as indeed of all the statistical sciences, that it requires the careful registration of many years before any definite conclusions can be drawn as to the rainfall at any particular place. When we add that all stations vary with the physical conformation round them in regard to the amount of rain they receive, that even at the same place observations taken on the ground and from an instrument elevated only a few feet above it differ greatly, owing to currents, evaporation, radiation, &c., some idea of the Protean character of the facts with which the meteorologist has to grapple may be formed.

Unlike many of the sciences sprung from modern research, meteorology is pursued at a great disadvantage, as we are solely dependent on hypothesis and observation for a knowledge of its laws. It is true that one observation, or series of observations, can be tested by others, and one generalisation corrected by another; but experiment, the handmaid of observation, cannot in this case go hand in hand with it. Even what seems such an impracticable science as geology enjoys greater advantages in this respect, for the chemist's art can imitate the structure of many rocks and minerals sufficiently to verify theory. At present, however, we must mainly look to observation, as statistically developed, for the laws of rainfall. It is a great step to know the mean fall of, say ten years, at any place in the United Kingdom; inductions may be drawn from this; by comparing results at different places; different theories may be evolved, or light thrown on some leading view. At all events, a body of statistics furnishes even an outside labourer with something on which to work. It is every one's part who is at all interested in the study to contribute what he can of time and observation towards supplying additional facts on our rainfall. And eventually, where a large amount of figures has been amassed, the future genius, we may hope, whose quick wit shall turn them to the best account, will hit out the exact law underlying all. Inferences will then easily be drawn, conferring a particular knowledge at every station where the rainfall has been registered, of the seemingly capricious alternations of fair and wet in our climate.

It was in this way that Humboldt was enabled to lay down his "isothermal lines" in the analogous phenomena of temperature. It is to this end that Mr. G. J. Symons has just published a pamphlet "On the Distribution of Rain over the British Isles during the Years 1860 and 1861, as observed at about 500 stations in Great Britain and Ireland," which is exceedingly valuable to all who take an interest in the weather. "In 1861," Mr. Symons remarks, "England, as a whole, was below the average, and Scotland above it" (taking the mean of the ten years 1850 to 1859 as the standard of reference). Places on the west

coasts, north of lat. 54, were even wetter than during 1860. In the case of Scotland, he tells us, excessive autumnal rains are regarded as the cause of the unusual amount which fell there.

But before we look at the rainfall of the United Kingdom, let us glance at a few of the causes of rain. It is very closely connected with wind. Thus, in tropical countries, where the trade-winds blow regularly, the rains are invariable concomitants. Hence could we, like Ulysses, keep the winds imprisoned, we should also decrease the amount of rain; or if we could ascertain the periodicity of our so-called variable winds, many more predictions of fine weather might be hazarded than can now be announced except in the pages of "Zadkiel." Again, the sea, from the evaporation constantly going on over its surface, from the warmth of its waters, and from the manner in which the Gulf Stream affects the adjacent coasts, is a prominent cause of rain. Thus islands, or indeed any large extent of coast, are more rainy than inland countries. This is more especially the case if there are mountains near the shore to attract and condense on their colder summits the warm vapours wafted from the sea. Rain then falls, and the temperature of the air is proportionably heightened. This phenomenon is very common along our western coasts from the breezy hills of North Devon watering the neighbouring "combes" with the riches of the Atlantic, through the mist-covered Welsh mountains, up to the Lake region. The climate of Norway, again, is almost a perpetual drizzle, from the south-west winds precipitating the vapours with which they are charged as soon as they reach the mountainous backbone of the peninsula, while Sweden, on the other side of it, is blessed with a dry cold climate.

A wooded country is almost invariably a wet country. The climate of Italy has been much improved by cutting down many of the Apennine woods; and Germany, owing to the clearing away of its dense forests, has obtained a similar blessing. Most likely this change has passed over our own country; many parts of it in ancient times were covered with forests, of which prehistoric traces may be often seen in quarries, and historic remains are occasionally disclosed at a very low tide, or when a bog is being drained. Of late years the Brazilian government deemed it necessary to forbid any more wood to be cut on the Organ mountains, for it was found that the rainfall of Rio Janeiro, which lies at their base, was thereby being inconveniently lowered. The disturbances of our atmosphere, induced by the movements of the heavenly bodies, eclipses, comets, changes of the moon, &c., affect the weather greatly. Electricity and other agents are also intimately connected with the phenomena of rainfall. Perhaps science may be able some day to take them accurately into account. These then are a few of the causes regulating rain.

As for our familiar modes of judging the weather—the solstices, the months April, July, and November are proverbially wet. Then when the air is dense the rising mercury tells of fine weather, and of change when it falls. Rain, too, may be foretold from the common sights and sounds of everyday experience; rainbows, sunsets,

"mare's-tails," are reckoned valuable prognostics by the weather-wise. Still it is undeniable that not even all the skill of the most accomplished reader of the skies can always secure even a few hours fine weather in this fickle climate. Even the superstitious carrying of an umbrella fails at times. Science must therefore step in and see if her exactitude cannot supplement the guesses of plain men on this subject. Many a valuable life has already been saved by the use of the barometer and electric telegraph at seaport towns. But no one can yet say positively whether next week will be fair or foul, though meteorology seems yearly approximating to it more closely.

The rain-gauge for the present must be relied on as the meteorologist's greatest help. It tells how high, when rain has fallen, it would rise did not the earth imbibe any of it, and were there no evaporation. Mr. Symons, having, as above mentioned, published the most accurate lists he could obtain from some five hundred stations in the United Kingdom, enables us to compare the results. Let us first take England during 1861. The whole Eastern coast, we find, is remarkable for the small amount of rain which fell on it. Northumberland, the East Riding, Lincolnshire, Kent, are all at a low figure. Sussex rises somewhat; here the mists of the English channel come in as a disturbing element, consequently it is rainier than any of the Eastern coast counties. Hants, west of it, is worse again. Dorset worse again; and so through Devon to the Land's End, more rain falls as we get more west. Thus, at Penzance, the total quantity which fell was 40·98 inches; whereas at Dover (though four inches in advance of any other registered town in Kent) there fell only 28·41 inches. Southampton, St. Leonard's, and Worthing, from their maritime situations, are wetter than the inland towns of the counties. But Exmouth, Dawlish, and Teignmouth, notwithstanding the sea, are very much drier than the inland stations of Devon, probably owing to the rainy influences of the Dartmoor peaks, and of the hilly character of the county generally. Barnstaple had ten inches more rain than Exeter, which is usually considered to be a very wet city. West Somerset is remarkably dry, the rain exhausting itself on Exmoor; but the quantity increases on leaving the sea and travelling east. Thus Taunton registered 26·77 inches; but Bath 34·02. Much rain falls in South Wales, Swansea and Haverfordwest registering respectively 66·78 and 51·80 inches. North Wales is but scantily supplied with stations, yet the climate seems very different if we may judge from Llandudno, where 31·00 inches fell, and Hawarden, lower still, 21·82. Lancashire and the Lake district were exceedingly wet, Liverpool registering least rain (31·28 inches), but Coniston 102·20, Troutbeck 116·26, and Seathwaite the enormous quantity of 182·58 inches, more than fell at any other place in the United Kingdom, and more than five times as much as the general average of English stations. Looking at a few inland counties, Bedford, Cambridge, Bucks and Notts may be regarded as dry; Derby is wet, as might be expected from its formation.

Mr. Symons has obtained few records from

Ireland, but Valentia had the highest rainfall, 72·40 inches. Dublin (27·49 inches) was remarkably small. Waterford and Galway are registered as rainy places. As for Scotland, all the west coast is very wet. The maximum of Scotland was at Portree, Isle of Skye (139·04 inches); and the least at Edinburgh (18·82 inches). The least rain in the United Kingdom fell at Empingham, in Rutland (15·42 inches); more than double this amount fell at Seathwaite, in the month of November alone. Perthshire, particularly the Trossachs, like the English Lake district, was eminently wet in 1861. All the Eastern coast of Scotland, especially Forfar, share in the freedom from rain which marks the English Eastern coast.

Any one may draw his own inductions with respect to other places by comparing this handful of facts with the physical geography of the United Kingdom. The registers of 1860, subject to the great difference we mentioned above between the two years, appear to confirm them. But more returns are imperatively required. Of course the more statistics that can be obtained in these inquiries, the more valuable will be the conclusions they warrant. Mr. Symons begs for old observations from any one who possesses them; and let us conclude by persuading all who would aid science and theorise on their own climate, to purchase a rain-gauge, and register its returns diligently. Many places are vacant in Mr. Symons's lists; for instance, there are no statistics from such exceptional climatic points as Buxton and Matlock. North Devon also is singularly destitute of observers. Ilfracombe, at the confluence of the Atlantic and Bristol Channel, would be eminently suited for observation.

And even if registering the rainfall seems dull work in ordinary seasons, the observer is amply repaid when exceptional weather occurs. By carefully noting it, he may then increase in a marked manner the interests of science. Amongst unscientific mortals, too, he becomes at once an authority; like Squire Ralph, he is

Infallible

As three or four-legged oracle,
Deep-sighted in intelligences,
Ideas, atoms, influences,

men look up to him and quote his sayings. In many secondary ways, too, the occupation may be of use to a man. We knew an old gentleman very fond of his rain-gauge, and so attached to his garden, that nothing short of a general election could tempt him through the streets to the newsroom. Suddenly, one November, came a mighty storm. Torrents of rain fell. Walls were carried away—a brook broke into the road and drowned a passer-by. Then was our friend in his element indeed. He chuckled and rubbed his hands, appeared in public (like the lady of the toyhouses, who ventures out in fine weather), collected different reports, informed all men that so many inches, an unprecedented amount, had fallen in three days, he never remembered so much wet “since the Walcheren Expedition.” Though usually a martyr to gout every autumn, this unaccustomed activity proved so salutary, that no doctor appeared at his house during that winter.

HEAD-GEAR IN THE SOUTH.

ENGLISH females have little notion of the artistic effect of wearing, as many of the better class of the sex do in Lombardy, those very becoming black veils, which cover great part of the head, neck, and shoulders. They would also be astonished for awhile at meeting, in the streets of Genoa, with something very different from any covering for the head used hereabouts in the muslin Pezzotto, which is pinned into the hair of the ladies, and floats away from it, and in the gaudy Mezzaro scarf which is worn by their poorer neighbours. There is something to look at in the showy handkerchiefs of the Livornese, and something to admire in the pretty white shawl which adorns, while partially concealing, the locks of the fair ones of Bologna. The white folded square, which painters commonly place upon the heads of their plebeian figures belonging to Rome, will probably disappoint the observer, so far as the place itself is concerned. For it is not often worn by any but those wrinkled dames who used to play on the banks of the Tiber some time last century, and are now too conservative to submit to any new-fangled notion about showing the world the exact state or quantity of their residue of capillary attraction. Where we can suppose our countrywomen a little envious, is in the neighbourhood of Florence, itself the great centre of the straw-plait manufacture, where the damsels come forth to captivate the hearts of certain open-mouthed swains, in their large flapping hats, so limp as to take all sorts of shapes with the passing breeze, and yet so well made as to return forthwith to their normal condition. We well remember the effect of them, when we were lounging in the dull broad street of Fiesole, a place more noted for its Pelasgic and other historical remains than for any modern attractions. It was a fête day, the Duomo was gaudily furnished for the occasion, and the bells struck up a merry invitation to the service, which all the younger part of the population seemed duly to accept. The youths, who came early, showed anything but an anxiety to secure good places inside; in fact, loitered about to see the successive batches of damsels well in first, with or without any idea of profiting by that sort of introduction to the solemnities of the evening. We watched them likewise; and seeing, as a novelty to us, that they took off the flapping hats at the entrance of the Duomo, we were tempted to look in and see what they did further with them. We soon found that, although white veils have the chief place in old ecclesiastical costumes, the rule was for each female to put on a black one. And since, by another rule, they all immediately fell on their knees, the process of adjusting the veils, had to be gone through in that position. The unfolding, pulling, squaring, &c., of the covering, the constant fidgeting of the wearer, and her evident critical anxiety about the success of others in gracefulness, all on the hard marble floor, seemed likely, in our view, to increase the difficulties of devotion under the circumstances; but then we had no licence to judge.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER V. DINAH ROY'S "GHOST."

THE moon, high in the heavens, shone down brightly, lighting up the fair domain of Verner's Pride, lighting up the broad terrace, and one who was hasting along it; all looking as peaceful as if a deed of dark mystery had not that night been committed.

He, skimming the terrace with a fleet foot, was that domain's recognised heir, Lionel Verner. Tynn and others were standing in the hall, talking in groups, as is the custom with dependents when something unusual and exciting is going on. Lionel appeared full of emotion when he burst in upon them.

"Is it true?" he demanded, speaking impulsively. "Is Rachel really dead?"

"She is dead, sir."

"Drowned?"

"Yes, sir, drowned."

He stood like one confounded. He had heard the news in the village, but this decided confirmation of it was as startling as if he now heard it for the first time. A hasty word of feeling, and then he looked again at Tynn.

"Was it the result of accident?"

Tynn shook his head.

"It's to be feared it was not, sir. There was a dreadful quarrel heard, it seems, near to the pool, just before it happened. My master is inquiring into it now, sir, in his study. Mr. Bitterworth and some more are there."

Giving his hat to the butler, Lionel Verner opened the study door, and entered. It was at that precise moment when John Massingbird had gone out for Mrs. Roy; so that, as may be said, there was a lull in the proceedings.

Mr. Verner looked glad when Lionel appeared. The ageing man, enfeebled with sickness, had grown to lean on the strong young intellect. As much as it was in Mr. Verner's nature to love anything, he loved Lionel. He beckoned him to a chair beside himself.

"Yes, sir, in an instant," nodded Lionel. "Matthew," he whispered, laying his hand kindly on the old man's shoulder as he passed, and bending down to him with his sympathising eyes, his pleasant voice, "I am grieved for this as if it had been my own sister. Believe me."

"I know it; I know you, Mr. Lionel," was the faint answer. "Don't unman me, sir, afore 'em here; leave me to myself."

With a pressure of his hand on the shoulder ere he quitted it, Lionel turned to Frederick Massingbird, asking of him particulars in an undertone.

"I don't know them myself," replied Frederick, his accent a haughty one. "There seems to be nothing but uncertainty and mystery. Mr. Verner ought not to have inquired into it in this semi-public way. Very disagreeable things have been said, I assure you: there was not the least necessity for allowing such absurdities to go forth, as suspicions, to the public. You have not been running from the willow-pool at a strapping pace, I suppose, to-night?"

"That I certainly have not," replied Lionel.

"Neither has John, I am sure," returned Frederick, resentfully. "It is not likely. And yet that boy of Mother Duff's—"

The words were interrupted. The door had opened, and John Massingbird appeared, marshalling in Dinah Roy. Dinah looked fit to die, with her ashy face and her trembling frame.

"Why, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mr. Verner.

The woman burst into tears.

"Oh, sir, I don't know nothing of it; I protest I don't," she uttered. "I declare that I never set eyes on Rachel Frost this blessed night."

"But you were near the spot at the time?"

"Oh, bad luck to me, I was!" she answered, wringing her hands. "But I know no more how she got into the water nor a child unborn."

"Where's the necessity for being put out about it, my good woman?" spoke up Mr. Bitterworth. "If you know nothing, you can't tell it. But you must state what you do know—why you were there, what startled you, and such like. Perhaps—if she were to have a chair?" he suggested to Mr. Verner in a whisper. "She looks too shaky to stand."

"Ay," acquiesced Mr. Verner. "Somebody bring forward a chair. Sit down, Mrs. Roy."

Mrs. Roy obeyed. One of those harmless, well-meaning, timid women, who seem not to possess ten ideas of their own, and are content to submit to others, she had often been seen in a shaky state from very trifling causes. But she had never been seen like this. The perspiration was pouring off her pinched face, and her blue check apron was incessantly raised to wipe it.

"What errand had you near the willow-pool this evening?" asked Mr. Verner.

"I didn't see anything," she gasped, "I don't

know anything. As true as I sit here, sir, I never saw Rachel Frost this blessed evening."

"I am not asking you about Rachel Frost. Were you near the spot?"

"Yes. But—"

"Then you can say what errand you had there; what business took you to it," continued Mr. Verner.

"It was no harm took me, sir. I went to get a dish o' tea with Martha Broom. Many's the time she have asked me since Christmas; and my husband, he was out with the Dawsons and all that bother; and Luke, he's gone, and there was nothing to keep me at home. I changed my gownd and I went."

"What time was that?"

"'Twas the middle o' the afternoon, sir. The clock had gone three."

"Did you stay tea there?"

"In course, sir, I did. Broom, he was out, and she was at home by herself a rinsing out some things. But she soon put 'em away, and we sat down and had our teas together. We was a talking about—"

"Never mind that," said Mr. Verner. "It was in coming home, I conclude, that you were met by young Broom?"

Mrs. Roy raised her apron again, and passed it over her face: but not a word spoke she in answer.

"What time did you leave Broom's cottage to return home?"

"I can't be sure, sir, what time it was. Brooms haven't got no clock: they tells the time by the sun, and that."

"Was it dark?"

"Oh, yes, it was dark, sir: except for the moon. That had been up a good bit, for I hadn't hurried myself."

"And what did you see or hear, when you got near the Willow-pond?"

The question sent Mrs. Roy into fresh tears; into fresh tremor.

"I never saw nothing," she reiterated. "The last time I set eyes on Rachel Frost was at church on Sunday."

"What is the matter with you?" cried Mr. Verner with asperity. "Do you mean to deny that anything had occurred to put you in a state of agitation, when you were met by young Broom?"

Mrs. Roy only moaned.

"Did you hear people quarrelling?" he persisted.

"I heard people quarrelling," she sobbed. "I did. But I know no more than the dead who it was."

"Whose voices were they?"

"I couldn't tell, sir. I wasn't near enough. There were two voices, a man's and a woman's; but I couldn't catch a single word, and it did not last long. I declare, if it were the last word I had to speak, that I heard no more of the quarrel than that, and I wasn't no nearer to it."

She really did seem to speak the truth, in spite of her shrinking fear, which was evident to all. Mr. Verner inquired, with incredulity

equally evident, whether that was sufficient to put her into the state of tremor spoken of by young Broom.

Mrs. Roy hung her head.

"I'm timid at quarrels, 'specially if it's at night," she faintly answered.

"And was it just the hearing of that quarrel that made you sink down on your knees, and clasp hold of a tree?" continued Mr. Verner. Upon which Mrs. Roy let fall her head on her hands, and sobbed piteously.

Robin Frost interrupted, sarcasm in his tone.

"There's a tale going on outside, that you saw a ghost, and that it was that frightened you," he said to her. "Perhaps, sir"—turning to Mr. Verner—"you'll ask her whose ghost it was."

This appeared to put the finishing touch to Mrs. Roy's discomfiture. Nothing could be made of her for a few minutes. Presently, her agitation somewhat subsided; she lifted her head, and spoke as with a desperate effort.

"It's true," she said. "I'll make a clean breast of it. I did see a ghost, and it was that as upset me so. It wasn't the quarrelling frightened me: I thought nothing of that."

"What do you mean by saying you saw a ghost?" sharply reproved Mr. Verner.

"It was a ghost, sir," she answered, apparently picking up a little courage, now the subject was fairly entered upon.

A pause ensued. Mr. Verner may have been at a loss what to say next. When deliberately assured by any timorous spirit that they have "seen a ghost," it is waste of time to enter an opposing argument.

"Where did you see the ghost?" he asked.

"I had stopped still, listening to the quarrelling, sir. But that soon came to an end, for I heard no more, and I went on a few steps, and then I stopped to listen again. Just as I turned my head towards the grove, where the quarrelling had seemed to be, I saw something a few paces from me that made my flesh creep. A tall, white thing it looked, whiter than the moonlight. I knew it could be nothing but a ghost, and my knees sunk down from under me, and I laid hold o' the trunk o' the tree."

"Perhaps it was a death's head and bones?" cried John Massingbird.

"May be, sir," she answered. "That, or something worse. It glided through the trees with its great eyes staring at me; and I felt ready to die."

"Was it a man's or a woman's ghost?" asked Mr. Bitterworth, a broad smile upon his face.

"Couldn't have been a woman's, sir; 'twas too tall," was the sobbing answer. "A great tall thing it looked, like a white shadder. I wonder I be alive!"

"So do I," irascibly cried Mr. Verner. "Which way was it going? towards the village, or in this direction?"

"Not in neither of 'em, sir. It glided right off at a angle amid the trees."

"And it was that—that folly, that put you into the state of tremor in which Broom found you?" uttered Mr. Verner. "It was nothing else?"

"I declare, before Heaven, that it was what I saw as put me into the fright young Broom found me in," she repeated, earnestly.

"But, if you were so silly as to be alarmed, for the moment, why do you continue to show alarm still?"

"Because my husband says he'll shake me," she whimpered, after a long pause. "He never has no patience with ghosts."

"Serve you right," was the half-audible comment of Mr. Verner. "Is this all you know of the affair?" he continued, after a pause.

"It's all, sir," she sobbed. "And enough too! There's only one thing as I shall be for ever thankful for."

"What's that?" asked Mr. Verner.

"That my poor Luke was away afore this happened. He was fond of hankering after Rachel, and folks might have been for laying it on his shoulders; though, goodness knows, he'd not have hurt a hair of her head."

"At any rate, he is out of it," observed John Massingbird.

"Ay," she replied, in a sort of self-soliloquy, as she turned to leave the room, for Mr. Verner told her she was dismissed, "it'll be a corn o' comfort among my peck o' troubles. I have fretted myself incessant since Luke left, a thinking as I could never know comfort again; but perhaps it's all for the best now, as he should ha' went."

She curtsied, and the door was closed upon her. Her evidence left an unsatisfactory feeling behind it. An impression had gone forth that Mrs. Roy could throw some light upon the obscurity; and, as it turned out, she had thrown none. The greater part of those present gave credence to what she said. All believed the "ghost" to have been pure imagination; knowing the woman's proneness to the marvellous, and her timid temperament. But, upon one or two there remained a strong conviction that Mrs. Roy had not told the whole truth; that she could have said a great deal more about the night's work, had she chosen to do so.

No other testimony was forthcoming. The cries and shouts of young Broom, when he saw the body in the water, had succeeded in arousing some men who slept at the distant brick-kilns; and the tidings soon spread, and crowds flocked up. These crowds were eager to pour into Mr. Verner's room now, and state all *they* knew, which was precisely the evidence not required; but, of further testimony to the facts, there was none.

"More may come out prior to the inquest; there's no knowing," observed Mr. Bitterworth, as the gentlemen stood in a group, before separating. "It is a very dreadful thing; demanding the most searching investigation. It is not likely she would throw herself in."

"A well-conducted girl like Rachel Frost throw herself willyfully into a pond for the purpose of drowning!" indignantly repeated Mr. Verner. "She would be one of the last to do it."

"And equally one of the last to be thrown in," said Dr. West. "Young women do not get thrown into ponds without some cause; and I should think few ever gave less cause for mal-

treatment of any kind than she. It appears most strange to me with whom she could have been quarrelling—if indeed it was Rachel that was quarrelling."

"It is all strange together," cried Lionel Verner. "What took Rachel that way at all, by night-time?"

"What indeed!" echoed Mr. Bitterworth. "Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Mr. Verner; for Mr. Bitterworth had brought his words to a sudden standstill.

"Well, I was going to say, unless she had an appointment there. But that does not appear probable for Rachel Frost."

"It is barely possible, let alone probable," was the retort of Mr. Verner.

"But still, in a case like this, every circumstance must be looked at, every trifle weighed," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "Does Rachel's own conduct appear to you to have been perfectly open? She has been indulging, it would seem, in some secret grief latterly; has been 'strange,' as one or two have expressed it. Then, again, she stated to her father that she was going to stay at Duff's for a gossip, whereas the woman says she had evidently no intention of gossiping, and barely gave herself time to order the articles spoken of. Other witnesses observed her leave Duff's, and walk with a hasty step direct to the field road, and turn down it. All this does not sound quite clear to me."

"There was one thing sounded not clear to me," broke in Lionel, abruptly, "and that was Dinah Roy's evidence. The woman's half a fool; otherwise I should think she was purposely deceiving us."

"A pity but she could see a real ghost!" cried John Massingbird, looking half inclined to laugh, "it might cure her for fancy ones. She's right in one thing, however: that poor Luke might have got this clapped on to his shoulders, had he been here."

"Scarcely," dissented Dr. West. "Luke Roy is too inoffensive to harm any one, least of all a woman, and Rachel; and that the whole parish knows."

"There's no need to discuss Luke's name in the business," said Mr. Verner, "he is far enough away. Whoever the man may have been, it was not Luke," he emphatically added. "Luke would have been the one to succour Rachel, not to hurt her."

Not a soul present but felt that Mr. Verner spoke in strict accordance with the facts, known and presumptive. They must look in another quarter than Luke for Rachel's assailant.

Mr. Verner glanced at Mr. Bitterworth and Dr. West, then at the three young men before him.

"We are amongst friends," he observed, addressing the latter. "I would ask you, individually, whether it was one of you that the boy Duff spoke of as being in the lane?"

They positively disclaimed it, each one for himself. Each one mentioned that he had been elsewhere at the time; and where he had been.

"You see," said Mr. Verner, "the lane leads only to Verner's Pride."

"But, by leaping a fence anywhere, or a gate, or breaking through a hedge, it may lead all over the country," observed Frederick Massingbird. "You forget that, sir."

"No, Frederick, I do not forget it. But unless a man had business at Verner's Pride, what should he go into the lane for? On emerging from the field, on this side the Willow-pool, any one, not bound for Verner's Pride, would take the common path to the right hand, open to all; only in case of wanting to come here would he take the lane. You cannot suppose for a moment that I suspect any one of you has had a hand in this unhappy event; but it was right that I should be assured, from your own lips, that you were not the person spoken of by young Duff."

"It may have been a stranger to the neighbourhood, sir. In that case he would not know that the lane led only to Verner's Pride."

"True—so far. But what stranger would be likely to quarrel with Rachel?"

"Egad, if you come to that, sir, a stranger's more likely to pick a quarrel with her than one of us," rejoined John Massingbird.

"It was no stranger," said Mr. Verner, shaking his head. "We do not quarrel with strangers. Had any stranger accosted Rachel at night, in that lonely spot, with rude words, she would naturally have called out for help: which it is certain she did not do, or young Broom and Mrs. Roy must have heard her. Rely upon it, that man in the lane is the one we must look for."

"But—where to look?" debated Frederick Massingbird.

"There it is! The inference would be that he was coming to Verner's Pride; being on its direct way and nearly close upon it. But, the only tall men (as the boy describes) at Verner's Pride, are you three and Bennet. Bennet was at home, therefore he is exempt; and you were scattered in different directions—Lionel at Mr. Bitterworth's, John at the Royal Oak—I wonder you like to make yourself familiar with those tap-rooms, John!—and Frederick coming in from Poynton's to his dinner."

"I don't think I had been in ten minutes when the alarm came," remarked Frederick.

"Well, it is involved in mystery at present," cried Mr. Bitterworth, shaking hands with them. "Let us hope that to-morrow will open more light upon it? Are you on the wing, too, doctor? Then we'll go out together."

CHAPTER VI. THE REVELATION AT THE INQUEST.

To say that Deerham was rudely disturbed from its equanimity; that petty animosities, whether concerning Mr. Roy and the Dawsons or other contending spirits, were lost sight of, hushed to rest in the absorbing calamity which had overtaken Rachel; to say that occupations were partially suspended, that there ensued a glorious interim of idleness, for the female portion of it,—of conferences in gutters and collectings in houses; to say that Rachel was sincerely mourned, old Frost sympathised with, and the supposed as-

sailant vigorously sought after, would be sufficient to indicate that public curiosity was excited to a high pitch: but all this was as nothing, compared to the excitement which was to ensue, upon the evidence given at the coroner's inquest.

In the absence of any certain data to go upon, Deerham had been content to take uncertain data, and to come to its own conclusions. Deerham assumed that Rachel, from some reasons which they could not fathom, had taken the lonely road home that night, had met with somebody or other with whom had ensued a quarrel and scuffle, and that, accidentally or by intent, she had been pushed into the pond, the coward decamping.

"Villany enough! even if 'twas but an accident!" cried wrathful Deerham.

Villany enough, beyond all doubt, had this been the extent. But, Deerham had to learn that the villany had had a beginning previous to that.

The inquest had been summoned in due course. It sat two days after the accident. No evidence tending to further elucidate the matter was given, than had been elicited that first night before Mr. Verner; except the medical evidence. Dr. West and a surgeon from a neighbouring town, who had jointly made the *post mortem* examination, testified that there was a cause for Rachel Frost's unevenness of spirits, spoken to by her father and by Mrs. Verner. She might possibly, they now thought, have thrown herself into the pool; induced to it by self-condemnation.

It electrified Deerham. It electrified Mr. Verner. It worse than electrified Matthew Frost and Robin. In the first impulse of the news, Mrs. Verner declared that it *could not be*. But the medical men, with their impassive faces, calmly said that *it was*.

But, so far as the inquiry went, it only left the point where it found it. For, if it tended to induce a suspicion that Rachel might have found life a burthen, and so wished to end it, it only rendered stronger the suspicion against another. This supplied the very motive for that other's conduct, which had been wanting, supposing that he had indeed got rid of her by violence. It gave the clue to much which had before been dark. People could understand now why Rachel should hasten to keep a stealthy appointment; why quarrelling should be heard at it; in short, why poor Rachel should have been found in the pond. The jury returned an open verdict—"Found drowned; but how she got into the water, there is no precise evidence to show."

Robin Frost struggled out of the room as the crowd was dispersing. His eye was blazing, his cheek burning. Could Robin have laid his hand at that moment upon the right man, there would speedily have ensued another coroner's inquest. The earth was not wide enough for the two to live on it. Fortunately, Robin could not fix on any one, and say, thou art the man! The knowledge was hidden from him: and yet, the very man may have been at the inquest, side by side with himself. Nay, he probably *was*.

Robin Frost cleared himself from the crowd. He gave vent to a groan of despair; he lifted his strong arms in impotency. Then he turned and sought Mr. Verner.

Mr. Verner was ill; could not be seen. Lionel came forward.

"Robin, I am truly sorry;—truly grieved. We all are. But I know you will not care to-day to hear me say it."

"Sir, I wanted to see Mr. Verner," replied Robin. "I want to know if that inquest can be squashed." Don't laugh at him now, poor fellow. He meant quashed.

"The inquest quashed!" repeated Lionel. "Of course it cannot be. I don't know what you mean, Robin. It has been held, and it cannot be unheld."

"I should ha' said the verdict," explained Robin. "I'm beside myself to-day, Mr. Lionel. Can't Mr. Verner get it squashed? He knows the crowner."

"Neither Mr. Verner nor anybody else could do it, Robin. Why should you wish it done?"

"Because it as good as sets forth a lie," vehemently answered Robin Frost. "She never put herself into the water. Bad as things had turned out with her, poor dear, she never did that. Mr. Lionel, I ask you, sir, was she likely to do it?"

"I should have deemed it very unlikely," replied Lionel. "Until to-day," he added to his own thoughts.

"No, she never did! Was it the work of one to go and buy herself aprons, and tape, and cotton for sewing, who was on her way to fling herself into a pond, I'd ask the crowner?" he continued, his voice rising almost to a shriek in his emotion. "Them aprons be a proof that *she* didn't take her own life. Why didn't they bring it in Wilful Murder, and have the place scoured out to find him?"

"The verdict will make no difference to the finding him, Robin," returned Lionel Verner.

"I dun know that, sir. When a charge of wilful murder's out in a place, again some one of the folks in it, the rest be all on the edge to find him: but 'Found drowned' is another thing. Have you any suspicion again anybody, sir?"

He put the question sharply and abruptly, and Lionel Verner looked full in his face as he answered—"No, Robin."

"Well, good afternoon, sir."

He turned away without another word. Lionel gazed after him with true sympathy. "He will never recover this blow," was Lionel Verner's mental comment.

But for this unfortunate occurrence, John Massingbird would have already departed from Verner's Pride. The great bane of the two Massingbirds was, that they had been brought up to be idle men. A sum of money had become theirs when Frederick came of age—which sum you will call large or small, as it may please you. It would be as a drop of water to the millionaire; it would be as a countless fortune to one in the depths of poverty: we estimate things by comparison. The sum was five thousand pounds each—Mrs. Massingbird, by her second marriage with Mr. Verner, having forfeited all right in it. With this fine sum the young Massingbirds appeared to think that they could live like gentlemen, and need not seek to add to it.

Thrown into the luxurious home of Verner's Pride—again we must speak by comparison: Verner's Pride was luxurious compared to the moderate home they had been reared in—John and Frederick Massingbird suffered that worst complaint of all complaints, indolence, to overtake them and become their master. John, careless, free, unsteady in many ways, set on to spend his portion as fast as he could; Frederick, more cold, more cautious, did not squander as his brother did, but he had managed to get rid of a considerable amount of his own share in unfortunate speculations. While losses do not affect our personal convenience they are scarcely felt. And so it was with the Massingbirds. Mr. Verner was an easy man in regard to money matters; he was also a man who was particularly sensitive to the feelings of other people, and he had never breathed a word to his wife about the inexpediency of her keeping her sons at home in idleness. He feared his motives might be misconstrued—that it might be thought he grudged the keeping them. He had spoken once or twice of the desirability of their pursuing some calling in life, and intimated that he should be ready to further their views by pecuniary help; but the advice was not taken. He offered to purchase a commission for one or both of them; he hinted that the bar afforded a stepping-stone to fame. No; John and Frederick Massingbird were conveniently deaf; they had grown addicted to field-sports, to a life of leisure, and they did not feel inclined to quit it for one of obligation or of labour. So they had stayed on at Verner's Pride, in the enjoyment of their comfortable quarters, of the well-spread table, of their horses, their dogs. All these sources of expense were provided without any cost or concern of theirs, their own private expenditure alone coming out of their private purses. How it was with their clothes, they and Mrs. Verner best knew—Mr. Verner did not. Whether these were furnished at their own cost, or whether their mother allowed them to draw for such on her—or, indeed, whether they were scoring up long bills on account—Mr. Verner made it no concern of his.

John—who was naturally of a roving nature, and but for the desirable home he was allowed to call his, would probably have been all over the world before he was his present age, working in his shirt-sleeves for bread one day, exalted to some transient luck the next—had latterly taken a fancy in his head to emigrate to Australia. Certain friends of his had gone out there a year or two previously, and were sending home flaming accounts of their success at the gold-fields. It excited in John Massingbird a strong wish to join them. Possibly other circumstances urged him to the step; for, that his finances were not in so desirable a state as they might be, was certain. With John Massingbird, to wish a thing was to do it; and almost before the plan was spoken of, even in his own family, he was ready to start. Frederick was in his confidence, Lionel partly so, and a hint to his mother was sufficient to induce her to preserve reticence on the subject. John Massingbird had his reasons for this. It was announced in the household that Mr. Massingbird

was departing on a visit to town, the only one who was told the truth being Rachel Frost. Rachel was looked upon almost as one of themselves. Frederick Massingbird had also confided it to Sibylla West—but Frederick and Sibylla were on more confidential terms than was suspected by the world. John had made a confidant on his own score, and that was of Luke Roy. Luke, despised by Rachel, whom he truly loved, clearly seeing there was no hope whatever that she would ever favour him, was eager to get away from Deerham—anywhere, so that he might forget her. John Massingbird knew this; he liked Luke, and he thought Luke might prove useful to him in the land he was emigrating to, so he proposed to him to join in the scheme. Luke warmly embraced it. Old Roy, whom they were obliged to take into confidence, was won over to it; he furnished Luke with the needful funds, believing he should be repaid four-fold, for John Massingbird had contrived to imbue him with the firm conviction that gold was to be picked up for the stooping.

Only three days before the tragic event occurred to Rachel, Luke had been despatched to London by John Massingbird to put things in a train of preparation for the voyage. Luke said nothing abroad of his going, and the village only knew he was away by missing him.

"What's gone of Luke?" many asked of his father.

"Oh! he's off to London on some spree; he can tell ye about it when he gets back," was Roy's answer.

When he got back! John's departure was intended for the day following that one when you saw him packing his clothes, but the untimely end of Rachel had induced him to postpone it. Or, rather, the command of Mr. Verner,—a command which John could not conveniently disobey, had he wished. He had won over Mr. Verner to promise him a substantial sum, to "set him up," as he phrased it, in Australia; and that sum was not yet handed to him.

The revelation at the inquest had affected Mr. Verner in no measured degree, greatly increasing, for the time, his bodily ailments. He gave orders to be denied to all callers; he could not bear the comments that would be made. An angry, feverish desire, to find out who had played the traitor, grew strong within him. Innocent, pretty, child-like Rachel! who was it that had set himself, in his wickedness, deliberately to destroy her? Mr. Verner now deemed it more than likely that she had been the author of her own death. It was of course impossible to tell: but he dwelt on that part of the tragedy less than on the other. The one injury was uncertain; the other was a fact.

What rendered it all the more obscure, was the absence of any previous grounds of suspicion. Rachel had never been observed to be on terms of intimacy with any one. Luke Roy had been anxious to court her, as Verner's Pride knew; but Rachel had utterly repudiated the wish. Luke it was not. And, who else was there?

The suspicions of Mr. Verner veered, almost against his will, towards those of his own household. Not to Lionel; he honestly believed Lionel

to be too highly principled : but towards his step-sons. He had no particular cause to suspect either of them : unless the testimony of Mrs. Duff's son about the tall gentleman could furnish it : and it may be said that his suspicion strayed to them only from the total absence of any other quarter to fix it upon. Of the two, he could rather fix upon John, than Frederick. No scandal, touching Frederick, had ever reached his ears : plenty of it, touching John. In fact, Mr. Verner was rather glad to help in shipping John off to some far-away place, for he considered him no credit to Verner's Pride, or to the neighbourhood. Venial sins sat lightly on John Massingbird's conscience.

But this was no venial sin, no case of passing scandal : and Mr. Verner declared to that gentleman that if he found him guilty, he would discard him from Verner's Pride without a shilling of help. John Massingbird protested, in the strongest terms, that he was innocent as Mr. Verner himself.

A trifling addition was destined to be brought to the suspicion already directed by Mr. Verner towards Verner's Pride. On the night of the inquest Mr. Verner had his dinner served in his study—the wing of a fowl, of which he ate about a fourth part. Mrs. Tynn attended on him : he liked her to do so when he was worse than usual. He was used to her, and he would talk to her when he would not to others. He spoke about what had happened, saying that he felt as if it would shorten his life. He would give anything, he added, half in self-soliloquy, to have the point cleared up of who it was young Duff had seen in the lane. Mrs. Tynn answered this, lowering her voice.

"It was one of our young gentlemen, sir ; there's no doubt of it. Dolly saw one of them come in."

"Dolly did !" echoed Mr. Verner.

Mrs. Tynn proceeded to explain. Dolly, the dairymaid at Verner's Pride, was ill-conducted enough (as Mrs. Tynn would tell her, for the fact did not give that ruling matron pleasure) to have a sweetheart. Worse still, Dolly was in the habit of stealing out to meet him when he left work, which was at eight o'clock. On the evening of the accident, Dolly, abandoning her dairy, and braving the wrath of Mrs. Tynn, should she be discovered, stole out to a sheltered spot in the rear of the house, the usual meeting-place. Scarcely was she ensconced here when the swain arrived ; who, it may be remarked, *en passant*, filled the important post of waggoner to Mr. Bitterworth. The spot was close to the small green gate which led to the lane already spoken of ; it led to that only ; and, while he and Dolly were talking and making love, after their own rustic fashion, they saw Dan Duff come from the direction of the house, and pass through the gate, whistling. A short while subsequently the gate was heard to open again. Dolly looked out, and saw what she took to be one of the gentlemen come in, from the lane, walking very fast. Dolly looked but casually, the moonlight was obscured there, and she did not particularly notice which of them it was ; whether Mr. Lionel, or either of Mrs.

Verner's sons. But the impression received into her mind was, that it was one of the three ; and Dolly could not be persuaded out of that to this very day.

"Hush—sh—sh !" cried she to her sweetheart, "it's one o' the young masters."

The quick steps passed on : but whether they turned into the yard, or took the side path which would conduct round to the front entrance, or bore right across, and so went out into the public road, Dolly did not notice. Very shortly after this—time passes swiftly when people are courting, of which fact the Italians have a proverb—Dan Duff came bursting back again, calling, and crying, and telling the tidings of Rachel Frost. This was the substance of what Mrs. Tynn told Mr. Verner.

"Dolly said nothing of this before !" he exclaimed.

"Not she, sir. She didn't dare confess that she'd been off all that while from her dairy. She let drop a word, and I have got it out of her piecemeal. I have threatened her, sir, that if ever she mentions it again, I'll get her turned off."

"Why did you threaten her ?" he hastily asked.

Mrs. Tynn dropped her voice. "I thought it might not be pleasant to have it talked of, sir. She thinks I'm only afraid of the neglect of work getting to the ears of Mrs. Verner."

This was the trifling addition. Not very much in itself, but it served to bear out the doubts Mr. Verner already entertained. Was it John or was it Frederick who had come in ? Or was it—Lionel ? There appeared to be no more certainty that it was one than another. Mr. Verner had minutely inquired into the proceedings of John and Frederick Massingbird that night, and he had come to the conclusion that both could have been in the lane at that particular hour. Frederick, previously to entering the house for his dinner, after he had left the veterinary surgeon's, Poynton ; John, before he had paid his visit to the Royal Oak. John appeared to have called in at several places, and his account was not particularly clear. Lionel, Mr. Verner had not thought it necessary to question. He sent for him as soon as his dinner tray was cleared away : it was as well to be indisputably sure of him, before fastening the charge on either of the others.

"Sit down, Lionel," said Mr. Verner. "I want to talk to you. Had you finished your dinner ?"

"Quite, thank you. You look very ill to-night," Lionel added, as he drew a chair to the fire ; and his tone insensibly became gentle, as he gazed on his uncle's pale face.

"How can I look otherwise ? This trouble is worrying me to death, Lionel. I have discovered, beyond doubt, that it was one of you young men who was in the lane that night."

Lionel, who was then leaning over the fire, turned his head, with a quick, surprised gesture, towards Mr. Verner. The latter proceeded to tell Lionel the substance of the communication made to him by Mrs. Tynn. Lionel sat, bending forward, his elbow on his knee, and his fingers unconsciously running amidst the curls of his dark

chestnut hair, as he listened to it. He did not interrupt the narrative, or speak at its conclusion.

"You see, Lionel, it appears certain to have been one belonging to this house."

"Yes, sir. Unless Dolly was mistaken."

"Mistaken as to what?" sharply asked Mr. Verner, who, when he made up his own mind that a thing was so-and-so, could not bear to be opposed. "Mistaken that some one came in at the gate?"

"I do not see how she could be mistaken in that," replied Lionel. "I meant mistaken as to its being any one belonging to the house."

"Is it likely that any one would come in at that gate at night, unless they belonged to the house, or were coming to the house?" retorted Mr. Verner. "Would a stranger drop from the clouds to come in at it? or was it Di Roy's 'ghost,' think you?" he sarcastically added.

Lionel did not answer. He vacantly ran his fingers through his hair, apparently in deep thought.

"I have abstained from asking you the explicit details of your movements on that evening," continued Mr. Verner, "but I must demand them of you now."

Lionel started up, his cheek on fire.

"Sir," he uttered, with emotion, "you cannot suspect me of having had act or part in it! I declare, before Heaven, that Rachel was as sacred for me—"

"Softly, Lionel," interrupted Mr. Verner, "there's no cause for you to break your head against a wheel. It is not you that I suspect—thank God! But I wish to be sure of your movements—to be able to speak of them as sure, you understand—before I accuse another."

"I will willingly tell you every movement of my evening, so far as I remember," said Lionel, resuming his calmness. "I came home when dinner was half over. I had been detained—but you know all that," he broke off. "When you left the dining-room, I went on to the terrace, and sat there smoking a cigar. I should think I stayed there an hour, or more; and then I went upstairs, changed my coat, and proceeded to Mr. Bitterworth's."

"What took you to Mr. Bitterworth's that evening, Lionel?"

Lionel hesitated. He did not choose to say, "Because I knew Sibylla West was to be there;" but that would have been the true answer. "I had nothing particular to do with my evening, so I went up," he said aloud. "Mr. Bitterworth was out. Mrs. Bitterworth thought he had gone into Deerham."

"Yes. He was at Deerham when the alarm was given, and hastened on here. Sibylla West was there, was she not?"

"She was there," said Lionel. "She had promised to be home early; and, as no one came for her, I saw her home. It was after I left her that I heard what had occurred."

"About what time did you get there—I mean to Bitterworth's?" questioned Mr. Verner, who appeared to have his thoughts filled with other things at that moment than with Sibylla West.

"I cannot be sure," replied Lionel. "I think

it must have been nine o'clock. I went into Deerham to the post-office first, and then came back to Bitterworth's."

Mr. Verner mused.

"Lionel," he observed, "it is a curious thing, but there's not one of you but might have been the party to the quarrel that night; so far as that your time cannot be positively accounted for by minutes and by hours. I mean, were the accusation brought publicly against you, you would, none of you, be able to prove a distinct *alibi*, as it seems to me. For instance, who is to prove that you did not, when you were sitting on the terrace, steal across to a rendezvous at the Willow-pond, or cut across to it when you were at the post-office at Deerham?"

"I certainly did *not*," said Lionel, quietly, taking the remarks only as they were meant—for an illustration. "It might, sir, as you observe, be difficult to prove a decided *alibi*. But"—he rose and bent to Mr. Verner with a bright smile, a clear, truthful eye—"I do not think you need one to believe me."

"No, Lionel, I do not. Is John Massingbird in the dining-room?"

"He was when I left it."

"Then go and send him in to me."

John Massingbird was found and despatched to Mr. Verner, without any reluctance on his own part. He had been bestowing hard words upon Lionel for "taking up the time of the old man" just on the evening when he wanted to take it up himself. The truth was, John Massingbird was intending to depart the following morning, the Fates and Mr. Verner permitting him.

Their interview was a long one. Two hours, full, had they been closeted together when Robin Frost made his appearance again at Verner's Pride, and craved once more an interview with Mr. Verner. "If it was only for a minute—only for a minute!" he implored.

Under the circumstances, the overwhelming sorrow which had fallen on the man, Lionel did not like again to deny him without first asking Mr. Verner. He went himself to the study.

"Come in," called out Mr. Verner, in answer to the knock.

He was sitting in his chair as usual; John Massingbird was standing up, his elbow on the mantelpiece. That their conversation must have been of an exciting nature was evident, and Lionel could not help noticing the signs. John Massingbird had a scarlet streak on his sallow cheek, never seen there above once or twice in his life, and then caused by deep emotion. Mr. Verner, on his part, looked livid as clay. Robin Frost might come in.

Lionel called him, and he came in with Frederick Massingbird.

The man could hardly speak for agitation. He believed the verdict could not be set aside, he said: others had told him so besides Mr. Lionel. He had come to ask if Mr. Verner would offer a reward.

"A reward!" repeated Mr. Verner, mechanically, with the air of a man whose mind is far away.

"If you'd please to offer it, sir, I'd work the flesh off my bones to pay it back again," he urged. "I'll live upon a crust myself, and I'll keep my home upon a crust, but what I'll get it up. If there's a reward pasted up, sir, we might come upon the villain."

Mr. Verner appeared, then, to awake to the question before him, and to awake to it in terrible excitement.

"He'll never be found, Robin,—the villain will never be found, so long as you and I and the world shall last!"

They looked at him in consternation; Lionel, Frederick Massingbird, and Robin Frost. Mr. Verner recollected himself, and calmed his spirit down.

"I mean, Robin," he more quietly said, "that a reward will be useless. The villain has been too cunning, rely upon it, to—to—leave his traces behind him."

"It might be tried, sir," respectfully urged Robin. "I'd work—"

"You can come up to-morrow, Robin, and I'll talk with you," interrupted Mr. Verner. "I am too ill—too upset to-night. Come at any hour you please, after twelve, and I'll see you."

"I'll come, sir. I've registered a vow afore my old father," went on Robin, lifting his right arm, "and I register it again afore you, sir,—afore our future master, Mr. Lionel,—that I'll never leave a stone unturned by night nor by day,—that I'll make it my first and foremost business in life to find that man. And when I've found him—let him be who he will—either him or me shall die. So help me—"

"Be still, Robin!" passionately interposed Mr. Verner, in a voice that startled the man. "Vows are bad things. I have found them so."

"It was registered afore, sir," significantly answered Robin, as he turned away. "I'll be up here to-morrow."

The morrow brought forth two departures from Verner's Pride. John Massingbird started for London in pursuit of his journey, Mr. Verner having behaved to him liberally. And Lionel Verner was summoned in hot haste to Paris, where his brother had just met with an accident, and was supposed to be lying between life and death.

(To be continued.)

AM SCHWEITZ.

I.

We saw the nest of snow and ice
Where the lawine was born,
We stood beneath the obelisk
Of that great Matterhorn.

II.

Where'er the timid chamois drinks
We traced the mountain stream,
Around whose curves and shallow slips
Blue stars of gentian gleam.

III.

We saw, from a gray mountain top,
The rainbow in the spray,
Where mimic icebergs float across
The blue Marjalen See.

IV.

I hardly can remember all,
It seems so long ago,
Since three of us walked merrily
Among the fields of snow.

V.

The mountains look so lonely,
So scornful of our mirth,
As if they'd sat for ever
As Princes of the earth.

VI.

When our world was rolled in fire,
Shapeless among the spheres,
The Alps rose in a bubble
To last a million years.

VII.

Shall we tell our little troubles,
Shall we mar the hour that runs,
Shall we raise the ghost of sorrow
Before those kingly ones?

VIII.

Far better be a Crétin,
And sleep with beasts at night,
Than cry for to-morrow, like children,
Or weep for a dead delight.

IX.

Look on the grim old mountains,
And learn of them repose,
They flame in the Morgen-glimmer,
But never melt their snows.

X.

To them we seem no stronger
Than foam on a wintry sea;
Our lives will soon be covered
By the snows of eternity.

XI.

It is an old old lesson,
And we learned it long ago,
When three of us walked merrily
Among the fields of snow.

C. I. E.

WHAT WAS IT?

SOME years ago, I spent a few weeks at the Mauritius. I have shared in many moving incidents by sea and land since then, yet I still remember with delight the moment when I first was made aware of the proximity of that lovely isle. We had made the land at night, after a disagreeable steam voyage from the Cape, and as we could not enter Port Louis during the darkness, we lay to, under the lee of the land. The sea had become smooth; there was little or no motion; so opening our narrow scuttles, we allowed the heated pent-up atmosphere to escape; and, oh! with what an ecstasy I regaled my long-suffering senses with the balmy perfume-laden air which blew gently, and so sweetly, from that hidden shore. I never see the island on the map, I never hear it spoken of, without recalling it.

But there is another recollection connected with the Mauritius which is still more vivid than the

one I have mentioned, and it was of this that I was more particularly thinking when I commenced my story.

I do not know a more delicious island than this self-same Mauritius. To a visitor it is full of charms, of which—happier than the resident, who is generally a victim to *ennui*—he has not time to become weary. My time there was passed most agreeably. I had discovered one or two old friends, and made sundry acquaintances, principally among the military, so that there was no lack of hospitable entertainment. In the first instance, however, before I knew that I had a single friend upon the island, I had taken up my quarters at the Hotel d' —, which had the reputation of being then, as it possibly may have the reputation of being now, the best in Port Louis.

I like these tropical hotels. No heated, close coffee-rooms, permeated with that indescribable flavour, towards the support of which an unceasing contribution has been levied on the animal and vegetable kingdoms for, it may be, a quarter of a century. No dingy, fusty, up-three-pair-of-stairs bed-room, which the unhappy bachelor enters with a shudder, and vacates with the satisfaction of an escaped convict. Here, all is bright and cheerful. There is no luxurious furniture, it is true; but the doors and windows are thrown wide open, and through them enters the greatest of all luxuries—fresh air. The walls are unpapered; but the whitewash forms a pleasant contrast to the dark, dry, polished floor; and though the tables may not groan beneath the glorious airloin, or display a very remarkable amount of plate, the whiteness of the cloth is dazzling, and a variety of fruits and flowers form an embellishment which to a “nature-loving eye” leaves nothing to be desired. Added to all this, there is an emancipation from the solitary system, and, as on the Continent, people eat, drink, and talk cheerfully and sociably together.

From a *salle à manger*, possessing all the advantages I have just described, a wide and well-lighted staircase took me to my bed-room, and as the incident I am about to relate occurred in it, I shall be particular in its description. It was a room about twenty feet long, by twelve or fourteen broad, lighted by a single window at one end, and entered by a door at the other, at the extremity of the side wall, on the right hand side (as you stood within the room facing the window). Folding-doors in the centre of the opposite side wall communicated with another room—a double-bedded one—but as this room was in the occupation of a French married couple, these doors were kept carefully locked and bolted. The furniture of my room was, as is usually the case in hot climates, extremely scanty. It consisted of a small mosquito-curtained bed, placed in the angle of the room immediately facing the door, so that its occupant slept with his head against the end wall, and his feet turned towards the window. A common deal dressing-table stood at the further end of the room, under the window, a washing-stand in the left-hand corner, near it two or three chairs, and a pier glass fixed to the centre of the right hand wall opposite the folding-doors.

The room was lofty, the window large and uncurtained; there were no shutters, but it was fitted with a common white roller blind. It will presently be seen why I have been thus minute in these details.

I had been several days at the hotel, and had visited most of the lions of the island. I had made the customary pilgrimage to the so-called tombs of Paul and Virginia in the botanical gardens at Pamplemousse, and had willingly paid my shilling and accepted the imposture, for the sake of chewing for a moment the bitter cud of fancy, and awakening a deeper and sadder interest in a story which, for tenderness and pathos, has been rarely equalled. What mattered it to me where the dust of those poor children might truly be? I did not even insist upon their existence as a necessity, but was content to look upon those mournful urns, and conjure up, through their aid, the ideal forms with which they were associated—I had scrambled up the hill, at the foot of which Port Louis lies, and enjoyed, from a point not far from the eccentric projection on its summit, called, from its resemblance to the human thumb, “*la Pouce*,” the magnificent panorama which lay stretched beneath: an enchanting scene, in which the wild luxuriance of tropical vegetation was softened but not destroyed by cultivation, and the disturbing hand of man—I had wandered, with wondering eyes, amongst the mixed races with whom I now for the first time was brought in contact: natives of various colours and castes from the continent of India; negroes who seemed to vie with each other in ugliness; and Chinese whose industry and energy, shrill voices, merry laugh, and peculiar dress, marked them at once as a people of higher capabilities than were possessed by the representatives of any other part of Asia, who had sought to better their fortunes in the Mauritius. I had seen and done all this, and much more, within the first few days of my arrival, and it can be readily supposed, that as each night came, I was quite ready to rest my weary limbs upon my clean and comfortable bed.

It was the fourth day. A long and dusty, though pleasant afternoon ride, had made me more than usually tired, so that I retired to my room soon after ten o'clock. Having undressed, I fastened my door, as is my habit in a strange hotel, and putting out the light, sprang into bed, carefully closing the mosquito curtains as I did so, that I might exclude a host of enemies who I knew to be thirsting for my blood; they vented their disappointment in an angry war-song, but safe within the sheltering curtains it had a pleasant, soothing sound. The last sound that struck on my ear was this mosquito lullaby; the last sight that caught my eye, the moonbeams struggling to pierce through my drawn-down blind.

I must have slept for some time; for how long I knew not, nor do I know at the present hour, when I awoke—awoke suddenly, and with that nervous apprehension which all of us have felt at times, without being able to account for it. I heard no noise, and the most perfect stillness reigned in the hotel.

My first impulse was to raise my head, and look anxiously around. The moon was shining brightly; the room was flooded with her light, and I could see every article in it with the most perfect distinctness. I appeared to take in everything at a glance, but my gaze was arrested by a single object, and I remained for some moments as if spellbound.

As has been already mentioned, the dressing-table stood against the window, and beneath it, but somewhat drawn forward, I had placed my open portmanteau. Kneeling in front of this, in an attitude as if he had been suddenly disturbed whilst examining its contents, was a black—not a negro, for his features had a different cast—dressed in a white jacket and trousers. He did not move, but kept his eyes fixed steadily upon me.

No very terrible sight this, after all, it will be said. A mere midnight pilferer detected in the act. And so also thought I, when a few moments' wakefulness had enabled me to cast off a little of that strange sense of dread which had so oppressed me.

"A thieving servant of the house, terror-struck at detection: he must be caught and brought to justice."

Acting upon this idea, I thrust aside the curtain, and jumped out of bed. As I did so, the kneeling figure arose—slowly, steadily—still keeping his eyes fixed on me, with a calm and mournful, rather than an alarmed expression. Rushing forward, shouting "Un voleur, un voleur!" I advanced so close to the supposed culprit—who now stood erect—that I stretched out my hand to seize him; but, eluding my grasp, he sprang past me, and disappeared behind the bed. Then, indeed, I was sorely puzzled, for, on hastening to the spot, neither door nor traces of an opening were to be discovered, and all my feeling of nervous apprehension came back with renewed violence.

Meantime, the French gentleman and his wife, who occupied the double-bedded room, alarmed by my cries, made anxious inquiry from their side of the separating doors—"Pourquoi criez-vous, monsieur?" in the deepest bass, alternated with "Pourquoi criez-vous, monsieur?" in a trembling and timid treble.

"It was a dream," said I, in my best French, somewhat re-assured by the sound of a human voice, and half-ashamed of myself. "It was but a dream, and I thought I saw a robber. Mille pardons." And to the waiter, who came to my still inside-fastened door with a light, I said: "It was only a dream, an attack of indigestion; I ought not to have eaten supper." But I kept his candle, and as I laid, encouraged by its fear-dispelling light, I asked myself the question, "Could it have been a ghost?" I felt quite certain that it was not the nightmare, for the horrors of that disagreeable visitant are dispelled by the slightest movement. It was not the nightmare: what then could it have been? and divers times I made answer to the self-asked question, "Surely it was a ghost." And so I fell asleep.

Years have passed away since the event I

have just related. My few days' sojourn at the Mauritius come back to me at times like the recollection of a pleasant dream. The faces of the kind friends and acquaintances of that charming isle are but dimly pictured in my memory; many incidents have been totally forgotten; but *one* black face, and every circumstance connected with the brief interval of time during which my eyes rested upon it, are as vividly impressed upon my mind as if it had been seen but yesterday; and still I find myself at times repeating the old question, "Was it a ghost?"

G. G. A.

BIRDS IN THE BORDER COUNTIES.

THE bird family in the Border counties is well represented. We can number forty-five resident natives, thirty-nine migrant natives, and upwards of twenty occasional visitors.

The wide range of the Border hills, running almost from coast to coast, with their solitary, and in many places precipitous glens—some of them so narrow and deep that the sun cannot shine into them—form a secluded retreat for a number of birds of prey; and over these moorlands and hills all common moorfowl abound. And even the cultivation now spreading so rapidly over many moorlands hitherto considered waste, in our opinion will not render these uplands untenable to the birds that inhabit them for some centuries to come.

From these hills rise the rivers Esk, Tyne, Coquet, and Tweed, whose outlets are the Solway Firth and the German Ocean. And in the lower districts, the finely wooded and tangled banks of these rivers, and many of their numerous tributaries, afford pleasant and sheltered abodes for a pretty numerous variety of song-birds.

The resident birds of prey are the peregrine, or hunting falcon, kestrel, sparrow-hawk, common buzzard, hen-harrier, white or barn owl, tawny owl, little owl, and the long-eared owl; and the merlin and short-eared owl are regular visitors, the former in winter, the latter in summer. The raven is also an inhabitant of the upper fells.

Mr. Wallis, in his "Natural History of Northumberland," says the golden eagle "formerly had its abode on the highest and steepest part of the Cheviots," which must have been Henshole Corry. But these eagles are never seen on the Cheviots now.

We recently explored Henshole Corry, in the heart of the great Cheviot, a favourite and permanent residence of the peregrine falcon and the "lordly raven." College Water, Northumberland, rises a few miles above the head of the corry, down which it dashes in an almost continual succession of waterfalls, varying in height from ten to thirty feet; and near the summit of the great rocks that almost overhang the water, these birds have for a long period of years had their home.

In our ascent of the glen we saw three ravens swooping and sailing above us at a great height, our attention having been drawn to them by

their "croak," which in the solitude of the glen came down upon us like a challenge or warning. As they wheeled and curved above, we thought of an enslaved brother of theirs we had often seen sitting with a clipped wing on a beer barrel in a brewery yard, that spoke provincial English, and cleverly imitated a bugle call.

We spent some hours in the neighbourhood of the corry, anxious for a sight of the falcon, but were disappointed. But the friend who instructed us where to go, has seen falcons in the corry, or near it, repeatedly.

The hooded crow is seldom seen, but the carrion crow and magpie are common over all the district; but they are so much trapped and shot by keepers that they are not very numerous. The seeing of a magpie, or "pyet," is considered an omen in Scotland, and there is a well-known rhyme descriptive of it:

Ane's joy,
Twa's grief,
Three's a weddin',
Four's death.

The rook or corn crow was perhaps never so plentiful as it now is in the Borders. Some thirty or forty years ago, many proprietors had them destroyed or driven from their rookeries, from an impression that they greatly injured the grain crops. This was a mistake that soon became evident, and the birds were again taken into favour; and on many estates, rookeries have for a number of years past been protected as a part of the picturesque. The birds have nearly doubled their number within the last twenty years in some localities; but in very few instances have they been known to nest in the woods from which they or their parents had been previously driven away.

Rooks have made a considerable change in their food within the last twenty years; and we are of opinion that they may have been driven by necessity to this, owing to a large increase in their number and a decrease in field-grubs, caused by the grub-killing manures now so much used by farmers. And from the diet they now seem fondest of, some even think they may have crossed their species with the carrion crow; an improbable idea: and besides, no outward change in bill or body is discernible in the rook, and the carrion crows still live in isolated pairs as hitherto.

That they have made a considerable change in their diet, in Border localities at least, is indisputable; and although their young are eaten in towns and villages, few country people will partake of them, simply because they know how rank much of the food is upon which they feed. They revel over the rankest quarry, whatever the fallen animal; and when a sheep falls on the hills, they have its eyes pecked almost as soon as it ceases to struggle, and should it be the nesting season, the entrails immediately follow. This we have personally witnessed.

Talking with an upland farmer of our acquaintance, we asked him if lambs were ever attacked or disturbed by the birds of prey frequenting the

hills. He said he could not say they were, but that the common crows sometimes attacked sickly and weakly lambs, and that when they did so they invariably made their attack on the navel—the tenderest and most assailable part of the animal.

They are also, as gamekeepers know, exceedingly destructive in the nesting season, for they can hunt up the nests of pheasants and partridges as cleverly as boys, and when found the eggs are immediately gobbled. They also in dry seasons, when slugs and worms are scarce, occasionally carry off the young of these birds. In 1859 the spring and early summer were dry, and in that year we knew a preserve from which thirteen live pheasants were carried off by them, and a larger number of partridges. The keeper, in the presence of two people we know, shot several of the rooks when flying off with the young in their beaks. The young were of course very small at the time they were carried away, but were feathered to some extent.

Many years ago, jackdaws in these counties lived almost solely in ruins and openings of precipices, but now they in great numbers nest and rear their young in rookeries.

Only one instance is recorded of a jackdaw having reared its young in an open nest like a rook, and it is in Meyer's work; wherein it is stated that a gentleman came upon a young bird at the foot of a tree, on which there was a nest, round which a jackdaw was fluttering, apparently concerned about the fallen bird. But this we do not consider positive proof, as no inspection of the nest or remaining young was made. We are able positively to state, however, that some jackdaws have for a number of years built and reared their young in open nests in a Roxburghshire rookery we know; and we have at present eggs and a young bird before us, which we this season abstracted personally from one of these nests. The trees on which the daws build in the rookery we refer to, are spruce firs of pretty full foliage, and this shows the birds' natural desire for seclusion. One nest only is built on each tree, and it is deeper and more shapely and solid than the rook's; and a deepish, cosy mixture of wool, horse-tail hair, and moss, forms the interior, the exterior being compactly formed of sticks and moss. In rookeries, as elsewhere, daws also avail themselves for nesting purposes of all suitable tree-holes. They also occasionally build open nests among the ivy clinging to trees. In White's "Selborne" it is noted that jackdaws have been known to build in rabbit-burrows. We also know some burrows in a rocky bank in which these birds nest regularly.

There are two likely causes why the jackdaws may have become citizens with the rooks. First, the ruined keeps, towers, abbeys, and creviced precipices in which they so long have lived are all, and have been for years, fully inhabited, and as they live to a good old age—till they, in fact, literally grow grey-headed—and have large families every spring, a want of house-room necessitates the young to provide homes for themselves, hence the emigration to "foreign parts." Next, daws are birds that are strongly attached to

localities, and by taking up their abode in rookeries they will not require to leave the places with which they may have become familiar.

Here is a thing worthy of note. The jackdaws inhabiting ruins and precipices do not, as a rule, mix with rooks or other birds, whereas those that reside in rookeries adopt the habits of rooks, and scour the fields promiscuously with them. They abstain from carrion, but otherwise they feed like rooks, and a fresh egg to breakfast is not uncommon with them. When about nightfall the long clangerous chains of rooks are sailing homewards, the short sharp "ca," or, as the Scotch say, "the keckle o' the kaes" is always distinguishable. The tree-nesting daws are also much shyer than their brethren of the ruins.

It is a common thing in Border towns and villages to see tamed daws stalking and flying about the streets. Some of these are taught to speak. We have heard one cry "Caller haddie!" as distinctly as if it had been a Newhaven fish-wife. Boys also delight in moving about with jackdaws, like Zouave cats, perched on their shoulders.

An eccentric, gentle, and somewhat misanthropical man lived in Jedburgh toward the end of last century, whose only associate during the later years of his life was a jackdaw. For some years he was never seen without this bird, either flying after him along the streets or roads, or sitting near him when he remained stationary. The bird was killed by a thoughtless person, and after its death he never again appeared in his old haunts, and he died shortly afterwards. His tombstone was pointed out to us in Jedburgh churchyard. It is much decayed, and most of the letters are obliterated, but the following sentence may still be nearly all traced—and it was put there, we believe, at the dying request of the deceased:

May he who removes this stone die the last of his race.

The tamed daws are generally got from ruins or precipices, often at great personal risk. We recollect being lowered, when a boy, over a precipice 150 feet high in search of them. We had a rope fastened below our arm-pits, by which we were let down to the nests, from which we procured thirteen birds, and for which the three big boys who worked the rope handsomely allowed us one bird—the puniest in the lot. It was the nearest approach to the dance upon nothing we hope ever to have. But some boys think nothing of the descent, and would willingly be towed over the highest precipice for a penny.

The highest class of song-birds in the district we write of are the song-thrush, missel thrush, blackbird, redbreast, whitethroat, grey linnnet, green linnnet, wren, willow-wren, goldfinch, bullfinch, and skylark. We have also heard the blackcap, and the woodlark is occasionally seen; but these two fine birds are rare.

Bullfinches have increased considerably in some localities within the last ten years, as have also the golden-crested wrens. Goldfinches, however, the prettiest of all British song-birds, have almost disappeared within the last twenty years. In

some orchards we know, their nests were comparatively numerous twenty years ago, and now a nest is a rarity. With the aid of bird-lime and a good call-bird fanciers, still procure a bird now and then. But we predict that within a very few years this fine bird will not be found on the Borders.

All the ornithologists and general naturalists, English and Scotch, that we have read with reference to the fieldfare, class it as a bird of passage, that leaves these islands in spring and returns in autumn. Meyer, in his masterly work, says it is a native of the sombre forests of Europe, that it comes to Britain in November, and that "very few instances of the bird remaining to breed have been authenticated." Knapp, one of the most correct of local observers, in his "Journal of a Naturalist," says that he every year noticed a few fieldfares that had detached themselves from the main flock, and he adds, "I have reason to apprehend that these retreats are occasionally formed for the purpose of forming nests, though they are afterwards abandoned without incubation."

Fieldfares are resident natives, however, in the Border counties, and schoolboys know their nests and eggs as well as they know those of the hedge-sparrow. We have known their nests from boyhood, an incident having occurred in our early years that made us ever afterwards know the nest of a fieldfare when we came upon it.

In a nesting season, when walking along the edge of a rugged glen, we noticed what we thought a nesting thrush dart off. We found the nest—a ground one—near the top of the precipice, and with difficulty reached it. It had young, well feathered, and as we were at the time on the look-out for a nest of thrushes, we at once bonnetted them. With some exultation we sped off to show our prize to an ornithological son of St. Crispin, who, like many of his fellow cobblers, was great on birds and politics; but our face fell as soon as we saw him look into our cap.

"Weel, my man," said he, "what d'ye think ye've in your bonnet?"

"Mavises," we timidly uttered.

"Mavises! Losh, man, to think I've spoken sae muckle about birds t'ye, an' ye no to ken the young anes o' a feltie when ye see them,"—feltie being the local name for fieldfare.

A nesting season has seldom passed since our colloquy with the man of black thumbs in which we have not seen the nests of fieldfares, and we might have found them every year had we desired. We have handled the young birds by the side of the nests repeatedly, and, while doing so, have seen the alarmed parent birds flitting from tree to tree around us, uttering their low harsh "chir-r." This single sound—we cannot call it a note—when alarmed, they repeat hurriedly. Strange, Bechstein says, their *song* consists of "a harsh, disagreeable warble." There is more melody, and as much diversity, in the caw of the rook. But the young fieldfare (a percher) has, like a number of young birds, a sweet prolonged chirrup.

The fieldfare builds often in the main cleft

of large trees. We have seen nests often in the first cleft of detached chestnuts. Nests are also common in Scotch-fir plantations, where they are easily found. Ground nests are never numerous, and they are always built about precipices.

The nest is about the size of the thrush's, but shallower, the principal material of which is the stalks, not the blades, of dead bent-grass; and the nest is sometimes betrayed by the protruding of some of the grass-stalks from the cleft in which it

is placed. The inside is made of soft grass and hair.

We have at present an egg and a young fieldfare, both taken from the same nest, in Roxburghshire, in the beginning of May last. The bird is now nearly full-grown, and is very tame, perching occasionally on our head, to which he flies of his own accord. He at times shows unmistakable symptoms of pleasure when being spoken to in a kindly manner—gently fluttering his wings and faintly giving his fledgling chirrup. When



Nest of the Fieldfare.

hungry, he now utters the harsh chirr of the old bird.

We have shot fieldfares in May and June in Berwickshire, and in July, 1860, we saw numbers of them in the uplands of Peeblesshire. We have seen them in all the summer months in Roxburghshire, and in Northumberland they are resident natives. These birds also attack the wild cherries every season, generally about the beginning of August, in a garden well known to us in a retired part of one of these counties.

The following may be noted as the aristocracy of the regular, frequent, and occasional visitors of these localities: the osprey, seagull, wild goose, geosander, shovellerduck, teal, goldenplover, ring-plover, pewit, curlew, woodcock, hoopoe, cuckoo, landrail, and kingfisher. There is also a heronry at the base of "dark Ruberslaw," in Roxburghshire, and herons are numerous, the supply of minnows and trouts in the brawling streams of the Border yielding abundance of food for them.

J. S.

THE ANGLERS OF THE DOVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER I. BUXTON IMPROVEMENTS.

THERE was not much life in the society of Buxton Baths towards the end of the year 1568, or, indeed, towards the end of any year. There were not many people there after the closing of the lodging-houses for the winter; no visitors, and not a great number of inhabitants. Some little stir existed, however, in the beginning of this December, for the Countess of Shrewsbury thought proper to come to the Hall just after everybody that could leave Buxton was gone. Nobody was surprised, because Bess of Hardwick had long ceased to surprise anybody. She was amusing, however; and it was with pleasure, on the whole, that the residents in the neighbourhood of any of the Shrewsbury seats heard any morning that the Countess had dropped down among them in the course of the night. When she had been a week at the Hall, on this occasion, a cheerful report began to spread that possibly the Countess would keep her Christmas at Buxton. The Earl was in attendance on the Queen in London; and no mortal in attendance on the Queen could ever

tell where he might be, and what he might be doing, three days hence; so whether the Earl would come to Buxton was doubtful. What was not doubtful was, that the Countess was perfectly safe from any summons to Court, and that she would not wait for the Earl to spend her Christmas where and in what manner she pleased. She was exceedingly busy at present, laying plans with her architect, Master Gadbury, and settling accounts with him for the finishing of Hardwick Hall; and before that enterprise was well off her hands she was bent upon discovering some means by which the medicinal spring might be made to bubble up within the inclosure of the Hall at Buxton. Every day she and Gadbury and half-a-dozen attendants came riding to the Baths, consulting and tasting and measuring; and the amusement was too welcome to the inhabitants to be neglected: so there was always a little crowd about the entrance, and plenty of help for holding the horses. Every word that could be caught up was repeated and spread abroad. If the reports of what was said were incorrect, it was owing to

the difficulty that some people had in making out whether it was the lady or one of the gentlemen who said this, that, or the other; for the Countess found a half-manly dress convenient: and, as her attendants spoke to her with deference, and she had no idea of moderating her own powerful voice, it was excusable to mistake Bess of Hardwick for a builder of mansions, or for one of her own grooms. An incident which occurred on occasion of her fourth visit to the baths at length fixed many minds in the knowledge of which was the Countess.

The people outside saw, in the midst of a snow-storm on the hills, a man and horse plunging down the steep path from the brow with so much haste that everybody said it was a post. It was so. In a few minutes a splashed and damp rider on a reeking horse appeared close at hand, followed by breathless servants from the Hall, who came to find the Countess, and possibly to take their chance of hearing some news, as the messenger's business was to deliver into the Countess's own hand a letter from the Earl.

The letter was presently in her hand, opened, and read. It was evidently very short, for it was thrust into her bosom in half a minute. That half minute changed her whole aspect and mood. Her well-browned face was flushed; her eye was, if possible, haughtier than ever; but her manner was thoughtful; and, after saying "Let us go home," she spoke no more. The idlers went about saying there was doubtless some news; but nobody could say for certain what it was. By night it was insisted by some people that the Pope and the Spaniards had landed, and were marching straight upon Buxton; others said the Scots had crossed the Border, and would be at Buxton in twenty-four hours; while others doubted whether Queen Elizabeth was murdered, or Queen Mary had got away to France. The one settled point was, that the Countess would not spend her Christmas at Buxton.

None of these things were true: but the Countess could scarcely have been more moved by any of them than by what her husband had really written. His letter contained but six lines. The Queen had just said to him what it was important for his wife to hear at once. The Queen had informed him that she meant to trust him as she would trust few. His wife would see what this meant; and she would not lose an hour in preparing at some one, if not all, of his country-seats a fitting reception for the guest who might be already on the way.

The Countess did not lose an hour. Before she slept she had consulted with the architect about alterations at Tutbury, alterations at Chatsworth, alterations in the Sheffield Castle, and at the Halls of Buxton and Hardwick and Chartley,—all having the same object,—the separation of the best suite of apartments from the rest of the house, in regard to attendance by servants, and the privacy of the occupants. Gadbury wondered; but he had too much work to do to spend time in speculation. If the Queen was coming to visit Lord Shrewsbury, he hoped he might see her, and perhaps be mentioned to her; but she could hardly be thinking of making a progress to all

Lord Shrewsbury's mansions,—and in mid-winter too. It struck him afterwards as odd that it had never occurred to him that there was another Queen in England at that time who had occupied three or four castles in twice as many months. But political news travelled slowly, and arrived irregularly; so that public curiosity was not so strong as it became after the roads were improved. Last May, Queen Mary of Scotland had crossed the Solway, and been taken to Carlisle. In October, there had been a sort of trial of her cause in a conference at York. As nothing but confusion had come out of that conference, another was held in London, the result of which was that Queen Mary must remain where she had come of her own accord till the English Government and the Scotch Protestants had settled the difficult point, what to do with her.

"What shall I ever do with her?" thought the Countess that night, many times over in her sleepless hours. It would be a dreadful restraint. She herself had always had her own way; it was well known that Queen Mary liked hers; and moreover that she so accomplished her aims as to convince some people that she had dealings with the powers of darkness. What were two such women to do, if compelled to live together? Here was a loss of all freedom and independence! Yet no,—it might be possible that the will and pleasure of both might be gratified through the resource of travelling. If Queen Mary should become as weary of captivity as most prisoners are, she would be glad to fall into the Countess's habit of moving from one country house to another, all the year round. Determining to render all the Earl's houses worthy of royal occupation, the Countess fell asleep on the happy idea.

When her husband met her at Tutbury, to make the necessary arrangements, she found that he had had but little quiet sleep for many nights. But for the suspicion which he would incur by refusal, nothing could have induced him to undertake a charge so burdensome in every way as the custody of the Queen of Scots. Sir Francis Knollys had given him some idea of the mere cost to her hosts of such an inmate: but that was the smallest evil.

"I will not be ruined," protested the lady Bess, "for any stray princess on earth. The days of wandering princesses are over,—or should be over if I had my way; and those who will wander must pay their charges. I shall ask one of the Queens, or both, which is to pay for the dame's lodgings, and, till that is settled, I shall suspend the works ordered."

"The works must go on," said the Earl; "and as for paying the workmen, leave that to me. I am responsible to the Queen."

"Yes; but you are responsible to me too, for the improvements ordered at Sheffield Park and Wingfield. Those works are not to be stopped that we may give the funds as alms to a pair of Queens."

"We cannot help ourselves, when the sovereign lays the charge upon us," said the Earl.

"That is what I mean to make out," replied the lady. "This Frenchwoman must have property,—jewels, plate, and funds abroad. Would

I touch them? Not I! But I can make her comprehend that she must provide her own entertainment, and that of her servants. It is quite enough for us to give her protection."

"Put all such thoughts out of thy mind, Bess," said her husband. "I have positive orders from the Queen that her kinswoman shall have truly royal entertainment, inasmuch as the eyes of the whole world will be upon the house where she is. It would be treason to give room for any one of the Scottish party to say that, while my guest, any person, high or low, had to pay charges, as at an inn."

"Why then come to us? Why could she not stay at Carlisle? She sought English soil; and there she had it."

"Her windows looked towards Scotland; and it was easy to make signals. There were two windows from which she might possibly escape into the arms of any party of Border horsemen. Bolton Castle was safer, as being moated round."

"Then why does she not stay at Bolton Castle?"

"It is not far enough from the Border. From her extreme unwillingness to move, it is supposed that she can carry on Scottish intrigues there. It required all my courtesy to reconcile her to the new arrangements: and I believe it was Knollys who prevailed after all."

"Knollys's manners prevail where yours fail!" exclaimed the Countess. "Then the world is turned upside down."

"It was not his courtesy, but his bluntness which wrought with her," said the Earl. "She had learned to be afraid of him at Carlisle, where he reasoned with her whether she ought to be deposed or not: and now, every word of his goes through her. At the first hint from him that she must have reasons for objecting to the solace of new scenes and a milder climate, she changed colour, and became cheerful in her inquiries about my house,—my several houses."

"And about anything further?"

"She could not inquire of me respecting my wife," observed the Earl, smiling.

"She knows me by repute, no doubt," replied the Countess. "Every Stuart, from Inverness to Paris, has heard of Bess of Hardwick."

"It does not need to be a Stuart to have heard of Bess of Hardwick," said her husband.

"See now if I do not make a better gaoler—Now, here you are showing your weakness already,—shivering at the word gaoler as if I had prophesied your being the lady's headsman! Let us call ourselves what we will, we are this woman's gaolers. For safe custody alone—"

"Safe and honourable custody, Bess; imprisonment softened and sweetened by every device of hospitality."

"Exactly so. In that view, you will see whether I am not the best turnkey in England. I will baffle her intrigues by carrying her from place to place, with all dutiful profession about her health and amusement."

"Those are matters for my government," observed the Earl.

"We are alone," replied the wife, half-laughing. "We need not keep up appearances at this moment. You do not understand how to govern

women: you will do exactly what I say; and you are welcome to the credit of it. But we need not trouble ourselves yet with hypocrisies."

"Pardon me, Bess. It is not a question of hypocrisies. I have duties that you do not know of, and thoughts which you cannot at present understand."

"Tell me all, or I will not play hostess to this troublesome guest," said the Countess.

"I cannot tell you all; and you will play the hostess," the husband said quietly.

He was right. There was in the case a woman's spirit more masculine than that of Bess of Hardwick herself. Bess had seen enough of the fate of ladies in prison under the Queen's displeasure to avoid such punishment for herself: and she was by her husband's side in all his proceedings from the hour when, on the 14th of January, he received the Queen's command to assume the charge of her kinswoman of Scotland. By her husband's side, the Countess rode to Bolton Castle, and, with more graciousness than had ever been seen in her before, she requested the commands of her Grace in everything pertaining to her accommodation or pastime.

CHAPTER II. THE BORDER OF NEEDWOOD FOREST.

THE sun had been hidden by black clouds for a week, when, in the afternoon of the 3rd of February, the weather rapidly cleared up. The rays of the low sun lay along the paths of Needwood Forest, and made the moss at the roots of the leafless trees almost dazzling from the vividness of its green. The rock which overhung the river Dove threw the waters into shadow; but the projections of the cliff, and the windows of the castle which crowned it glittered in the sunlight. The summits of the Peak in the distance were snowy; but the lower ridges wore that warm red hue which distinguishes a hilly country on a bright winter day from the grey or pallid plain, as summer from winter. The river banks resounded with human voices; for everybody was coming abroad to see the sport after a week of bad weather. The rapid river which flowed below Tutbury Castle was never frozen over: but there was a broad pond on the verge of the wood where the ball-play of the season flourished. There were almost as many players as men and boys in the neighbourhood, this afternoon. None but very old men were absent. The women and girls came to see, each busy as she moved about, or stood to watch the game. Some few were spinning with the distaff: but most of them were knitting. Some of the knitting was gay in colours; and there seemed to be a great deal to say about it, judging by the eagerness of the groups who compared their works. People in London, and near the coast, might complain of the number of foreigners who had of late entered the country; but in rural places much prosperity was certainly created by the introduction of a new trade. The Flemings and the French seemed to have inoculated the whole kingdom with their arts; for the silk manufacture was now going on from the borders of Wales to the shores which overlooked France.

The gossips could not agree as to the precise hour when the Earl and his train had arrived the

evening before. The wind had been so high that the horses could not have been heard, even if there had been no snow on the ground. It was certainly after dark; and the fugitive Queen might well be so fatigued as to keep close to-day. Several curious neighbours had been prying about; and some had invented reasons for knocking at the castle gates; but the porter was surly. He would not tell when the cavalcade arrived, nor what the Queen of Scotland looked like, nor whether the train of Yorkshire and Derbyshire gentlemen stayed or rode away.

While the women's tongues were rattling about this, and the players were shouting and wrangling over their game,—every cry reverberating from the opposite rock,—all were startled into silence in a moment by an apparition appearing from behind a promontory of the forest which stretched into the road. There was a pair of horsemen abreast. Then there were threes and fours, to the number of a score or upwards. Then there was a group of ladies,—six, riding two and two, with horsemen beside them. More gentlemen followed; and a company of grooms closed the procession. The gossips had a good opportunity for gazing, as soon as they had collected their wits; for one of the ladies checked her horse, and was evidently asking questions of the Earl. The whole cavalcade stopped: the players were desired to throw a cast or two; and the Earl's servants in the rear were beset with inquiries by their village acquaintance.

In a few minutes the signal was given to move on; and the cavalcade wound up the steep road to the castle gates.

That was the Earl, certainly; but how was it? Had they been for a ride after dinner? Or had they not arrived yesterday, after all? The game was broken up by the general curiosity, though one young man did his best to induce his party to conquer their antagonists while light enough remained.

"He is thinking of nothing but the game,—that Sampson Rudd," observed Polly Chell to her father's lodger, the itinerant parson who was here to preach for a week or two. "He would not stop his ball-play to look at a queen."

"He has everything to learn about the royal and noble persons," replied the priest, Dr. Pantlin. "What should he hear of the affairs of England while he was learning to weave in Switzerland, and getting his head filled with the stiff notions that Calvin's followers mislead our English youth by?"

Polly thought Sampson Rudd must remember enough of England to feel English people's interests. He had been absent only twelve years; and he came back now, very learned about silk-worms and silk fabrics, but apparently not knowing a queen from a milkmaid, or a popish princess from a Bible-reading sovereign.

The Reverend Dr. Pantlin doubted whether Sampson was so indifferent about the popish part of English affairs. Polly would see what the lad had to say.

"It is too dark for more play, Sampson," said she, walking where he was kicking the ball on the ice for his own amusement.

"Then where are the lights?" he added. "I remember when we played a dozen years ago, we did not leave off for night coming on. Don't you remember the cressets on the pond bank? Why not have them now?"

"Because we are all thinking of something else, I suppose,—all of us but you. Come! do let that ball alone for a minute, and tell us what you think of the popish queen."

"I suppose she looks as queens do look," said Sampson, carelessly. "I dare say they are all nearly alike."

"All nearly alike!" exclaimed Polly, who had once seen Queen Elizabeth on a journey, and could now, therefore, compare two queens who had not exactly the air of twin sisters.

"Now you see how Calvin's influence works," observed the preacher.

"Why should they be all alike, Sampson?" asked Polly.

"It may be the habit of ordering everybody," he replied. "They naturally get into a haughty way, and speak loud, as this one did just now. And if they are broad and fat, and ride like men, and halloo to the grooms, it is from their loose way of living, naturally."

"Broad and fat! and hallooing!" exclaimed Polly.

"He does not know a queen from a countess, as you expected," declared Dr. Pantlin.

And Polly explained to Sampson that he had mistaken Bess of Hardwick for Mary of Scotland.

"The poor queen looked very gentle," she said. "She smiled about the game; but it was such a sad smile!"

"She is ill, no doubt," said the preacher. "The party were obliged to stop at Chesterfield, last night, they say, because she had such a pain in her side that she could not sit her horse any further. I believe it is true—I mean that they lodged at Chesterfield; for I saw both Felton and Stansbury in her train."

"Do you mean that you doubt of her illness?" asked Polly.

"One need not say that," replied the priest. "However full she may be of art and wiles, she may well have pain of heart enough to ache in every part of her body. She may have been ill, but she looks—"

"O! so sweetly!" exclaimed Polly.

"Very much so," Dr. Pantlin assented. They had all heard that it was so.

"Did you really not see her, Sampson?" said Polly; "that graceful, downcast, beautiful lady—"

"Was that lady the Queen of Scots?" asked Sampson, for the first time really interested. "I wonder whether I should know her again."

"I am afraid you lost your opportunity, looking at Bess," observed Polly.

"I did not look much at either," replied the youth. "Queens are not much in my way; and if I cared for any, it would not be a popish one, whose relations afflict the godly in France, and who has had three husbands, and would not be sorry, they say, to take a fourth."

"It appears you do know something about queens," Dr. Pantlin observed.

"Surely I know about the Frenchwoman, and this Scottish woman, seeing what they do against religion. I was sent for, when I came through London, to interpret for the poor fellows from Havre,—the garrison that were driven away by the Papists. They brought the smallpox with them; and when several of them were at the worst, there was a call to some of us who had lived abroad to speak for them. The things that they had to tell!"

"What things?" asked Dr. Pantlin.

"The treatment of the godly in France; and worse still, in the Low Countries. There are thousands upon thousands of poor Flemings who have had their tongues cut out."

"Those Havre men must have been in the height of the fever when they said that," Polly quietly remarked.

"No, it was when they were recovering, and taking the air," Sampson said.

Dr. Pantlin knew the fact also. The pretence for the cruelty was that those protestants should be deprived of the means of protesting. Where were they now?—Most of them were dead; for few could survive that injury; but still there were hundreds, perhaps thousands, living in England and in Switzerland. Dr. Pantlin was, in fact, himself acquainted with two of these dumb martyrs.

"I do not believe that sorrowful lady had any concern in such doings," Polly declared: and as for her having had three husbands that was certainly an idle story about one so young.

Again the preacher justified what Sampson had said; and Polly observed, with a vexed air, that travellers' tales were very wonderful. She turned homewards in the twilight, and Sampson stayed behind when she walked away.

Polly was wanted at home,—sorely wanted. Her father was in from the field; her mother was weary with the tending of the ewes, and had brought in two or three half alive lambs, which began to make a noise as the warmth of the chimney corner revived them. The good wife remarked that they had made her neglect her own dear lamb; and she leaned over the crib in which lay her sick child, quietly crying because the noise prevented him from sleeping. The pottage was simmering over the wood fire; but the board was not spread, for the serving woman was milking. Polly exerted herself, under some sense of fault for having lingered in the twilight longer than she ought. She set the trestles in the middle of the floor, and lifted the boards without troubling anybody to help. Then she brought down the trenchers from the shelf, and placed them on the rough boards; and lastly, she spread a linen cloth over a part of the upper end, and put upon it a pewter platter from the beaufet, and a pewter mug, and a small salt-cellar and spice-box. These were for the preacher, who was to be the yeoman's guest till over Sunday. This done, Polly fetched down, from their proper shelf, three or four iron cups, furnished with hooks, and filled with fat. She supplied each with a wick, lighted it, and hooked it upon a staple in the wall. She turned out the pottage into its bowl, threw down the wooden spoons on the board, placed her

father's three-cornered chair, and then begged her mother to go to supper. She would take little Dick on her lap the while.

This was about to be done when one person after another entered. The first was the preacher, who had only to lay aside his hat, say grace, and sit down to supper. Before his platter could be filled, there was a knock at the door,—a hasty knock, and one of the hangers-on of the Castle came in. The Castle could not accommodate all the gentlemen who had joined the Earl's riding party; and the neighbours must be hospitable. Here was a gentleman who must have a lodging.

"I would make the gentleman welcome," said Farmer Chell, "but that there is not room. The Minister is here."

The Castle servant showed no reverence to the minister. On the contrary, he observed in an undertone that a man who preached in the forest when there were churches all over the land, might make shift to sleep in his own sort of vestry. There was room enough in the woods for all the priests that were shut out of the churches, and moss and dead leaves enough for all their beds. Dr. Pantlin declared his intention of being no hindrance to anyone: but yeoman and housewife would not hear of a clergyman being turned out of doors after dark. It was the other gentleman who must take his chance.

The other gentleman seemed quite willing to take his chance. He declared that he was so used to every sort of accommodation in his fishing and fowling rambles, that he did not know till next morning where and how he had slept. He was so merry and good-humoured that Polly presently returned her little sick brother to his crib, and went to work to fill a bedsack with fresh straw, and a bolster-sack with sweet dry chaff. These, a sheet and a rug, made a good bed on the broad settle in the living-room.

During his hearty meal, the stranger explained that he had taken horse at short notice, and without any previous notion of attending her Grace of Scotland. His dearest friend and nearest neighbour was Mr. Felton, of the Manor-house by Chesterfield.

"Then you are Mr. Stansbury?" observed Dr. Pantlin.

"I am; and I remember you when you had the pulpit in Derby. Felton and I were making flies for our spring fishing after supper yesterday, when we heard the tramp of horsemen in the avenue. There were so many that we went out to see whether we were under her Majesty's displeasure, and her Grace's arrest. But we were told that a lady was overwrought with her journey, and unable to go further; and we opened the doors to as many as chose to enter. The lady turned out to be her Scottish Grace; and when we saw the jades she and her ladies were mounted on, the wonder was that all were not sick alike."

All present agreed that it was a strange want of courtesy to mount these ladies on miserable horses. It was not like the Earl to do such a thing.

"It was not the Earl's doing; no Talbot would do it—"

"Unless Bess of Hardwick," somebody observed.

"She is no Talbot. But, in truth, it was nobody's fault. There was a lively alarm of a swoop from the Border, at any moment. The ladies opposed themselves to any removal with a vehemence which looked ominous; and Sir Francis Knollys sent out for horses, and must take such as could be got."

"I wonder he and the Earl consented to stop at Chesterfield," the Minister observed.

"There was a watch set against the Borderers, all the country round," Stansbury explained. "I told Felton that, as host, he must take her Grace's part against all comers, night or day; and I verily believe the poor lady hoped the occasion might arise. I never leave Felton, nor he me, when any adventure befalls; so I rode on in the train to-day, to see the end of the march. We thought to ride back, or to take lodgings together in the nearest inn; but her Grace will not hear of Felton being dismissed to-night: so he is the Earl's guest, and I am yours, at your service."

At this moment the servants came in—the two men from the field and stall, and Bridget, who had been milking the ewes. They were to have their supper; and there was no more discourse at the upper end of the board about the company at the Castle. Dr. Pantlin said grace for the meal which was ending, and then for that of the servants, which was beginning. Stansbury did not leave the table; but the Minister observed that he turned half away, and that he certainly crossed himself.

"You perceive," said Stansbury, "that I am not of any new persuasion. I am of the Church."

"Nor am I of any new persuasion," said Dr. Pantlin. "I am of the Church as it was before the passions and lusts of men corrupted it."

"Yes, yes; we know our grounds of difference," said Stansbury, refusing by his manner to enter upon any religious discussion. "We are each out of favour with the government of the day: and if we must discuss the matter of our churches, we had better take the only common ground, and find fault with the sect which has usurped the pulpits of the kingdom."

"Better say nothing at all," remarked Farmer Chell. "The days are past when a man might say what he liked within his own four walls. Now that these foreigners come in swarms, and settle where they see fit, asked or unasked, one is never sure that all one's neighbours are honest. And when they are honest, they are hardly civil. They frown at any jest, and make such a noise about any innocent pastime, that we have little pleasure in our feast-days, and little freedom at any time."

"You may thank the Papists for that last," his wife remarked. "They are the real spies, and I dare say the gentleman knows it as well as we do."

Dr. Pantlin's smile said "Perhaps rather better;" and Stansbury returned the smile. He said he hated spying and plotting—they were the curse of the land. Everybody was spying upon everybody else, and the merriment of Old England was spoilt. It was the proper punishment for the

violence which had been offered to the Church. When the silliest children of a household insisted on correcting their mother, how should there not be confusion, high and low? Here was Dr. Pantlin, a deprived pastor, preaching in barns or in the lanes; there was his pulpit at Derby empty, and the doors shut, Sunday after Sunday; there were the Anabaptists collecting crowds in the streets by their antics; and, if you wanted the true clergy, they were where they could give you no good,—shut up in the dark in prisons, and fed on bread and water. This was what merry England had come to!

Polly did not see that times were so bad for gentlemen who were free to amuse themselves as they liked. A man who sat at his loom abroad—anywhere in France or the Low Countries—was never sure of being in possession of his own tongue or his own life at the end of the day. . . .

"You mean if he is a Calvinist," observed Stansbury.

"Yes, of course; but you Popish gentlemen can sit making flies for your fishing, and can ride on your own errands, and entertain Papist princesses without molestation from anybody."

"Unless they plot," her father put in.

"Oh! if they plot, they must expect what may happen. We are speaking of those who do not plot."

"I have one plot," said Stansbury; "and that is to get some fishing while I am here. Can I get any good fellow to go out with me?"

No man could be spared from the field at this season. Polly was of opinion that no craftsman could be induced to leave his loom or his workshop, because all were preparing for the Easter fair—the great market of the year. There was one neighbour, however, who preferred roving to sitting at his loom. Perhaps Sampson Rudd would go out with the gentleman.

(To be continued.)

A NIGHT ON THE NIAGARA.

TWENTY-FIVE years ago, a roving disposition placed me in the pleasant little town of Buffalo, which lies at the foot of Lake Erie, and at the head of its outlet, the famous Niagara river. The great cataract is twenty miles below. Buffalo had then about twenty thousand inhabitants: now it has three or four times that population. Situated at the lower terminus of the navigation of the great lakes, and at the opening of the Erie Canal, which connects the lakes with the Atlantic, it was a busy, thriving, and important town, seven or eight months in the year.

But in that region, though several degrees below our latitude, all internal navigation is closed, as a rule, by the 1st of December, and the great inland seas are sometimes covered with solid ice on May-day. The winter puts a period to all labours connected with navigation, and Buffalo, in winter, was full of lake sailors, steamboat men, canallers, and hundreds more, connected with trade and navigation, spending their summer wages, with nothing to do, and ready, as idle hands, for Satan's work of mischief.

It was about this time that the late William

Lyon Mackenzie took it upon himself to become a reforming patriot in Upper Canada; and, being driven out of the province, he came for sympathy to Buffalo. He got plenty of it. Buffalo had been burnt by the "bloody British" in the war of 1812. Right opposite, in plain sight, were the ruined walls of Fort Erie, taken, and then blown up and abandoned, by the Americans. A few miles below were the sanguinary battle fields of Chippewa and Lundy's Lane, where General Scott won the laurels of courage, if not of victory; while just below the monument of the British Gen. Brock towers above the heights of Queenstown, where he died in the hour of triumph, after hurling an invading army of Yankees into the gulf below the cataract.

So, the Buffalonians welcomed Mackenzie, cheered his speeches, passed resolutions to sustain him, and even raised a good many men and some money for a Canadian invasion. Rochester sent a large number—one entire company of State militia going with its officers. The son of a New York general, who had been defeated at Queenstown, offered his services, and was appointed Commander-in-Chief by Mackenzie, who assumed to be at the head of the provisional government. The hastily raised forces took possession of Navy Island, a small British island in the Niagara river, just above the Falls of Niagara. With the help of a Westpoint engineer, batteries were erected, trees felled, and the island placed in a defensible position.

Upon this island fortresses gathered some hundreds—perhaps a thousand—Canadian patriots, as they called themselves, or rebels, as they were termed by the Colonial authorities. Nine-tenths of them had never been in Canada in their lives. They were American sympathisers. Their cannon were stolen from American arsenals, or were the field-pieces of the neighbouring militia. Their ammunition and supplies came from the towns of the American frontier. Farmers came with their teams, hauling contributions of flour, bacon, and other provisions. A steamboat, the *Caroline*, was cut out of the ice at Buffalo, and sent down the still open river, to ply between the rebel island and the American shore, to carry men, arms, and supplies to the rebels. The position was a remarkable one. Between Navy Island and the Canadian shore flows the main current of the Niagara, a deep and rapid river, which a short distance below turns to foaming rapids; while the roar of the great cataract fills the air, the ground trembles with its shock, and the cloud that rises above it is plainly visible.

While the forces of Mackenzie and his Yankee military commander, Van Rensselaer, were gathering upon this small, wood-covered island, Colonel (now Sir Allan) M'Nab, aided by some resident half-pay British officers, was collecting a force upon the opposite bank, to oppose the threatened invasion, and also to dislodge the *soi-disant* patriots from their island fastness. For two miles batteries were planted along the river. I ought to know the distance, for I passed down by all the batteries one day, in a boat, under a dropping fire of rifle shots from the island. It was proposed to take it by assault and dislodge the Yankee invaders, but

this was a difficult enterprise. A boat crippled would be lost, and there was a fair chance that the whole expedition would follow the steamer *Caroline* over the falls. A small party came over one night, cut her out from the American dock where she was moored, towed her into the stream, set her on fire, and sent her blazing down the rapids, and over the great cataract. Preparations were therefore made to drive out the enemy by a bombardment, which came off one moonlight night, as I stood upon a point of Grand Island, just above, and between, though mostly out of the range of the belligerent batteries.

It was a magnificent spectacle. The snow covered the ground. The moon rode high in the heavens. Around were the dark waters of the rushing river, and below the world's grandest waterfall. I could see the whole line of batteries on either side. Boats with muffled oars were moving on the river. Murmuring sounds came through the stillness from the British shore. Suddenly, in the calm stillness of the deep night, the whole line of batteries opened a rapid and continuous fire. Cannon sent their iron hail crashing among the trees, rockets went blazing and roaring across the dark river, and shells went hissing high into the air, their track made distinctly visible by the blazing fuze, until they burst above, or in the forest. The rebel batteries were not silent. They had neither mortars nor rockets, but their guns flashed out of their forest fastness, and replied defiantly, if not effectively, to the roar of the loyal artillery. It was a magnificent spectacle, flashing, roaring, crashing, lighting up the scene with a fitful glare, while clouds of sulphurous smoke rose heavily and were borne away by the gentle breeze; and at intervals, in the pauses of this storm of war, the roar of the great cataract could be heard, and its cloud of spray went up like incense to heaven; and the holy moon looked down upon the scene, and the opposing forces, who were doing their best to dye the white robe of the earth with each other's blood.

The rebels, finding the force of loyal Canadians too strong for a successful invasion, tired out and starved out, withdrew from Navy Island, under the mild persuasions of General Scott, and Governor Marcy. The shells, shot, and rockets were expended upon a dense forest. The rebellion failed, and a wise clemency made Canada the most loyal of provinces; but the American border has not forgotten Navy Island, or the *Caroline*. The older volunteers who flocked around the standard of Mackenzie, had fought in the war of 1812. There are thousands of men now along the Canadian frontier, who were engaged, more or less actively, in the rebellion. Secret societies were formed in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Michigan, forming an order of "Hunters," with oaths and passwords, organised to aid the Canadian patriots. From the expeditions of Montgomery and Arnold, in 1775, up to this hour, the great mass of the Northern Americans have never renounced the hope and expectation of making Canada their own. They will never be satisfied until they command both shores of the great lakes, and their flag floats in triumph from the head of Lake Superior to the mouth of the St. Lawrence. J.

A MORAL FROM SAINT SWITHIN.

WHEN Tellus crowned with half-embrown'd wheat,
Wearing within the braids of her long hair
In thick festoons her scarlet poppy-wreath
Pants hot and breathless in the July air :

And scorched white the bearded barley bends,
Parched and all-drooping to the sultry breeze,
And sullen roars the distant thunder-voice,
Shaking with coming wrath the fretful trees :

Ariseth he—Physician much belied !—
Fruitful Saint Swithin, and with out-stretched hand,
His crystal vase of sweet cool rain down-pours
In gift baptismal on the craving land.

Come, bounteous Rain-god, in thy watery car,
For to thine influence owe we, and thy power
All earth's green verdure, her rich crops, her fruit,
The thousand Iris-hues of each sweet flower !

Nature revives ! And she, whose o'er-taxed womb
But for all blessed rain would sterile be,
Rises refreshed, and blushing through her tears
Wears the glad heart-smile of maternity.

Take courage, then, for when in life's high noon
Faints the strong man upon his sultry way,
Faith with her out-poured vial pointing on
Lets fall the rain-dew of a July day !

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE TRIBULATION OF RUSSIA.

PROBABLY the question which is just now asked oftenest in every country in Europe is—"Who lights up all these fires all over Russia?" I very much doubt whether anybody knows, and whether there are any means of knowing. To those of us who have friends in Russia, and who have read all that has been written about the country for many years past, the mystery is more confounding than to the most careless. What purpose can be answered to anybody by this terrific and useless destruction of property and of public order? Among the lowest order of serfs there are millions who would do anything that came into their puzzled heads and angry hearts. One of the most dreadful blows that the late Czar ever received was when the news reached him of what had been done by the serfs on an estate on the Volga, in consequence of some words of his. A deputation of serfs had sought him, and told him their griefs; he said to them, "I sympathise with you," and promised not to forget them. They made sure of immediate freedom, went home, and spread their news; and the next tidings were that the officers of the estate had been taken into the woods, and there burnt alive, flayed alive, crucified, subjected to nameless horrors. The Czar was long in getting over the shock, if he ever did get over it. One of the most eulogistic of English describers of Russian society told us, not long ago, of what happened when she was on one of the estates much further to the south. A young lady, walking in her father's garden, observed an odd appearance on the walls of the house (which were of wood); she called her father's attention to it; and it proved to be a coating of phosphorus, which would have ignited in an hour or two of

noon sunshine. One of the house-servants, a young man, confessed that he had done it, and that he meant to burn the mansion, on account of some personal grudge which possessed his mind. That people like these should burn houses is less wonderful than that the Norfolk labourers of thirty years ago should burn stacks; but the late Russian fires are not of this character. Public offices in the chief cities, churches, market-houses, and whole streets of shops are not likely to be attacked by domestic or agricultural serfs. There is even less concert among the widely scattered class of thralls in Russia than among the negroes in America; and the recent fires have broken out all over the empire,—in Odessa as well as St. Petersburg,—near the European frontier, and far eastwards towards Siberia. The higher order of thralls, the traders and artisans in the towns, know too much of life to be likely to follow so ruinous a policy, even if there were any conceivable purpose to be answered by such incendiarism. Such fires as have happened in the rural communes might be the work of serfs; but there must be other mischief-makers at St. Petersburg and Moscow, Novgorod and Odessa.

It cannot be the Old Russian party. They are under discouragement at present; but such a course would be simply their own destruction. The modern German party have every inducement to promote the prosperity of the country in every way. The Secret Societies which are the constant bugbear of all Russian governments are less and less believed in from generation to generation, as they never do anything, and can never be found; but, if they did exist and work, this is about the very last thing they would do, as it would place out of reach every object they can be supposed to desire. It is not supposed that Government knows—and no one class, more than any other, seems to be thought able to throw any light on the mystery. So the old remedy is called in—repression by military force; and the mischief is kept under for the moment.

The most careless may now have some idea and feeling of what it must be to live in Russia. While, in the chief cities, the great merchants are failing every day, and the insurance offices are bankrupt; and while, in the country, the families of nobles do not know which way to turn to obtain the luxuries of life, which have become necessities to them, or even to get clothes to wear, the outside world at last learns to pity them; and it is enough to make anybody shudder to think of living in a groping panic from day to day, not knowing whom to trust, and afraid to let anybody in, for fear of fire-balls and lucifer-matches. While it is quite true, however, that society there is in a state of fearful suspense, awaiting a hurricane, without knowing to what quarter to look for it, or how to make preparation against it, it is also true that this state of mind is so far from being anything new, that Russians may suffer less from it than we should. The gentry of South Carolina declare that they enjoy life under conditions which would spoil our pleasure in everything,—under dread of fire, dread of being out after dark, dread of country rambles, dread of poor whites in the woods, and of poor blacks in their own houses;

and in the same way, the Russian gentry think themselves the gayest people in the world, in their life of social precariousness, and of restriction on personal action. No doubt they suffer under the increased panic and helplessness of this terrible year; but it cannot be to them by any means so intolerable as it would be to us who have never known what it was to fear our government, or our neighbours, or our own households.

Let us see what we know of the character of ordinary Russian life, and of that of to-day. Such a survey, however brief, may help us to sympathise now, and prepare us for whatever we may next witness.

We cannot too carefully remember that, however we may talk about Russian society, we know nothing of the life of any part of it but the aristocracy. There is nothing else that we can know; for there is nothing there equivalent to our middle class. English residents and travellers in Russia describe to us the dress and appearance of everybody who appears in the streets and passes along the roads; they tell us what the shops and markets are like, and how people work in the fields, and the mines, and the factories, and the great charity-schools, and asylums; but there is nobody to report what is thought, and said, and felt by nine-tenths of the people. Remembering, then, how narrow our range of observation is, this is what we may be said to know.

The Russians consider themselves the most light-hearted people in the world,—the very gayest,—those who have the easiest life of it: and the common run of foreign observers fall into the belief that it is so. The citizens have no onerous cares, no arduous enterprises, no political duties, no social responsibilities. Government undertakes everything for them, and only begs them not to trouble themselves about anything. This gives them leisure to gratify their likings, and pursue their amusements, without any danger of reproach from any quarter; and they claim that Russia is the same sort of paradise for men that Belgravia and Washington are for women. An Englishman's comment on this is that such a life would not satisfy him; and I need not dwell on that plain fact: but I must point out that the bright gaiety of aristocratic life in Russia is only one side of it. The Czars and their counsellors have steadily desired that life should be essentially monotonous to the citizens, while the irksomeness was duly relieved by superficial excitements. A perpetual round of entertainments was to preclude all dullness, while no absorbing interests were to find entrance. But it is not for Czars and councils to decree what men shall do with their lives, and at the same time save them from the consequences of any abuse of life. As it has turned out, nowhere are there so many catastrophes as in Russian life, where nothing remarkable is to be allowed to happen: nowhere are there so many thunderclaps as in that gay realm where everybody is to be always dancing in the sunshine. The element of uncertainty is most striking,—whether we study native or foreign pictures of Russian society. Throughout the vast mountain pile of Russian life, there are not only deep hidden caverns where misery groans, and gloomy ravines where men's hearts fail them for fear, but

also chasms in the flowery uplands, into which somebody or other is for ever falling, to the horror of the bystanders. The Government is vexed that it should be so,—declares that it is the fault of the sufferers,—complains of men's perverseness, that they will think and desire, and aspire, and do anything but amuse themselves, and go deftly through their easy work in the public offices: but not the less is the thing for ever happening; and this perpetual experience of shocks must have done something towards either deadening men's feelings, or inuring their minds to such a state of things as the present.

As for the ladies,—their life is easily understood and imagined. They are all hospitable,—it being the habit of their order to keep an open house in the country, and something very like it in town. They read in several modern languages, they cultivate music and drawing, they dress themselves and their houses prettily, they amuse themselves and other people, all their lives long. In a state of society in which due scope is not allowed to the best human energies, there is sure to be a prevalence of two tendencies,—of scepticism and of sentimentality; and the women are sure to have their full share of the one or the other. Among Russian ladies, there is, accordingly, a knowing turn and a sentimental turn; and if we would find a ripe wisdom, the fruit of knowledge, sensibility, thought, and experience, we must look for it among those who are far from being gay and light-hearted.

But I must be more rapid in my survey. What is the life of the men of Russia, as it was before the opening of the present crisis?

There was the Czar; a man as far from happy as any one in his dominions. He believed—from Peter the Great to the second Alexander—that conspiracy was always dogging his steps, and boring mines under his throne. He was a god to the nation; but he had the work of a Providence to do in a polity which charged him with every man's business and every man's fate; and thus, between his dignity and his task, his pride and his mortal limitations, his brain was in danger, and a sound and serene life was out of the question. As for any possible aid in his work,—an autocrat can have no friend, in the best sense; and the late Czar only said what every Czar thinks when he declared that his officials would steal his very breeches if they could. Then come the officials. They are the worst class in society, unless it be the Jew dram-sellers, who are the locusts of the country districts as the political functionaries are of their own department. They are nominally underpaid, and therefore provide for themselves by corruption and oppression. We all know so much of this, and the Russian bureaucracy is so established as the type of a curse in high places, that I need say no more of it. But the military part of the public service is no longer to be described, as it once was, in the same terms with the civil. Since the last war, if the soldiery are not more miserable than before, their misery has become better known. The case has been taken to heart by the Imperial family; thieves and oppressors in high places have been punished: frauds have been stopped; and, above all, the conscrip-

tion has been largely remitted. Yet, the military class has, all this while, been quite as miserable as any civilians are now. The soldiery loathe their fate: the administration of their department is completely disorganised, and from the most depressed private serving on the Asiatic frontier to the princely commander who levies homage in St. Petersburg, every soldier knows that the army is in a desperate state, and the world is saying every day that Russia is no longer, practically considered, a great military power. After all the filching of the soldier's bread and dram, and warm coats, and straw and fuel and medicine, and the starving of his horse, and the stopping of his pay, there come the shame and grief of the world's compassion, and the fearlessness of Europe. The discontent of the army is known to be so great that a wide-spread suspicion exists in Russia that the matches which have kindled flames from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Finland, have come out of the pockets of long grey coats.

There are persons yet more aware than the soldiery of the decline of their country in European estimation. The nobles have, for a whole generation, been learning more of what the world is like beyond their frontier; and they find their position in strong contrast to that of a genuine aristocracy. They are not of ancient stock; they are not of natural growth; they were till lately liable to the knout; and, as I need not add, they have no sacred heritage of personal honour as a ground of *prestige*. There are many and great advantages in being a noble in Russia; but it is not a thing to be proud of. The more these nobles travel, the more keenly they feel their inferiority to every primitive aristocracy; and they learn at the same time that while the dignity of their order has somewhat improved at home, the repute and influence of their country have, in a much greater proportion, declined abroad. With no political career open to them, and their territorial prospects spoiled by the curse of serfage, which could neither go on nor be got rid of, the class of nobles was far from happy before their Emperor called upon them to deal with that curse of serfage. At present we see some of them glad that the hour has come, and loyally devoted to work out the scheme, while more are reluctant, angry, sullen, or immovable; and all are in difficulties about land and money.

That part of their order which constitutes the bureaucracy is in the direst confusion. For years they have fought, tooth and nail, against the reform of their insufferable official vices; and they have made the Emperor and all his subjects their victims. If he had been resolute enough to stake everything on a reform of his administration throughout the empire, he and his people might have got safely through their crisis; the serfs might have been freed without serious mischief, and a foundation would have been laid for the growth of a middle class. But the Emperor vacillated: he let incorrigible functionaries remain, and take the charge of his reforms: he dismissed them and appointed better; and now again he has turned back to the old system. The functionaries, meantime, are grasping what they can of wealth and power, venturing the most desperate

frauds, tyrannies, and open defiance, aware that they must overrule the Emperor or perish.

The clergy are the lowest in the world out of Thibet. The bishops are the most slavish of courtiers before the nobles, and the most vulgar of tyrants among their clergy. The clergy are a very suffering class,—not only ignorant and oppressed, but painfully abased. In a Protestant country, where the clergy of all sects deal with ideas as the basis of sentiments, it is scarcely possible to conceive of the way in which the ministers of a purely ritual religion are regarded, as in the Greek Church or in Buddhist society. Perhaps the clergy in Russia are less affected by recent events than any other class. Nobody thinks of raising them: they can hardly sink lower in fortunes and repute. It must, however, make some difference to them whether the landowners are keeping open house, or shutting up and going away; or whether the peasants are in their ordinary mood, or mutinous and menacing; and whether the commune is prosperous and merry, or full of gloom and strife. The clergy, therefore, are not much happier than other people just now.

Next to the nobles, the most miserable class would seem to be the traders. We cannot call them the middle class, because there is nothing in Russia which corresponds to our conception of that broad, rich, all important element of modern society. There are a few wealthy traders who may be serfs or free, as may happen. The freest and richest have no social or political function or interest. They have no objects in common with their neighbours, and are not included in any organisation whatever. In their one object,—of making their fortunes, they are now baffled. It was bad enough formerly, while making their fortunes, to be subject to the intolerable extortions and insults of the whole body of public functionaries; but there was always the hope of a time when abuses would come to an end, and law become a real safeguard to the citizen; and there was a commerce going on by which traders could compensate themselves for their losses by official oppression: but now there is nothing doing. There is no money; there is no credit; whole streetful of traders are bankrupt; and those who have not yet failed see nothing before them but a state of barter. In many places it is a complete deadlock about money; and if the townspeople want food, and the landed gentry want clothes, they must manage to exchange the one for the other. Moreover, the merchant is afraid to see any customer enter, lest he should leave a trail of fire behind him: every one who comes in is watched and followed, at the risk of mortal offence; and if the day is got through without arrest, bad debts, incendiarism, pillage, or other hardship, the night may sweep away everything. Flames break out in a dozen places in a bazaar or market; and by the morning, one, two, or three hundred shops and warehouses may be mere smouldering ruins.

There remain the two opposed social elements,—the free intellectual order and the peasants.

Careless observers might suppose the latter to be the happiest class in Russia now. We may hope that they will be; but they are not very lighthearted at present. What their misery was

in former reigns will hardly be known for some time yet. A debased class has to learn to speak the language, and even to realise the ideas of manhood, before it can convey any true impression of its experience in slavery. Our grandchildren will know more than we can by any means learn of the troubles of serf life in Russia: but, if there had been no prior revelations of restless misery, we should perceive something of it now by the discontents with which the Czar is struggling. The people find themselves practically still bound to their proprietors; and they rage and storm, or throw themselves down heartbroken,—sure that they are betrayed, and only hoping that the Czar cannot know of it. How much these poor people have to do with the conflagrations, time may show. As I have said, it does not seem probable that the mischief should be their work; but there is no doubt about their being in a wild state of discontent. There is intelligence enough among them, and there was a sufficiently steady expectation of freedom to have rendered the transition to a system of free labour safe and practicable, if not easy: but the enterprise was unsteadily proposed, begun at the wrong end, rendered dangerous to the proprietors, and disappointing to the peasants; and the consequence is that in some regions the woods are swarming with hungry outlaws, or the peasants and the soldiery are fighting, or fraternising against the nobles; or there are long rows of mutineers suffering as malefactors. One would like to know more of the brighter side. There must be estates, and we would fain hope whole provinces, where the proprietors have succeeded in making the people understand their own case, and in inducing them to work heartily, in discharge of their obligations: but we are still kept waiting for this better news, though we may reasonably look to have it any day.

The free intellectual order of citizens are now regarded with respectful compassion by the best citizens of all countries. Some of them have been driven along the roads to Siberia. Some are already there, sentenced never more to see home and friends: some are sunk into the hopelessness of frontier military service; and many more are suffering under enforced silence and stagnation in their own towns and homes. The University is closed; the school is broken up; the key is carried away from the lecture-room or club-house door. Precious books are seized and burnt; and spies and informers are everywhere. Two men cannot converse about the stars,—one man cannot work the multiplication table, without being suspected of punishable sedition. In the days of the former Alexander the members of the Schelling society were indulged with liberty of discussion, because, as the Emperor remarked, they would thus be occupied, without any danger of anybody reaching any practical conclusion: and even now the School of Arts is kept open at Warsaw,—the authorities saying: "Let them paint, and then they won't think:" but in the great Russian cities, everything of the sort is superseded. Yet, I cannot but believe that the intellectual class is the least miserable. No doubt the highest order of citizen suffers from a throng of bitter emotions; his friends are in prison or in exile; his own pursuits are

stopped, and his bread with them; a generation of promising young men are turned away from a nobler to a lower order of occupations; but still, these are signs and tokens that the hour, long prayed for, is at hand. These must be the incidents of the time whenever freedom does arrive; and the man who finds himself wading and struggling in the midst of them may hope to get a footing on the high and dry land of liberty before he dies.

Such has been the progress of Russian experience from the time of Nicholas to that of Alexander II. The point is now reached when every department of the empire seems to be in disorder, and every interest in a state of ruin. It must be so, sooner or later; and it is our fortune to see it. There must be many men now living who will see what comes of it,—whether Russia is capable of remaining a European empire on European terms. If not, it must betake itself to Asia, where, by its comparative enlightenment, it deserves a great career.

But the European career must be also possible where there is a Head of the empire who has, however fitfully, encouraged aspirations after liberty, and where the suspicions of the authorities take the direction of constitutional organisation. Something must be done with the higher element which sometimes blazes out and sometimes is hidden, but which has never yet been extinguished. At present, there is no corn in the granaries of the Southern ports, because the nobles have little to send, and nobody to trust it to; and nobody has any money with which to buy it. There is no traffic on the Steppe roads; no echo of axe or wain in the woods; no buzz of bargaining in the bazaars; no harvest singing in the fields. There is instead the roar of the flames in the market-place, and the clang when the church bells fall from the steeple. The peasant stands idle in his weedy plot, refusing to strike his spade in while rent is demanded for it: and if he and his household are out late under the summer twilight, it is not to load the last sheaves, but to watch the red glare on the horizon, which tells what is doing in a distant commune. In some places people gather to see the rarity of a small coin,—such as their pockets used to be full of: in others, shippers are laying up their vessels, dreading to find them riddled by "the worm" next season; and elsewhere, the contractors are stopping the railway works, because there is no money to be had. Everybody seems to be turned idle except the soldiers; and they are marching and clattering their arms everywhere; yet every soldier is looked at with misgiving by the Government. The citizens are silent in their own homes; their wives look wistfully in their faces, while praising their country and social ways to all strangers, to governess, visitors, and every one who may be a spy. The children are under a chill of terror, and have hobgoblin notions of Secret Societies. Amidst all these miseries there is something stirring which must be liberty in some form or other; and we catch glimpses here and there of the shape of constitutionalism. Is there anything that we or anybody can do towards clearing away the miseries, and establishing the good which they are ushering in?

We can only give our sympathy and our testimony. We can show the Czar that we are watching his intercourses with France, and anxious for a good deliverance for him and his people from their revolution. When asked, we can give our opinion that nothing is so safe in politics as frank speech about an avowed object. If Russia is to remain an autocracy, let the Czar say so, and learn whether it is possible. If the people are to become a nation, with a middle class and representative institutions, let the proposal be openly made. When frank discussion shames conspiracy, it may turn out that the fires are the work of mere thieves, and the horrors those of frightened people running after each other in the dark. Matters can hardly be worse; and there is no saying how much better they may be, when men appear who are worthy of their day. Meantime, there may be more immediate bloodshed elsewhere, but there can scarcely be a more fearful spectacle than the Tribulation of Russia.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MAID AVORAINE.

I.

SIR GAWAIN rode in fretful spleen
Thro' yellow meadows of wheat and bean,
And thro' green wood and glade;
The balmy peace he found not then
Among the busy haunts of men,
He sought in summer shade,
And all day long as thus he rode
Unrest within his heart abode.

II.

In sober samite he was drest,
No shining mail was on his breast,
Nor sword nor spear had he;
His heart within was heavy as lead,
And as he rode his helmless head
He hung dejectedly,
And as he rode from place to place
The sun burnt blushes on his face.

III.

Sir Gawain said, "I leave behind
The fever of the warlike mind,
And seek a calm repose;
Unhelm'd upon my path I set,
Quitting those arts wherewith I met
Mine honorable foes;
And far away across the plain
I go to woo Maid Avoraine.

IV.

"Within the palace of the king
The sweet-eyed syrens smile and sing,
Brittle and bright as glass;
Like clouds that part with softest airs,
A languid loveliness is theirs:
So from the court I pass,
And, poor and pale, I go to gain
The country-bred Maid Avoraine.

V.

"She knows no lust of pomp or pelf,
And she will love me for myself,
And share my lowly lot;
For she is innocent and fair,
And wears within her yellow hair
The blue forget-me-not
Myself did place there, in my pride,
When last we wandered side by side.

VI.

"Her heart is like a bird with wings,
That soars above the world and sings
For joy the spring is here;
And she will love me though I cast
Mine ancient honour to the blast,
And break both sword and spear.
Her heart is humble. For the rest,
My strength shall put her to the test.

VII.

"What time I rode in mail like fire,
Close followed by my meek esquire,
Home from the tilt and fight,
And rode beside a running stream,
With golden helm that made a gleam
Of noonday in the night,
I halted late upon the plain,
And saw the sweet Maid Avoraine.

VIII.

"Rude russet woof her peasant's dress,
But all the rest was loveliness
As sweet and white as milk;
She gave me food, she brought me wine,
She sang me songs, and placed in mine
A hand more soft than silk.
I spoke no word. At break of day,
Gloomy with doubt, I rode away.

IX.

"But morn and night, in peace or fight,
While I have dwelt, a warlike knight,
Where merry men carouse,
The memory of the country maid
Has darkened on me, like the shade
Of trembling forest boughs
On waters where the sun doth fall
And twinkle in a golden ball.

X.

"So half ashamed, forlorn, and weak,
Doubting the joy I go to seek,
Moody I ride and slow;
The honours fallen from my head
Cling roundabout my feet like lead,
And gall me as I go,
With fretful heart and questioning brain,
To country-bred Maid Avoraine."

XI.

Sir Gawain rode thro' sun and shade,
O'er yellow hill, thro' gay green glade,
And by the river's side;
He left King Arthur's bright abode
Hemmed round with harvest. As he rode,
Dark-browed and pensive-eyed,
Shades of the court behind his back
Grew darker in Sir Gawain's track.

XII.

And once or twice he pulled the rein
As if to journey back again;
And, though his heart was firm,
Shame tingled on him as a whip,
And a thin scorn upon his lip
Was writhing like a worm;
For he was thinking, more or less,
Of the sweet maiden's lowliness.

XIII.

Then on the forehead of a bill
He halted, gazing on the still

Green vale that lay below,
Where thro' wild banks of bush and brake
The river like a silver snake
Drew glistening coils,—and lo !
Just underneath him in the plain,
The cottage of Maid Avoraine.

XIV.
With music in her ears, that crept
Into her blood and then outleapt
In joyful blushes bright,
Just at the threshold sat the maid,
Singing and spinning in the shade,
And in her eyes was light ;
For like a gem she wore the fair
Forget-me-not in her yellow hair.

XV.
Whereat the knight rode on, grown less
Proud of the meanness of his dress,
Half doubtful, half in shame,—
Saying, "She honoured me of old,
But I am poorer twentyfold
And have a meaner name ;
Perchance she will not know me now
Mine honours fall from off my brow."

XVI.
But as he rode Maid Avoraine
Ran out to meet him on the plain,
Full of soft joys and fears ;
Then, starting back, she looked in dread
On his mean dress and helmless head,
And her eyes filled with tears ;
And shrinking from his kiss she gazed
Upon him, trembling and amazed.

XVII.
Then Gawain thought, "She loves me not ;"
Adding aloud, "Hast thou forgot
The man, no longer knight,
Whom thou didst swear to love ?—Behold,
Strip of my sword and coat of gold,
In miserable plight,
I come unto thee seeking rest !"
She brightened, blushed, was on his breast.

XVIII.
"Nay, Avoraine," Sir Gawain cried,
And thrust her roughly from his side,
"Say, dost thou love me still ?"
"Ay." "Art thou willing, sweet, to prove
That thou dost very truly love ?"
"With God's good help, I will ;
Say, Gawain, say, what shall I do
To prove my maiden love is true ?"

XIX.
Sir Gawain hung the head awhile,
And gnawed his beard with crafty smile,
Then moodily he cried :
"Two summer days beneath the sun
In page's dress I'd have thee run
At my swift horse's side,
Thro' bush, thro' brake, thro' thorny woods,
And swimming over swollen floods.

XX.
"The ladies of the court I leave
Are false and fair,—their smiles deceive
The foolish and the mad ;
But I would have thee prove thyself
Above that lust of pomp or pelf
Which makes the proud dames glad."
Maid Avoraine to the soul was stirred ;
She blushed consent and spake no word.

XXI.
Then, blushing in her page's dress
For shame of her own loveliness,
Across the tangled plain,
O'er bush, thro' briar, thro' thorny woods,
And swimming over swollen floods,
Sped sweet Maid Avoraine,
Panting and falling in her speed,
Splashed by the hoofs of Gawain's steed.

XXII.
They rested in the silent night,
Then bounded on at morning light
O'er wood and field and flood ;
The sharp thorns made her rich veins flow
Like wine that drops in cups of snow,
And her white limbs ran blood ;
And evermore, with face like fire,
She blushed for shame of her attire.

XXIII.
Two summer days the mounted man
Rode dumbly, while the maiden ran
Panting behind his horse ;
Thro' thickest woods his way he took,
Thro' many a deep and chilly brook,
And foamy water-course,
Two summer days ; then on the plain
He halted with Maid Avoraine.

XXIV.
When at the cottage door they stopt,
Down at his feet the maiden dropt,
Worn with the weary race ;
But Gawain leapt to earth in bliss,
And caught her to him with a kiss
That burned the tearful face,—
Saying aloud, "At last 'tis plain
Thou lovest me well, Maid Avoraine.

XXV.
"Yet, listen. From the court I fled,
Casting mine honours from my head,
The mail from off my breast,
I broke my sword, I broke my spear,
And, sore with doubt, I journeyed here
To put thee to the test,
And prove if utter love for me
Would vindicate thy low degree.

XXVI.
"Truth dwells not in the court, nor love ;
But, by yon stainless heaven above,
I swear that thou art true !
Thy beauty warms my blood like wine—
Lo, with this kiss I make thee mine !"
But the white maiden drew
Aside, and hid her face in woe,
And slowly murmured "Nay, not so."

XXVII.
"Dost thou not love me as before ?"
Then she, "I love thee more and more
Because thou art unkind."
"Nay, by mine honour"—but she cried,
"Swear not by that thou hast denied
With heart as weak as wind,
And touch me not, for thus I tear
The blue forget-me-not from my hair.

XXVIII.
"I am a woman lowly born,
A thing they trample on and scorn,
But Love is blind as sleep ;
And had you truly deemed me dear,
And loved with holy love, you ne'er
Would hold my love so cheap,

As to have cast away thy worth
In pity for my lowly birth.

XXIX.

"You had been welcome stricken down
By wrath of man and fortune's frown,
In scorn of pomp or pelf.

But further, for thy wisdom, hear—
Love hath no time to doubt or fear

Its object or itself;
In faithful service Love can live,
Certain of what it has to give.

XXX.

"Nay, Gawain. Love must ever be
Blind in its own sufficiency,

Its creed is to aspire;
And hadst thou honoured my pure name
Thou wouldst have pardoned me the shame
Of this forlorn attire:
Love cannot stoop so, to despise
The thing its nature magnifies.

XXXI.

"Love is not love when disallied
From the white amulet of pride,—
'Tis proud in its degree;
In pity to my lowly birth,
Thou wouldst have honoured thine own worth
Hadst thou but honoured me;
And thus, thou lovest me not." "O stay!"
But pale Maid Avoraine fled away.



XXXII.

Gnawing his ragged beard in wrath,
Sir Gawain took the summer path
Back to the haunts of men;
With stubborn heart and fretful spleen,
Thro' yellow meadows of wheat and bean,
He journeyed back again—
Sick with the world, for in his brain
Sharp conscience jangled like a chain.

XXXIII.

"Lo, I have put her to the test!
Her heart is hollow as the rest,
And I am sadly wise;
I was a fool and I am chid,—
Her hollow falsehood lifts the lid
Of folly from mine eyes—
Once more I in my sword shall find
A charm against all womankind."

XXXIV.

But when Sir Gawain left the spot,
She put the pale forget-me-not
Into her hair again:
"'Tis fading now, no matter why,
But I will wear it till I die,"
Said pale Maid Avoraine—
And thus she wore it, hour by hour.
Till both were faded, maid and flower.

XXXV.

She said, "The love I bore and bear
Is like the pale flower in my hair,
And hath as sad a dower;
For though it fade and in the spring
Become a miserable thing,
The flower is still a flower;
It is a flower, though bloom hath fled,
And Love is Love, though hope be dead."
R. WILLIAMS BUCHANAN.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER VII. LADY VERNER.

THE former chapters may be looked upon somewhat in the light of an introduction to what is to follow. It was necessary to relate the events recorded in them, but we must take a leap of not far short of two years from the date of their occurrence.

John Massingbird and his attendant, Luke Roy, had arrived safely at Melbourne in due course. Luke had written home one letter to his mother, and there his correspondence ended; but John Massingbird wrote frequently, both to Mrs. Verner and to his brother Frederick. John, according to his own account, appeared to be getting on all one way: the money he took out had served him well: he had made good use of it, and was accumulating a fortune rapidly. Such was his statement: but whether implicit reliance might be placed upon it was a question. Gay John was apt to deceive himself; was given to look on the bright side, and imbue things with a tinge of *couleur de rose*; when, for less sanguine eyes, the tinge would have shone out decidedly yellow. His last account told of a "glorious nugget" he had picked up at the diggings. "Almost as big as his head:" a "fortune in itself," ran some of the phrases in his letters: and his intention was to go down himself to Melbourne and "realise the thousands" for it. His letter to Frederick was especially full of this; and he strongly recommended his brother to go out and pick up nuggets on his own score. Frederick Massingbird appeared very much inclined to take the hint.

"Were I only sure it was all gospel, I'd go to-morrow," observed Frederick Massingbird to Lionel Verner, one day that the discussion of the contents of John's letter had been renewed, a month or two subsequent to its arrival. "A year's luck, such as this, and a man might come home a millionaire. I wish I knew whether to put entire faith in it."

"Why should John deceive you?" asked Lionel.

"He'd not deceive me wilfully. He has no cause to deceive me. The question is, is he deceived himself? Remember what grand schemes he would now and then become wild upon here, saying and thinking he had found the philosopher's stone. And how would they turn out? This may be one of the same calibre. I wonder we did not hear again by the last month's mail."

"There's a mail due now."

"I know there is," said Frederick. "Should it bring news to confirm this, I shall go out to him."

"The worst is, those diggings appear to be all a lottery," remarked Lionel. "Where one gets his pockets lined, another starves: nay, ten—fifty—more, for all we know, starve for the one lucky one. I should not myself feel inclined to risk the journey to them."

"You! It's not likely you would," was the reply of Frederick Massingbird. "Everybody was not born heir to Verner's Pride."

Lionel laughed pleasantly. They were pacing the terrace in the sunshine of a winter's afternoon: a crisp, cold, bright day in January. At that moment Tynn came out of the house and approached them.

"My master is up, sir, and would like the paper read to him," said he, addressing Frederick Massingbird.

"Oh, bother, I can't stop now," broke from that gentleman, involuntarily. "Tynn, you need not say that you found me here. I have an appointment, and I must hasten to keep it."

Lionel Verner looked at his watch.

"I can spare half an hour," he observed to himself: and he proceeded to Mr. Verner's room.

The old study that you have seen before. And there sat Mr. Verner in the same arm-chair, cushioned and padded more than it had used to be. What a change there was in him! Shrunk, wasted, drawn: surely there would be no place very long in this world for Mr. Verner.

He was leaning forward in his chair, his back bowed, his hands resting on his stick, which was stretched out before him. He lifted his head when Lionel entered, and an expression, partly of displeasure, partly of pain, passed over his countenance.

"Where's Frederick?" he sharply asked.

"Frederick has an appointment out, sir. I will read to you."

"I thought you were going down to your mother's," rejoined Mr. Verner, his accent not softening in the least.

"I need not go for this half hour yet," replied Lionel, taking up the "Times," which lay on a table near Mr. Verner. "Have you looked at the headings of the news, sir, or shall I go over them for you, and then you can tell me what you wish read?"

"I don't want anything read by you," said Mr. Verner. "Put the paper down."

Lionel did not immediately obey. A shade of mortification had crossed his face.

"Do you hear me, Lionel? Put the paper down. You know how it fidgets me to hear those papers ruffled, when I am not in a mood for reading."

Lionel rose, and stood before Mr. Verner. "Uncle, I wish you would let me do something for you. Better send me out of the house altogether, than treat me with this estrangement. Will it be of any use my asking you, for the hundredth time, what I did to displease you?"

"I tell you I don't want the paper read," said Mr. Verner. "And if you'd leave me alone I should be glad. Perhaps I shall get a wink of sleep. All night, all night, and my eyes were never closed! It's time I was gone."

The concluding sentences were spoken as in

soliloquy; not to Lionel. Lionel, who knew his uncle's every mood, quitted the room. As he closed the door, a heavy groan, born of displeasure mingled with pain, like the greeting look had been, was sent after him by Mr. Verner. Very emphatically did it express his state of feeling with regard to Lionel; and Lionel felt it keenly.

Lionel Verner had remained in Paris six months, when summoned thither by the accident to his brother. The accident need not have detained him half that period of time; but the seductions of the gay French capital had charms for Lionel. From the very hour that he set foot in Verner's *Pride* on his return, he found that Mr. Verner's behaviour had altered to him. He showed bitter, angry estrangement, and Lionel could only conceive one cause for it—his long sojourn abroad. Fifteen or sixteen months had now elapsed since his return, and the estrangement had not lessened. In vain Lionel sought an explanation. Mr. Verner would not enter upon it. In fact, so far as direct words went, Mr. Verner had never expressed much of his displeasure: he left it to his manner. That said enough. He had never dropped the slightest allusion to its cause. When Lionel asked an explanation, he neither accorded nor denied it, but would put him off evasively; as he might have put off a child who asked a troublesome question: like you have now seen him do once again.

After the rebuff, Lionel was crossing the hall, when he suddenly halted, as if a thought struck him, and he turned back to the study. If ever a man's attitude bespoke utter grief and prostration, Mr. Verner's did, as Lionel opened the door. His head and hands had fallen, and his stick had dropped upon the carpet. He started out of his reverie at the appearance of Lionel, and made an effort to recover his stick. Lionel hastened to pick it up for him.

"I have been thinking, sir, that it might be well for Decima to go in the carriage to the station, to receive Miss Tempest. Shall I order it?"

"Order anything you like; order all Verner's *Pride*—what does it matter? Better for some of us, perhaps, that it had never existed."

Hastily, abruptly, carelessly was the answer given: there was no mistaking that Mr. Verner was nearly beside himself with mental pain.

Lionel went round to the stables, to give the order he had suggested. One great feature in the character of Lionel Verner was, its complete absence of assumption. Courteously refined in mind and feelings, he could not have presumed: others, in his position, might have deemed they were but exercising a right. Though the presumptive heir to Verner's *Pride*, living in it, brought up as such, he would not, you see, even send out its master's unused carriage, without that master's sanction. In little things as in great, Lionel Verner could but be a thorough gentleman: to be otherwise he must have changed his nature.

"Wigham, will you take the close carriage to Deerham Court. It is wanted for Miss Verner."

"Very well, sir." But Wigham—who had been coachman in the family nearly as many years as Lionel had been in the world—wondered much,

for all his prompt reply. He scarcely ever remembered a Verner's *Pride* carriage to have been ordered for Miss Verner.

Lionel passed into the high road from Verner's *Pride*, and, turning to the left, commenced his walk to Deerham. There were no roadside houses for a little way, but they soon began, by ones, by twos, and at last they grew into a consecutive street. These houses were mostly very poor; small shops, beer-houses, labourers' cottages; but a turning to the right in the midst of the village led to a part where the houses were of a superior character, several gentlemen living there. It was a new road, called Belvedere Road; the first house in it being inhabited by Dr. West.

Lionel cast a glance across at that house as he passed down the long street. At least, as much as he could see of it, looking obliquely. His glance was not rewarded. Very frequently pretty Sibylla would be at the windows, or her vain sister Amilly. Though, if vanity is to be brought in, I don't know where it would be found in an equal degree, as it was in Sibylla West. The windows appeared to be untenanted: and Lionel withdrew his eyes and passed straightly on his way. On his left hand was situated the shop of Mrs. Duff: its prints, its silk neckerchiefs, and its ribbons displayed in three parts of its bow-window. The fourth part was devoted to more ignominious articles, huddled indiscriminately into a corner. Children's Dutch dolls and black-lead; penny tale-books and square pint packets of cocoa; bottles of ink and India rubber balls: side combs and papers of stationery; scented soap and Circassian cream (home made); tape, needles, pins, starch, bandoline, lavender water, baking powder, iron skewers; and a host of other articles too numerous to notice. Nothing came amiss to Mrs. Duff; she patronised everything she thought she could turn a penny by.

"Your servant, sir," said she, dropping a curtsy as Lionel came up: for Mrs. Duff was standing at the door.

He merely nodded to her, and went on. Whether it was the sight of the woman or of some lavender prints hanging in her window, certain it was, that the image of poor Rachel Frost came vividly into the mind of Lionel. Nothing had been heard, nothing found, to clear up the mystery of that past night.

At the extremity of the village, lying a little back from it, was a moderate-sized, red brick house, standing in the midst of lands, and called Deerham Court. It had once been an extensive farm; but the present tenant, Lionel's mother, rented the house only, very little of the land. The land was let to a neighbouring farmer. Nearly a mile beyond—you could see its towers and its chimneys from this—rose the stately old mansion, called Deerham Hall. Deerham Hall, Deerham Court, and a great deal of the land and property on that side of the village, belonged to Sir Rufus Hantley, a proud, unsociable man. He lived at the Hall: and his only son, between whom and himself it was conjectured there existed some estrangement, had purchased into an Indian regiment, where he was now serving.

Lionel Verner passed the village, branched off

to the right, and entered the great iron gates which enclosed the court-yard of Deerham Court. A very unpretending entrance admitted him into a spacious hall, the hall being the largest and best part of the house. Those great iron gates and the hall would have done honour to a large mansion; and they gave an appearance of pretension to Deerham Court which it did not deserve.

Lionel opened a door on the left and entered a small ante-room. This led him into the only really good room the house contained. It was elegantly furnished and fitted up, and its two large windows looked towards the open country, and to Deerham Hall. Seated by the fire, in a rich violet dress, a costly white lace cap shading her delicate face, that must once have been so beautiful—indeed, that was beautiful still—was a lady of middle age. Her seat was low: one of those chairs that we are pleased to call, commonly and irreverently, a prie-dieu. Its back was carved in arabesque foliage, and its stuffing was of rich violet velvet. On a small, inlaid table, whose carvings were as beautiful, and its top inlaid with mosaic-work, lay a dainty handkerchief of lace, a bottle of smelling-salts, and a book turned with its face downwards, all close at the lady's elbow. She was sitting in idleness just then: she always did sit in idleness: her face bent on the fire, her small hands, cased in white gloves, lying motionless on her lap—ay, a beautiful face once, though it had grown habitually peevish and discontented now. She turned her head when the door opened, and a flush of bloom rose to her cheeks when she saw Lionel.

He went up and kissed her. He loved her much. She loved him, too, better than she loved anything in life; and she drew a chair close to her, and he sat down, bending towards her. There was not much likeness between them, the mother and the son: both were very good-looking, but not alike.

"You see, mother mine, I am not late, as you prophesied I should be," said he, with one of his sweetest smiles.

"You would have been, Lionel, but for my reminding you not. I'm sure I wish—I *wish* she was not coming! She must remember the old days in India, and will contrast the difference."

"She will scarcely remember India, when you were there. She is only a child yet, is she?"

"You know nothing about it, Lionel," was the querulous answer. "Whether she remembers or not, will she expect to see me in such a house, such a position as this. It is at these seasons, when people are coming here, who know what I have been and ought to be, that I feel all the humiliation of my poverty. Lucy Tempest is nineteen."

Lionel Verner knew that it was of no use to argue with his mother, when she began upon that most unsatisfactory topic, her position; which included what she called her "poverty" and her "wrong." Though, in truth, not a day passed but she broke out upon it.

"Lionel," she suddenly said.

He had been glancing over the pages of the book—a new work on India. He laid it down as he had found it, and turned to her.

"What shall you allow me, when you come into Verner's Pride?"

"Whatever you shall wish, mother. You shall name the sum, not I. And if you name too modest a one," he added laughing, "I shall double it. But Verner's Pride must be your home then, as well as mine."

"Never!" was the emphatic answer. "What! to be turned out of it again by the advent of a young wife? No, never, Lionel."

Lionel laughed: constrainedly this time.

"I may not be bringing home a young wife for this many and many a year to come."

"If you never brought one, I would not make my home at Verner's Pride," she resumed, in the same impulsive voice. "Live in the house by favour, that ought to have been mine by right? You would not be my true son, to ask me, Lionel. Catherine, is that you?" she called out, as the movements of some one were heard in the ante-room.

A woman-servant put in her head.

"My lady?"

"Tell Miss Verner that Mr. Lionel is here."

"Miss Verner knows it, my lady," was the woman's reply. "She bade me ask you, sir," addressing Lionel, "if you'd please to step out to her."

"Is she getting ready, Catherine?" asked Lady Verner.

"I think not, my lady."

"Go to her, Lionel, and ask her if she knows the time. A pretty thing if you arrive at the station after the train is in!"

Lionel quitted the room. Outside in the hall stood Catherine, waiting for him.

"Miss Verner has met with a little accident and hurt her foot, sir," she whispered. "She can't walk."

"Not walk!" exclaimed Lionel. "Where is she?"

"She is in the store-room, sir; where it happened."

Lionel went to the store-room, a small boarded room at the back of the hall. A young lady sat there; a very pretty white foot in a wash-hand basin of warm water, and a shoe and stocking lying near, as if hastily thrown off.

"Why, Decima! what is this?"

She lifted her face. A face whose features were of the highest order of beauty, regular as if chiselled from marble, and little less colourless. But for the large, earnest, dark-blue eyes, so full of expression, it might have been accused of coldness. In sleep, or in perfect repose, when the eyelids were bent, it looked strangely cold and pure. Her dark hair was braided; and she wore a dress something the same in colour as Lady Verner's.

"Lionel, what shall I do? And to-day of all days! I shall be obliged to tell mamma: I cannot walk a step."

"What is the injury? How did you do it?"

"I got on a chair. I was looking for some old Indian ornaments that I know are in that high cupboard, wishing to put them in Miss Tempest's room, and somehow the chair tilted with me, and

I fell upon my foot. It is only a sprain: but I can't walk."

"How do you know it is only a sprain, Decima? I shall send West to you."

"Thank you all the same, Lionel, but if you please I don't like Doctor West well enough to have him," was Miss Verner's answer. "See! I don't think I can walk."

She took her foot out of the basin, and attempted to try. But for Lionel, she would have fallen: and her naturally pale face became paler from the pain.

"And you say you will not have Dr. West!" he cried, gently putting her into the chair again. "You must allow me to judge for you, Decima."

"Then, Lionel, I'll have Jan—if I must have any one. I have more faith in him," she added, lifting her large blue eyes, "than in Dr. West."

"Let it be Jan, then, Decima. Send one of the servants for him at once. What is to be done about Miss Tempest?"

"You must go alone. Unless you can persuade mamma out. Lionel, you will tell mamma about this. She must be told."

As Lionel crossed the hall on his return, the door was being opened: the Verner's Pride carriage had just driven up. Lady Verner had seen it from the window of the ante-room, and her eyes spoke her displeasure.

"Lionel, what brings *that* here?"

"I told them to bring it for Decima. I thought you would prefer that Miss Tempest should be met with that, than with a hired one."

"Miss Tempest will know soon enough that I am too poor to keep a carriage," said Lady Verner. "Decima may use it if she pleases. I would not."

"My dear mother, Decima will not be able to use it. She cannot go to the station. She has hurt her foot."

"How did she do that?"

"She was on a chair in the store-room, looking in the cupboard. She—"

"Of course! that's just like Decima!" crossly responded Lady Verner. "She is at something or other everlastingly: doing half the work of a servant about the house."

Lionel made no reply. He knew that, but for Decima, the house would be less comfortable, than it was, for Lady Verner: and that, what Decima did, she did in love.

"Will you go to the station?" he inquired.

"I! In this cold wind! How can you ask me, Lionel? I should get my face chapped irremediably. If Decima cannot go, you must go alone."

"But how shall I know Miss Tempest?"

"You must find her out," said Lady Verner. "Her mother was as tall as a giantess: perhaps she is the same. Is Decima much hurt?"

"She thinks it is only a sprain. We have sent for Jan."

"For Jan! Much good he will do!" returned Lady Verner: in so contemptuous a tone as to prove she had no very exalted opinion of Mr. "Jan's" abilities.

Lionel went out to the carriage, and stepped in.

The footman did not shut the door. "And Miss Verner, sir?"

"Miss Verner is not coming. The railway station. Tell Wigham to drive fast, or I shall be late."

"My lady wouldn't let Miss Decima come out in it," thought Wigham to himself, as he drove on.

CHAPTER VIII. LUCY TEMPEST.

THE words of my lady, "as tall as a giantess," unconsciously influenced the imagination of Lionel Verner. The train was steaming into the station at one end, as his carriage stopped at the other. Lionel leaped from it, and mixed amidst the bustle of the platform.

Not very much bustle either. And it would have been less, but that Deerham Station was the nearest approach, as yet, by rail to Heartburg, a town of some note about four miles distant. Not a single tall lady got out of the train. Not a lady at all, that Lionel could see. There were two fat women, tearing about after their luggage, both habited in men's drab great coats, or what looked like them; and there was one very young lady, who stood back in apparent perplexity, gazing at the scene of confusion around her.

"*She* cannot be Miss Tempest," deliberated Lionel. "If she is, my mother must have mistaken her age: she looks but a child. No harm in asking her, at any rate."

He went up to the young lady. A very pleasant-looking girl, fair, with a peach bloom upon her cheeks, dark brown hair, and eyes soft and brown and luminous. Those eyes were wandering to all parts of the platform, some anxiety in their expression.

Lionel raised his hat.

"I beg your pardon. Have I the honour of addressing Miss Tempest?"

"Oh, yes, that is my name," she answered, looking up at him, the peach bloom deepening to a glow of satisfaction, and the soft eyes lighting with a glad smile. "Have you come to meet me?"

"I have. I come from my mother, Lady Verner."

"I am so glad," she rejoined, with a frank sincerity of manner perfectly refreshing in these modern days of artificial young ladyism. "I was beginning to think nobody had come: and then what could I have done?"

"My sister would have come with me to receive you, but for an accident which occurred to her just before it was time to start. Have you any luggage?"

"There's the great box I brought from India, and a hair-trunk, and my school-box. It is all in the van."

"Allow me to take you out of this crowd, and it shall be seen to," said Lionel, bending to offer his arm.

She took it, and turned with him. But stopped ere more than a step or two had been taken.

"We are going wrong. The luggage is up that way."

"I am taking you to the carriage. The luggage will be all right."

He was placing her in it when she suddenly drew back, and surveyed it.

"What a pretty carriage!" she exclaimed.

Many said the same of the Verner Pride equipages. The colour of the panels was of that rich shade of blue called ultra-marine, with white linings and hammer-cloths, while a good deal of silver shone on the harness of the horses. The servants' livery was white and silver, their small-clothes blue.

Lionel handed her in.

"Have we far to go?" she asked.

"Not five minutes' drive."

He closed the door, gave the footman directions about the luggage, took his own seat by the coachman, and the carriage started. Lady Verner came to the door of the court to receive Miss Tempest.

In the old Indian days of Lady Verner, she and Sir Lionel had been close and intimate friends of Colonel and Mrs. Tempest. Subsequently Mrs. Tempest had died, and their only daughter had been sent to a clergyman's family in England for her education—a very superior place where six pupils only were taken. But she was of age to leave it now, and Colonel Tempest, who contemplated soon being home, had craved of Lady Verner to receive her in the interim.

"Lionel," said his mother to him, "you must stop here for the rest of the day, and help to entertain her."

"Why, what can I do towards it?" responded Lionel.

"You can do something. You can talk. They have got Decima into her room, and I must be up and down with her. I don't like leaving Lucy alone the first day she is in the house—she will take a prejudice against it. One blessed thing, she seems quite simple, not exacting."

"Anything but exacting, I should say," replied Lionel. "I will stay for an hour or two, if you like, mother, but I must be home to-dinner."

Lady Verner need not have troubled herself about "entertaining" Lucy Tempest. She was accustomed to entertain herself: and as to any ceremony or homage being paid to her, she would not have understood it, and might have felt embarrassed. She had not been used to anything of the sort. Could Lady Verner have seen her then, at the very moment she was talking to Lionel, her fears might have been relieved. Lucy Tempest had found her way to Decima's room, and had taken up her position in a very undignified fashion at that young lady's feet, her soft, candid brown eyes fixed upwards on Decima's face, and her tongue busy with its reminiscences of India. After some time spent in this manner, she was scared away by the entrance of a gentleman whom Decima called "Jan." Upon which she proceeded to the chamber she had been shown to as hers, to dress, a process which did not appear to be very elaborate by the time it took, and then she went down-stairs to find Lady Verner.

Lady Verner had not quitted Lionel. She had been grumbling and complaining all that time: it was half the pastime of Lady Verner's life to grumble in the ears of Lionel and Decima. Bitterly mortified had Lady Verner been when she found, upon her arrival from India, that Stephen Verner, her late husband's younger brother, had

succeeded to Verner's Pride, to the exclusion of herself and of Lionel; and bitterly mortified she remained. Whether it had been by some strange oversight on the part of old Mr. Verner, or whether it had been intentional, no provision whatever had been left by him to Lady Verner and to her children. Stephen Verner would have remedied this. On the arrival of Lady Verner, he had proposed to pay over to her yearly a certain sum out of the estate: but Lady Verner, smarting under disappointment, under the sense of injustice, had flung his proposal back to him. Never, so long as he lived, would she be obliged to him for the worth of a sixpence in money or in kind, she told Stephen Verner passionately: and she had kept her word.

Her income was sadly limited: it was very little besides her pay as a colonel's widow: and to Lady Verner it seemed less than it really was, for her habits were somewhat expensive. She took this house, Deerham Court, which was then to be let without the land; had it embellished inside and out—which cost her more than she could afford—and had since resided in it. She would not have rented under Mr. Verner had he paid her to do it. She declined all intercourse with Verner's Pride; had never put her foot over its threshold: Decima went once in a way; but she, never. If she and Stephen Verner met abroad, she was coldly civil to him: she was indifferently haughty to Mrs. Verner, whom she despised in her heart for not being a lady. With all her deficiencies, Lady Verner was essentially a gentlewoman: not to be one, amounted in her eyes to little less than a sin. No wonder that she, with her delicate beauty of person, her quiet refinements of dress, shrank within herself as she swept past poor Mrs. Verner, with her great person, her crimson face, and her flaunting colours! No wonder that Lady Verner, smarting under her wrongs, passed half her time giving utterance to them; or, that her smooth face was acquiring premature wrinkles of discontent. Lionel had a somewhat difficult course to steer, between Verner's Pride and Deerham Court, so as to keep friends with both.

Lucy Tempest appeared at the door. She stood there hesitating, after the manner of a timid school-girl. They turned round and saw her.

"If you please, may I come in?"

Lady Verner could have sighed over the deficiency of "style," or confidence: whichever you may like to term it. Lionel laughed, as he crossed the room to throw the door wider by way of welcome.

She wore a light, shot pink dress of peculiar material, a sort of cashmere, very fine and soft. Looking at it one way it was pink; the other, mauve: the general shade of it was beautiful. Lady Verner could have sighed again: if the wearer was deficient in style, certainly the dress was. A low body and short sleeves, perfectly simple, a narrow bit of white lace alone edging them: nothing on her neck, nothing on her arms, no gloves. A child of seven might have been so dressed. Lady Verner looked at her, her brow knit, and various thoughts running through her brain: she began to fear that Miss Tempest

would require so much training as to give her trouble.

Lucy saw the look, and deemed that her attire was wrong. "Ought I to have put on my best things—my new silk?" she asked.

My new silk! My best things! Lady Verner was almost at a loss for an answer. "You have not an extensive wardrobe, possibly, my dear?"

"Not very," replied Lucy. "This was my best dress, until I had my new silk. Mrs. Cust told me to put this one on for dinner to-day, and she said if Lady—if you and Miss Verner dressed very much, I could change it for the silk to-morrow. It is a *beautiful* dress," Lucy added, looking ingenuously at Lady Verner, "a pearl grey. Then I have my morning dresses, and my white for dancing. Mrs. Cust said that anything you found deficient in my wardrobe it would be better for you to supply than for her, because you would be the best judge of what I should require."

"Mrs. Cust does not pay much attention to dress, probably," observed Lady Verner, coldly. "She is a clergyman's wife. It is sad taste when people neglect themselves, whatever may be the duties of their station."

"But Mrs. Cust does not neglect herself," spoke up Lucy, a surprised look upon her face. "She is always dressed nicely: not fine, you know. Mrs. Cust says that the lower classes have become so fine now-a-days, that nearly the only way you may know a lady, until she speaks, is by her quiet simplicity."

"My dear, Mrs. Cust should say elegant simplicity," corrected Lady Verner. "She ought to know. She is of good family."

Lucy humbly acquiesced. She feared she herself must be too "quiet" to satisfy Lady Verner. "Will you be so kind, then, as to get me what you please?" she asked.

"My daughter will see to all these things, Lucy," replied Lady Verner. "She is not young, like you, and she is remarkably steady, and experienced."

"She does not look old," said Lucy, in her open candour. "She is very pretty."

"She is turned five-and-twenty. Have you seen her?"

"I have been with her ever so long. We were talking about India. She remembers my dear mamma; and, do you know"—her bright expression fading to sadness—"I can scarcely remember her! I should have stayed with Decima—May I call her Decima?" broke off Lucy, with a faltering tongue, as if she had done wrong.

"Certainly you may."

"I should have stayed with Decima until now, talking about mamma, but a gentleman came in."

"A gentleman?" echoed Lady Verner.

"Yes. Some one tall and very thin. Decima called him Jan. After that, I went to my room again. I could not find it at first," she added, with a pleasant little laugh. "I looked into two; but neither was mine, for I could not see the boxes. Then I changed my dress, and came down."

"I hope you had my maid to assist you," quickly remarked Lady Verner.

"Some one assisted me. When I had my dress on, ready to be fastened, I looked out to see if I could find any one to do it, and I did. A servant was at the end of the corridor, by the window."

"But, my dear Miss Tempest, you should have rung," exclaimed Lady Verner, half petrified at the young lady's unformed manners, and privately speculating upon the sins Mrs. Cust must have to answer for. "Was it Thérèse?"

"I don't know," replied Lucy. "She was rather old, and had a broom in her hand."

"Old Catherine, I declare! Sweeping and dusting as usual! She might have soiled your dress."

"She wiped her hands on her apron," said Lucy, simply. "She had a nice face: I liked it."

"I beg, my dear, that in future you will ring for Thérèse," emphatically returned Lady Verner, in her discomposure. "She understands that she is to wait upon you. Thérèse is my maid, and her time is not half occupied. Decima exacts very little of her. But take care that you do not allow her to lapse into English when with you. It is what she is apt to do, unless checked. You speak French, of course?" added Lady Verner, the thought crossing her that Mrs. Cust's educational training might have been as deficient on that point, as she deemed it had been on that of "style."

"I speak it quite well," replied Lucy; "as well, or nearly as well, as a French girl. But I do not require anybody to wait on me," she continued. "There is never anything to do for me, but just to fasten these evening dresses that close behind. I am much obliged to you, all the same, for thinking of it, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner turned from the subject: it seemed to grow more and more unprofitable. "I shall go and hear what Jan says, if he is there," she remarked to Lionel.

"I wonder we did not see or hear him come in," was Lionel's answer.

"As if Jan could come into the house like a gentleman!" returned Lady Verner, with intense acrimony. "The back way is a step or two nearer, and therefore he patronises it."

She quitted the room as she spoke, and Lionel turned to Miss Tempest. He had been exceedingly amused and edified at the conversation between her and his mother; but while Lady Verner had been inclined to groan over it, he had rejoiced. That Lady Tempest was thoroughly and genuinely unsophisticated; that she was of a nature too sincere and honest for her manners to be otherwise than of truthful simplicity, he was certain. A delightful child, he thought; one he could have taken to his heart and loved as a sister. Not with any other love: that was already given elsewhere by Lionel Verner.

The winter evening was drawing on, and little light was in the room, save that cast by the blaze of the fire. It flickered upon Lucy's face, as she stood near it. Lionel drew a chair towards her. "Will you not sit down, Miss Tempest?"

A formidable-looking chair, large and stately, as Lucy turned to look at it. Her eyes fell upon the low one which, earlier in the afternoon, had been occupied by Lady Verner. "May I sit in this one instead? I like it best."

"You 'may' sit in any chair that the room

contains, or on an ottoman, or anywhere that you like," answered Lionel, considerably amused. "Perhaps you would prefer this?"

"This" was a very low seat indeed—in point of fact, Lady Verner's footstool. He had spoken in jest, but she waited for no second permission, drew it close to the fire, and sat down upon it. Lionel looked at her, his lips and eyes dancing.

"Perhaps you would have preferred the rug?"

"Yes I should," answered she, frankly. "It is what we did at the rectory. Between the lights, on a winter's evening, we were allowed to do what we pleased for twenty minutes, and we used to sit down on the rug before the fire and talk."

"Mrs. Cust, also?" asked Lionel.

"Not Mrs. Cust: you are laughing at me. If she came in, and saw us, she would say we were too old to sit there, and should be better on chairs. But we liked the rug best."

"What had you used to talk of?"

"Of everything, I think. About the poor; Mr. Cust's poor, you know; and the village, and our studies, and— But I don't think I must tell you that," broke off Lucy, laughing merrily at her own thoughts.

"Yes you may," said Lionel.

"It was about that poor old German teacher of ours. We used to play her such tricks, and it was round the fire that we planned them. But she is very good," added Lucy, becoming serious, and lifting her eyes to Lionel, as if to bespeak his sympathy for the German teacher.

"Is she?"

"She was always patient and kind. The first time Lady Verner lets me go to a shop, I mean to buy her a warm winter cloak. Hers is so thin. Do you think I could get her one for two pounds?"

"I don't know at all," smiled Lionel. "A great coat for me would cost more than two pounds."

"I have two soverings left of my pocket-money, besides some silver. I hope it will buy a cloak. It is Lady Verner who will have the management of my money, is it not, now that I have left Mrs. Cust's?"

"I believe so."

"I wonder how much she will allow me for myself?" continued Lucy, gazing up at Lionel with a serious expression of inquiry, as if the question were a momentous one.

"I think cloaks for old teachers ought to be apart," cried Lionel; "they should not come out of your pocket-money."

"Oh, but I like them to do so. I wish I had a home of my own!—like I shall have when papa returns to Europe. I should invite her to me for the holidays, and give her nice dinners always, and buy her some nice clothes, and send her back with her poor old heart happy."

"Invite whom?"

"Fraulein Müller. Her father was a gentleman of good position, and he somehow lost his inheritance. When he died she found it out—there was not a shilling for her, instead of a fortune, as she had always thought. She was over forty then, and she had to come to England and begin teaching for a living. She is fifty now,

and nearly all she gets she sends to Heidelberg to her poor sick sister. I wonder how much good, warm cloaks do cost?"

Lucy Tempest spoke the last sentence dreamily. She was evidently debating the question in her own mind. Her small white hands rested inertly upon her pink dress, her clear face with its delicate bloom was still, her eyes were bent on the fire. But that Lionel's heart was elsewhere, it might have gone out, there and then, to that young girl and her attractive simplicity.

"What a pretty child you are!" involuntarily broke from him.

Up came those eyes to him, soft and luminous, their only expression being surprise, not a shade of vanity.

"I am not a child: why do you call me one? But Mrs. Cust said you would all be taking me for a child, until you knew me."

"How old are you?" asked Lionel.

"I was eighteen last September."

"Eighteen!" involuntarily repeated Lionel.

"Yes; eighteen. We had a party on my birthday. Mr. Cust gave me a most beautifully bound copy of Thomas à Kempis: he had had it bound on purpose. I will show it to you when my books are unpacked. You would like Mr. Cust if you knew him. He is an old man now, and he has white hair. He is twenty years older than Mrs. Cust: but he is so good!"

"How is it," almost vehemently broke forth Lionel, "that you are so different from others?"

"I don't know. Am I different?"

"So different—so different—that—that—"

"What is the matter with me?" she asked, timidly, almost humbly, the delicate colour in her cheeks deepening to crimson.

"There is nothing the matter with you," he answered, smiling; "a good thing if there were as little the matter with everybody else. Do you know that I never saw any one whom I liked so much at first sight as I like you, although you appear to me only as a child? If I call here often I shall grow to love you almost as much as I love my sister Decima."

"Is not this your home?"

"No. My home is at Verner's Pride."

(To be continued.)

"DULCE DOMUM."

IN the name of all Wykehamists, old and young, let me protest against hearing our glorious song called "a fine old fragment," an "old and almost forgotten lyric."* Mr. J. F. O'D. truly calls the "Dulce, dulce, dulce Domum" "the touching refrain." Touching it is to a Wykehamist's ears as ever the "Ranz des Vaches" was to the Swiss Guard in Paris, so touching that it never will lose its grace and tenderness as long as Wykeham's College stands and the Domum is celebrated year by year in the pleasant month of July. It is only the burden of six as brave verses as ever were trolled on a summer evening, and forming to our ears as complete a melody as ever inspired the best of musicians and the first of poets. True it is, alas! that we have not sung it

* See vol. v., page 24.

for two years, because we lost two of the best Wardens that "New" and "Winton" ever saw, and in whose memory we are about to rebuild Thurburn's great tower. But this year let your readers, and especially the ladies, come and visit the dear old place, and we will promise them such a treat that they will often long to repeat it.

We have all heard the old story of the boy pining away while he composed *Domum*; we have been shown the labyrinth on hills which he trod while he was composing it, and have been directed to the tree on the bark of which he carved the words when he had composed it. But we do not believe it, we will not believe it, for we could not believe it. The labyrinth on St. Catherine's is a mizemaze, like many others known as Julian's bowers. Internal evidence is against the fable of a sorrowing captive detained during the holidays; and as for the tree it is called "*Domum*" Tree because the song was sung under the branches of a former tree which grew upon the same spot. Only hear it sung in Hall on the six last Saturdays in the Long-Half before Evening Hills, and then determine whether it has a sad tune and doleful words. There is not a note of sorrow in the whole of it; it is a good honest schoolboy's chant of joy at escaping from tasks and vulgusses, books and toys—books meaning the forms on which the scholar sits, and toys the bureaux at which he prepares his work; having misnomers as many other things in the wide world beyond those grey College walls have. So lately as 1796 the masters, scholars, choristers, and chaplains, with a band of music, walked in procession round the courts before the Whitsun holidays, and then round "*Domum*" tree, when Dr. Joseph Warton, mounted on his little grey pony, formed a conspicuous object in the procession. Twenty years before, "*Domum*" was sung at the Wharf, round the tree, and at the College gates, on the evening before the Whitsuntide holidays. In 1804, Huddesford wrote the following lines "on a threat to destroy the tree at Winchester round which the scholars at breaking-up sing the celebrated song called '*Dulce Domum*':"

Then hail! fair Virgin Liberty!
All around thy sacred tree
Yearly, when returning May
The green sod decks with herbage gay,
Freshest spring flowers will we strew
And cowslips dropping bathed with dew.

Nay, the song itself fixes the time for its use as much as the pretty chant to the returning swallow at Stockholm, for does it not say—

Jam repetit domum
Daulias advena,
Nosque domum repetamus.

[Homeward flies the swallow now, and homeward let us go.]

Did ever weeping schoolboy, "creeping like snail unwillingly to school," much less one confined during "leave out," and therefore—yet much less—in confinement during the holidays, have the heart to sing—

Musa, libros mitte fessa,
Mitte pensa dura;
Jam datur otium,

Mitte negotium,
Me mea mittito cura.

[Leave weary muse books; leave hard tasks; now rest is given, away with labour: care of mine leave me.]

How blithely, too, does the lad sing—

Appropinquat ecce felix
Hora gaudiorum,
Post grave tedium
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.
Ridet annus, prata rident,
Nosque rideamus.

[See, the happy hour of joys approaches; after long weariness the long desired goal of labour arrives. Laughs the year, the meadows laugh, and we should laugh.]

How joyously he looks for home—

Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter nunc repetamus,

[The beloved threshold, a mother's kiss, sweetly now we seek again,]

and shouts for faithful Roger to bring up the horses that he may be off and away—

Heus! Rogere per caballos,
Eja nunc eamus.

[Ho! Roger! bring out the horses quickly, come, we would be going.]

How querulously he chides the morning star for its slow appearance—

Phosphore! quid jubar
Segnius emicans
Gaudia nostra moratur?

[Morning star, why does thy ray so late beaming delay our joys?]

Happy, happy boy! he calls to his mates to sing to his dear household gods—

Concinamus oh Sodales,
Concinamus ad Penates,
Vox et audiatur!

[Sing we, oh my mates, sing we of home, and let our voice be heard.]

It is only within the present decade we have sung at Winton "*Domum dulce Domum*" with the heartiest, to the old, old tune which John Reading re-set in the days of Charles II., soon after the Restoration. We have sung it in Willis' Rooms in London, as we have sung it in hospitable New College, at the "gaudy," in years gone by, not-to-be-repeated, and we never could detect a strain of sadness, except that, from time to time, some well-remembered voices were lacking, especially in the College meads; for on these—

Up springs at every step to claim a tear,
Some little friendship found and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf but trembling teems,
With golden visions and romantic dreams.

It is a railway journey of little more than an hour and a half from London to the fine old city of Winton, that lies hidden in the valley, surrounded with its breezy downs and laced with silvery water-meads. There is the red-brick palace, built by Wren for Charles II. when he intended to hunt over the green sward towards Hursley and Oliver's Batten, standing on the hill and occupied by Her Majesty's depot battalion of Rifles—and there are the long roofs and dumpy

tower of the Cathedral, the graceful steeple of the College, the ruins of Wolvesey hidden among the trees—almost under the shadow of the chalky cliff of St. Giles—and far away the grey walls of St. Cross lying below St. Catherine's Hill—

Crown'd with a peculiar diadem
Of trees, in circular array, so fixed
Not by the sport of nature, but by man ;

as in good truth they were by the hands of my Lord Bottetourt and the gallant officers of the Gloucestershire regiment of Militia more than a century ago.

We saunter down under the fine Gothic arch of the west gate, glance at the graceful market cross of the time of Henry VI., walk under the pleasant shade of the avenue of limes, cross the green close, then through the king's gate with the quaint little church of St. Swithin over the postern, and there, before us, is Wykeham's Gate, so different as it looks now from the time when we first saw it, with some feelings of trepidation for our probable experiences within its enclosure. There it is, as perfect as the day when the first procession of Warden and Scholars came singing down from St. John's Hill to take possession ; as perfect as when gallant Mr. Nicholas Love and Colonel Nathaniel Fiennes interposed to prevent any injury being offered to it by the truculent Roundheads, and is not the story still told to the scholar when for the first time he hears the statutes read ? The courts are full of Wykehamists who have arrived from all corners of the kingdom, waiting for election dinner. In old days we had four dinners, but now the shadow of the Commissioners has fallen upon ancient customs, and we have only this one merry meeting. If you are a stranger we can show you, before the Hall bell rings, some things worth seeing : the quaint figures round the quadrangle which mark the destination of each chamber ; the lovely chapel ; the exquisite cloisters ; with the unique little library in the centre of the green ; the Crimean memorial, rich in English marbles, which we erected to the gallant fellows who died in that disastrous campaign ; and the wall-painting of the famous "Trusty Servant," which dates back to 1631 at the latest. An enterprising locksmith of the Strand displays it in his window, framed ; we presume from a far-fetched allusion to the allegorical padlock which fastens the porker's jaws in the original. We could tell you of the great or notable men who have stood on this very spot—Otway, Young, Collins, Somerville, Phillips, and Dibdin ; Sir Henry Wotton, Shaftesbury, James Harris, and Sir Thomas Browne ; Onslow and Sidmouth ; Keats and Warren ; Dalbiac, Wilson, and Seaton ; of Warham and Grocyn ; Chicheley, Fox, and Waynflete ; Burgess, Lowth, and Ken ; Sydney Smith, Daubeny, and Buckland. We could tell of the Royal Edwards, Henries, and Charleses ; of James the Pedant and George III. ; of Pope and Peterborough ; of Elizabeth and Mary (whose epithalamia the boys sang in Wolvesey Hall) ; and many another worthy who has entered these venerable walls. But the bell rings, and up the steep stairs we toil into the Hall,—the seniors and grandees of estate at the high table (upon whom Wykeham looks kindly

down), the scholars ranged along the sides, and we old stagers at New College table in the centre of the Hall. We will initiate you into the mysteries of our peculiar dishes and potables ; there are the long black jacks of leather full of frothing ale or potent huff, there are college puddings, there is unimpeachable crackling. But we have no care for this Barmecidean feast, we cannot tolerate these paper-toasts, and we have anticipated the glorious College grace, its noble benediction and rolling responses ; we have forgotten the thanksgiving for William of Wykeham and all other benefactors, and the anthem-like prayer for the Queen, and the sublime Amen ; we forget all the years that have elapsed between our "then and now," for we can hear the music of the military band outside, and we know that "Domum" only waits our coming.

Down, down, down those precipitous stairs, past the chamber in which Waynflete taught, and the whole scene is changed ; gay uniforms, pretty faces, dresses of every hue, and lovely figures, eclipse caps and gowns and civilians altogether. Through those tall doors, parted wide, under the Founder's Statue (Cibber's work), and we enter the school,—its oak-wainscotted walls, its emblazoned cornice, draped with garlands and flowers and flags. There, on yonder wall, above the orchestra, is the familiar *Tabula Legum Pædagogicarum* of the time of Good Queen Bess ; and opposite are the equally famous mitre and staff, with the legend "Aut discite ;" the sword and ink-horn, "Aut discite ;" and oh ! that Winchester rod, and its ominous reading, "Manet sors tertia cædi." No wonder "one of us," when Elizabeth graciously inquired if he had made acquaintance with these twigs, replied, "Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem."

Listen to that joyous strain—played as only the band of the Royal Marines L.I., Portsmouth Division, can play it—listen to that outburst of voices, and say was ever any sound so triumphantly happy :

Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos Domum.

And if you should detect a tear in our eyes, it is only that of memory of happy days gone by for ever, which are revived by the scene around us, and the changed faces that, like our own, have lost the freshness of that spring time of our lives. Again and again we will join in the chorus in Ball Court, in Meads, in School Court, and under Middle Gate, when the evening has grown late, and in the summer twilight we slowly and reluctantly depart. But we cannot forget one night, some seven years since, when we sang the song in Commoners, with the appropriate tune following of the "Old Folks at Home," played by the united bands on the occasion. It is a sore temptation to grow sentimental ; but we resist the suggestion, for have we not said that Domum is a happy day ? Our speech days remain ; but Harrow and Eton have like festivals, though the one has lost its "Silver Arrow," and the other its "Montem ;" our plays and comedies are no longer acted, but Westminster preserves the practice. Our Domum is our own peculiar day, and long

may it be preserved, like the procession of boats to Surly, at Eton, on the 4th of June.

None of us meet in these old familiar scenes, and under the grey college tower, without remembering our quaint school-politics, and the code of generous boyish laws which we once obeyed—the daily gossip of triumphs, failures, and scrapes—of the improvement or the disappointment caused by the failure of some player at cricket, fives, or football. The canvass of merit in the companion, and of conduct in a master—the forecasting who would win the prize or the scholarship—the check given to a bully, or the likelihood of a “disagreeable fellow” leaving—snatches of reference to home and its pursuits to the confidential friend—the hopes of the future life, and the exultation at the success of those who had made themselves a name already in the world. We look with a feeling akin to envy on the junior clustering round the confectioner’s boy, or shirking the call to be fagged; and on the senior plodding over his task, for we cannot but recollect that in this little world one could obtain influence without means, family, or position; friendship here was sincere, the bitterest estrangement capable of reconciliation, the most avowed hostility of explanation. How little each thought on the threshold of life that he would never meet his fellows again on the same standing; the old phrases in which he or they were initiated would be proscribed, the demeanor altered, the manners and habits of thought different,—that each would have gone through so much, before they would be re-united. But still the inspiring traditions and lasting influences remain unimpaired; the early sympathies are revived strong as ever, and like those who drank of the legendary spring of St. Leonard at Winchelsea, all thirst to revisit the “old place” again. For every Domum is like the re-assembling of the long sundered members of an united family round their parent’s hearth, the rallying place of their common affections, which is still the home of young and old alike—where all are equal and dear and welcome once again. As Canning said, “In my conscience I believe that England would not be what she is without her system of public education;” and Johnson never uttered a greater truth than when he averred that “at a great school there is all the splendour and illumination of many minds; the radiance of all is concentrated in each, or at least reflected on each.”

The following graphic letter, which was written in the year 1759, gives the earliest account of a Wykehamist meeting, and has never yet been printed.

As I do not find your name mentioned at the late meeting, it may not, I trust, be unacceptable to you if I send you some account of that transaction, for your own satisfaction and the credit of parties concerned in it. The first and principal, then, that I will observe to you is, that it was extremely well conducted as to order and unanimity; all was decent, without riot or dispute. The numbers present were about 150, amongst whom were the Speaker of the House of Commons, the Earls of Shaftesbury, Coventry, Hillsborough, March, and Eglington; Lords Wentworth, Saye and Sele, and Bruce; the Bishop of Exeter; Mordaunt, Acton, Drake, Filmer, Wriothesley, Hobbes, and other

Baronets; Messrs. Doddington, Starkie, Drax, Fletcher, Butler, Bond, Hamilton, Price, Col. Brudenell, Penton, and many other Members of Parliament; Judge Hervey and the Poet Laureate, with many other persons of distinction. The healths that were drank were as follows: “The King,” “The Prince, and Royal Family,” “Success to the British arms,” “Omnibus Wiccamicia,” “The two Universities,” “The Correspondent Meeting at Winchester,” by which is meant the company, assembled at the Warden’s lodgings, who that day made a public entertainment at Winchester. “The Master and Scholars,” “Thanks to the old Stewards and the new,” “Mr. Clarke, who was one of the company, and is said to be the oldest Wickamist.” Then the Speaker stood up and finished the toasts, and drank to “the immortal memory of William of Wykeham.” After that, Mr. Fitzherbert sang the song of “Domum,” which was joined by a grand chorus!

We must not forget to add that the festivities of Domum terminate with a ball on the Thursday in Election Week, in St. John’s Rooms. The old Winchester corner at Lord’s Cricket Ground, we regret to think, is deserted now; but we believe that the day will never come when the sons of Wykeham will not

Still in the summer twilight sing their sweet
song of home!

MACKENZIE E. C. WALCOTT.

A FEW VACANCIES.

THERE were, till lately, and probably may still be, “a few vacancies” in what is called by competent authorities the most splendid establishment of its kind in the world. It contains dwellings for its inmates of goodly architecture, ranged in pairs, at intervals, round a quadrangle of singular beauty, where the figures of those who enjoy its shady walks are seen through arches of the finest moulded brick, decorated with the most exquisite reliefs in terra-cotta. Every tenement has its rooms complete, and its separate garden and vineyard, while the library close by is of the noblest and fullest for a private institution. The sacristies are full of curiosities, the lavatory is rich in gold and ultramarine, while the church, with all its splendid ornaments, is as chaste in its general effect as the most fastidious criticism could desire. There are frescoes by Luini, pictures by Guercino, Perugino, and Borgognone, and specimens of *pietra-dura* work, in which the most costly materials are employed, with the rarer stones so disposed as to look like gems of unprecedented size. The stalls are fitted with elaborate *intarsiatura* of choice woods; the nave is enclosed by fine, lofty bronze rails, and imposing monuments, candelabra, and other artistic *chefs-d’œuvre* contribute to make the edifice so interesting, that certain enterprising booksellers have thought it worth their while to publish no less than seventy plates of its façade and details. Into such an establishment, with such a church, we believe that those who wish to be admitted can be received without any payment; and, when once there, they will find themselves connected with a society of men who come from different parts of the world, and are able to devote themselves to uninterrupted study, or to take a share in still further beautifying the

curious and accumulated treasures around them. To be sure, they must assume a flannel costume, such as is not familiar to our eyes, and they must give up the prospect of ever eating meat again, or of seeing the gentler sex, except through the bronze railing we spoke of, which keeps the bonnets from choir, chapels, and domestic department; that is, unless the inmates make good or bad use of their eyes, when, upon rare occasions, they are taken out two and two for a walk with the prior in the surrounding fields or lanes. They must only think of entering into conversation once or twice a week, reserving the use of their voices for the numerous services at which they will have to be present. They must always convince the brother who thunders at the big knocker of their door at midnight, that they are awake, if not profitably employed, and they must take what sleep they can get on something that is not very luxurious. They must wait to have their dish of hermit's fare put through the bars of their lower room, they must then let down from the wall the ledge on which they are to eat it, and forthwith turn the same up again when the frugal repast is over. Their chief indulgence must be a gathering on festivals, to interchange solemn thought in some garden a little larger than their own slip of ground; but, otherwise, they must take the usual recipe for dullness, plenty of work and no play. Some try the place and system only for awhile; others, who have tested it for a quarter of a century, thrive under it, and like it. Applicants for "vacancies" must become Carthusian Monks of St. Bruno's rule, and then they will find what we have been speaking of in the "Certosa della Beata Vergine delle Grazie," some five miles out of the city of Pavia, in Northern Italy.

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

THE introduction of the hop plant into this country provoked the indignation of many sturdy Britons, who were entirely satisfied with honest malt liquor, such as their forefathers had oft-times made merry upon. Had they not rejoiced at harvest-home, and gladdened their hearts at Christmas with the good old English beverage? They refused to believe that it *could* be improved by the infusion of an additional ingredient, and many years after the hop had been successfully grown in Kent and Sussex, the prejudice against it remained deep and general. It was a delicate and fragile plant, requiring to be petted and nursed like a sickly child, ill adapted to thrive on our English soil, and liable to diseases which had no power over barley.

But, notwithstanding prejudice and obstinacy, increasing attention was paid, year after year, to the culture of hops. It is certain that the plant was not brought into England until 1524 or 1525, but in the course of the following half century, the principles of its growth had been reduced to a science. The earliest "hand-book" on the subject is Reynold Scot's "Perfite Platforme of a Hoppe Garden." The only merit which Mr. Scot claimed for himself was that of giving his advice in a lucid form, "not bumbasting the same with the figures and flowers of eloquence, to the glorie

of my pen, or to the obscuring of this misterie." He was careful to premise that his book was not intended for those who were unwilling to labour, "which sort of people are greedy to test of the marrow of gaines, and loth to breake the bone of labour," and who "in the ende buye a great kyte instead of a little larkie."

Many futile attempts were made at this early period to cultivate hops in England. Mr. Scot, while acknowledging that the best plants could be obtained from Flanders, censures the Flemings for "dazeling us with the discommendation of our soyle," and asserts that we need not go abroad for that which we can find at home. This was a little ungrateful. The hop, it is true, grows wild in England, but it has never been brought to complete perfection. The conclusion arrived at by a Parliamentary Committee in 1857, after listening to a great deal of evidence, was, that "the best hops in Europe are grown in Bavaria and Bohemia." Those grown at Farnham are considered the best produced in England. Next in quality are the hops of Sussex and Kent. Latterly, the crop has failed to a very large extent, and the growers must be well-nigh disheartened by their many losses. In the debate which took place on the Hop Duties in the Session of 1861, a member, who had for some years cultivated hops on his own land, stated that he had occasionally been in doubt whether the hops on his poles were worth picking,—so poor were they in quality, and so unduly severe was the pressure of the duty; for it is a strange anomaly that the same duty is charged on hops of the worst quality as on hops of the best. The uniform rate is 17s. 7½d. per cwt., while hops of foreign growth are taxed 2l. 5s. per cwt.

The only mention made by Mr. Scot of the great object of dread to the hop-grower is in the following passage:

The hoppe that lykes not his entertaynement, namely, his seate, his groundes, his keeper * * * commeth up greene and small in stalke, thicke and rough in leaves, very like unto a nettle. [It] will be commonly devoured or much bitten with a little blacke flie, who also will doe harme unto good hoppes, where the garden standeth bleake, or the hoppe springeth rath; but be not discomforted herewith, for the heate of the summer will reforme this matter.

Either Mr. Scot was unusually fortunate in his own plantation, or the ravages of the fly have become more deadly in our own time. In a single night irremediable mischief is sometimes occasioned by the fly, or "loue," and the hops hang black, fetid, and rotten on the poles. The cost of cultivating an acre of hops is estimated to be, under the most favourable circumstances, from 22l. to 30l., and the grower asserts that arable land may be brought under cultivation at a sixth of the expense.*

Long before excise duties were laid on hops, beer and ale were laid under contribution to the revenue, greatly to the dissatisfaction of the consumer. "Is this an age," asked one, in 1635, "to be in a man's right wits, when the lawful use of the throat is so much neglected, and strong drinke lies sickle on his death bed? 'Tis above the

* See Evidence before the Parliamentary Committee, 1857.

patience of a malt horse to see the contempt of
barly, and not run mad upon't."

Presently the indignant writer waxes merry,
having probably paid his respects to the despised
beverage, and he breaks forth into a spirited
catch :

We care not for money, riches, or wealth,
Old sack is our money, old sack is our wealth,
Then let's flock hither,
Like birds of a feather,
To drinke, to fling,
To laugh and sing,
Conferring our notes together.*

A vigorous denunciation of those who imposed
duties on ale was made in 1649, in a pamphlet
entitled "A Curse against Parliament Ale, with a
Blessing to the Juncto, a Thanksgiving to the
Council of State, and a Psalm to Oliver." It was
imprinted "Noll-Noll, 1649," and this allusion to
Cromwell was followed by very strong language :

Base miscreants, rebels, could ye not invent
Some other plague in your damned parliament,
To vex good fellows, but you must put down
Strong ale, the chief upholder of the crown !

Now against winter, too, in snow and frost,
Basely to rob us of our pot and tost !
The ancient drink of England to forbid,
The cursed'st act the juncto ever did !

Nor was the writer content with this expression
of his opinion. He aimed a few personal strokes
at those who had countenanced a tax of eight
shillings a barrel on "strong beer and ale," and
one shilling a barrel on cyder and perry :

How you doe thrive by theft and live by murder,
Goe on in fraud till you can goe no further ;
And when on top of all your haughty pride,
Make yourselves saints by acting regicide.

He wishes, in rhyming prose, that the food of
the "juncto" may be "hopps and grayns;" and
Cromwell is anathematised by him in no compli-
mentary terms.

Strong ale was at this period the popular drink
in England. No merry-making could progress
satisfactorily without it: in the houses of the
humbler classes "nut brown ale" was deemed
indispensable as at a marriage or christening feast,
or at any rural festival. In the ballad which
recounts the "Pedigree, Education, and Marriage
of Robin Hood," we are shown how important a
part was played by the March brew on a certain
interesting occasion :—

The morrow, when mass had been said in the chapel,
Six tables were cover'd in the hall,
And in comes the squire and makes a short speech,
It was, "Neighbours, you're welcome all ;
But not a man here shall taste my March beer,
Till a Christmas carol he does sing."
Then all clap't their hands, and they shouted and sung,
Till the hall and the parlour did ring.

When dinner was ended his chaplain said grace,
And "Be merry, my friends," said the squire :
"It rains and it blows, but call for more ale,
And lay some more wood on the fire."

* Aristippus ; or, the Jovial Philosopher, 1635.

Nor has this pride in home-brewed ale yet
departed from the families of all our English
squires. There are houses where the host still
thinks his stout October superior to the oldest
wines in his cellars, and delights in seeing the
field take a deep, long draught before starting off
in the wake of the hounds. Very potent, too, is
this country-house ale, and seductive in the in-
fluence it exerts. Woe to the inexperienced youth
who attempts to rival his hosts' achievements,
and to empty the horn or tankard ! In Robin
Hood's days men could drink anything, as we may
learn from another old ballad describing a great
feast given by Little John :—

They all with a shout made the elements ring,
With a hey down, downe, and a downe,
So soon as the office was o'er,
To feasting they went with true merriment,
And tipp'd strong liquore gillore.

We live here like squires or lords of renown,
Without e're a foot of free land,
We feast on good cheer, with wine, ale, and beer,
And ev'ry thing at our command.

Jolly fellows were these ! Even the ladies were
not proof against the attractions of ale. Here is
"an old woman's wish :—"

With a sermon on Sundays and a Bible of good print,
With a pot on the fire, and good victuals in't,
With ale, beer, and brandy, both winter and summer,
To drink to my gossip and be pledg'd by my commer.

In "Times Alteration," another of these long-
forgotten ditties, the bard laments modern changes,
but does not deny to wine its proper tribute of
praise :—

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small ;
The neighbours were freely bidden,
And all had welcome true,
The poor from the gate were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Blackjacks to every man
Were filled with wine and beer,
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear ;
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a goodly show,
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

If the statements of our old ballads are to be
accepted as historical facts, his Majesty King
Henry II. once revelled with his subjects over
some ale :—

Then to their supper were they set orderly,
With a hot bag-pudding and good apple-pies.
Nappy ale, good and stale, in a brown bowl,
Which did about the board merrily rowl.
And the king then drank to the knight,
"Here's to you," he said, "in wine, ale, and beer,
Thanking you all for your county cheer."
Quoth Sir John Cockle, "I'll pledge you a pottle,
With the best ale in Nottinghamshire."*

* A pleasant ballad of King Henry II. and the Miller of
Manstead.

The author of the "high and mightie commendation of the vertue of a pot of good ale," before quoted, was perhaps the most earnest in his admiration, and his verses were republished under numerous different titles. His remedy for all accidents in life was a quart of October :—

When heaviness the mind doth oppresse,
And sorrow and griefe the heart doth assail,
No remedy quicker, but take up your liquour,
And wash away care with a pot of good ale.

The priest and the clerk, whose sights are dark,
And the print of the letter doth seeme so small,
They will con every letter, and read service better,
If they glaze but their eyes with a pot of good ale.

The poet divine that cannot reach wine,
Because that his money doth oftentimes faile,
Will hit on the veine and reech the high straine,
If he be but inspir'd with a pot of good ale.

Although, perhaps, there are few such enthusiasts left as this writer must have been, yet the national beverage has not been entirely superseded, even by French wines at 12s. 6d. a dozen. John Barleycorn still has his ardent admirers, and our neighbours across the Channel may try in vain to wean our allegiance from him, and transfer it to their milder potatoes. L. J. JENNINGS.

NEST-BUILDING APES.

A LITTLE holiday group, lately standing before M. Du Chaillu's nest-building apes, in the British Museum, bitterly lamented the fact that these animals were not alive. A similar feeling of disappointment was recently experienced at Liverpool, when Mr. Walker arrived from the Gaboon, or Baboon, River, bringing to land only a few stuffed skins instead of a tribe of living Gorillas. The public mind had been so prepared by wonderful stories about this missing link of humanity, that thousands were ready to welcome it with all the honours accorded to the Japanese Ambassadors. Lord Monboddoo was taken down once more from the dusty library shelf; the theory of progression was looked at with kindly tolerance; and the pot-bellied African stranger was met half way with the acknowledgment that he was all but "a man and a brother."

This sympathetic yearning towards the nest-building ape is probably caused by one of those mysterious affinities which run through the whole animal world. It would be so easy to show that certain gorillas are nest-building men, or that certain men are nest-building apes, that we can hardly wonder at the interest taken in our newly-discovered cousins. If anything would prove that M. Du Chaillu has not been guilty of giving to hairy nothings "a local habitation and a name," it would be the large and easily recognised family of nest-building apes, who have long been taking very active parts in the drama of life. Few of us can lay our paws upon our hearts and say honestly that we are unworthy of this classification. We are constantly gathering the big and little twigs—constantly hedging ourselves in from all disasters—constantly making ourselves snug. There is small need to go to a distant howling wilderness for a few dry skins to prove that the nest-building

faculty is cultivated by a large and industrious class.

Since the days of Lord Bacon (not to go too far back into the mists of antiquity) it is probable that nest building has been cultivated with great success. We find traces of the art in chapels, churches, and palaces, in town halls, picture galleries and industrial museums. It may be seen in full development at such places as South Kensington; but shops, warehouses, public offices, and a hundred other places are equally governed by it. It reigns almost as absolutely in Tottenham Court Road as it does in Downing Street; in Belgravia and May Fair as in Lombard Street or Chancery Lane. It may be called by various names,—such as prudence, industry, success, or, property qualification; because language, like figures, is given to us to conceal the truth.

A very good sample of the nest-building ape—shrewd, active, and watchful—may be seen at the Museum of Universal Taste. He is the main prop of that comfortable institution, and is prepared to raise any number of such nests at the shortest notice, and on the most unreasonable terms. The nest of this knowing ape was first built of the humblest twigs—a structure hideous, but cheap, and therefore not calculated to alarm the British tax-payer. Thick and squat as it appeared, it was the thin edge of the wedge. By slow and silent degrees the nest spread into something between a show and a school, and while it professed to improve the lower orders of the east, its home was at the extreme west of London. Minor nests were built for a number of minor apes; grants of money were got from earwigged parliamentary committees; and at last the thick end of the wedge—the full-blown nest—was allowed to emerge from behind the official curtain.

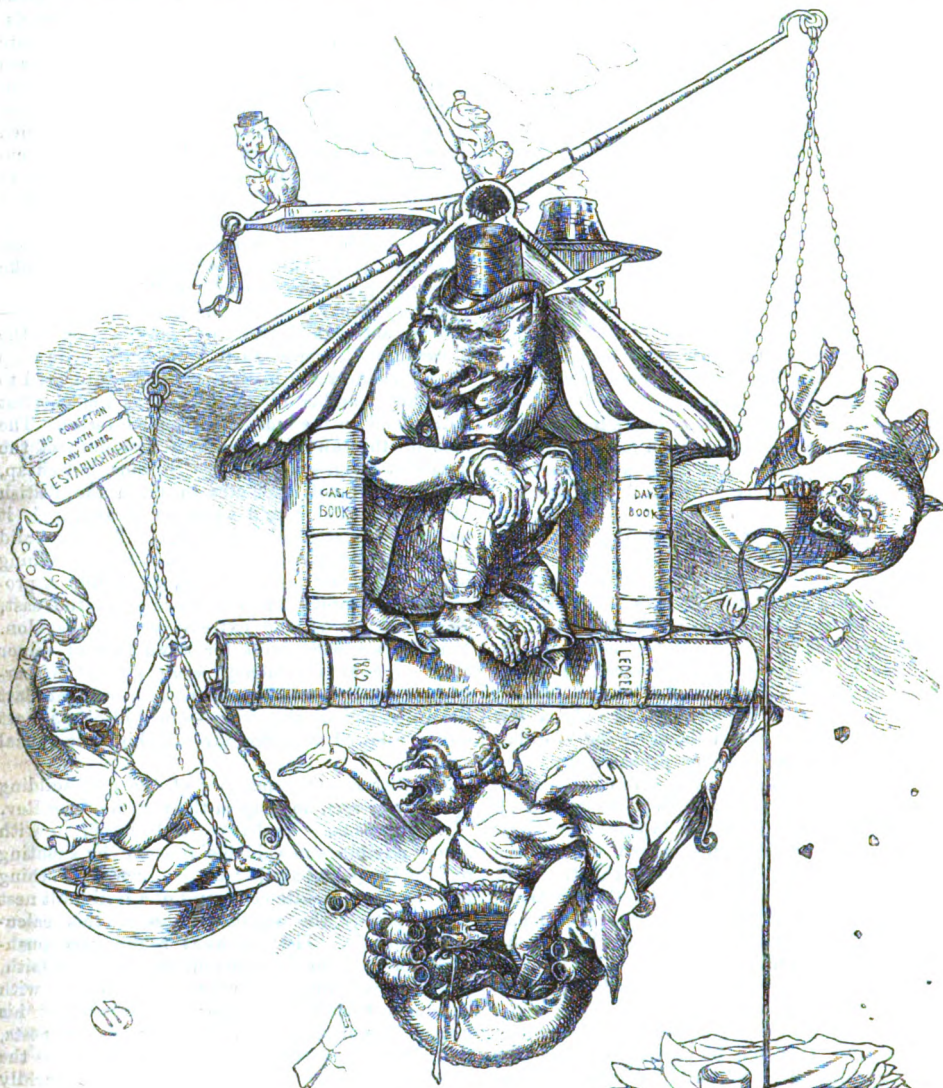
Another thriving specimen of the nest-building ape may be seen any day in the person of the Rev. Mr. Tabernacle. He has covered himself in with a very eligible and valuable freehold by shouting out the Gospel according to St. Lucre. Nothing less than an absolute command of a well-built nest would satisfy the acquisitiveness of this calculating apostle. The hat went round very pushingly for twigs in the name of the Christian faith, and the backward in giving were reminded with sternness that the labourer was worthy of his hire. The nest, like many other similar nests, will always command a good market price, as the title to it is made clear by a good store of worldly precaution.

The official and clerical nest-building apes have worthy companions in the persons of their commercial brethren. The trading ape, wedged up in snug quarters by his cash-books and ledgers, is generally distinguished for his power of nest-building. He has surrounded himself with banks, insurance offices, and a thousand varieties of nests, each one furnishing homes for other apes, more or less enterprising. In the language of commerce, a nest is often called a "basis of operations," a pretty and expressive name, and one that is not at all offensive. The trading ape generally manages to build his nest, whether he is honest and successful, or dishonest and unsuccessful. In the

first case he buys a few small palaces, and takes rank as a merchant prince; in the second he arrives at a smaller degree of comfort and elegance, through a marriage settlement. The nest in the

last instance is built with creditors' twigs, and put out of the reach of hungry assignees by a legal family conveyance.

The legal profession, who so often build or



destroy other people's nests, furnish a very good number of these particular apes. Starring barristers who neglect every case that does not lead to notoriety; who address juries from half-built nests only to collect more twigs, or to be lifted bodily into a warm woolsack retreat, are certainly no unworthy members of this species. The web-spinning lawyer, who partly feeds the barrister—who looks out from a bower of bills of costs—is about as fine a specimen of the "nest-building ape" as any fancier of the tribe would like to examine. They all have one little fault,—selfishness a little too strongly developed; they all believe devoutly in the same



worldly-wise maxim,—each one for himself and God for us all. And yet are they not all "men and brethren?"

JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD.

THE ANGLERS OF THE DOVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER III. THE HEART OF NEEDWOOD FOREST.

THE next morning was mild as a March day; and the sun came up so clear in the pale blue sky that it might be doubted whether anglers would like it. Sampson, however, knew the shady places all along the Dove, and engaged that the gentleman should have a fair chance for his sport. It was drawing near noon when the two were standing in the shadow of the rock below the Castle, with a little pannier of fish on the grass, when a shout from above made them look up; and they saw a man letting himself down the steep in a rash sort of way.

"What a hasty fellow you are!" cried Stansbury, as soon as the other came within hearing. "Why could not you come down by the right road?"

"We had just passed up it," answered Felton,

"and I thought I would not trouble the warder to fumble with his keys so soon again; and you seemed so near! and the way looked easier than it is."

"Yes, indeed; or do you suppose my Lady would leave it open?"

"It is not unguarded: there is no point unguarded. The sentinel warned me. I must show him that I am safe."

And Felton leaped over the stream by the scattered rocks, and waved his hat towards where a pike gleamed on the terrace above.

"What shall I do with all my fish?" asked Stansbury. "Some must appear on my yeoman host's board: but see what we have caught in three hours!"

"Send them up yonder for her Grace's table," Felton advised.

"You are not in earnest!" said Stansbury.

"Are these such fish as may appear at a queen's table?"

"No doubt: and if you had seen the supper we sat down to last night, you would believe that your offering would be very graciously received."

"Her Grace is ill-pleased at her reception? That was sure to happen."

"It was: but there is reason. Bess of Hardwick will need some training before she can fitly order the entertainment of a princess;—not a Scottish amazon, but a lady tenderly reared in the French court. Her Grace does not conceal her disgust this morning."

"Then I will venture: but if she is displeased—"

"I will take the blame on myself: and so I will if Dame Bess quarrels with you."

"Dame Bess may say what she will of me and my fish: but we will pick out the best for the Castle."

The party sat down to sort the prey. The finest were taken charge of by Sampson, who marched off with the pannier on his shoulder. The gentlemen amused themselves with stringing the rest on birch twigs and long rushes.

"There is a dark sentinel up above there," observed Felton.

"No doubt: wherever her Grace is there must be at least one."

"Yes; but she is attended everywhere by her own chaplain. I do not mean him."

"I did not know that more than one was allowed," said Stansbury.

"You are dull to-day. The dark sentinel wears light-coloured clothes."

"Plots already!" exclaimed Stansbury.

"That is of course," replied Felton.

"But it is not of course that I should hear of them," said Stansbury; "and I had rather not, unless you, as my friend, require it."

"Nothing of the sort. You and I naturally share all we know: but I will stop wherever you please in my confidences, now and always."

"It is not like us to have any doors of our minds closed to each other," said Stansbury;

"and I shall never have any secret from you. But look you! it is not that this woman is dangerous, and of doubtful report, but that I, for my part, have no interest about her fortunes, and no right to possess any power of injuring her."

"Is it not of importance to every son of the Church that a Catholic sovereign may be in the heretic's seat, if loyal men do their duty?"

"My friend, this is mere wildness!" said Stansbury. "After ten years of heretical rule, which has certainly made the kingdom prosperous with industry and trade, and which has satisfied the world of the genius of the woman who reigns, whatever her impiety, can you suppose that a princess, who for genius has only beauty, who is reviled by all earnest heretics, and who has failed in every scheme she ever was concerned in, will mount the English throne over the neck of her who fills it, and who so commands the homage of her people, that they themselves say there is magic at work somewhere?"

"My view is different—different from what it has been," observed Felton.

"Since you have seen the dark sentinel?"

"No; I have not exchanged a word with him. He sits there cross-legged, fashioning her Grace's habit for her rides; and I have no call to accost the castle tailor the first morning. I judge by the open evidence of public affairs. I judge by the new severities against papists, and the hunting of the deprived ministers, and the coldness shown towards the colonists in their poverty as refugees, and by the terror of the noblemen of the court, and by the common rumours of the Queen's impetuosity of temper, that the state of her kingdom does not please her as it did; and that possibly she may herself not be so satisfied as she was of the firmness of her seat. This is only what thousands of men are thinking. True, very few may be saying it; but men will look in one another's eyes, in such times, to learn more than the tongue speaks."

"I trust you have not let the dark sentinel look into your eyes, my friend. Sooner than he should imagine what he saw in mine, I would close them,—would feign sleep in her Grace's very presence."

"You could not, Stansbury. There is but one person who could drop asleep in such a presence: and that is Bess of Hardwick. She did it last night. A slight glance of her Grace's turned the Earl's eyes towards his lady; and there she was sound asleep, with her head resting on the back of the settle."

"And the Earl?"

"The Earl made such apology as he could; in which he was but ill seconded by Lady Bess; for she scarcely disguised a stretching of her limbs on waking, and alleged that the slow court pace in journeying had disposed her irresistibly to slumber."

"I fear there will be bickerings among the ladies," observed Stansbury.

"Assuredly there will be; and then we know what will happen among the gentlemen. The Earl meant loyalty to his Sovereign when he undertook this charge: but it will cost—"

"A crown?" whispered Stansbury, following his friend's glance round the spot where they were seated.

"A crown, perhaps:—perhaps that which a crown contains," Felton replied in a low tone. "Some great catastrophe must ensue from the tangle of affairs. Yes; it is true; there might have been a way out if her Grace had remained in Scotland, or gone anywhere but into this kingdom. But she is here; and—"

"And we had better await events, without looking too curiously into the issue," said Stansbury. "I am satisfied to fish in the Dove, and leave the dark waters of state intrigue for another sort of anglers. Felton, be one with me in this. Nobody else can have such a claim upon you. Abide by me; and let it stand on our tombstones that we were two Derbyshire squires, who lived in friendship, and died in peace, in a time when other men quarrelled, and every parish had a war in it."

"So be it," answered Felton, rising when his

friend had put up his fishing-tackle. "Whither now?"

Sampson was approaching. Of course he had seen nobody but the porter. Only the porter and one other person,—the tailor of the establishment,—a fellow in sufficiently gay clothes, who was conferring with the porter about the time it would take to obtain some material for his work from London, if Stafford or Derby could not furnish it. It was a silken lining that was wanted; and some trimmings of a nature which Sampson understood. The tailor thought it lucky that the youth had arrived at that moment, and had desired him to prepare patterns of the commodity without delay, and carry them up himself.

Sampson was now dismissed to his loom, with a string of fish in his hand, and a silver coin in his pocket,—well satisfied with his morning's work.

"Is that tailor your dark sentinel in light apparel?" asked Stansbury.

"No doubt. Can he make any profit of the youth?"

"He will find him a silk-weaver; and further, a stout Calvinist, fresh from Switzerland; and further, a fellow thoroughly familiar with the ways of this neighbourhood."

Felton was silent; and the pair sauntered on into the forest. It was past the dinner hour, and yet far from supper time. They fancied that they might find dry wood in the sheltered part of the forest, where they might broil their fish.

They followed one path, and another, and another; but each led to some open space where snow was still lying, or where it had in melting soaked the wood which lay about. They were very hungry before they lighted on a track which soon led them within scent of wood-smoke. This track they pursued till it brought them in view of a low cottage, made of wattle, and plastered with clay, and thatched with fir-branches, from amidst which the thin blue smoke rose into the still air. Here was a fire ready made.

"Who lives here?" asked Felton; a question which was answered by a laugh from within, and an invitation to come in and see.

Having entered, the friends were no wiser. A man of middle age sat on the settle. A bundle of papers and books lay beside him: and, as far off as she could get,—that is, close by the door, sat a woman, across whose lap lay a sick child. When she looked up, and the child began to complain, Stansbury recognised her as his hostess. In great surprise, he asked whether she had actually brought that child all the way in her arms. Not altogether in her arms, she said: she had carried him on her back, part of the way. A mother would do much, she explained, for the hope of obtaining her child's cure. She was urged to wait a little,—only a very short time, and Stansbury would help her home with her burden. But she would not hear of it. She must instantly depart. While Felton was talking with the man about broiling the fish, Dame Chell was bending her mind to humble entreaty that Stansbury would tell no one of her having been here. The explanation that she gave was that Dr. Pantlin, now her husband's guest, was daily giving medical advice and physic, with his other ministrations: that

thus far her child had been rather worse than better since the preacher's prayers for him began: and she could not be satisfied without inquiring from a higher authority whether she was in a right or a wrong course. Stansbury promised everything she asked, and she turned to take her leave of the host. When, however, she saw the preparations made for cooking and eating within the house, she sank back upon her seat in evident consternation. She would not, or could not explain herself; but gathered up her forces, and crossed the threshold, tottering under her burden, and saying with white lips that it was the boldest deed she had ever heard of; and she feared it could never come to good.

"Did you hear what she said?" asked Stansbury, seeing that the host was smiling. "You heard her? What can her warning mean? It seems you are an apothecary. Is she afraid of your poisons?"

"She is afraid of my art. Persons who have an art—"

"You mean black art," said Felton.

"What the ignorant call so. Those who have knowledge and skill are exiles, even more than the priests of your Church. Your priests are wandering in foreign countries, but they are among friends. I am living under the trees which I climbed for birds'-nests when a boy; but I am exiled from human society. No man will eat with me, or walk with me, or sit on the same bench, or open his mind as to a comrade."

"We are not well enough acquainted to be comrades," said Stansbury; "but we will dine together, and walk afterwards, if you will."

The Wise Man carefully closed the door, and then sat down to the board; but he refused to appear abroad with his guests. Their generosity might ruin them, he said.

As his heart opened under the long lost pleasure of free conversation, his visitors could say anything they wished; and what they wished was to know what could compensate to him for such isolation as he incurred by his choice of a way of life. His reply was, that there was no choice in the case. He had sought knowledge early, thinking no harm; and one day—one terrible day—he discovered himself to be in possession of a knowledge, not only surpassing other persons' in degree, but different in kind. Nothing could then be done: his fate was sealed. He could only endeavour to do good with his power, and take such pleasure as he could in the pursuit of wisdom. That pursuit had its pleasures, he emphatically declared.

"But, surely, you see human faces almost every day?" asked Felton. "How many days in the year pass without your hearing a human voice?"

"Formerly I was sometimes weeks together without hearing a footstep in the wood," the Wise Man replied; "or worse, the boys that were nesting or gathering berries made game of me; or, if they were afraid of what I might do to them, I knew that their fathers scorned me. For the last ten years the fate of my order has been changing; and now we have attained nearly as much honour as perhaps we ever shall."

"How do you account for that? But stay," said Felton, interrupting himself; "we will inquire further when you have finished eating. We will not spoil a repast which you say is a sort of festival to you."

The Wise Man was brightening every moment; and of the three he perhaps enjoyed most the rare wine which he brought out of an inner apartment of his cottage. He said he seldom touched wine; and thus he had some to produce on this singular occasion. He asked his guests, laughing, whether they were not afraid to pledge him; and they laughed in reply.

"I perceive you are not superstitious," he observed, when the fish-bones were removed, and nuts were on the board with the wine; "but nearly all the world is in these days. This is the answer to the question you put just now—that before men's minds were disturbed by a change of religion, their affairs and beliefs went on in a regular course, and their priests were their resource in all their perplexities. Since there have been two religions, or several, and men have either to judge for themselves or choose among various oracles, the growth of superstition has become remarkable."

"You find it so?"

"Yes, indeed! If I encouraged the resort of the people to me, I might have more power, more repute, and infinitely more money than any priest, or preacher, or religious leader within a hundred miles round."

"And why do you not? Nay; I meant no offence," said Felton, perceiving that he had hurt his host's feelings. "You spoke of using your knowledge for good, and I supposed that the more power you had the more good you would effect."

"Not so," replied the Wise Man. "The people come to me for charms; and if I explain that they are medicines, they at once conclude that I am ashamed of my charms, and beguiling them with false pretences. If I were to encourage all who would come to me, and to act upon them as it is in my power to do, we should see a worship of Satan set up by my means; and my will being against it would rather help than hinder. Another consequence would be, that I should be burnt alive; but that would be right if I had acted like a real priest of the Devil."

"What, then, is your plan, if I may ask?" said Felton.

"I wish it to be known by those who will vouchsafe to attend to it. There are so many who revile me—as Dr. Pantlin will next Sunday—without dreaming that I may have a case to state, that I may well be thankful when young men like yourselves—men fixed in the old faith, and therefore composed enough in mind to do justice—ask for my own explanation of my plan of life. My first duty is to keep up my insight into human affairs—"

"Do you mean a preternatural insight?"

"Not preternatural, but, in regard to the condition of the general mind, premature, and therefore special. I religiously sustain my knowledge of what is happening, and must happen. This is my first duty; and next to it comes the secluding myself to the utmost from popular resort, for the

reason I have given. After that comes the easy task of imparting, whether in the form of medical advice, or counsel about conduct, or information which may be useful."

"Political information?"

"Political information among others."

"How is it obtained from you?"

"Simply by asking. It rests with me to give or refuse it."

"If I were to ask you what further adventures are in store for the lady now within the Castle walls yonder—"

"I should refuse to give it, because it is needless. It requires no magic to foretell that a princess so unhappy and so helpless from such causes can never seat herself firmly on a throne filled as the English throne is now; and that she could not reconcile parties at home; and that she would not even conceive of sustaining the honour and independence of England abroad."

"I suppose that is true," said Stansbury.

"But she cannot pass her life shut up in an English castle, with English courtiers for her gaolers," said Felton.

"Can she not?" asked the Wise Man.

"Impossible! The Christian chivalry of England will not endure it."

"The Christian chivalry of England may dare and do great things; yet this may not be one of the things that they can do. One may scale an impassable rock; another may bring stout heretics into the Church by a silken thread—"

"How applied?" asked Stansbury, looking up from his nuts.

"By the needle and shaping-board, and shears," the Wise Man continued: "and the highest below the throne may sink himself into the common huntsman or angler—"

Stansbury laughed, saying:

"I was beginning to believe in your black art, friend; but your art breaks down under you. We are not noble,—my comrade and I."

"You are squires from the next county: it takes no magic to know that much. And you are not the only anglers on the Dove."

"Go on," said Felton, in a voice which made his comrade look into his face.

"I will say no more," replied the host. "If it is plain to calm observers that yonder princess and the English crown are not made for each other—"

"But that is past argument," Felton asserted.

"Her arms, her style, and title have always told another tale."

"To what end? Inquiring of me of the future, you hear me say that the English throne is not for her, and why. So much of the Christian chivalry of the country as may stake its fortunes on a miracle should satisfy itself whether the days of miracles are past."

"Who believes that?" exclaimed Stansbury.

"Except myself, everybody seems to me to be steeped in superstition; so that a miracle being necessary to any enterprise may just now be rather a recommendation."

"What you say is too true," replied the Wise Man; "and, till the Church is settled, men will pray for miracles, and expect them: but Christian

chivalry should be mindful of what it has in its charge. The whole life of chivalry is a choice between objects, with honour or perdition for reward of a right or wrong choice. Passing over the lower considerations of honour or perdition to the individual, let us admit that if there is an interesting and unhappy cause—

"An incomparable woman!" Felton observed.

"Well! an incomparable princess on the one hand, there is—omitting all estimate of our Queen—the peace and prosperity and freedom of England on the other. I do not wish to say more," concluded the host. "My words are doubtless thrown away even thus far."

"Not so," said Stansbury. "I agree with you; and I trust my comrade will remember your words as well as I shall."

"No doubt of it," said Felton.

"Not the less are they thrown away," persisted the Wise Man.

This persistence was remarked upon, and dwelt upon by the comrades during their walk back through the forest. They said it was unavoidable that a man who lived like an oracle in a shrine should be peremptory in his utterances: but not the less were they impressed by the Wise Man's conclusion.

As they came out of the wood a bowshot from the river, they stopped at the same moment. They were looking up at the Castle, as every one does at that spot; and they saw figures relieved against the pale yellow evening sky. They were moving figures.

"Is that a terrace walk?" asked Stansbury.

"Yes; and where you see those tree-tops over the wall there is a garden. That terrace is where her Grace will take her walking exercise. O yes! she will ride in the forest, and out to the chase; but her walking exercise will be daily on yonder terrace. See her now!"

"Which—which? They are but black forms against the sky. Ah! now they disappear against the dim building! But which was she?"

"Which?" replied Felton, impatiently. "If eyes cannot tell that form from all others... Is it possible to mistake Lady Janet Hamilton for her, or Grisel Douglass?"

"My dear fellow! consider the distance!"

"But you saw forms;—you saw them move. Is there any bearing, any movement that could be mistaken for hers? Yet you have seen her."

"Once. I must bow before you who have seen her twice."

Felton did not smile. He was astonished to discover that he had not had his mind wholly filled with her all his life.

CHAPTER IV. DISCOURSINGS IN NEEDWOOD FOREST.

As the spring advanced it was everybody's remark that so many strangers had never before visited Tutbury,—far famed as was the Castle with Needwood Forest for its chase. It seemed as if all the Earl of Shrewsbury's abodes had become suddenly celebrated; for, wherever he and his establishment went, there was presently a throng of strangers. The Countess had put in execution her plan of removing her royal guest from place to

place; and therein she had shown great determination; for she was resisting the wishes of two queens. Her Grace of Scotland could not always repress her disgust at her mode of life, under such a guardian as Dame Bess; and, by a very natural peevishness, she dissented from the praises of Tutbury with which her hostess tried her patience. She had suffered much at Tutbury, she said; and she could not be expected to praise it. This was laid hold of as the occasion for a series of removals as the days lengthened. But, ill as Mary of Scotland liked Tutbury, she liked still less to leave it. At first, she declared her will to abide. She resented the indignity of being pressed for reasons: but it was necessary to assign some; and she complained of her health, and of the fatigues of travelling. This brought on a recommendation to try the Buxton waters; and afterwards the fine air of Sheffield Park. After a month's resistance, the captive found that she had only excited suspicion. A courtier or two appeared from London, and was introduced to her presence or not, as she chose: but, as soon as they were gone, she missed some occasional visitors,—she ceased to hear from her most punctual correspondents,—and she received, in fact, very few letters, and was restricted in her intercourses with even the few persons in the neighbourhood whose services she commanded. To the Earl she could speak as a gentleman, if not as a friend; and the Earl told her that his sovereign blamed him for permitting too much resort of strangers to his Castle at a critical season, and had herself ordered the new arrangements. Assuming that he was consulted, he gave it as his opinion that it would be greatly for her Grace's interest to disarm suspicion by ready conformity to any plans laid for her Grace's good, in health or otherwise. It was a bitter potion, the poor lady said,—this practice of obedience,—however sweetened by the courtesy of her host: but by resistance she might doom herself to close imprisonment. Her host did not gainsay this: and to Buxton they went.

Among the throng who saw the cavalcade descend the hill, and wind away through the now green forest, was Dr. Pantlin. He had been out of sight for some weeks, as men of his class found it necessary to be. Deprived clergymen were scarcely less abhorred by the ruling powers than Jesuit priests; and, if they thought fit to hold to their ministry, they could do it only on sufferance. Dr. Pantlin then had been on one of his rounds since February; and now, at the end of April, he appeared only in passing.

On the next Sunday it was plain that he had gathered matter for his discourse in attending on the departure of the Castle party. The church was closed, as happened very frequently, for want of a preacher. The Earl had applied to the universities for a man of learning and piety, to fill the parish pulpit: but the answer was that if the universities could not supply one-fifth part of the demands of the populous towns, they could not attend to rural parishes. One bishop had lately declared that he had but two preachers in his whole diocese. If the Earl would send up some promising young man, of sufficient instruction to read the service and a homily, such a person could be ordained on easy terms: otherwise there was no help. This left

the field of religious teaching open to the deprived clergy; and they were eagerly listened to, and zealous to use their opportunity.

It was seven years since Dr. Pantlin had spoken from a pulpit, as he did not let his hearers forget. This time he preached from a stump, firmly planted under a spreading oak in the forest. It was as lovely a spring Sunday as could be seen: but a gloom overhung the people and the service. The preacher was in more or less danger: among his hearers were some who suffered under the suspension of the lawful services of the Church: lovers were waiting, angry and disgusted, for some one to marry them: there were many infants not yet baptised: and Dr. Pantlin had been heart-wrung, that very morning as often before, to be compelled to refuse the rites of burial to a departed brother who well deserved them. His theme was one which moved hearts ready prepared. He described in his discourse the terrible interdict under which the kingdom had suffered in the time of King John: he showed what the Papal tyranny was which inflicted such horrors; and thence it was easy to show that by dallying with the Papal faith, even the heretical government of England was renewing the old penalties. The waters flowed, but infants were not baptised: marriage was honourable for all, yet those who would be joined in holy matrimony could not obtain the rite: the promises of the gospel of departing saints were bright and sure: and yet the dead were buried like dogs. Such was the retribution brought on society by the rightful priests being scattered abroad, while there were none ready to occupy their pulpits in their stead. There never could be a worse moment for closing the churches. At the very time when every Sunday and other holy day should summon the whole people to worship, as one rallying point for men's thoughts and wills, there was no chime of bells, no service, no exhortation; and the people sought out a word of advice wherever there was anybody who pretended to give it. Sometimes it was a necromancer in a wood, or in some dark hole in a city. Sometimes there was a resort to some barn where the blasphemous Anabaptists said and did worse things than the Pagans of old. Sometimes the unwary were led captive by the disguised Papists, whose toils were spread everywhere. Once drunk with the scent of incense, or lured to the secret chamber by the tinkle of the bell or the yellow light of the taper, the victim of the priests was lost, for this world and the next. While such were the horrors now going on in once merry England, there was no sign of repentance or godly sorrow. There was my Lady Go-fine in every neighbourhood, caring little for godly or ungodly arrivals on our coasts, provided only the latest fashion of attire came over too. No matter what Romish fox or Anabaptist hog was on board any smack from the Low Countries, provided there was a pair of silken hose, or a new adornment for the hair, or a special velvet for gentlemen's cloaks. If there were such dangers from fantastical vanities everywhere, what could be said of Tutbury in particular? There had been a whole train of Lady Go-fines for weeks past, showing their mincing gait on the terrace, or sporting in the woods: and if they were gone now, they

would come back: and, considering what was suspected of the sort of power employed by the chief witch of that strange company, there might be as much danger in hanging about the Castle in her absence as when she might be met at any turn. What he, the preacher, meant was that persons—and young men in particular—who wished to escape from blood and fire in this world and the next, would be wise to turn their backs on the Castle altogether. Or, if some must go as far as the gate,—as indeed provisions for the Earl's household must be supplied,—all messengers should keep outside the threshold, and have no speech but with the porter. Of the porter there was no harm known; but that was more than could be said for everybody who might, at one time or other, be in the porter's chamber.

The discourse was becoming interesting; for there were persons present who liked nothing so well as hanging about the Castle; and there were few of the hearers who had not secretly visited the Wise Man within a few months. Dr. Pantlin stopped while the interest was lively. After showing the contrast between the smooth order of daily life in former times and the disturbed state of men's minds at present, he terrified the timid of his hearers by telling them that, having the very enchantress of the Papacy in their midst, they must expect, by and by, to have their pleasant abode made what the lair of an enchantress always is,—a place of blood, and bones, and perdition.

Among the timid hearers Polly could scarcely be reckoned. She was as capable as other people of dread; but she was not scared by pictures of blood and bones, nor intimidated by hints of dangerous mysteries. She actually stole away behind the trees during the stir which followed the close of the discourse; and by the time Dr. Pantlin had obtained silence enough for the concluding prayer, she was quite out of hearing, on the way to the Wise Man's cottage.

"You have come to tell me about the child?" inquired the Wise Man.

"No. Mother told me, however, that she had shown him to you. He may be somewhat less pining these few days; but the neighbours may well say he is bewitched, seeing how he is, from week to week. What is it that ails him?"

"You would be no wiser if I told you the name of his disease. But he is not bewitched."

"No, no. I am not one who fears that way of being ill. But will the child recover?"

"That is a question which I never answer."

"You might tell me. I can be secret; and it may be best that I should know."

"I think otherwise, if you have no more wit than to press for an answer to such a question. What can be done for the child's ease shall be done; and I can say no more. What was it that you came to say; for it was not this?"

"You ask for the form's sake," observed Polly; "for you read thoughts, and know what is on my mind."

"I can guess, Polly. You are in a difficulty with Sampson."

"I am. I have no peace about it, night or day."

"You would have married him this month if there had been a priest within reach to marry you."

"Ah! if that were all! It may be at any time that a priest would come this way, and stay a day for the church rites. But whether ever to marry Sampson is my doubt."

Did he then think seriously of becoming a priest himself?

Never. The Earl showed him that his way was clear. He could read the service; and the university would have made him ready for ordination in a year; and the Earl was pleased to say that he was distinguished for piety; and he had only to throw off his wild Swiss notions—

"More easily said than done," observed the Wise Man.

"Only too easily done, however," sighed Polly.

"Why regret it?" asked her counsellor. "You dread the Queen's displeasure at her clergy marrying. But, you see, they do marry; and if she dislikes it, she cannot prevent it. You and Sampson might be very happy in your parsonage, so far out of the range of the Queen's eye. But I perceive that your difficulty is of another kind. Perhaps Sampson is no Protestant at all."

"I was sure you would know," said the sighing girl. "And now, what am I to do? If I marry him, I must be a Papist too: and if I break off from him, he will be suspected; and he will—O! I must do anything rather than betray him to suspicion."

"If I were he, I would avow the conversion," said the adviser. "Times are not yet so bad but that a man may follow his own religion, after a manner, if he keeps himself quiet."

"He must keep his secret," Polly declared. "Those who made him a Papist have pledged him to secrecy. Yes,—I know it is bad: but it is a thing done. They have their reasons—"

"Very strong reasons, no doubt. They hope, and by 'they' I mean in particular the Jesuit priest who masquerades as a tailor before the Earl's eyes—"

"Ah! I was sure you would be able to help me," said Polly. "You see what is going on up at the Castle as plain as if its walls were made of glass, and you were always walking round them."

"Far from it, Polly. That disguised Jesuit may well be suspected, if plain, guileless persons are watched, from the same suspicion, all over the kingdom. You may not be aware, but I was, that Sampson himself was suspected of being a Popish agent, from the moment he arrived here."

"Who suspected him?" asked Polly, indignantly.

"Warning was sent from London to the magistrates, and to certain trusty citizens."

"What a shame!" exclaimed Polly; "and he so proud of the twice-reformed faith, and of the courage of his Church, and of having himself picked up John Calvin's bowls when he played at Geneva on Sunday evenings. If they had once heard what Sampson had to tell, they could never have suspected him."

"Yet you say he is now a Papist. He must be very weak, or—"

The Wise Man paused, and Polly poured out the defence of her lover which had been collecting in her mind. Sampson had soon learned that the gay tailor was a priest; and that he wore his disguise in the pure love of human souls. He did not care for the humiliation of his function. He could cut out and stitch with gaiety of heart to draw stray souls into the Church—

"Ah! yes; I know," observed the Wise Man. "That is a very common story."

And then, Polly said, he had spoken so strongly to Sampson on the perilous pride and vanity shown in setting up against the Church which had for so many ages included all the wisdom—

"Ah! yes," said the Wise Man. "That is the way the story runs; but, to come to the end,—has not Sampson, just once, only once,—had a sight of the lady?"

"The Lady Bess? He has seen her often, for she busies herself much about the accommodations of the apartments which are not yet fully furnished. The Countess herself has given orders at several times to Sampson for silken hangings for two windows, and—"

"I did not speak of Bess of Hardwick; and you are aware that I meant the greater lady, Polly. I divine that Sampson has seen her Grace of Scotland, and has, moreover, heard the sound of her voice."

"Once,—only once," Polly admitted.

"I understand that sort of magical practice, at least," the Wise Man observed. "The same honey-pot catches many flies."

"Do not speak so of Sampson!" Polly entreated.

"Well! if he has not been employed to fetch and carry—"

"Do not speak so of Sampson!" cried Polly, more piteously.

"What, then, do you wish more from me, Polly? If he has been used by his new friends as an agent, I perceive that you do not know it. What is the question which weighs upon your mind? Are you doubting whether to turn Papist, and marry Sampson, or to leave him to his new friends? You cannot break off from him, you think, without dooming him to terrible things. Then, I suppose, you are intending the other course. But how can it be? Will yonder gay tailor tie the knot?"

"Yes,—yes,—that is it?" whispered Polly.

"They wish it to be done while the household are mostly absent: they wish it done this week."

"Protestant as you still are? Well; they may be right in reckoning on your conversion as a certain event, if you are to contend alone against a Jesuit priest and a husband. Have you made up your mind, Polly?"

Certainly not, or she would not be asking counsel. It did seem a great deal to risk and to undergo; and she would not think of it for a moment but for the fear of destroying Sampson. He would remain, whatever happened. Nothing could induce him to leave.

"No; he is too useful," the Wise Man said.

"He will remain while her Grace wants secret messages carried. If you marry him, Polly, you must bring none of your secret messages here. I cannot harbour anything of the sort."

"I would not be so suspicious as you—" Polly broke out : but she checked herself.

"Yes, you would, if you had seen what I have seen of princes and priests. Now tell me, Polly, has it occurred to you that it may be no such new thing to Sampson to be a papist?"

Polly stared.

"Suppose he should never have been anything else? I offend you, I see : that is no wonder. You will tell me that I do not know Sampson ; and that is pretty nearly true."

"I wish you would not make any guesses about him at all," Polly said, angrily.

"But simply hear what you tell me of him. Well and good ! but then you must not imagine you have my counsel."

"Let us say no more about it at all !" exclaimed Polly.

"With all my heart. Only this. After what you have laid open to me I am bound to tell you that wherever the Queen of Scots remains for many days together, there plots spring up, and simple people are won, and pious people are compelled, and selfish people are bribed, to serve the purposes of the plotters. Here, where her Grace has remained weeks instead of days, there are almost as many secrets hanging about the Castle as there are birds in the holes of the rock below it. Now you have your warning."

"I have," replied Polly ; "and I thank you for it."

As she was leaving the threshold, the Wise Man called her back.

"One word more, Polly. All the honesty in this case lies on one side. Simply to have no more to say to Sampson could not endanger him. Well ! I see you will not hear of that. Farewell, then ; but remember"—and he held up his hand in a warning way—"no state secrets, no papist secrets, no secrets of Sampson's must come here."

Polly would have been glad to be angry ; but she turned away without a word. The Wise Man was sorry for her.

"They want some clever, unsuspected agent in the village," thought he ; "and they will sacrifice her for the object. She will be bound by a secret marriage : her father's house is a convenient resting place for the Duke and his rod and tackle. She makes the channel complete, from her Grace to the Duke. I have said all that it could avail to say. If she can get over the hint of Sampson's having been only a pretended Protestant, and of her being made a mere tool of, nothing else that I could have said would have answered any purpose. As she walks now, she is turning all I have said of danger into a reason for uniting her fate with Sampson's to-morrow ; and the more I have touched her with suspicion of her being courted to be used, the more eager she will be to show a generous faith by an act which nothing can recall. I think she is safe about Sampson being a bachelor. These priests have few scruples ; but no one of them would venture upon marrying a man over and over, however convenient the wives may be as tools. And Sampson himself could hardly go that length, though he is more cunning than wise. Polly will be a real wife ; and then she must make the best of it. If she were not in love, she would

see how simple and safe an honest course would really be. But she will take the hard and doubtful one."

This was just what Polly herself was intending, as she made her way through the wood by round-about paths. She was proud of a lover who was a servant of the most unhappy and the sweetest princess in the world ; and she would brave everything to be his wife, and his supporter in peril and duty. As for becoming a Papist, she need not think of that at the moment ; her way would clear ; and it could be no good religion which would make her desert her lover, and seek her own safety, as soon as she was put to the proof. In this mood she was met by Sampson and his patron the tailor. The latter promised to show her the Scottish ladies' apartments, and the Queen's own walk on the terrace, if she would come up to the Castle before sunset.

Her heart was as soft as anybody could desire as she and Sampson paced the terrace at sunset. She had seen the apartment where the Queen passed the mornings, the desk at which she wrote, the frame on which her embroidery was stretched, and a book in which she had read only a few days before. She had sat in the window-seat which commanded a wide view over Needwood Forest, but from which one could almost step out upon the terrace. The sleeping-rooms above, she was told, might be opened to her some day soon, if she should deserve the confidence. Meantime, Sampson had a hundred little anecdotes to tell her of the Queen's sayings and doings. He was intoxicated by an interview he had had with her about some silk. Polly knew this before : but now she was confident that there was more than silk in the matter. Sampson was not a very good keeper of secrets, she now found. He was fidgety about a certain stand-point on the terrace ; he was restless when she looked over the parapet, and saw a man loitering by the Dove, some way off ; he was evidently delighted when her enthusiasm about the captive Queen grew to be like his own ; but he let her see plainly that he had kept some things from her which were occupying his thoughts very much. After watching the swallows flitting from under the castle eaves, and swooping to the river below, and reappearing high overhead ; after leaning over the ivied wall, listening for the cuckoo in the forest ; after hearing how the poor Queen had burst into tears, and sobbed for an hour after meeting a toddling child which had trespassed on the terrace, and how she had said that she had a baby son in Scotland ; after listening to fearful stories of the malice which had pursued this Catholic princess, even charging her with adultery and murder—suffering saint as she was !—Polly was in no mood to break for ever with Sampson, and the little world of the Queen of Scots. And if she did not break with them, she must join them. The worst trial would be living apart from them, in the very midst of the Queen's enemies. The tailor, however, threw out a hint that the time might not be far off when the Queen would be found to have fewer enemies than was supposed, and when Polly might . . . There was no saying what Polly might not have arrived at.

(To be continued.)

SUMMER IN DEVONSHIRE.

It is sad to be obliged to speak hardly of departed friends. As we pass by their graves the tender hare-bells and sweet-scented clover tell of nothing but what is beautiful and of good report. We cannot then quarrel with buried foibles, and "sit tibi terra levis" is our only thought. Thus I would rather not mention the true character of last summer in Devon, and the watery weeks of the present one, so far as it has yet advanced. Their souls have passed into the daisies of Time's grave, and I would fain only recal them as glad summer hours of sunshine and bee-murmurings, and pleasant lime-tree fragrance, and airy whisperings of the mountain firs. They brought their blessing with them, and it would ill-become me to resuscitate them in their storms and mists and thunderous rage. But truth compels me to admit this much of them, at least, they were not what they generally are.

As I am speaking of Devon summers, I will adopt the manner of the natives—ungrateful though it be—and write down the summer of this year and of 1860, as an old crone in that county lately spoke to me of her dead husband :

"Poor dear mon, I be real sorry for un ; but he were a *bad* old man, dree and fifty years he ill-used me, but I quite forgive un ; oh ! he were a *bad* old man !"

Let us therefore contemplate summer in Devon as it generally is, avoiding invidious particularity, and remembering its delights in past years in those

Summer days, when we were young ;
Sweet childish days, that were as long
As twenty days are now.

Given the county, let me try to deck it with some of the usual accompaniments of its delightful August. Of course there is plenty of sunshine, where else are you to look for it if not in Devon ? Sometimes stealing gently over the land from the distant peaks of Dartmoor, and streaming over meadow, lawn and moor, with its gentle influences, it lulls all nature into serenity, only broken by the hum of insects, which seems reflected in the seas round the coast, as the gentle ripple just stirs their blue expanse. Sometimes, again, like a tropical day, it blazes over heath and hamlet, a brilliant, steady flood of light, without a flicker and without a breath, as if the sun could not lose a look of the land it loves so well. Often, again (and this is to my mind its most pleasant phase), the sunshine skims down the dark-green Tors, dances over the Combes beneath, now runs over a waving field of corn, now gilds the distant farmstead, and ere it has well passed, another flood of light is upon you and gone in its turn, gently toying with the wind as it fleets on, and keeping pace with its lightest breath. This is the weather in which Devon looks its best. This is spring, almost visibly flushing into summer. The constant alternation of light and shade brings out the varied tints of the foliage and the splendour of the wild flowers to perfection, while the sun is not too hot to rob you of their enjoyment.

Summer brings its showers as well as April, and if I dislike, as much as you do, the unvarying rains of last year, I gladly welcome many a stray shower. We cannot put up with perpetual ill-temper even in the greatest beauty, but willingly abide her chance caprices of smile and frown. And if you insist on a southern serenity, always brooding over Devon, the deep azure would rob my favourite county of half its charms. It is impossible to obtain its cloud-scenery unless you welcome these passing showers. But from this cause its beauty is heightened ; after every rainy hour "blue isles of heaven smile between," and grey and white "angels from the sea" (as Ruskin calls them) float over the hills to catch the golden tints of day as it dies in the crimson west. Not only is the splendour of the sunsets heightened by these occasional showers, but their frequent recurrence tends greatly to give summer in Devonshire that vigorous life and motion which continuous sunshine can never grant to other lands.

Let us borrow the wild bird's wings, and take a passing glance at Devon, from end to end, as it now is.

Starting, as I have seen the cuckoo after its long voyage, between the greensand of Sidmouth and the bold chalk cliffs of Beer Head, the deep purple blossoms of the rare "*Lithospermum purpureo-cæruleum*" tell the botanist at once that he is drawing near the riches of the west. We may take the "*Corrigiola littoralis*," which does not, however, occur further east than Slapton Sands, near the Start, as the next step towards the continental Flora of Cornwall. But, away over lanes dappled underneath with feathery lady-ferns, and smothered overhead by honeysuckles and white-clustered traveller's joy (*Clematis vitalba*),—over many a strip stolen from the breezy moorland where rows of pink-flowered potatoes flourish, as yet happily untouched by disease,—over many a red and yellow mosaic of scarlet lychnis and golden-rod crowding round those green furze bushes which bend under the strangling grasp of parasitic dodder,—dashing down the verdant hills which enclose the Otter—past the gardens of Bicton and the elms of Sowton, and the giant boughs of Heavitree, where tradition tells of many a fettered criminal swinging in the breeze, we will rest by the mossy towers of Exeter Cathedral.

Perchance the good folks here are busily flocking to a flower-show or an archery-meeting, or those gay streamers tell of an election, and Exeter has always been a loyal city, answering to her motto of "*Semper Fidelis*." Ere now its Bishop has been torn to pieces by a London mob because he loved his king too well, and one of its parish-priests been hanged, in full canonicals from his own church-tower, because he struggled for the old religion. The patriotism which, in old times, led the Devon gentry to draw their swords for King Charles, still leads its trusty Conservatives to fight, tooth and nail, for Church and State. But we will not lose our summer holiday amid political turmoil :

Bura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,
Flumina amem sylvasque inglorius.

Would you linger awhile on the terraced walk of Tiverton Castle, or visit the fair ruins of Berry Pomeroy? I should much like to take you from where Dart winds beneath walls of waving trees to where its salmon peel leap joyously in that sheltered harbour at its mouth, which erst witnessed a fleet of crusaders set sail for the Holy Land. From here we might, perchance with classic Rowe or poetic Carrington, spend a happy hour on Dartmoor, and discourse of the geology of the granitic Yes Tor, the highest mountain peak in the county. This, however, will suit autumn better: the summer sun requires tempering with northern breezes and the white waves of the channel.

We cannot then do better than take the North Devon Railway. It will lead us through shady valleys, near white-washed farms with patches of yellow corn interspersed, over many a glittering trout-stream to the winding Taw, where net and rod are busily employed catching salmon. How beautiful is Crediton, in the heart of woodlands and breezy pastures, queen of the cider orchards of Devon! We cannot help recurring to long past ages at its sight, to days when St. Boniface left it to Christianise Germany, and when it was the seat of a bishopric before Cornwall and Devon were united in one see. Its antiquity lingers still in the popular rhyme:

When Exeter was a furzy down
Kerton was a market town.

Lovely though the grounds of Eggesford be at any season, they seem tenfold more lovely now that a summer sun is upon them. Excellent specimens are they of the true English park-scenery, with walks winding by the streamlet's brink,

The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,
Or dairy—each rural sight—each rural sound,

and clumps of trees in deep light and shadow, and groups of wild flowers and ferns in profusion. But the train hurries us remorselessly along; we have only time to notice one of the finest trees in Devon, standing out proudly from its compeers in a glade near Umlerleigh Station. A lime tree sends out two leaders from one root, which run straight up and intertwine their branches in magnificent clusters of deep green leaves. Its majestic symmetry is unrivalled; showing how greatly the soft Devon air helped its development. But we have now only indistinct visions of wooded hills and well-cultivated vales between, where heather and bracken invade civilisation at every corner, till dashing over the Taw, one of the great tidal rivers of North Devon, we find ourselves at Barnstaple.

Let us take our place on the top of the coach, one of the many relics of bygone days that meet us everywhere in this country. We skirt the estuary of the river to Braunton Burrows, as the region of sandhills round its mouth is called. Here summer brings to light many an interesting plant, though in other seasons the place is "wisht," enough (to use the expressive dialect of the natives). Ridges of sand, separating pools of salt water, run along the strand; the angry sea in the offing is generally chafing at the intrusion of the mingled

waters of the Taw and Torridge, while a lighthouse stands out grey and ghastly on the mud flats, like the grave-stone of the numberless vessels which have perished on this dangerous coast. Now, however, it affords a lovely panorama from the sailor's colony of Appledore on the other side, or from the hills where we are, beyond the Burrows.

Up these we mount one above another till we top the backbone of the country, and turning, see the Dartmoor peaks glimmering faintly in the distance, and many a snatch of fair plain and hill around us. Heather (just coming into bloom), Shakspeare's "long purples," and tall fox-glove spires writhe beneath jungles of white-flowered bramble at our side, while on the stone walls of the country, flourish masses of stone-crop and orpine, white, pink, yellow, and purple; and where the grey slate rocks pierce the soil, wild thyme and marsh bed-straw creep luxuriantly through the tender grass, closed in by picturesque clumps of bracken and golden furze. It is a very unsatisfactory country for a farmer, this; but how grateful to an eye that loves Nature in all her wildness! This kind of scenery follows us for miles, as we climb under walls of shale with hedges and rocks high over our heads, or dip into secluded valleys beneath, till at length the glitter of the sea and the calm grandeur of her surrounding Tors, tells us we are at Ilfracombe.

This is especially the place at which to enjoy August in summer. It is too hot, and I am too lazy to tell of its ancient glories; perhaps if I hint at the great names of Champenowne, Sir Philip Sidney, and the Audleys, who once possessed the manor, you may with them weave at leisure fairy romances of mediæval pageantry and heroism. Let us take our seat a while upon the Capstone, a conical cliff, 181 feet above the sea. Here there are walks made one over the other for the amusement of visitors, and an extensive view of land and sea. Far over the channel you see dimly a chain of blue mountains, and the faint column of smoke rising over them, tells where the Swansea furnaces are at work smelting copper. The outline of the Mumbles, too, is just visible. To the right the view is bounded by Hillsborough, an eminence 447 feet high, like a crouching lion watching over Ilfracombe. The pipit flits from rock to rock, alarmed at our intrusion; and further up the cliffs the shrike is on the watch from the top of a post. He would add a few more victims to the collection of beetles and small birds spitted on the thorns around his nest, to be eaten cold during this hot weather; for he is no vulgar savage to pounce upon his prey and devour it on the spot, like his kinsman, the kestrel-hawk, whom you may see hovering over yonder furze bushes. I need not describe the visitors promenading underneath us, the scientific searching for anemones near low-water mark, while the idle ones watch them from above, maliciously hoping that a chance wave may break over them—visitors are always the same at a sea-side place. Perhaps more hats and novels distinguish them here from others, for the sun is stronger and the climate softer than elsewhere. One local guide-book proves to its own satisfaction, I see, that Ilfracombe is as cool in

summer as any other English town, and in winter actually half a degree warmer than Torquay !

Below us white houses, often hiding in trellised-work and roses, are scattered up and down, with here and there a terrace in the back-ground, while the old parish church closes the view on one side, as a light-house—built on the ruined chapel of St. Nicholas, the fisherman's saint,—does on the other. All is very quiet; a light haze is swimming overhead, and fine mists curl round the breezy tops of the Tors. What a wild scene of grey rocks and immense blue sea is beneath ! Shadowy masses of foliage on the hills seeming imperceptibly to melt into the rocks, while vistas of light open up between them, stream down to the valleys, and lose themselves amongst the waving corn or the hay-fields in the tenderest verdure of a second crop. Notice, too, the many-coloured vegetation on the hills that has replaced the "drifts of anemones" and "sheets of hyacinth," in which poets dress our Devon spring; and how totally it differs from the sandworts, buck-horn plantains, scurvy-grass, and other characteristic littoral plants beside us on the Capstone. Truly no other watering-place of England has such varied charms; town and country and seaside seem here to blend in one delightful whole, in which the most pleasant features of each are alone prominent. The natives, too, are so simple and open-hearted. Watch the housewives coming to market with the strawberries from their cottage gardens, or the whortle-berries gathered by the children in the neighbouring thickets. See how they drop a curtsy to every well-dressed person, while the goodman who follows with the donkey-cart touches his hat with the air of Nature's gentleman. Their innocent life and the pure air of the hills around must doubtless do much to produce those centenarians, of which a curious list is here preserved on the east wall of the church.

Such is Ilfracombe in summer. Let us pass up one of the quaint old-world entries, that might have been well-suited for warriors in chain-mail proceeding to embark in the six ships which this town furnished Edward the Third for the siege of Calais, but which sorely embarrass the ample skirts of the fine lady of Victoria's time descending to more peaceful conquests on the Capstone. The waves are surging round, but we may look into the gloom of Crewkhorne Cave, supposed to have been a hiding-place of Tracy, one of Thomas à Becket's murderers. Or better still, a few miles over the cliffs, let us visit Morthoe Church, where a flat stone, on which is cut the effigy of a priest bearing a chalice, surrounded by a half-effaced Norman inscription, is shown as his tomb. Certainly the escutcheons round the stone point to the vermilion bands of the Tracy family, if the chalice disprove the notion of the repentant warrior resting below. After the outside heat it is very grateful to linger in this little church, and to note the curious carvings on the bench-ends.

But now that we are diverging to the romantic, we cannot better end our summer tour than by visiting the Haunted House of Chambercombe. It is just the place for a ghost, hidden among trees, and smothered by the foliage of narrow

lanes, and withdrawn from the haunts of men. A babbling stream breaks the silence of the valley as we force our way through bowers—

Beneath whose leaves
The violets of five seasons reappear
And fade, unseen by any human eye;
Where fairy water-breaks do murmur on
For ever.

But as it is only some two miles out of Ilfracombe, we soon reach the farm-house. The name seems a corruption of Champernowne's Combe; and it may have been one of the nineteen manors of that house which Queen Elizabeth caused to be sold, thus effectually ruining their owner, when (aware of the small likelihood of ever seeing his fine band of singers back again) he refused to lend them to her Majesty. A ghost-story is told in connection with it, but there is little probability of a visitor being able to raise the veil of mystery which at present shrouds it. Most likely he will find even the ghost of civility fled if he inquires where the ghost-room is, and the old dame who at present inhabits the place will tell him, as she told our party, that "The ghost-room is where the ghost is, she supposes; it isn't open now, and it never will be" (for it is a fearsome thing to raise a ghost, even in this nineteenth century, in a Devonshire house). From the manner, however, in which she afterwards pointed out to another old lady the little dark window between the ladder and the end of the house, we gathered it was there her worst fears resided. The legend is, that in past years the farmer noticed a window on the outside more than was apparent within. Breaking through an inner partition, he came upon a room lighted by this window, and hung with moth-eaten tapestry.

The chamber was dispaunted all within
With sondry colours, in the which were writ
Infinite shapes of thinges dispersed thin;
Some such as in the world were never yit,
Ne can devised be of mortall wit;
Infernall hages, centaurs, feendes, hippodames,
Apes, Lyons, eagles, owles, fooles, lovers, children,
dames.

Surrounded by quaintly carved chairs and a wardrobe was an old oaken bed, and on tearing down the hangings, he saw a whitened scull grinning from the hollowed pillow, and one polished arm-bone lying on the crimson quilt with a firm grasp of it between its crooked fingers. Of course he fled, walled up the room directly, and thus gave rise to the notion of a ghost still haunting its old habitation.

No conjectures can be formed respecting the dead lady; each one may fill up for himself the particulars of her death or murder, and deem her riches or her beauty the cause of her untimely end.

Most likely she was an old hag, who clung to her ill-gotten gains to the last; resisting the slow approach of death or the club of the midnight robber, till the final convulsion found her still clinging to the quilt with the greedy grasp of the miser. Whatever we may think about her fate, no one will regret his visit to the leafy seclusion round the Haunted House.

Thus, then, I have given you a few sketches of Devonshire in summer. We might go eastward to Linton, and southward to the beauty of the Tamar, or the rugged grandeur of Bolt Head; or we might run through the county from Tavistock to Exmoor, and still be delighted with fresh antiquities and legends set in the sunniest of skies and purest of atmospheres. But enough has been said to show the tourist, that if luckily condemned by want of means to stay in his native land, no more beautiful and interesting corner of it can be found than this same Devonshire. Here is summer without the inconveniences it brings with it in sunnier lands; here is hospitality and cleanliness, and welcome in every large town and every myrtle-covered cottage, very different from the polite rapacity of the *garçon* or the servility of the *vetturino*. With all these accompaniments, no where else in England can our summer be so fully enjoyed as in Devonshire. G.

AN OHIO STEAMBOAT.

EUROPEAN travellers have often expressed their astonishment at the number, size, and splendour of the American steamboats on the river Hudson, Long Island Sound, the Great Western lakes, and the Mississippi and its branches. Some of the larger boats on the Hudson are more than 400 feet long, are furnished with magnificence, accommodate a thousand or more passengers, and steam twenty-three or four knots an hour.

But the finest boat, all things considered, that I ever saw on the American waters, was on the river Ohio, one of the mail packets between Cincinnati and Louisville, named after her owner, the Jacob Strader, a worthy citizen of Cincinnati, who had the ambition to build the finest steamboat in the world; and, of her kind, a high pressure western boat, I have nowhere seen her equal.

These western boats have striking peculiarities. They are broad of beam, and almost flat-bottomed. The rivers which drain the vast basin between the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains, some of them navigable 4000 miles from their common mouth on the Mexican Gulf, vary greatly in their depth. The lower Mississippi is 150 feet deep. The Ohio and upper Missouri may be thirty or forty feet deep at one season of the year, and scarcely as many inches at another. There are times when the Great Eastern, if past the bars at the mouths of the Mississippi, could steam up to Pittsburgh, among the Alleghanies, or to the foot of the Rocky Mountains,—and there are others, when the boys at Cincinnati can wade across the Ohio, and a steamboat drawing but twenty inches may stick fast on a sand-bar at the mouths of the Cumberland or Tennessee.

The Jacob Strader, like nearly all the western river boats, is high pressure, because the grit of the water would rapidly wear out the more costly and complicated low pressure engines. She has two powerful inclined engines, not working together upon one shaft, but upon each side wheel, separately. This is for the convenience of turning quickly in the sharp bends of a narrow channel. Such a boat, with the wheels going in different directions, can turn upon her centre, can be steered

without a rudder, and rounds to, to make her landings, as she invariably does, with her head up stream, with the greatest facility.

As I stood upon the river's brink, and looked up at this boat, I was greatly struck by her size and appearance. She is not, I judge, more than 300 feet in length, but rises in a light and graceful style of architecture, of which we have in this country no example, to a height of five storeys, or decks. On the first deck are the boilers, engines, fuel, and light freight, horses, carriages, and deck passengers. You mount a broad staircase and come to the spacious drinking saloon, barber's shop, and luggage room. From this landing two fine staircases bring you to the captain's office, where passengers are booked and their state-rooms assigned them. This is an ante-room to the great saloon, which broad, high, well-lighted, and furnished with marble tables, glass chandeliers, mirrors, sofas, &c., reaches to the stern of the boat, perhaps 200 feet. On each side are state rooms of a large size, and furnished with every convenience. The panels of the great saloon are painted in oil, with landscapes by the best artists, and no cost has been spared in upholstery. The whole boat is lighted with gas, and hot and cold baths can be had at a moment's notice. The capacity of the kitchen and force of waiters is sufficient to provide a sumptuous dinner, with printed bills of fare, for 600 passengers. Beneath the ladies' saloon is a large saloon fitted up expressly for children and their nurses.

Over the great saloon and its double range of state-rooms, is the promenade deck, on which are built the state-rooms of the officers and pilots. The deck above this is called the hurricane deck, and above this rises the pilot house; which, with its large windows on all sides, made comfortable by a stove in winter, commanding an unimpeded view, and communicating by signal-bells and speaking tubes with the engineers, and by chains from the wheel to the rudder, gives the pilots, as the steersmen of these boats are called, complete command of the boat in its often difficult navigation. The pilot, his mate, and two assistants, are very important personages. They have the entire charge and responsibility of navigation. The Captain indicates the points at which he wishes to land, and gives the signal for departure, but seldom interferes further with the course of the boat. The pilots are paid 200 or 300 dollars a month and found. Imagine yourself so favoured as to be invited by the pilot to take a seat in his glazed turret, forty feet above the water, and commanding a full panorama of the river valley through which you are gliding. Villages, farms, and forests seem to sweep past you. You meet steamers and pass flat boats, going lazily down with the current, carrying coal, perhaps, from the carboniferous banks of the Monongahela, where it crops out in great seams in the river bank, to Memphis or New Orleans. In its way, it is the poetry of travelling. The rail is more rapid, but in comfort there is no comparison.

None—for here is a bar where you can have your choice of every possible drink. Here is a *table d'hôte*, with its bill of fare of fifty dishes. You may lounge on a sofa, promenade on the deck,

play poker forward, chess amidships, or the piano-forte aft. It is your own fault if you do not, so being inclined, get up a discussion or a flirtation.

At night the Jacob Strader, dashing along the starlit river, all her windows blazing with lights, her furnace fires throwing their red glare forward, the black smoke, filled with sparks of fire, pouring from her tall smoke stacks, steam roaring from her escape pipes, perhaps a band playing, and a gay party dancing on her lofty promenade deck, is altogether a strange and curious picture. The polite Pasha of Egypt, when asked by the Empress Eugenie, if he was not surprised at the beauty of Paris, replied :

"No, Madame, I had read the 'Arabian Nights.'"

These tales of Oriental and magical splendour would not give him the least idea of an Ohio Steamboat.

SEA-WAIFS AND SEA-STRAYS.

THE sea is ever at work as well as the fresh water, and, between them both, they contrive to work strange changes in the land, adding here and taking away there. Low, flat, sea-coast land, pierced by rivers, presents a very similar appearance the world over, where river current and sea-tide are not hemmed in by lofty barriers. Over the low land the sea washes, and in channels down to the sea from the higher levels the river "rives" its way. Gradually, as it approaches the sea, the bed becomes more horizontal, and the earth suspended in the water is as gradually deposited in the bed of the channel. Slowly it rises, and slowly the bed attains a higher and higher level, forming banks on either hand. If the channel becomes too shallow, or the current, becomes too rapid, the natural banks get overflowed, a breach ensues, and some portion of the material is washed away, forming a "rapid" to a lower level, and thus forms a Delta like the Nile, or the Mississippi, or other many-mouthed rivers, up which, if there be a sea-tide, and the shore be low, the water flows and re-flows, inundating large tracts and rendering them useless to man, other than in his hunting or fishing capacity.

But when man settles, and thickens in numbers, he begins to covet the permanent possession of the long ranges of marsh meadow spread before him and occasionally exposed to view, and so he watches the processes of Nature in heaping up material, and seeks by art to prevent the reaction of washing away. On the flat shores of the North Sea short stakes are driven into the sand near together, and ropes of straw are wattled into them, forming small ledges, which intercept the sand in its reflux, and so gradually raise the surface. On the banks of rivers, raised by Nature at the outset, the bordering people watch carefully to prevent lateral breaches, and the levels are raised artificially at the banks, in order to correspond to the natural raising of the bed of the stream. Over large marshy and water-covered districts, artificial raised rivers or channels are made with wholly artificial banks, the water being pumped from the low flats into the channels so made. And so, in process of time, large tracts

of land are covered with high banks or dikes following the lines of the water-courses and the sea-shore, the sea being shut out by flood-gates, which open at the low sea-tides to let out the land waters, and people live and move and have dwellings below the level of the high tides. Valuable is the land thus gained, but costly is the process of maintaining it. Thus has Holland been won from the sea by an amphibious race of men as described by Andrew Marvel :

A land that lies at anchor and is moored,
Whereon men do not live, but go on board.

And as a ground rent on which land, a Dutchman once exclaimed to me, they "paid ten per cent. to Nature previous to working it," and they watch carefully for all signs of sea-worms or burrowing animals lest they should spring a leak and drown a province. At New Orleans the bed of the Mississippi and the embankments, or levees, are raised so high that ships float above the level of the house-tops.

In the neighbourhood of the Great Lincoln Wash, which devoured the army of the Third Richard, lie the great marsh lands of England, won from the water by man's energy during successive generations. If our engineers could have their way, they would cause this England of ours to rise out of the sea like a twelfth cake, surmounted on all sides by perpendicular cliffs with convenient landing places. They would wall England round, not as Friar Bacon proposed, with brass, but with iron armour plates of unlimited thickness, and deeply galvanised to set rust at defiance. They laugh at difficulties, and only ask for cash, and the thought of reclaiming from the sea the flat fat lands deep in vegetable detritus, sets astir the covetous faculties of land owners and farmers to any extent. What matters it that houses unequally weighted sink in all manner of ways out of the perpendicular, and that women grow to look like witches, if to the marsh manner born, and men purvey them wives with money from the uplands, which, after three widowings, sets them up in capital,—what matters all this if sheep thrive, and hay is made, and corn grows?

The Middle Level Drain, an artificial river some 200 feet in width and twenty in depth, carried off the inland waters from the Bedford Level, and delivered them into the Ouse river where it divides into two channels, one running eastward and entering the Wash near King's Lynn, the other running westward under the name of the Nene, and, entering the Wash below Wisbeach, enclosing between them the district called Marshland.

The owners of the Middle Level Drain were not satisfied with the outfall where it entered the Ouse, and so they applied to Parliament for permission to extend their drain across a portion of the Marshland to enter the Ouse some miles nearer the sea. And Parliament gave them permission against the will of the Marshland owners, who had no interest in the drain beyond considerable fear of being overflowed.

In the Ouse the tide rises and falls, so it is necessary to stop the mouths of the great drains going into it, which is done by a structure of timber or brick-work like the gates of a dock, which

close at high tides to keep out the sea-water, and open at low tides to let out the land water. Either from insufficient workmanship or bad locality, or unusual pressure, or from burrowing animals, the land-water, or sea water, or both, made a flank movement, and burst up the whole sluice, so that the tide, instead of being confined to the river, obtained free way up the drain also. The drain apparently had not been constructed sufficiently strong for this contingency, and a breach was made in a weak part of the bank, and six thousand acres of Marshland was overflowed, the tide running through the breach at eight miles an hour. The lower part of the bank was of clay, the upper part of silt. When the water rose high enough, the silt washed away, and then the stream rapidly cut a channel through the clay.

How to stop this breach, was the problem not to be solved by a miscellaneous throwing in of clay-bags, or other material, nor by hampers of stones, with a rush of water at eight miles speed per hour; and the engineer, Mr. Hawshaw, took the right method. He drove sheet or close piles along the banks, on either side the level in a double row, and in the water-way of the breach he drove the piles with openings between them. These openings were fitted with sliding-doors, or sluice-gates of timber, weighted. Some of the openings being closed, the rush of water through the others became more violent, tearing up the bed. A scaffold was then erected, and at the turn of the tide, the whole of the sluices were closed together, in both rows of piles, and clay-bags were rapidly thrown into the space between, and the water found its master.

But how is the drowned land to be laid dry without any sluice gate to open? Very simply! A number of cast-iron pipes, three feet six inches in diameter, are laid with their ends in the water at a low level, and sloped up the bank at an inclination of one in two, then pass horizontally over the bank, and with another slope of one in two, down the outer bank. These pipes are syphons, into which the water is first raised by an engine, and will continue to flow through by the action of gravity, so long as the head is higher at one end of the pipes than it is at the other. The outflow is received on an apron, or bed of stonework, and thus a solid bank is retained without any sluice. The result of this will probably be to dispense with a good many scoop wheels and pumps, and if so, good will grow out of evil.

And, now, about the amount of evil. The engineering cost will probably be some 30,000*l*. The loss of crops, at ten pounds per acre, will be 60,000*l*., say altogether some 100,000*l*. But what will be the result in the year to come? The water is brackish, not salt, and it may result in a general manuring of the land, like an inundation of the Nile, which will be some compensation for the homesteads damaged.

Apart from this, there will be much money changing, between landowners, and farmers, and lawyers. The Marshland folk did not want the drain, which did not drain their land, but that of their neighbours, and they will naturally ask for compensation, and a very pretty quarrel it will be.

Years past there was a breach in the bank of the Thames, at Dagenham, which swamped a thousand acres of land, leaving a small lake behind it to this day. It was a troublesome affair to close that bank, ruining many sets of contractors and speculators, and occupying the term of eight years ere it was closed.

The Marshland breach, swamping six thousand acres, has been stopped in two months, and now a company are about to convert Dagenham Lake into a dock. We do things now that were formerly impracticable, because in addition to ample capital, we have got tools, and machines, and plans of a more effective kind. We circumvent the wild operations of Nature, by following the laws of Nature in the processes of art, and the engineer hails every overthrow of his works as a basis whereon to accomplish still greater things. And we are yet very far from having exhausted the resources of mechanical art, whilst we are only just entering on the domain of chemistry, in the pursuit of sea-changes round our island home. Our sea-waifs shall become more and greater, and our sea-strays shall be tethered, even as the coral-insects raise up islands in the deep.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

"PARVULI."

I.

STREAMETH the sunset through the pane,
Glitter the drops of summer-rain,
That, soothing, fall in sparkling shower
Upon the couching Passion-flower.

II.

And round the sill the roses peep,
Their heavy petals ripe for sleep;
And through the half-drawn blind I see
The white clematis spy at me.

III.

As pensive, but not sad, I muse
Upon—a *tiny pair of shoes!*
A tiny white-laced frock. Ah! well,
I love the pretty "bagatelle!"

IV.

A cradle-couch beside my knee,
A tiny home of mystery;
The little fingers in their clasp
The coverlid unconscious grasp.

V.

As yet unwoke, the soul within
Her Chrysalis lies slumbering.
The first-blush of that opening rose—
Who dreams what in the casket grows?

VI.

A solemn trust!—and yet how dear!
Ah! but for children blooming here,
This earth a joyless earth would be,
And life itself a vacancy!

VII.

'Tis little fingers mould us all,
'Tis little voices heavenward call,
'Tis little hearts that Heaven prepare,
And little angels lead us there!

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF 'EAST LYNNE.'



CHAPTER IX. DR. WEST'S HOME.

THE house of Dr. West was already lighted up. Gas at its front door, gas at its surgery door, gas inside its windows: no habitation in the place was ever so extensively lighted as Dr. West's. The house was enclosed with iron railings, and on its side—detached—was the surgery. A very low place, this surgery: you had to go down a step or two, and then plunge into a low door. In the time of the last tenant it had been used as a garden-tool house. It was a tolerably large room, and had a tolerably small window, which was in front, next the door. A counter ran along the room at the back, and a table, covered with miscellaneous articles, stood on the right. Shelves were ranged completely round the room aloft, and a pair of steps, used for getting down the jars and bottles, rested in a corner. There

was another room behind it, used exclusively by Dr. West.

Seated on the counter, pounding desperately away at something in a mortar, as if his life depended on it, was a peculiar-looking gentleman in shirt-sleeves. Very tall, very thin, with legs and arms that bore the appearance of being too long even for his tall body, great hands and feet, a thin face, dark and red, a thin aquiline nose, black hair, and black prominent eyes that seemed to be always on the stare,—there sat he, his legs dangling and his fingers working. A straightforward, honest, simple fellow looked he, all utility and practicalness—if there is such a word. One, plain in all ways.

It was Janus Verner: never, in the memory of anybody, called anything but "Jan: " second and youngest son of Lady Verner, brother to Lionel.

He brother to courtly Lionel, to stately Decima, son to refined Lady Verner? He certainly was : though Lady Verner in her cross moods would declare that Jan must have been changed at nurse—an assertion without foundation, since he had been nursed at home under her own eye. Never in his life had he been called anything but Jan : address him as Janus, or as Mr. Verner, and it may be questioned if Jan would have answered to it. People called him “droll,” and, if to be of plain, unvarnished manners and speech was droll, Jan decidedly was so. Some said Jan was a fool, some said he was a bear. Lady Verner did not accord him any great amount of favour herself. She had tried to make Jan what she called a gentleman, to beat into him suavity, gracefulness, tact, gloss of speech and bearing; something between a Lord Chesterfield and a Sir Roger de Coverley, and she had been obliged to give it up as a hopeless job. Jan was utterly irreclaimable : Nature had made him plain and straightforward, and so he remained. But there was many a one that the world would bow down to as a model, whose intrinsic worth was poor, compared to unoffending Jan’s. Lady Verner would tell Jan he was un dutiful. Jan tried to be as dutiful to her as ever he could ; but he *could not* change his ungainly person, his awkward manner. As well try to wash a negro white.

Lady Verner had proposed that Jan should go into the army. Jan (plain spoken as a boy, like he was now) had responded that he’d rather not go out to be shot at. What *was* she to do with him? Lady Verner peevishly asked : she had no money, and she would take care Jan was not helped from Mr. Verner. To make him a barrister, or a clergyman, or a member of parliament (it was what Lady Verner said), would cost vast sums of money : a commission could be obtained for him gratis, in consideration of his father’s services.

“Make me an apothecary,” said Jan.

“An apothecary !” echoed Lady Verner, aghast. “That’s not a gentleman’s calling.”

Jan opened his great eyes. Had he taken a liking for carpentering, he would have deemed it gentlemanly enough for him.

“What on earth has put an apothecary’s business into your head?” cried Lady Verner.

“I should like the pounding,” replied Jan.

“The pounding !” reiterated Lady Verner, in astonishment.

“I should like it altogether,” concluded Jan.

“I wish you’d let me go apprentice to Dr. West.”

Jan held to his liking. In due course of time he was apprenticed to Dr. West, and pounded away to his heart’s content. Thence he went to London to walk the hospitals, and completed his studies in Paris. It was at the latter period that the accident happened to Jan which called Lionel to Paris. Jan was knocked down by a carriage in the street, his leg broken, and he was otherwise injured. Time and skill cured him. Time and perseverance completed his studies, and Jan became a licensed surgeon of no mean skill. He returned to Deerham, and was engaged as assistant to Dr. West. No very ambitious position, but “it’s good enough for Jan,” slightly said Lady

Verner. Jan probably thought the same, or he would have sought a better. He was four-and-twenty now. Dr. West was a general practitioner, holding an Edinburgh degree only. There was plenty to do in Deerham and its neighbourhood, what with the rich and what with the poor. Dr. West chiefly attended the rich himself, and left Jan to take care of the poor. It was all one to Jan.

Jan sat on the counter in the surgery, pounding and pounding. He had just come in from his visit to Deerham Court, summoned thither by the slight accident to his sister Decima. Leaning his two elbows on the counter, and his pale puffy cheeks on his hands, intently watching Jan with his light eyes, was a young gentleman of sixteen, with an apron tied round his waist. This was Master Cheese, an apprentice, as Jan once had been. In point of fact, the pounding now was Master Cheese’s proper work, but he was fat and lazy, and so sure as Jan came into the surgery, so sure would young Cheese begin to grunt and groan, and vow that his arms were “knocked off” with the work. Jan, in his indolent manner,—and in motion and manner Jan appeared intensely indolent, as if there was no hurry in him ; he would bring his words, too, out indolently,—would lift the pounding machine aloft, sit himself down on the counter, and complete the work.

“I say,” said young Cheese, watching the progress of the pestle with satisfaction, “Dame Dawson has been here.”

“What did she want?” asked Jan.

“Bad in her inside, she says. I gave her three good doses of jalap.”

“Jalap !” echoed Jan. “Well, it won’t do her much harm. She won’t take ‘em ; she’ll throw ‘em away.”

“Law, Jan !” For, in the private familiarity of the surgery, young Cheese was thus accustomed unceremoniously to address his master—as Jan was. And Jan allowed it with composure.

“She’ll throw ‘em away,” repeated Jan. “There’s not a worse lot for physic in all the parish than Dame Dawson. I know her of old. She thought she’d get peppermint and cordials ordered for her : an excuse for running up a score at the public-house. Where’s the doctor?”

“He’s off somewhere. I saw one of the Bitterworth grooms come to the house this afternoon, so perhaps something’s wrong there. I say, Jan, there’ll be a stunning pie for supper !”

“Have you seen it?”

“Haven’t I ! I went into the kitchen when she was making it. It has got a hare inside it, and forcemeat balls.”

“Who?” asked Jan—alluding to the maker.

“Miss Deb,” replied young Cheese. “It’s sure to be something extra good, for her to go and make it. If she doesn’t help me to a rare good serving, shan’t I look black at her !”

“It mayn’t be for supper,” debated Jan.

“Cook said it was. I asked her. She thought somebody was coming. I say, Jan, if you miss any of the castor oil, don’t go and say I drank it.”

Jan lifted his eyes to a shelf opposite, where various glass bottles stood. Among them was the

one containing the castor oil. "Who has been at it?"

"Miss Amilly. She came and filled that great fat glass pot of hers, with her own hands; and she made me drop in some essence of cloves to scent it. Won't her hair smell of it to night!"

"They'll make castor oil scarce, if they go at it like that," said Jan, indifferently.

"They use about a quart a month; I know they do; the three of 'em together," exclaimed young Cheese, as vehemently as if the loss of the castor oil was personal. "How their nightcaps must be greased!"

"Sibylla doesn't use it," said Jan.

"Doesn't she, though!" retorted young Cheese with acrimony. "She uses many things on the sly that she pretends not to use. She's as vain as a peacock. Did you hear about—"

Master Cheese cut his question short: coming in at the surgery door was Lionel Verner.

"Well, Jan! What about Decima? After waiting ages at the Court for you to come down stairs and report, I found you were gone."

"It's a twist," said Jan. "It will be all right in a few days. How's Uncle Stephen to-day?"

"Just the same. Are the young ladies in?"

"Go and see," said Jan. "I know nothing about 'em."

"Yes, they are in, sir," interrupted Master Cheese. "They have not been out all the afternoon, for a wonder."

Lionel left the surgery, stepped round to the front door, and entered the house.

In a square, moderate-sized drawing-room, with tasty things scattered about it to catch the eye, stood a young lady, figuring off before the chimney-glass. Had you looked critically into the substantial furniture you might have found it old and poor: of a different class from the valuable furniture at Verner's Pride, widely different from the light, elegant furniture at Lady Verner's. But, what with white anti-macassars, many-coloured mats on which reposed pretty ornaments, glasses and vases of flowers, and other trifles, the room looked well enough for anything. In like manner, had you, with the same critical eye, scanned the young lady, you would have found that of real beauty she possessed little. A small pretty doll's face with blue eyes and gold-coloured ringlets; a round face, betraying nothing very great, or good, or intellectual; only something fascinating and pretty. Her chief beauty lay in her complexion: by candle-light it was radiantly lovely, a pure red and white, looking like wax-work. A pretty, graceful girl she looked; and, what with her fascinations of person, of dress, and of manner, all of which she perfectly well knew how to display, she had contrived to lead more than one heart captive, and to hold it in fast chains.

The light of the gas chandelier shone on her now; on her blue gauzy dress, set off with ribbons, on her sleepy blue eyes, on her rose-coloured cheeks. She was figuring off before the glass, I say, twisting her ringlets round her fingers, and putting them in various positions to try the effect: her employment, her look, her manner, all indicating the very essence of vanity. The opening of the door caused her to turn her head, and she

shook her ringlets into their proper place, and dropped her hands by her side, at the entrance of Lionel Verner.

"Oh, Lionel! is it you?" said she, with as much composure as if she had not been caught gazing at herself. "I was looking at this," pointing to an inverted tumbler on the mantelpiece. "Is it not strange that we should see a moth at this cold season? Amilly found it this afternoon on the geraniums."

Lionel Verner advanced and bent his head to look at the pretty speckled moth, reposing so still on its green leaf. Did he see through the artifice? Did he suspect that the young lady had been admiring her own pretty face, and not the moth? Not he. Lionel's whole heart had long ago been given to that vain butterfly, Sibylla West, who was gay and fluttering, and really of little more use in life than the moth. How was it that he had suffered himself to love *her*? Suffered! Love plays strange tricks, and it has fooled many a man like it was fooling Lionel Verner.

And what of Sibylla? Sibylla did not love him. The two ruling passions of her heart were vanity and ambition. To be sometime the mistress of Verner's Pride was a very vista of desire, and therefore she encouraged Lionel. She did not encourage him very much; she was rather in the habit of playing fast and loose with him; but that only served to rivet tighter the links of his chain. All the love—such as it was!—that Sibylla West was capable of giving, was in possession of Frederick Massingbird. Strange tricks again! It was scarcely credible that one should fall in love with *him* by the side of attractive Lionel; but so it had been. Sibylla loved Frederick Massingbird for himself, she liked Lionel because he was the heir to Verner's Pride, and she had managed to keep both her slaves.

Lionel had never spoken of his love. He knew that his marriage with Sibylla West would be so utterly distasteful to Mr. Verner, that he was content to wait. He knew that Sibylla could not mistake him—could not mistake what his feelings were; and he believed that she also was content to wait until he should be his own master and at liberty to ask for her. When that time should come, what did she intend to do with Frederick Massingbird, who made no secret to *her* that he loved her and expected to make her his wife? Sibylla did not know; she did not much care; she was of a careless nature, and allowed the future to take its chance.

The only person who had penetrated to the secret of her love for Frederick Massingbird was her father, Dr. West.

"Don't be a simpleton, child, and bind yourself with your eyes bandaged," he abruptly and laconically said to her one day. "When Verner's Pride falls in, then marry whoever is its master."

"Lionel will be its master for certain, will he not?" she answered, startled out of the words.

"We don't know who will be its master," was Dr. West's rejoinder. "Don't play the simpleton, I say, Sibylla, by entangling yourself with your cousin Fred."

Dr. West was one who possessed an eye to the main chance; and, had Lionel Verner been, beyond

contingency, "certain" of Verner's Pride, there is little doubt but he would have brought him to book at once, by demanding his intentions with regard to Sibylla. There were very few persons in Deerham, but deemed Lionel as indisputably certain of Verner's Pride as though he were already in possession of it. Dr. West was probably an unusually cautious man.

"It is singular," observed Lionel, looking at the moth. "The day has been sunshiny, but far too cold to call these moths into life. At least, according to my belief; but I am not learned in entomology."

"Ento—, what a hard word!" cried Sibylla, in her prettily affected manner. "I should never find out how to spell it."

Lionel smiled. His deep love was shining out of his eyes as he looked down upon her. He loved her powerfully, deeply, passionately; to him she was as a very angel, and he believed her to be pure-souled, honest-hearted, single-minded as one.

"Where did my aunt go to to-day?" inquired Sibylla, alluding to Mrs. Verner.

"She did not go out at all that I am aware of," he answered.

"I saw the carriage out this afternoon."

"It was going to the station for Miss Tempest."

"Oh! she's come, then? Have you seen her?"

What sort of a demoiselle does she seem?"

"The sweetest child!—she looks little more than a child!" cried Lionel, impulsively.

"A child, is she? I had an idea she was grown up. Have any of you at Verner's Pride heard from John?"

"No."

"But the mail's in, is it not? How strange that he does not write!"

"He may be coming home with his gold," said Lionel.

They were interrupted. First of all came in the tea-things—for at Dr. West's the dinner-hour was early—and, next, two young ladies, bearing a great resemblance to each other. It would give them dire offence not to call them young. They were really not very much past thirty, but they were of that class of women who age rapidly; their hair was sadly thin, some of their teeth had gone, and they had thin flushed faces and large twisted noses; but their blue eyes had a good-natured look in them. Little in person, rather bending forward as they walked, and dressing youthfully, they yet looked older than they really were. Their light brown hair was worn in short straggling ringlets in front, and twisted up with a comb behind. Once upon a time that hair was long and tolerably thick, but it had gradually and spitefully worn down to what it was now. The Miss Wests were proud of it still, however; as may be inferred by the disappearance of the castor oil. A short while back, somebody had recommended to them castor oil as the best specific for bringing on departed hair. They were inoffensive in mind and manners, rather simple, somewhat affected and very vain, quarrelling with no person under the sun, except Sibylla. Sibylla was the plague of their lives. So many years younger than they, they had petted her and indulged her as a child, until at length the child

became their mistress. Sibylla was rude and ungrateful, would cast scornful words at them and call them "old maids," with other reproachful terms. There was open warfare between them: but in their hearts they loved Sibylla still. They had been named respectively Deborah and Amilly. The latter name had been intended Amelie; but by some mistake of the parents or of the clergyman, none of them French scholars, Amilly, the child was christened and registered. It remained a joke against Amilly to this day.

"Sibylla!" exclaimed Deborah, somewhat in surprise, as she shook hands with Lionel, "I thought you had gone to Verner's Pride."

"Nobody came for me. It got dusk, and I did not care to go alone," replied Sibylla.

"Did you think of going to Verner's Pride this evening, Sibylla?" asked Lionel. "Let me take you now. We shall be just in time for dinner. I'll brink you back this evening."

"I don't know," hesitated Sibylla. The truth was, she had expected Frederick Massingbird to come for her. "I—think—I'll—go," she slowly said, apparently balancing some point in her mind.

"If you do go, you should make haste and put your things on," suggested Miss Amilly. And Sibylla acquiesced, and left the room.

"Has Mr. Jan been told that the tea's ready, I wonder?" cried Miss Deborah.

Mr. Jan apparently had been told, for he entered as she was speaking; and Master Cheese—his apron off and his hair brushed—with him. Master Cheese cast an inquisitive look at the tea-table, hoping he should see something tempting upon it: eating good things, forming the pleasantest portion of that young gentleman's life.

"Take this seat, Mr. Jan," said Miss Amilly, drawing a chair forward next her own. "Master Cheese, have the kindness to move a little round: Mr. Jan can't see the fire if you sit there."

"I don't want to see it," said literal Jan. "I'm not cold." And Master Cheese took the opportunity, the words gave, to remain where he was. He liked to sit in the warmth, with his back to the fire.

"I cannot think where papa is," said Miss Deborah. "Mr. Lionel, is it of any use asking you to take a cup of tea?"

"Thank you, I am going home to dinner," replied Lionel. "Dr. West is coming in now," he added, perceiving that gentleman's approach from the window.

"Miss Amilly," asked Jan, "have you been at the castor oil?"

Poor Miss Amilly turned all the colours of the rainbow: if she had one weakness, it was upon the subject of her diminishing locks. While Cheese, going red also, administered to Jan sundry kicks under the table, as an intimation that he should have kept counsel. "I—took—just a little drop, Mr. Jan," said she. "What's the dose, if you please? Is it one teaspoonful or two?"

"It depends upon the age," said Jan, "if you mean taken inwardly. For you it would be—I say, Cheese, what are you kicking at?"

Cheese began to stammer something about

the leg of the table; but the subject was interrupted by the entrance of Sibylla. Lionel wished them good evening, and went out with her. Outside the room door they encountered Dr. West.

"Where are you going, Sibylla?" he asked, almost sharply, as his glance fell upon his daughter and Lionel.

"To Verner's Pride."

"Go and take your things off. You cannot go to Verner's Pride this evening."

"But, papa, why?" inquired Sibylla, feeling that she should like to turn restive.

"I have my reasons for it. You will know them later. Now go and take your things off without another word."

Sibylla dared not openly dispute the will of her father, neither would she essay to do it before Lionel Verner. She turned somewhat unwillingly towards the staircase, and Dr. West opened the drawing-room door, signing to Lionel to wait.

"Deborah, I am going out. Don't keep the tea. Mr. Jan, should I be summoned anywhere, you'll attend for me. I don't know when I shall be home."

"All right," called out Jan. And Dr. West went out with Lionel Verner.

"I am going to Verner's Pride," he said, taking Lionel's arm as soon as they were in the street. "There's news come from Australia. John Massingbird's dead."

The announcement was made so abruptly, with so little circumlocution or preparation, that Lionel Verner failed at the first moment to take in the full meaning of the words—"John Massingbird dead?" he mechanically asked.

"He is dead. It's a sad tale. He had the gold about him, a great quantity of it, bringing it down to Melbourne, and he was killed on the road: murdered for the sake of the gold."

"How have you heard it?" demanded Lionel.

"I met Roy just now," replied Dr. West. "He stopped me, saying he had heard from his son by this afternoon's post; that there was bad news in the letter, and he supposed he must go to Verner's Pride, and break it to them. He gave me the letter, and I undertook to carry the tidings to Mrs. Verner."

"It is awfully sudden," said Lionel. "By the mail, two months ago, he wrote himself to us, in the highest spirits. And now—dead!"

"Life, over there, is not worth a month's purchase just now," remarked Dr. West; and Lionel could but note that had he been discussing the death of a total stranger, instead of a nephew, he could only have spoken in the same indifferent, matter-of-fact tone. "By all accounts, society is in a strange state there," he continued; "ruffians lying in wait ever for prey. The men have been taken, and the gold found upon them, Luke writes."

"That's good, so far," said Lionel.

When they reached Verner's Pride, they found that a letter was waiting for Frederick Massingbird, who had not been home since he left the house early in the afternoon. The superscription was in the same handwriting as the letter Dr. West had brought—Luke Roy's. There could be

no doubt that it was only a confirmation of the tidings.

Mrs. Verner was in the drawing-room alone, Tynn said, ready to go in to dinner, and rather cross that Mr. Lionel should keep her waiting for it.

"Who will break it to her—you or I?" asked Dr. West, of Lionel.

"I think it should be you. You are her brother."

Broken to her it was, in the best mode they were able. It proved a severe shock. Mrs. Verner had loved John, her eldest born, above every earthly thing. He was wild, random, improvident, had given her incessant trouble as a child and as a man; and so, mother fashion, she loved him best.

CHAPTER X. A CONTEMPLATED VOYAGE.

FREDERICK MASSINGBIRD sat perched on the gate of a ploughed field, softly whistling. His brain was busy, and he was holding counsel with himself, under the grey February skies. Three weeks had gone by since the tidings arrived of the death of his brother, and Frederick was deliberating whether he should, or should not, go out. His own letter from Luke Roy had been in substance the same as that which Luke had written to his father. It was neither more explanatory, nor less so. Luke Roy was not a first-hand at epistolary correspondence. John had been attacked and killed for the sake of his gold, and the attackers and the gold had been taken hold of by the law; so far it said, and no further. That the notion should occur to Frederick to go out to Melbourne, and lay claim to the gold and any other property that had been left by John, was only natural. He had been making up his mind to do so for the last three weeks; and perhaps the vision of essaying a little business in the gold-fields on his own account urged him on. But he had not fully made up his mind yet. The journey was a long and hazardous one; and—he did not care to leave Sibylla.

"To be, or not to be?" soliloquised he, from his seat on the gate, as he plucked thin branches off from the bare winter hedge, and scattered them.

"Old step-father's wiry yet, he may last an age, and this is getting a horrid humdrum life. I wonder what he'll leave me, when he does go off? Mother said one day she thought it wouldn't be more than five hundred pounds. *She* doesn't know: he does not tell her about his private affairs—never has told her. Five hundred pounds! If he left me a paltry sum like that, I'd fling it in the heir's face—Master Lionel's."

He put a piece of the thorn into his mouth, bit it up, spit it out again, and went on with his soliloquy.

"I had better go. Why—if nothing, to speak of, does come to me from old Verner, this money of John's would be a perfect windfall. I must not lose the chance of it—and lose it I should, unless I go out and see after it. No, it would never do. I'll go. It's hard to say how much he has left, poor fellow. Thousands—if one may judge by his letters—besides this great nugget that they killed him for, the villains! Yes, I'll

go—that's settled. And now, to try and get Sibylla. She'll accompany me fast enough—at least, I fancy she would—but there's that old West. I may have a battle over it with him."

He flung away what remained in his hand of the sticks, leaped off the gate, and bent his steps hastily in the direction of Deerham. Could he be going, there and then, to Dr. West's, to try his fate with Sibylla? Very probably. Frederick Massingbird liked to deliberate well when making up his mind to a step; but, that once done, he was wont to lose no time in carrying it out.

On this same afternoon, and just about the same hour, Lionel Verner was strolling through Deerham on his way to pay a visit to his mother. Close at the door he encountered Decima—well now—and Miss Tempest, who were going out. None would have believed Lionel and Decima to be brother and sister, judging by their attire—he wore deep mourning, she had not a shred of mourning about her. Lady Verner, in her prejudice against Verner's Pride, had neither put on mourning herself for John Massingbird, nor allowed Decima to put it on. Lionel was turning with them; but Lady Verner, who had seen him from the window, sent a servant to desire him to come to her.

"Is it anything particular, mother?" he hastily inquired. "I am going with Decima and Lucy."

"It is so far particular, Lionel, that I wish you to stay with me, instead of going with them," answered Lady Verner. "I fancy you are getting rather fond of being with Lucy, and—and—in short, it won't do."

Lionel, in his excessive astonishment, could only stare at his mother.

"Whatever do you mean?" he asked. "Lucy Tempest! What won't do?"

"You are beginning to pay Lucy Tempest particular attention," said Lady Verner, unscrewing the silver stopper of her essence-bottle, and applying some to her forehead. "I will not permit it, Lionel."

Lionel could not avoid laughing.

"What can have put such a thing in your head, mother, I am at a loss to conceive. Certainly nothing in my conduct has induced it. I have talked to Lucy as a child, more than as anything else; I have scarcely thought of her but as one—"

"Lucy is not a child," interrupted Lady Verner.

"In years I find she is not. When I first saw her at the railway-station, I thought she was a child, and the impression somehow remains upon my mind. Too often I talk to her as one. As to anything else—were I to marry to-morrow, it is not Lucy Tempest I should make my wife."

The first glad look that Lionel had seen on Lady Verner's face for many a day came over it then. In her own mind she had been weaving a pretty little romance for Lionel: and it was her dread, lest that romance should be interfered with, which had called up her fears, touching Lucy Tempest.

"My darling Lionel, you know where you might go and choose a wife," she said. "I have

long wished that you would do it. Beauty, rank, wealth,—you may win them for the asking."

A slightly self-conscious smile crossed the lips of Lionel.

"You are surely not going to introduce again that nonsense about Mary Elmaley!" he exclaimed. "I should never like her, never marry her, therefore—"

"Did you not allude to *her* when you spoke but now—that it was not Lucy Tempest you should make your wife?"

"No."

"To whom, then? Lionel, I must know it."

Lionel's cheek flushed scarlet.

"I am not going to marry yet—I have no intention of it. Why should this conversation have arisen?"

"Oh, Lionel, there is a dreadful fear upon me!" gasped Lady Verner. "Not Lady Mary! Some one else! I remember Decima said one day that you appeared to care more for Sibylla West than for her, your sister. I have never thought of it from that hour to this: I paid no more attention to it than though she had said you cared for my maid Thérèse. You *cannot* care for Sibylla West!"

Lionel had high notions of duty as well as of honour, and he would not equivocate to his mother.

"I do care very much for Sibylla West," he said, in a low tone; "and, please God, I hope she will sometime be my wife. But, mother, this confidence is entirely between ourselves. I beg you not to speak of it: it must not be suffered to get abroad."

The one short sentence of avowal over, Lionel might as well have talked to the moon. Lady Verner heard him not. She was horrified. The Wests in her eyes were utterly despicable. Dr. West was tolerated as her doctor; but as nothing else. Her brave Lionel—standing there before her in all the pride of his strength and his beauty—he sacrifice himself to Sibylla West! Of the two, Thérèse would have been the less dreadful to the mind of Lady Verner.

A quarrel ensued. Stay—that's a wrong word. It was not a quarrel, for Lady Verner had all the talking, and Lionel would not respond angrily; he kept his lips pressed together lest he should. Never had Lady Verner been moved to make such a scene: she reproached, she sobbed, she entreated. And, in the midst of it, in walked Decima and Lucy Tempest.

Lady Verner for once forgot herself. She forgot that Lucy was a stranger; she forgot the request of Lionel for silence; and, upon Decima's asking what was amiss, she told all—that Lionel loved Sibylla West, and meant to marry her.

Decima was too shocked to speak. Lucy turned and looked at Lionel, a pleasant smile shining in her eyes. "She is very pretty; very, very pretty; I never saw any one prettier."

"Thank you, Lucy," he cordially said: and it was the first time he had called her Lucy.

Decima went up to her brother. "Lionel, must it be? I do not like her."

"Decima, I fear that you and my mother are both prejudiced," he somewhat haughtily answered.

And there he stopped. In turning his eyes towards his mother as he spoke of her, he saw that she had fainted away.

Jan was sent for, in all haste. Dr. West was Lady Verner's medical adviser; but a feeling in Decima's heart at the moment prevented her summoning him. Jan arrived, on the run: the servant had told him she was not sure but her lady was dying.

Lady Verner had revived then; was better; and was re-entering upon the grievance which had so affected her. "What could it have been?" wondered Jan, who knew his mother was not subject to fainting fits.

"Ask your brother, there, what it was," resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "He told me he was going to marry Sibylla West."

"Law!" uttered Jan.

Lionel stood; haughty, impassive; his lips curling, his figure drawn to its full height. He would not reproach his mother by so much as a word, but the course she was taking, in thus proclaiming his affairs to the world, hurt him in no measured degree.

"I don't like her," said Jan. "Deborah and Amilly are not much, but I'd rather have the two, than Sibylla."

"Jan," said Lionel, suppressing his temper, "your opinion was not asked."

Jan sat down on the arm of the sofa, his great legs dangling. "Sibylla can't marry two," said he.

"Will you be quiet, Jan?" said Lionel. "You have no right to interfere. You shall not interfere."

"Gracious, Lionel, I don't want to interfere," returned Jan, simply. "Sibylla's going to marry Fred Massingbird."

"Will you be quiet?" reiterated Lionel, his brow flushing scarlet.

"I'll be quiet," said Jan, with composure. "You can go and ask her for yourself. It has all been settled this afternoon; not ten minutes ago. Fred's going out to Australia, and Sibylla's going with him, and Deborah and Amilly are crying their eyes out, at the thought of parting with her."

Lady Verner looked up at Jan, an expression of eager hope on her face. She could have kissed him a thousand times. Lionel—Lionel took his hat and walked out.

Believing it? No. The temptation to chastise Jan was growing great, and he deemed it well to remove himself out of it. Jan was right, however.

Much to the surprise of Frederick Massingbird, very much to the surprise of Sibylla, Dr. West not only gave his consent to the marriage as soon as asked, but urged it on. If Fred must depart in a week, why they could be married in a week, he said. Sibylla was thunderstruck: Miss Deborah and Miss Amilly gave vent to a few hysterical shrieks, and hinted about the wedding clothes and the outfit. That could be got together in a day, was the reply of Dr. West, and they were too much astonished to venture to say it could not.

"You told me to wait for Lionel Verner," whispered Sibylla, when she and her father were

alone, as she stood before him, trembling. In her mind's eye she saw Verner's Pride slipping from her: and it gave her chagrin, in spite of her love for Fred Massingbird.

Dr. West leaned forward and whispered a few words in her ear. She started violently, she coloured crimson. "Papa!"

"It is true," nodded the doctor.

As Lionel passed the house on his way from Deerham Court to Verner's Pride, he turned into it, led by a powerful impulse. He did not believe Jan, but the words had made him feel twitchings of uneasiness. Fred Massingbird had gone then, and the doctor was out. Lionel looked into the drawing-room, and there found the two elder Miss Wests, each dissolved in a copious shower of tears. So far, Jan's words were borne out. A sharp spasm shot across his heart.

"You are in grief," he said, advancing to them.

"What is the cause?"

"The most dreadful voyage for her!" ejaculated Miss Deborah. "The ship may go to the bottom before it gets there."

"And not so much as time to think of proper things for her, let alone the getting them!" sobbed Miss Amilly. "It's all a confused mass in my mind together: bonnets, and gowns, and veils, and wreaths, and trunks, and petticoats, and calico things for the voyage!"

Lionel felt his lips grow pale. They were too much engrossed to notice him; nevertheless, he covered his face with his hand as he stood by the mantlepiece. "Where's she going?" he quietly asked.

"To Melbourne with Fred," said Miss Deborah. "Fred's going out to see about the money and gold John left, and to realise it. They are not to stay: it will only be the voyage out and home. But, if she should be taken ill out there, and die! Her sisters died, Mr. Lionel. Fred is her cousin, too. Better have married one not of kin."

They talked on. Lionel heard them not. After the revelation, that she was about to marry, all else seemed a chaos. But he was one who could control his feelings.

"I must be going," said he quietly, moving from his standing-place with calmness. "Good day to you."

He shook hands with them both, amidst a great accession of sobs, and quitted the room. Running down the stairs at that moment, singing gaily a scrap of a merry song, came Sibylla, unconscious of his vicinity; indeed, of his presence in the house. She started when she saw him, and stopped in hesitation.

Lionel threw open the door of the empty dining-room, caught her arm and drew her into it: his bearing haughty, his gestures imperative. There they stood before each other, neither speaking for some moments. Lionel's very lips were livid; and her rich wax-work colour went and came, and her light blue eyes fell under the stern gaze of his.

"Is this true, which I have been obliged to hear?" was his first question.

She knew that she had acted ill. She knew that Lionel Verner deserved to have a better part played by him. She had always looked up to him—all the Wests had—as one superior in birth,

rank, and station to herself. Altogether, the moment brought to her a great amount of shame and confusion.

"Answer me one question: I demand it of you," reiterated Lionel. "Have you ever mistaken my sentiments towards you in the least degree?"

"How—I—I don't know," she faltered.

"No equivocation," burst forth Lionel. "Have you not *known* that I loved you? That I was only waiting my uncle's death to make you my wife?—Heaven forgive me that I should thus speak as though I had built upon it!"

Sibylla let fall some tears.

"Which have you loved?—all this while! Me?—or him?"

"Oh! don't speak to me like that," sobbed Sibylla. "He asked me to marry him, and—and—papa said yes."

"I ask you," said Lionel in a low voice, "which is it that you love?"

She did not answer. She stood before him the prettiest picture of distress imaginable: her hands clasped, her large blue eyes filled with tears, her shower of golden hair shading her burning cheeks.

"If you have been surprised or terrified into this engagement, loving him not, will you give him up for me?" tenderly whispered Lionel. "Not—you understand—if your love be his. In that case, I would not ask it. But, without reference to myself at all, I doubt—and I have my reasons for it—if Frederick Massingbird be worthy of you."

Was she wavering in her own mind? She stole a glance upward—at his tall fine form, his attractive face, its lineaments showing out, in that moment, all the pride of the Verners. A pride that mingled with love.

Lionel bent to her:

"Sibylla, if you love him I have no more to say; if you love me, avow it, as I will then avow my love, my intentions, in the face of day. Reflect before you speak. It is a solemn moment,—a moment which holds alike my destiny and yours in its hands."

A rush of blood to her heart; a rush of moisture to her forehead, for Sibylla West was not wholly without feeling, and she knew, as Lionel said, that it was a decision fraught with grave destiny. But Frederick Massingbird was more to her than he was.

"I have given my promise. I cannot go from it," was her scarcely breathed answer.

"May your falsity never come home to you!" broke from Lionel, in the bitterness of his anguish. And he strode from the room without another word or look, and quitted the house.

Deerham could not believe the news. Verner's Pride could not believe it. Nobody believed it, save Lady Verner, and she was only too thankful to believe it and hug it. There was nothing surprising in Sibylla's marrying her Cousin Fred, for many had shrewdly suspected that the favour between them was not altogether cousinly favour; but the surprise was given to the hasty marriage. Dr. West vouchsafed an explanation. Two of his daughters,

aged respectively one year and two years younger than Amilly, had each died of consumption, as all Deerham knew. On attaining her twenty-fifth year, each one had shown rapid symptoms of the disease, and had lingered but a few weeks. Sibylla was only one-and-twenty yet; but Dr. West fancied he saw, or said he saw, grounds for fear. It was known of what value a sea-voyage was in these constitutions; hence his consent to the departure of Sibylla. Such was the explanation of Dr. West.

"I wonder whether the stated 'fear of consumption' has been called up by himself for the occasion?" was the thought that crossed the mind of Decima Verner. Decima did not believe in Dr. West.

Verner's Pride, like the rest, had been taken by surprise. Mrs. Verner received the news with equanimity. She had never given Fred a tithe of the love that John had had, and she did not seem much to care whether he married Sibylla, or whether he did not,—whether he went out to Australia or whether he staid at home. Frederick told her of it in a very off-hand manner: but he took pains to bespeak the approbation of Mr. Verner.

"I hope my choice is pleasant to you, sir? That you will cordially sanction it."

"Whether it is pleasant to me or not, I have no right to say it shall not be," was the reply of Mr. Verner. "I have never interfered with you, or with your brother, since you became inmates of my house."

"Do you not like Sibylla, sir?"

"She is a pretty girl. I know nothing against her. I think you might have chosen worse."

Coldly, very coldly, were the words delivered; and there was a strangely keen expression of anguish on Mr. Verner's face: but that was nothing unusual now. Frederick Massingbird was content to accept the words as a sanction of approval.

A few words—I don't mean angry ones—passed between him and Lionel on the night before the wedding. Lionel had not condescended to speak to Frederick Massingbird upon the subject at all: Sibylla had refused him, for the other, of her own free will; and there he let it rest. But the evening previous to the marriage-day, Lionel appeared strangely troubled; indecisive, anxious, as if he were debating some question with himself. Suddenly he went straight up to Frederick Massingbird's chamber, who was deep in the business of packing, like his unfortunate brother John had been, not two short years before.

"I want to speak to you," he began. "I have thought of it these several days past, but I was unwilling to do so, for you may deem that it is no business of mine. However, I cannot get it off my mind, that it may be my duty; and I have come to do it."

Frederick Massingbird was half buried amid piles of things, but he turned round at this strange address and looked at Lionel.

"Is there *nothing* on your conscience that should prevent your marrying that girl?"

"Do you want her left for yourself?" was Fred's answer, after a prolonged stare.

Lionel flushed to his very temples. He controlled the hasty retort that rose to his tongue. "I came here not to speak in any one's interest but hers. Were she free as air this moment—were she to come to my feet and say, 'Let me be your wife,' I should tell her that the whole world was before her to choose from, save myself. She can never again be anything to me. No. I speak for her alone. She is marrying you in all confidence. Are you worthy of her?"

"What on earth do you mean?" cried Frederick Massingbird.

"If there be any sin upon your conscience that ought to prevent your taking her, or any confiding girl, to your heart, as wife, reflect whether you should ignore it. The consequences may come home later; and then what would be her position?"

"I have no sin upon my conscience. Poor John, perhaps, had plenty. I do not understand you, Lionel Verner."

"On your sacred word?"

"On my word, and honour, too."

"Then forgive me," was the ready reply of Lionel; and he held out his hand with frankness to Frederick Massingbird.

(To be continued.)

BEAUTIFUL MONSTROSITIES.

WHEN Goethe expounded to his friend Schiller, with all his peculiar force of words, the theory he had conceived that the flower of a plant is but the higher development, or rather, transformation of its leaves, Schiller at once saw the truth and beauty of the idea. But he saw, at the same time, notwithstanding the fascination of the words and manner in which the case "was put," that the poet-botanist had not advanced, in his theory, one single step beyond the narrow boundary of a happy thought. The theory of Goethe was, in fact, a mere guess, as all first glimpses of a new truth have ever been—it was a brilliant and poetical guess—and not a scientific discovery based upon a series of proven data; and so Schiller replied to his friend, in the recorded words, "It is an idea, and not an observation." It was so, but it was not destined so to remain. Goethe had thrust his light into a dark place, and others, working by it, gradually converted the idea into an established fact: the botanists completed the work of the poet.

Goethe's discovery was a bright ray flashed out in a fitful gleam of dreamy philosophy, and was trimmed into a steady and permanent light by botanical physiologists, instead of being snuffed out, as new lights too often are, by the lovers of the more old-fashioned candles of science; and the full development of the theory became an explanatory key to the occurrence of all those beautiful monstrosities in the inflorescence of plants which we admire in such exquisite examples of deformity as that of the double rose, or the double anemone.

A special monstrosity connected with the rose, and which is one of the most picturesque and beautiful among floral aberrations from normal forms,

may serve as an example which will furnish proof how very recently we have been put in possession of the true secret by means of which all the curious and irregular growths of flowers may now be so simply explained. The special monstrosity alluded to is that of the singular growth (1) of the calyx of the rose which has invested a certain variety of the common rose of Provence with the name of the "moss rose." This curious excrescent development was, till a comparatively speaking recent period, explained by several naturalists after fanciful fashions altogether unworthy of scientific men, and nearly as difficult of credence as that explanation of the stars offered by the early Greek astronomers, which supposed them to be positive lights, mysteriously extinguished at the dawn and as mysteriously re-kindled at night.



For instance, one of the explanations offered for the appearance of the moss-like excrescence on the calyx of this rose, was, that it was the work of a gall insect. This hypothesis was founded on the discovery that it was, in fact, a gall insect that produced the moss-like tufts occasionally found on small branchlets of the common briar or dog-rose. It is true that in the appearance of the unnatural growth induced by the disturbance of the fibre and tissues of the part, during the ravages of the gall, there is a certain resemblance to the unusual moss-like growth of the calyx of the so-called moss-rose, but the two causes are self-evidently different. How, indeed, could it be supposed for a moment that a gall insect should be located in each segment of the calyx of every flower on each plant of the "mossy" variety of the rose? and that every offshoot of the plant in question should also be furnished with its perfect set of galls to the calyx of each flower? Such an idea, one would think, could never have been entertained for a moment. The growth of the moss-like excrescence of the calyx is in fact an accidental and deformed growth arising from some disturbing cause, the precise nature of which is at present unknown; but that the disturbance, however created, is one that takes place in the process of the transformation of the leaf to the flower is now deemed the most philosophical solution of the mystery of this beautiful *lusus nature*. Accepting for the moment this view, the disturbed action would necessarily take place in the following manner. The calyx, when this deformation is about to take place, has not ceased to exercise its vital power of development at the completion

of its own legitimate form as a portion of the flower, but has received some unusual stimulation which has given it a tendency to develop itself into an entire flower, the moss-like appendages being possibly imperfect rudiments of stamens (2). At the point of development at which these deformed and imperfect stamens have been produced in the form of a moss-like excrescence on the calyx, it would seem that the unnatural growth ceases, and the legitimate process prevails, so that the petals of the flower are duly developed within the monstrosity that has taken the place of the usual calyx.



This aberration, whatever be its hidden cause, must have taken place, originally, on some single branch of a common double rose; but, as every bud on each distinct branch is acted upon by the same specific vital principle, the aberrating branch being taken off and caused to strike root would become an independent plant, every new branch of which would produce buds having the same vital principles as those of the original branch; and so a distinct variety would be established, which might be multiplied to any extent, every flower of which would have the curiously deformed growth of calyx from which the name of the now common moss-rose is derived.

The multiplied petals of the double flower itself are forms of monstrosity which affords a still more direct illustration of the principle that flowers are but developed leaves, as leaves are rudimental flowers, as may be easily shown; and in this case the manner of the transformation is not merely conjectured, as in the preceding case, but can be proved to demonstration. Under ordinary circumstances, and in the greater number of plants, the flowering process occurs when the growth of a branch is stopped by the partial exhaustion of the supply of sap. Its further power of elongation being thus withheld, and additional growth being impeded, preparations for the production of seeds commence, from which the plant, or rather a new plant, may recommence its course of existence and reproduction. These preparations for the production of seeds lead to the commencement of the transformation of leaves (or rather the buds or germs of leaves), into calyx, stamens, pistils, and petals. But peculiar disturbing causes occasionally divert the system of transformation from its proper course, and instead of the central portion of the leaf-germs forming themselves into pistil and stamens, and the surrounding leaf-germs into petals and calyx, the whole of the leaf-germs that should have formed

various parts of the flower, become petals only, and thus is produced that luxuriant and beautiful monstrosity, that double flower, the ancient glory of gardens, the large double rose.

An interesting illustration of the theory of leaf-transformation often occurs in an unhealthy state of the double-flowered stock. In double varieties of the Brompton, or ten week stock, most amateur gardeners must have observed a peculiar growth that is occasionally developed from some disturbing cause, such as injudicious removal, or unusual degree of cold; or, the development of the flowers at too late a period of the season. Under the influence of any of these causes of disturbance to the habit of the plant, a disposition is shown in the additional petals to return to their normal condition of leaves; and then occurs the interesting spectacle, of a flower composed of leaves instead of petals (3).



The calyx is seldom so much diverted from its usual form as to be rendered unfit to perform its office as the cup or socket of the flower, or of its frequent office as seed vessel. The reason of this is, that in its original form it is probably the *husk* of the leaf-bud, as in a different stage of the growth of the plant it becomes the *husk* of the flower. The calyx does, however, sometimes disappear in the aberrations of the transformative processes, as in the double cowslip, in which it is represented by perfect petals; or rather a perfect petal, deeply divided at regular distances; which is the characteristic of the whole primrose tribe, being a monopetalous or single petaled family. From this calyx transformed to a petal issues the real floral petal, presenting the curious aspect, not of a double flower, but of one single flower issuing from another single flower. In this case, the inner flower is fertile, having its full complement of pistil and stamens, and a more or less perfect seed vessel. Examples of this kind of doubleness rarely, if ever, occur except in monopetalous flowers, such as the primrose, or bell flowers, of which the well-known old garden favourites, the double pipped oxlip and the double Canterbury bell, may be cited as garden examples. These monopetalous plants do not, however, always exhibit the peculiar kind of doubleness formed by the development of one pip within another, which generally occurs by the

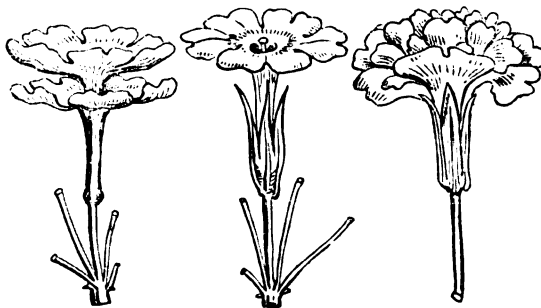
calyx assuming the form and colour of a monopetal; but the stamens sometimes become detached petals, within an encircling or duly formed monopetal, and thus present a somewhat analogous aspect to that of the double rose, as in the case of the double* polyanthus, which has at the same time a perfect calyx. In other cases, as in that of the double Canterbury bell, the double pip occurs sometimes by the formation of an additional pip from the growth that should have produced stamens; the calyx, like that of the double polyanthus, being formed in the usual manner. In this case the flowers are liable to be entirely barren, though a few of the flowers, having still some of the seed producing stamens, and the pistil more or less perfect, produce seeds; many of which, however, never germinate. (See cut 4).

To return to the most beautiful of these elegant monstrosities, the double rose. It may appear curious on a first glance at the subject, that this most attractive of all floral aberrations should have occurred so early in the annals of floriculture as to have been cultivated by the ancient Persians, as well as the Greeks and Romans. This circumstance may, however, be easily accounted for. It is those flowers that have an indefinite number of stamens that display the greatest natural disposition to become double by a number of the superabundant stamens becoming petaloids in the process of their transformation from leaf-germs. The rose, therefore, and its allies, having a part of their seed-producing system composed of a great number of stamens, form a family group of flowers which are much more subject to the aberration which diverts a portion of the intended stamens into petaloids, than plants which produce flowers with fewer stamens. The frequent occurrence, therefore, of the phenomenon of multiplied petals to which the rose was thus naturally predisposed, caused it, no doubt, to be noticed at a very remote period; and the extreme beauty of the aberration would doubtless lead to the creation of many kinds of devices for its perpetuation, which, not being very difficult, as shown in the case of the moss-rose, double roses naturally became favourite objects of cultivation at a very remote period.

In those classes of plants in which the flowers are only furnished with a small and definite number of stamens, the act of becoming double by the aberrant transformation of the stamens into petals necessarily causes the flower to be altogether barren; useless but beautiful petals having taken the place of the whole of the seed-producing system. This occurs in many other cases; among

which might be cited the double wallflower, which, as producing no seed, can only be perpetuated by cuttings; but, at the same time, it should be stated that from semi-double flowers, in which one or more stamens have escaped transformation, a few fertile seeds may be expected, which are always more or less likely to produce double-flowering plants. The Germans, indeed, appear to have a method of treating the seed of the wallflower and some other plants, either during its growth or afterwards, in some way that gives it a strong tendency to produce double-flowering plants. The double rose, however, produces fertile seed naturally. Only a portion of its numerous stamens having been converted into petals, it still preserves its fertility, the remaining stamens becoming the means of furnishing perfect seeds, though in far more limited numbers than is the case in a single-flowering rose. (See Cut 4.)

Not the least singular circumstance connected with deformed flowers is that their fertile and seemingly healthy and perfect seeds, in most instances produce plants subject to a similar aberration to that of the parent, which looks something like a confirmation of the Darwinian theory—the accidentally produced double rose



producing, as a rule, double roses. A certain number, however, of the plants produced from these seeds display a tendency to return to the original and perfect form of the single flower, having only a very small number of their stamens converted into petals. These are semi-double va-

rieties, the seeds of which would doubtless produce a few specimens still less double, and by selecting the seeds of the least double flowers through several generations, the original form of the single flower might doubtless be eventually reproduced. As, however, the first tendency towards original "singleness," in the shape of a semi-double flower, is deemed a worthless variety by rose-growers, it is immediately destroyed; and so the possibility of causing the plant, in a series of generations, to return to the simple and perfect form of its flowers is never likely to be tested by professed florists.

It is in these elegant deformities, these beautiful monstrosities, that professional florists find both their profit and delight. The trade in the varieties of double roses has indeed become an important branch of commerce, and the same may be said of the double dahlia and many other exquisitely deformed flowers. The production of pleasing floral deformity has indeed become so profitable, when judiciously turned to account by experienced dealers, that it is sought for, by every means, with the greatest avidity. By the careful watching of many thousands of seedlings from some plant of which it is wished to procure a

* It should be remembered that gardeners term those flowers of the primrose tribe *double* that have the anthers transformed to petals; while those which have the calyx transformed to petals are called double-pipped.

double variety, a slight disposition in some one individual to become double may, after the careful watching of perhaps millions of specimens, be at last detected; and if this disposition be only shown by the transformation of a single stamen into a minute and imperfect petal, it is enough. The seed of that special flower is carefully collected, and if those seeds produce plants, or a single plant, exhibiting a still greater disposition to become double, final success in producing the desired extent of deformity and monstrosity is secure, and the profusely double flower is deemed already in prospective possession of the expectant florist. In this way double varieties of plants of kinds seemingly the least likely to sport into double flowers are now produced, and thus the double petunia and the double fuchsia have been recently added to our list of "beautiful monstrosities."

The Chinese having remained comparatively undisturbed for several thousands of years in the enjoyment of an advanced kind of Oriental civilisation, in which a love of flowers has ever been a distinguishing feature, succeeded in producing several kinds of double-flowering plants many centuries before such double-flowering varieties were known in Europe. Of these the double-flowering peach, the double-flowering plum, and the double-flowering cherry are now well known. They were indeed pictorially known to us centuries ago by their representations on Japan-ware and porcelain, but then our botanists only thought such representations imbecile vagaries of the Chinese pencil, and gave that ingenious people—those Celestials of the "flowery" empire—no credit for having positively produced by horticultural perseverance the flowers whose portraits they delighted to paint on their matchless China-ware. Even after the numerous recent introductions of Chinese double flowers hitherto unknown to us, such as the enlarged double peach flower, of a deep crimson, and the size of a camellia, and several others, many yet remain to be procured, which are, however, already known by repute, as one of the consequences of our increased intercourse with China.

H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

PLEASANT CONVERSABLE FELLOWS ON A JOURNEY.

Does anyone know them, I wonder? Will anyone have the least spark of pity for a timid man who, in these locomotive days, weakly confesses himself to be no traveller?—and who, under the misery of an unavoidable journey, suffered one of those friends who speak of themselves as "always on the line," to beguile him out of the snug empty carriage he had subsided into, on the plea that "the next best thing to a good carriage is good company."

I was that man, helpless in my friend's hands, and trying to do a little off-hand bravery, in feeble emulation of his "always-on-the-line" nonchalance. I dare say my carelessness was not a success; I know it was mixed up with a strange desire to ask my better-informed friend how many tunnels there were on my route, and whether they were very long ones. But shame helped me, and I refrained. I took, also, silently and in great humility, my seat in the carriage which it pleased

him to point out. And when the train became uneasy, and showed symptoms of a bolt, looking once more in through the window, he nodded slightly to my fellow-travellers, and gave me comfort in a whispered aside—

"You'll do, now," he said; "pleasant conversable fellows on a journey."

I don't know that I liked the notion. It may be ultra-English, perhaps, but certainly it seems to me that the sensation of being whirled rapidly through the fresh air does not induce a longing for conversation, but rather predisposes one to silence. I looked at my companions, however, grimly enough from my corner. There were only three of them—a wiry man, with white hair, whose cheek-bones looked as if the skin was too tight for them, and they must inevitably burst it; a dyspeptic-looking individual; and a man, whose face I could not see, as he had got behind his newspaper, but from the way in which he rustled that same paper, and gave vent to an occasional "H'm, h'm," I concluded that he was a nervous man. As they all were or seemed to be, reading, I had opportunity for a copious analysis of expression and feature, if I had felt disposed for it; and I was just in the act of calculating, from the legs and other portions of body which were visible to me, what sort of face might appertain to the third individual, when its owner lowered the paper, and cut short my examination with horrible abruptness.

"Another frightful railway collision," said the nervous man, solemnly. "Travelling is becoming a thing of positive danger. It's awful!"

And he placed a finger, which trembled either with the motion of the carriage or from neuralgic causes, on a column of the paper.

"Humph!" said the dyspeptic man. "Did you ever happen to be in at the death—I mean, in at a collision, sir?"

"I cannot say I ever did," was the agitated response.

"Ah! it's not a pleasant thing."

"So I should imagine. I was once in a train when it took fire. The screams of the women were appalling, perfectly. We happened, fortunately, to be near a station, or I don't know what the consequences would have been. And that is a casualty which may occur at any moment."

"I was once in for a collision," said the dyspeptic. "The only sensation I can think of in connection with it is what I should suppose to be implied by the figure of speech, 'pitched into the middle of next week.' That at least was my first feeling; the next was one of violent anger against a lady whose head had butted like a battering-ram into my chest. I suppose she could not help it, and I dare say I was not the only sufferer by the contact, but people should be more careful how they sit. My digestion has never been right since. With the exception of that, I sustained no injury, which was fortunate, as there were a few people killed, and some disagreeably wounded. I also once travelled in a carriage whose several joints were in such a state of disunion that I positively at times held my breath in terror, expecting every minute that the thing would smash under me. At the first station I called the guard, of course. He

just gave a look at my carriage, and shook his head at it knowingly.

"Oh, it's that customer again, is it? He's at his old tricks. He'll drop to pieces one of these fine days. Come along, sir, I'll find you another."

"What line was that on?" inquired the nervous man.

"When one thinks," proceeded the dyspeptic, disregarding the question, "of the trivial causes which will produce railway accidents, the only wonder is that there are not more. I have heard it asserted that so slight a thing as the burrowing of a mole is enough to throw a whole train off the line, by causing the sleeper to sink. Whether it is true or not—"

A voice interrupted the speaker. By the way, I put it to any candid and unbiassed traveller, whether these, my companions, were such as he would choose, under the head of pleasant conversable fellows on a journey? But that is an aside. I was following with painful minuteness the scene of the mole's burrow, the sunk sleeper, and the train pitched over an embankment, when the voice above-mentioned, to my unspeakable, but alas! only momentary satisfaction, broke the dyspeptic thread. It was a deep, hollow voice, and it proceeded from the chest of the wiry man. And it said, "I once had an adventure—" It paused at a groan which I tried to smother in my big plaid; while the two other pleasant fellows bristled up with a ghouliah expectation.

"I once had a little adventure in a railway carriage, which may strike you gentlemen as at least uncommon. It occurred in the closing stage of a pretty long journey, and upon a branch line, on which, fortunately for me, there was little traffic. I must premise, however, that there were two lines of rail. In changing carriages I was tired and stupid, and got into the first which offered itself, rather glad to find that it had no other occupant. And as I calculated that there were full two hours of slow travelling before me, I made myself as snug as circumstances would permit, and the result is simple. I fell fast asleep. I had all sorts of fantastic dreams, of course, as one does have in unusual positions; but what waked me? I did not know; nor why I felt constrained to start up with a horrible misgiving at my heart, as I opened my eyes. It was pitch-dark. The light in the roof had gone out, or else had never existed. But where were we, and why was it dark? Above all, why were we not moving, and why did the darkness grow upon me as something that could be felt? There is a song about the beating of one's own heart: it was, indeed, the only sound I heard as I made my way to the window. I could see nothing but the luminous rings which came as I beat my eyelids together, vainly; I could not see my hand before me; I could only feel. I tried my waistcoat pocket for a fusee box—found it; there were but two matches, and I struck one desperately. Oh, the glorious beauty of that light! transient as it was; the utter miserable darkness which followed, as it sputtered for a moment and then went out. It had showed me nothing but a ghastly heap in one corner, which I started from nervously, remembering the next moment that it was my

own coat and wrap. I shouted, but there was no one to answer, while the sound of my own voice told me where I was. I knew all about it by that time, though I tried to fight off the conviction. I had got into the last carriage in the train, and had been left behind; not under the broad sky, where the starlight might have helped me, but in a tunnel, and alone. That was the crowning horror. Why should this last carriage have been the only one left, as it must have been, for I had shouted loud enough to rouse the seven sleepers; and why was there no one in it but myself? I knew the tunnel and its length, but whereabouts in its hideous blackness was I? Should I get out? I tried the doors, but they were locked; I could perhaps have scrambled through one of the windows, but to what purpose, and on which side? Stretching out my hand, I tried to feel for the wall of the tunnel, shuddering as I thought it would meet me clammy and stone-cold, like the hand of a corpse. But I could not reach it. Was it the other side? I passed over to try. Hush! What was that? I drew back my arm instinctively, and sunk down a helpless mass on my seat again. Do you know what it was, gentlemen, that I heard then? It was the snort of a distant engine. Everywhere before me I saw the glare of two ferocious eyes, like the eyes of a wild beast in his den, and I knew that every snort was bringing the monster steadily closer. Which line of rails was it upon? Nearer still. Another minute—less—and where should I be? Mutilated fragments of a human body once my own, whirling away in all directions, rose up to answer that question as it passed through my mind. Nearer still. It takes but a second, say the wise and learned, to bring before a man his whole life; but in that strange moment, instinct as it was with a horrible and fascinated excitement, I saw only the ferocious eyes, and heard the voice of my young brother, dead long years ago, calling upon me to come and save him, as he was wont to do in his delirium. Nearer still—and the earth quivered beneath me, and thunder filled my ears. There was a whirling rush, a quick wind, and then the roar going off into the distance again. When I could think of myself, I found that I was sitting doubled up, shrinking as a man would from a threatened blow, and my hands were clenched till I felt the smart of the nails in my flesh. The train had chanced to be on the other line of rails, or—I had not been sitting here now to speak of it. An engine was dispatched to bring up the missing carriage, as soon as the fact of its having been left behind was discovered. And so ended my little adventure,—in good time, for this is your station, I think, gentlemen."

And the nervous man and the dyspeptic got out. The hero of the little adventure looked at me, and coughed twice; then he sneezed; but my eyes were sealed in the energy of despair, and finding his case hopeless, he suffered me to do the rest of the journey in silence, with a buzzing brain, and the mental resolution of a timid man, who will never again suffer himself to be beguiled into putting himself in the power of "Pleasant conversable fellows on a journey." LOUIS SAND.

THE RELIEF FUND IN LANCASHIRE.

A COMMENDATION.



AN amateur dramatic performance took place at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, on Wednesday, the 9th instant, in aid of the funds for the relief of the present distress in Lancashire. Mr. Wilkie Collins' drama of "The Lighthouse," the burletta of "The Waterman," and the well-known farce of "Betsy Baker," were the pieces presented. In pursuance of a strongly expressed request, these performances passed unnoticed by the public journals, as the gentlemen engaged were all amateurs, and among them were several members of the public Civil Service; but we are enabled to certify the entire success of the representation, and that there resulted some two hundred pounds, or more, to be added to the "relief fund" for the Lancashire weavers. Mr. Tennyson was requested to furnish an introductory address; but, from a letter from Farringford, the committee regretted to learn that Mr. Tennyson had been "suffering so much that

it had been an effort even to sign his name, so that to write anything for them has been out of the question." The above Vignette was to have accompanied his address. Failing the Poet Laureate, at the last moment the Rev. T. J. Baty, of Rochampton, wrote the following lines in furtherance of this good object:

The echo of the wailing farther West
Sounds in our land;
And in her midst, with want oppress,
Our brothers stand.

Their voices clamour for the daily bread
They cannot gain.
And, oh, the fire of charity were dead,
Were it in vain.

Then honour every effort for their weal,
And ours to-night:

Our cause, at least, must your approval steal;
What though we act!—we feel;

And your fair presence here gives our poor effort might.

THE ANGLERS OF THE DOVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER V. THE SICK MAN AND HIS COMFORTER.

THE Earl of Shrewsbury was lying on a couch near an open window of his chamber at the Hall at Buxton when the Countess entered the apartment with the family physician.

"Bess," said the Earl, "you have not been telling the doctor that I am better?"

"Yes, I have," she replied; "or, if you are not better, you will be presently. You do not feel it yet, perhaps; but where is there such an air as this of Buxton? And there are the waters, too! Who could help being better here?"

"I do not like the air," replied the sick man; "and this sunshine makes me faint; and I am worse with every draught of the waters."

The physician gently closed half the shutter, and applied himself to the patient's pulse.

"I am not better, Doctor, am I?"

"You are not. It takes time to deal with an attack like yours."

"How much time?" inquired the Countess.

"That depends on various circumstances,

Madam. One of those circumstances is ease of mind. The more leisure his Lordship has to be ill, the sooner he will get well."

"Shall I give him more of the water?—another draught in the middle of the afternoon?"

"I should be rather disposed to omit the water altogether for a few days."

"Thank you, Doctor!" said the patient, fervently.

"What, then, instead of it?" asked the lady.

"The medicine I ordered yesterday will suffice, Madam, till—"

"Thank you, Doctor," the patient repeated.

"I would try entire repose," the physician observed; "rest and quiet, in this fine air. His Lordship should not be troubled with business, or with cares of any kind."

"That is impossible," said both the sick man and his wife.

"It would be the best wisdom," the physician insisted. "If his Lordship could lie here, and think of nothing, and sleep when able, I should

hope to see him on his horse again in two or three weeks."

The Earl sighed: the Countess exclaimed. The physician repeated his words, adding that patience was, in some cases, the best physic.

"And the hardest to get," the Earl observed. "If money could buy it—"

The physician remarked, cheerfully, that he saw a good deal of it in dwellings where there was no money to spend in physic.

The Countess offered several suggestions; and some of them, in regard to diet, were agreed to: but the physician was not to be moved from his decision that repose of body and mind was the essential thing.

When the Countess returned from her consultation with him in the next room, she declared that another physician must be called in. The Doctor was a very good man; but he was slow. He wanted energy; and he could not excite the energies of his patients. He did not understand the necessity of some cases.

"He does not see, as perhaps I do," said the Earl, "that something has happened to irritate you with my illness. Is it so, Bess?"

"If it be, he ought to have discovered it before you did."

"Discovered it!" exclaimed the Earl, raising himself suddenly. "Bess, where is her Grace? Tell me at once!"

"Her Grace is writing her letters in her own apartment."

The Earl sank back on his pillows, the pulsation of his ruff showing his agitation.

"Her Grace may well be trusted in my care," the Countess observed. "I am no lax guardian of such a charge: and perhaps she may be better watched when you are here than when you are by her side."

The Earl gently remarked that, in the sense in which his lady spoke, this was no doubt true: but that it should never be forgotten that one chief method of keeping their charge safe was to render her situation as easy as possible. Every little irritation was an incitement to her to desire to place herself in other hands. After any little ruffle with her hostess, she would naturally have many thoughts of the past, and every present trouble would sink deep.

"O yes!" said the Countess. "I know very well how she sits and broods over trifles."

"So would'st thou, Bess, if any one made a caged bird of thee."

"I do not deny it: but no cage should hold me long. Ay, I say so, though I have just boasted of my power to hold her. The truth is, there is but one Bess of Hardwick; and, gaoler or prisoner, Bess will always have her own way."

"In things possible," the Earl interposed. "Even Bess of Hardwick cannot make her husband well at pleasure. You smile. You are thinking that you would be well in a trice if you were the patient."

"Perhaps I am," she said. Then she startled her husband by flying to the window on hearing the tramp of horses, and shouting to the grooms. She quickly drew in her head, and observed that she must hasten away. Her Grace chose to ride

nearly an hour earlier than usual this afternoon; and there was only a moment to equip and attend her.

"Hasten, then," said the Earl. "But tell me in one word whether anything is wrong. What did you mean about 'the necessity of the case'? Is there any new necessity?"

"I suppose you will fret more if I keep it from you," said Bess, drawing from her bosom a large letter with a large seal.

The colour left the sick man's face as he read the address. "From the Queen!" he said. "And already opened? How is this?"

"I read it, to see whether it was necessary for you to be troubled with fresh orders," declared Bess, hardily.

"Go, now," said her husband, sternly. "And come to me as soon as her Grace shall be again within her apartment. Remember!"

"I shall not waken you if you are asleep."

"I shall not be asleep."

"You will have enough to think about for the rest of the day," said the unflinching wife. "Perhaps that letter will set you on your horse again sooner than the Doctor imagines."

Instead of infusing vigour into the sick man, the letter prostrated him. He could have no attendant present while he read; and he did not afterwards touch the bell which was beside his couch. He would have died sooner than let any one see the tears trickling down his hot cheek.

"These women are so hard!" he thought to himself, as his excuse to himself: "the one Bess and the other! Between them I have need of all my manhood; and I am but poor in manhood while this fever wastes me."

The letter was in the handwriting of Lord Shrewsbury's old friend, Mr. Secretary Cecil; but the style showed that it was in fact from the Queen. The Queen was surprised to hear that Lord Shrewsbury was now, or had lately been, at Buxton, for the benefit of the waters, whereof no intimation had reached her Majesty from himself. If he were out of health, her Majesty must be satisfied as to what order had been taken for the due custody and entertainment of the Queen of Scots. Two things lay near the heart of her Majesty. The first was that the Queen of Scots should lack no honourable and gracious attendance which could be given to any queen. The other was that the report still grew louder and more frequent about the needless opportunity afforded to her Grace of Scotland for troubling the peace of the realm, which it lay with his Lordship of Shrewsbury to see was not so disturbed. The resort to her Grace was not less frequent than before the last warning sent to the Earl, but only more cunning; and the plots of the strangers were so many throughout the country that there was no assurance who might or might not be drawn into them. The Earl, as trusted beyond any other of her Majesty's subjects, ought to feel the weight of the honour of the Queen's confidence, and to act as if her wishes were known to him by the power of his devotion to her. By that state of his mind he must now be aware that he must in no wise medi-

tate a retreat from his charge : but, if his sickness were real, and such as the vigour of his duty and affection to his sovereign could not at once dismiss, he must dispatch a summons without delay to Sir Francis Knollys, who understood her Majesty's pleasure in regard to her Grace of Scotland ; and Sir Francis Knollys, neglecting all other affairs, would act as her Grace's host till such time as Lord Shrewsbury should be able to renew his unremitting attendance.

It was a bitter pill : but the Earl had got over his grievances, and recovered a composed countenance before his wife reappeared.

"When did this letter arrive, Bess?"

"No matter when. Sick men should not count the hours."

"No trifling, Bess!" And he stretched his hand to the bell. She would not compel him to question his page, but acknowledged that the royal messenger had arrived thirty hours before. She declared that if her husband was chafed, so was she. Sir Francis Knollys knew the duty of the Queen's gaoler ; and he would assuredly step into the Earl's shoes, and win the Queen's confidence. His idea of the proper treatment of such a prisoner was sensible,—was, in fact, the same as her own, and—

"Yes," the Earl observed : "and between you, you will chafe the bird to burst its cage, or, failing that, her own heart : and then what am I to say to the Queen? Knollys drove her Grace hard at Carlisle with reasons why she ought to be deposed—"

"And good reasons they were," the Countess observed.

"Good or bad, will she not remember them when his name is announced? It is enough to make her dare any way of escape rather than meet him."

"That is the reason why I have not sent for him," said Bess, complacently.

"By which wilfulness you have adventured the more fatal displeasure of our own Queen. Bess, these caprices of yours must have an end. I must rule my own affairs, and keep my own honour."

"You must not be ill, then," the Countess decided.

Now, however, she sate by in silence while her husband summoned his page, gave orders to the chief gentleman in attendance about finding Sir Francis Knollys, and wrote a line in a trembling hand, as credentials for the bearer of his message, Sir Henry Bayes, whom he charged to bring Sir Francis Knollys hither, without excuse or delay.

"I suppose I must not speak," the Countess observed.

"To what purpose?"

"To advise that Knollys, who is probably still at York, should rather repair to Sheffield Park, to meet her Grace, whom I would myself conduct thither by the time he could arrive." Seeing her husband's perplexed look, she added : "There are reasons, as Sir Henry is aware, for such a course."

After a moment's reflection, the Earl repeated his former directions to his envoy, and dismissed him with a compliment on his ability to ride fast.

"Stay, Bess," he said, as she was about to leave the room,—perhaps to impose her own orders on Sir Henry. "Bess!" And his tone was irresistible : "sit down here, and tell me these reasons of yours. I will answer to the Doctor. I must hear these reasons,—all of them, and this moment."

His wife remarked on his being quite strong enough for business, after all ; and he did not inform her that he chose to do it now, because his senses might fail him before the morning.

"First, where is her Grace, now?"

"Where is her Grace now?" For the fifth time this day, I tell you her Grace is safe. Stay! would you like to see her? Nay, I did not say that she should see you, untrimmed and uncomely as at this moment. But let us try." And she so arranged a mirror, fixed outside the window, as that the Earl could command a portion of one of the garden walks, on which Mary of Scotland presently appeared, pacing slowly, and followed by two of her ladies. The Earl observed that she looked not otherwise than in health, but very thoughtful.

"That is because she supposes herself unseen," said the Countess. "When I am present, she assumes an air of carelessness quite unnecessary in the widow of two or three husbands. She is in surprising spirits just now."

"And she an exiled mother, and a deprived queen!" observed the Earl, as his eyes were fixed on the mirror. As the group passed out of sight, he desired his wife to raise the frame a little, that he might catch another glimpse. She did so, but too quickly and too far, so that a gleam of reflected sunshine caught the attention of the group below. Her Grace looked up, to see herself watched from the window by her hostess. She stopped in her walk, and inquired after the Earl. Her voice was musical as ever ; but there was something in her tone which jarred on his feelings.

"I know what that tone of ceremony means," he said. "She feels that she must wear a mask everywhere but in her bed."

"And at confession," said the Countess. "Pray do not forget the comfort she has in her priests and her parasites : and they may not be very few. My opinion is, that any man or woman who lives a life of plots, should think it no hardship to wear a mask every day and all day long. O, yes! she is plotting again. The Queen must have reason for saying what that letter says : and if she were herself as suspicious as we hear she has grown, we have cause enough for doubts of this dreary guest of ours. She ought to be removed from this place at once. I care not whether to Chartley, or Wingfield, or Tutbury,—no, not to Tutbury, yet—or to Sheffield Park. I said Sheffield Park, because it is nearest to Knollys,—if you will put him into your own place. 'What has gone wrong here at Buxton?' It is difficult to say exactly what : but the universal remark is that the baths were never so frequented before."

"It would be strange if it were otherwise, with a captive queen drinking the waters," the Earl observed.

"She drinks them at home here of necessity," the Countess answered. "I am thankful that

I persisted in having the waters led hither as I did."

The Earl, ill as he was, smiled at this, being aware that the water lost much of its quality by the process. He would not have smiled if he had been fully aware of the impression made on strangers by his wife's harshness in refusing to the Queen the permission to drink the water at the spring.

"Her Grace has as many wiles as a hunted bird," the Countess observed; on which her husband remarked, in a low voice, that nothing was more natural.

"On one pretence or another," the wife continued, "she passes through the assemblage at the baths almost every day. It chafes me to be dragged there against my will,—the very servants knowing that I would prevent it if I could. But there is more in it than that conflict of female wills which you pretend to smile at. I see faces in the assemblage which I should not see if her Grace were elsewhere—"

"That is probably the case with two-thirds of them, Bess."

"Yes; but I mean, plainly speaking, that not only have I seen Felton here these three days—"

"And Felton's friend?"

"That is of course: he and Stansbury are inseparable."

"Stansbury will not wreck the world; he is harmless enough."

"Very likely. But they hang about the Hall: and I cannot help fancying they have some way of passing letters. The gravest thing, however, is that the man who used to haunt our river at Tutbury is here also."

"He who stayed at Tutbury after we left it?"

"Yes; the very innocent stranger, as you supposed him on that account. I have more to tell you of him. But, bless me! you change colour with a word."

"Go on; who is he?" the Earl said, faintly.

"Speak at once, Bess, I insist."

"But I am not certain yet. In two or three days I shall know; but—if I am not mistaken, it is the man himself!"

"Norfolk!"

"The Duke himself! Unless my instinct deceives me. But you know I never saw him but once."

"Such an adventure is too audacious."

"Nay, but," said the Countess, "he did not appear at Tutbury at any time or place where he was likely to be seen by you: and he has arrived here only since your illness was noised abroad."

The sick man tried whether he could not rouse his strength to walk,—to sit up. If he could have mounted his horse for one half-hour, he might satisfy himself whether the Duke of Norfolk was haunting Mary of Scotland. But it was in vain. He could not hold up his head. Whether to send a messenger to Cecil or the Queen was the question. If the alarm was well founded, it was a sort of treason to conceal it for a single hour: and if it was a mistake, Elizabeth would never cease to taunt her servants with it. The Earl was persuaded to wait one day,—not unwillingly, as he shrank from disclosing his weak condition to his

sovereign. The Countess resolved to make out in that time whether the stranger was to be feared or no.

CHAPTER VI.—GOING TO THE FAIR AT CHEE TOR.

It would be a sufficient excuse to his sovereign for one day's delay, the Countess told her husband, that the occasion was favourable for observation of any strangers who might hang about the train of her Grace of Scotland. There was to be a wool fair held at Chee Tor, five miles off: the whole country round would be assembled,—some for business in the fair, and others for pleasure after it. Except in the track of Queen Elizabeth's journeys, such assemblages were never seen as at these fairs; for the commercial business of the kingdom was mainly transacted there; at them there were trials of skill with the national weapons; and by means of them were the popular sports preserved as the sovereign was known to desire. If her Grace of Scotland should be disposed to visit the scene, the suspected stranger would be present; and the demeanour of other suspected strangers could be profitably watched. In meditating how to identify the Duke of Norfolk, if it should be he, the Countess bethought herself that Gadbury, the architect, had been employed by the Duke, in restoring one of his mansions. She sent a swift messenger to Hardwick, where Gadbury was: and Gadbury rode the greater part of the night to attend the Countess's orders at her rising.

The Countess had not gone to rest, for her husband's fever ran so high that she would not leave him. The physician himself had not prevailed with her to deliver the patient to his charge. It was as undesirable that the sick man should, in a moment of wandering, speak of Norfolk to the physician as to any page or serving man; perhaps more so. When the Earl dropped asleep after daylight, she also closed her eyes; but, before she had slept half-an-hour, she was informed that her architect was below, awaiting her commands. She summoned him to the ante-chamber, and told him that if it was hard upon him to compel him to ride for the greater part of the day after a watchful night, she was herself under the same hardship. It was the pleasure of her Grace of Scotland to visit the fair to-day,—a spectacle indeed which a foreign princess ought to see; the Earl could not himself attend her; a friend who would take his place might not arrive in time; and she herself must play the part of both lord and lady. She explained that it might be long before she and her architect could have so good an opportunity of consulting about a market-house which had been talked of as the Earl's gift to the good people who resorted to the fair; and she had therefore sent for him. On pretence of learning how much he had done professionally in this kind of edifice, she made out that he had personally known several noblemen who were more or less interested about Mary of Scotland; and that he had had frequent interviews with the Duke of Norfolk, not more than six years before.

Her Grace was entirely gracious about taking this long ride. She lamented the monotony of the life her ladies led, and smiled upon any project for their amusement. It was a splendid August

day. The heat of the sunshine on the open hills was tempered by a pleasant breeze : and wherever the Buxton people looked out there were trains of country people, with their packhorses making their way in the direction of the fair. When her Grace mounted her horse, glances passed among the bystanders, for they had never seen her so beautiful. Her colour was high ; her eyes, if not sparkling, were full of life and sensibility, and her bearing had none of the languor which had become almost habitual to her. Ordinary observers made the remark that her Grace was possibly as well pleased at the diversion as any of her ladies could be ; indeed, she was young enough, though so often a widow, to relish a festival day. Closer watchers saw that her mind was full, as well as her spirits gay. The expression of her countenance told of something very unlike levity within.

When the first ascent out of the valley was passed, the stiffness of the cavalcade was relaxed. The bells of the packhorses, far and near, seemed to exhilarate the ladies ; and yet more cheerful were they when the breeze brought the clang of church bells. Every church in Derbyshire sent out its bell music on occasions of public holiday. When the party reached the moorland, there was the bleating of innumerable sheep ; and the foreign ladies were told that there were, within the county, as many as twenty thousand in a single flock. There was a great deal to be related of the popular discontent about enclosures, and of the endeavours of the clergy and the great landlords to convince the yeomen that by an enclosure they might each save the labour of a shepherd, and secure the manuring of the arable land. The question of the concentration of the sheep, and the better care of the fleece thus practicable, or of their dispersion over the hills and moors, whereby a regiment of shepherds was required, seemed to interest Mary of Scotland. She observed on the great extent of moorland in her own kingdom, and on the chances of increasing the production of wool. When Felton and Stansbury joined the cavalcade by a bridle path in the hills, her Grace summoned them to her side, as Derbyshire men, to give her information. While they were deep in the ostensible discussion of wool and grazing as against tillage,—a subject on which Bishop Latimer was quoted without any appearance of horror, the Lady Bess exchanged a few words with her chief man at arms. Here were two papists added already to her Grace's train : it must be looked to that the number did not increase too far.

There seemed to be no reason to apprehend any difficulty. When the cavalcade paused on any ridge to survey the scenery, there were none but country people in sight. Country gentlemen there were, jogging on towards the fair ; but they seemed to know nothing of the presence of any stray princess in their county. Most of them were unaware of the existence of any rival to their own Queen ; and the rest had not heard of Mary's arrival in England. For fourteen years to come they would hear more and more of her ; but as yet there had not been time. It was only by means of these fairs that they heard any news beyond the rural incidents of their own parish. They were aware that the country had been

growing prosperous under the rule of Queen Bess ; and they would willingly have done anything in her service that could be proposed : but they had everything to learn of the politics of the case : and if told, at the moment when her Grace of Scotland turned her horse on the ridge, that that lady called herself, and was called by her train of foreigners, the Queen of England, as well as France and Scotland, they would have stared at her as much for her odd impertinence as they now did for her strange beauty.

At the fair all imaginable articles of ordinary consumption were sold retail, on the spot where the Earl had thoughts of erecting a market-house. The Countess seemed to forget the presence of her guest while conferring with her architect on the subject. She allowed the whole party to sit waiting in the hot sunshine,—their horses irritated by the flies, and their ears assailed by all the din of the fair. This was not all pre-occupation. She desired to observe who would venture to address the queen, and whether any attempt would be made to withdraw from her vigilance. Nothing of the sort happened. There was some ridicule perhaps of the Countess herself, which the queen did not repress. As for the rest, the gentlemen brought fruit and whey to the ladies, and busied themselves in learning whether the games promised much amusement. When the Countess rejoined the party, she made some approach to an apology for having kept them waiting. If she had seemed to neglect the convenience of her mounted guests, she said, it was for the sake of people who had to go on foot,—and some of them barefoot ; and who had to bear not only the heat of the sun in August, but the winter blast, and the snowdrift, and the autumn rains. Fewer of them would be lost in the hill-fogs, perhaps, when there should be a market-house with a bell in it ;—a bell which should be to the shepherds round like the shore-beacon to the mariner in stormy nights. Her Grace smiled upon the apology, and at once took an interest in the market-house,—putting Gadbury's wits to flight as she, reputed a witch on that account, was apt to do, as often as she addressed herself to any stranger. To be accosted by a queen was not altogether a new thing to the architect. He had been called to attend his own sovereign when she rode through the streets of Norwich, and to the rising grounds made famous to that generation by Kett's rebellion. He had guided her Majesty to Kett's Castle on the hill ; and had expounded to her the antiquities of Norwich Castle, and the architecture of the Bishop's Palace, at which she had been lodging : and never once had he felt confounded, as he now did, when spoken to by a disgraced and exiled queen about a market-house in the Derbyshire hills. By the time her Grace had passed on towards the green where the archery was to take place, he had thought of several things which it would have been well to say. He followed, in hope of another chance ; but he was so lost in vexing himself about his failure in manners that he saw little of what was going forward. He was conjecturing what the French and Scotch ladies would say, when alone, of the breeding of Bess of Hardwick and her architect.

Bess of Hardwick was dismounting, meantime, finding it the pleasure of Mary of Scotland to see the archery. There was a fine level space at the foot of the Tor; and a group of ash and birch-trees, affording shade at a point which overlooked the butts. It was not possible, by that year, to see good archery in every county of England. Notwithstanding Queen Bess's admiration of the bow, it was quite out of fashion; and she was wont to say that she and archery should go out of the world together. In old-fashioned districts of the kingdom, however, cross-bow practice was still sustained; and there were rivalries of parishes and families which could not be allowed to expire for a generation or two. When proclamation was now made for the archers to appear, not only did several yeomen come forward, but some half-dozen gentlemen, to challenge a judgment of their skill. Her Grace of Scotland was seated on cushions under the shade, with her ladies behind her, and the Countess stationed by her side. The latter overheard, as she approached, the submissive speeches of Felton and his friend, who were kneeling beside the queen. They could not say that they were not bowmen, in the sense in which country gentlemen still were: and, if her Grace desired it, they would try their skill. They would challenge the Countess, if it might be permitted. They had no doubt of her ability to shoot with anybody present.

The Countess never refused her sanction to active sports, for man or woman. Her own chief Bowman had foreseen the occasion, and had brought her bow, her gauntlet, and all that she needed; and when she appeared at the station opposite the butts, a loud cheer went up from the great crowd for Bess of Hardwick. Many said that there was not a stronger arm, nor a truer aim among the archers of all England.

Eager as she appeared, and really was, in watching the shots, she observed all that passed round the Queen's rural throne. She believed there was opportunity for more than whispers,—even for an exchange of letters, amidst the jestings, and offerings of fruit, and of trifles from the market. She was considering how best to be in two places at once, or, to employ Gadbury, when she saw, among the yeomen in homespun on the green, the man for whom she was specially watching. After satisfying herself that this was the Duke of Norfolk, or a magical likeness of him, she beckoned Gadbury, and sent him to make an inquiry of this very man about the butts: and when she observed that, after answering the question, he drew back, and mingled with the crowd, she proclaimed that she was about to use her woman's privilege of selecting her adversaries, and summoned him as one of the four archers who should compete with her for the great cheese, which was to be the prize of success.

The yeoman advanced, with repeated obeisances to the Countess, after the manner of country fellows. The Lady Bess glanced at the group under the tree, and saw the flush which overspread the cheek of her royal guest at the moment when the competitors took their places. Once more she singled out the yeoman, and

observed to him that it was but courteous to invite her Grace to a share in the sport.

"Carry my compliments to her Grace," said she, "and say that it will be a crowning honour to the sports of the day if she will let fly a bolt, like the rest of us."

"Too great an honour, surely," was the reply.

"If you knew her Grace, you would not think so," said the Countess. "She is full ready at times to join in lower sports than this. I have seen her, not only at bowls in the alley, but dancing in the hall;—dancing with the first who had courage to ask her. Go, and give her my message."

"Let some worthier messenger carry it. I am too humble, my lady."

"You are the fittest, because I doubt whether there is another yeoman on the ground whose speech she would understand. You must have been brought up outside of Derbyshire; for you have not the country speech which, in another, would be to her like a foreign tongue."

This remark dispatched him on his errand. The Countess turned to Gadbury, laughing, and said she had never seen his eyes so far out of his head; and his countenance was full of astonishment when he replied that he had never seen such a likeness in his life.

"Study him, and tell me whether it be only a likeness," said the Countess. "Is that clumsiness, that sheepish air, real, do you think? or rather the air, (see now!) with which he approaches her Grace? Does a yeoman attain such a bearing in a moment, on merely facing royalty?"

"A courtly air indeed!" exclaimed Gadbury.

"His mask, if it be a mask—"

"No doubt of that, Gadbury."

"His mask falls at her glance."

"It is either flattery or rank imprudence," the Countess observed. "See how her Grace bends to him as he kneels, and frowns! She frowns on his rashness; but how plain is the smile underneath it!"

"But what brings the Duke of Norfolk here in that guise?" asked Gadbury.

"Wooers are full of strange devices," said the Countess.

"But, after all the sanction given to her Grace wedding an English nobleman," observed Gadbury; "after our queen's own proposal of the Earl of Leicester—"

"The Earl of Leicester is not the Duke of Norfolk. That is one thing; and another is that Queen Bess may not be so ready as she was a year ago to further any marriage of her kinswoman. It is said that Bothwell is ascertained to be still living; and he may be produced if any one of her Grace's flirtations should go too far. Look at them now!"

"They are a noble pair!" exclaimed Gadbury.

"But slow in giving and receiving a message," said the Countess. "I believe I must send another of her Grace's lovers to fetch her reply. There is Felton— No, there is no need. Our highbred yeoman is returning. You see how his rustic manner grows upon him as he retires from Queen Mary to poor Bess of Hardwick!"

The yeoman brought word that her Grace feared that long disuse had spoiled her skill in archery, and that she should merely discredit Scotland if she accepted a challenge to the butts. She should have more pleasure in witnessing her hostess's noted excellence.

While the sport proceeded, Mary of Scotland missed no point of the contest, but remarked on every shot. Yet she carried on a conversation with Felton, who kneeled by her side.

"If you have tidings for me," she said, "use these few moments with diligence. Why so silent, with so rare an opportunity for private speech?" And she cast on him a glance which roused his spirits.

"I entreat your majesty's pardon," said Felton. "I must indeed rally my wits which yonder yeoman had cruelly dispersed."

"Forget yonder yeoman," said she, smiling: "except, indeed, that we must admire that shot of his. If he wins the prize, we shall have him here again to receive his honours."

Felton inwardly breathed a hope that Bess might be the winner.

"Your tidings, quickly, if you have any," her Grace demanded.

"All was prospering, up to forty-eight hours since," said Felton. "The force from Jedburgh has already joined the Percy's troops; and Westmoreland will meet them on the frontier of Yorkshire. My comrade will remain here to receive such news as may arrive, while I ride towards Westmoreland, to ensure the junction which is planned for Thursday night. Or he will ride, and I shall remain."

"Which?" asked her Grace, smiling.

Felton was eagerly rising when she cautioned him to show no emotion.

"If you cannot proceed till I have answered my own question," she continued, "I should propose that you should remain, as a nearer friend of mine: that is, supposing that the errand to the Earl of Westmoreland is one which requires no singular skill,—one to which your friend's ability is adequate."

"Stansbury is equal to either business," Felton declared.

"And well disposed? You know I trust him on your assurance."

"Only too well disposed. Your Majesty will not be offended at this chance word when I explain that it is because we are inseparable in our undertakings that he is now concerned with me in this. His homage to your Majesty is hourly becoming all that——"

"Not all that yours is, I trust," Mary said, kindly. "I would not have more noble-hearted gentlemen involved. Alas! we have forgotten our part! What is that cheer?"

"An excellent shot that—of Bess of Hardwick's!" said one of the party who stood sentinel while the low-voiced conversation went on.

"Persuade her to show us another," said Felton to him; "we must have a few more moments."

Turning to Mary, he perceived that she was contemplating Stansbury. She sighed, and said that there must be success this time, for it would destroy her peace for ever if she involved in danger

any brave gentleman through loyalty to his friend. It was enough, and too much, when the peril reached only her own near and dear friends.

"Your Majesty has no real fear," Felton observed.

"I know only what I am told," she replied, gently. "Why do you say this? If I am too bold, too little careful of my comrades in our cause, you must warn me. Is the danger greater . . .?"

"The danger is naught, madam. It is only when I think of Stansbury that it flits for a moment before my fancy."

"And why then?"

"Because he is a man of a childlike mind, manly as he is in thought and temper. He is not made for political adventure in a time like ours."

"He ought to have had no share in it," Mary observed.

And Felton hastened to explain that he had striven against his friend's sympathy till he found it was a better kindness to admit him to confidence than to separate from him. But there must be, there could be, no failure.

"Why did you say just now that I myself have no fear?" Mary again asked.

Felton bitterly repented the remark; but her Grace would have an answer. He could not meet her eye as he said that he judged by the satisfaction she showed when his Grace of Norfolk was at her feet, half-an-hour ago.

"You recognised him, then?" said she. "I feared so. It was over rash in him to appear so far from York, where also he will be missed, and your well-served Sovereign will hear of it. It is too idle of him; and you are mistaken, Mr. Felton, if you imagine that such rashness affords me any pleasure. I did indeed rebuke him."

Felton smiled painfully at the remembrance of the rebuke, which was nothing but a tender reproach for running risks for her sake,—given with the blush and the tone which intoxicated eye and ear, and the self which lay behind them. Felton thought that he would break into every prison to which Mary could be consigned to obtain such a rebuke as was now making yonder marksman in homespun the happiest man in Derbyshire. The more pointedly did he say that his Grace of Norfolk had not made this journey without reason. He had brought news, as her Grace would soon no doubt learn. Mary's eagerness was extreme to hear this news; but Felton could only endeavour to bring the Duke to speech with her Grace. He did not know the nature of the tidings, further than that they bore favourably on the scheme of a rising and rescue a few days hence.

Mary had no more attention for Felton now, except as far as kindness required. She was watching the shooting. She had not long to wait. The yeoman in homespun won the prize, which was a handsome tankard. The second prize, a prodigious cheese, fell to the Countess. The yeoman appeared before Mary, to receive her compliments, and he laid his tankard at her feet.

"What will you do with your prize?" she

asked. "Have you a buffet at home worthy to exhibit such a trophy?"

"I have a trifle of grandmother's plate," he replied; "a few poor spoons, and an empty place for my prize. I, and all mine, shall have the honour of drinking your Grace's health,"—and, lowering his voice, he proceeded,—“the health of all your Majesty's devoted servants, and especially your Majesty's earliest subjects. . . .”

A glance showed that Mary understood that he was giving her news from France.

"Who," continued the prizeman, "will line our cliffs some night soon."

There was no time for more. The Countess was approaching amidst laughter and shouts of "Well done, Bess of Hardwick!" She was bearing her great cheese on her head, not altogether without grace, and with extreme good humour; and she lowered it to her Grace's feet, with a hope that her Grace would permit the Derbyshire people to think of her as tasting the genuine cheese of their county at supper, this evening or some other. Her Grace would not wait for supper-time. If there was bread anywhere on the ground . . . She delighted the people further by declining the delicate manchet, and even the meal loaf, and preferring the oat-cake, which she said she had learned in Scotland to like: but so few were the morsels of cake and cheese that she swallowed, that Felton, and not Felton alone, believed that the whole play was for the sake of pledging the prizeman in a draught from his tankard. She had called for ale; but she found herself served with a choice French wine.

It was but a lady's portion that she took; but the country people might have been excused for supposing it more, from the flush on her cheek, the gaiety of her voice, and the exhilaration of her whole bearing. She asked questions of the old labourers and their dames, which had to be translated from her slightly foreign English into their dialect before any sort of answer could be got. She made the boys run races; and she noticed the infants,—less gaily, it is true, and once with tearful eyes; but she so far pleased young as well as old, that when the infants grew up to be youths and maidens, they listened eagerly to all conjectures about what would be the end of the long captivity of that beautiful lady. How kindly she had smiled at them! but now, it was said, she never smiled. How lightly she had mounted, and ridden up the valley when the games were over that fair-day! yet now she never appeared outside the walls of Fotheringay Castle. Did she remember that fair-day at Chee Tor, and having patted the cheeks of any baby there? Yes: Mary had reason to remember that day.

She believed that night, and she probably believed to the end of her days, that her hostess knew what to expect on the return of the party: but in this she was mistaken. The country people would not have been allowed to come near her, if it had been suspected that there would be any rousing of the neighbourhood before sunset.

The Countess saw the prizeman take his leave with a rustic bow, and mount a clumsy hack to ride home, as he said: but, as she herself rode behind her guest, she looked back, and saw that

he had dismounted just below the ridge, and was watching the group, shading his eyes with his hat. It was true, as she observed to Gadbury, that any yeoman might watch a queen on her way, when he might never see a queen again: but still, his attitude was not that of a man with a good wife at home, to whom he was anxious to show his prize. She should inform Lord Shrewsbury, every time she saw the Duke of Norfolk in attendance; and the Earl would give what information he thought fit to his own sovereign. Her own opinion was that, as her Grace had a train of admirers awaiting her wherever she went, she was insufficiently guarded. Gadbury counted numbers, and observed that there were twenty-two men now present to guard four ladies. The Countess would not be reckoned as a lady requiring guardianship, but rather as one of her Grace's men-at-arms; and she showed that she carried weapons. She said, too, that where the roads were thronged with the country people, as on that day, all was safe enough: but she fancied that the hunting and hawking, in the woods and on the moors, had gone too far; and that the slippery lady would be missing, some day, when it was time to be going home.

At the same moment, the whole cavalcade seemed to be struck by the appearance of a company of horsemen who crossed the ridge, at some distance to the east of the road. It was a large party,—not less than thirty, the architect judged. The strangeness was in any party coming in that direction after the fair was over. The Countess was instantly persuaded that a rescue was intended. She issued rapid orders to her servants and squires, bidding them push on with all speed on their road home; and she would overtake them presently. Selecting one servant to follow her, she took the left hand road, as soon as the other ladies had passed its opening, and rode full speed at the approaching company, as if she meant to charge them all at once.

The strangers halted for a moment; and then all but two cut across the moorland, through wet and dry, bog and stones, and succeeded in heading the group below. Of the two who detached themselves one awaited the Countess, hat in hand, and declared himself her Ladyship's humble servant. He had been deputed by Sir Francis Knollys—

"Then it is not a rescue! thank Heaven!" exclaimed the Countess.

"Far from it," the stranger declared. "Indeed it was precisely the contrary. It was an arrest."

"It must be a mistake," the Countess replied. Sir Francis Knollys was merely to fulfil Lord Shrewsbury's office while he was ill. That had been all settled between the Queen's council and Lord Shrewsbury.

The stranger bowed, evidently unconvinced; and the state of things, when the Lady Bess overtook her party, was certainly surprising enough. The loudest voice she heard was that of Mary of Scotland. She was in vehement anger; and her ladies were in tears. Sir Francis Knollys held her rein, and led her horse forward, while Felton, Stansbury, and their servants offered defiance to all persons who should conduct her Grace anywhere but where she was pleased to go. Mary

asked where Sir Francis meant to take her; and when he said that she was not to return to Buxton, but to go to a country house for the present, and then to Tutbury, she wept aloud, and appealed to the people within hearing for aid. Felton's anguish was in vain: the countryfolk crowded together, and seemed mortally afraid of the well-armed gentlemen, who announced to them that there was treason afoot against Queen Elizabeth. There was nothing to be done for Mary. At the next turn, the Buxton road was quitted,—even by Bess of Hardwick herself. She would not lose sight of her charge. The Earl must recover as well as he could without her. She must learn what all this meant, and be ready to answer to the Queen—

"Yes, indeed!" one of Sir F. Knollys' gentlemen observed in her ear. "It was quite time to do so when, but for an accident, the Queen of Scots would have escaped in the course of a week, and the English crown would have been again in danger. A conspiracy was suspected: her Grace of Scotland's secretaries were doubted, and it was necessary to separate her Grace from them till her papers had been examined. It was a sudden thought,—this start this afternoon; and it was not settled, he believed, where the night should be passed; but it would certainly not be at Buxton."

Felton prevailed to have the poor queen conveyed once more to his house, near Chesterfield. She was dissolved in tears as she dismounted at his door; and in the hall she flung herself into a chair sobbing out:

"Here again! Disappointed again! Going again to Tutbury! O! anywhere but Tutbury! If you knew,"—and she turned to Knollys, "what I have endured of indignity and misery of every kind at Tutbury, you would spare me from going there."

Sir F. Knollys was concerned that her Grace had so strong a dislike to Tutbury, as it was his charge to convey her there.

She sprang from her seat, dashed away her tears, and demanded to be conducted to her chamber. For three days and nights, her host watched for a moment's sight of her; but in vain. A sentinel was placed at her door; and no one but her ladies saw her till a messenger brought the news that the coast was now clear at Tutbury.

(To be continued.)

SEA-SIDE LIFE.

THERE is, or used to be, among some theologians, a test of doctrinal accuracy so very complete and exacting that few opinions had any chance of satisfying it. The requirement was that the statement, dogma, or fact, should be held "always, everywhere, and by all." Some time ago I walked, with occasional lifts, along the western coast of England, from Weymouth to Bristol, looking in, as I went, upon the watering-places which fringe the land. It was August when I made my tour, and every place I visited was filled with summer residents.

Surely, thought I to myself, as I reposed at home after my round, I have discovered the uniform invariable state, if not sentiment, which the old

formula would fit. Sea-side life is led in the same way—"always, everywhere, and by all." Wherever I went, there were the same people and the same pursuits. The scenery varied from the chalk upland to the rose-tinted rock, from the sandy beach and treeless downs of Dorset, to the wooded coombes of South Devon, and the Cornish black slate cliff, up which the long Atlantic wave crept like a tide. I saw the sea under a hundred forms, racing round the promontory—
asleep in the land-locked bay—flashing with painful brightness, as if the sun had burst and been half spilt on the water. I saw it leaden-coloured—green—flat, like a soft field when it has been rolled—clear, showing the trembling pebbles and wavy weeds which floated from the rock, or rolling folds of mud from the river's mouth. I saw it streaked with flecks of white—I saw it misty and boundless, the great waves looking unnaturally large as they bowled in out of the fog. I saw it hard-edged, metallic, with stiff little tinkling waves, like a copper-plate engraving. I saw it fight and I saw it play. Everywhere it met me with old welcome buoyant power, and a fresher grace, filling me with deeper reverence and love. But the human shrimps which capered at its brink presented everywhere the same appearance. They were all doing the same things. Of course you can't sit on rocks where there are none, nor dig with wooden spades on granite; but there were some features peculiar to sea-side life which connected every watering-place, such as donkeys, white bathing machines, telescopes, mimic nautical phraseology, thumb-novels, and aimless interest in the reflexion of the moon on the water.

"I fear the visitors here lead a very idle life," said a worthy man to me one day, as we had a stray chat on a bench. Being an energetic resident, he did not see that that was the very life they came there to lead. Don't judge a man by his phase of relaxation. There is a fire-engine station at the bottom of my street, close to one of the great thoroughfares of London. When I leave my house, and put out into the great human stream, I always see one man at rest there. He wears a cleaned-up, official sort of undress, and sits on a low stool outside the engine-house door, generally smoking a long new clay pipe. There is nothing more calm than the repose of a fireman. But a breathless householder, with a mob of little boys at his heels, comes round the corner. In two minutes our friend is driving fourteen miles an hour against the stream of Regent Street, like a flash of brass and red paint.

Therefore, do not hastily judge the idler by the sea-side; he is reposing. But he can work, at the right time. Last week he fought the fiercest counsel on circuit. Last week he hushed a mob. The day before yesterday he sent in tenders for the construction of a steam-engine seven hundred thousand horse power, and will have it all hammered and rivetted within sound of his office. Yesterday he extracted the diaphragm of a bricklayer's labourer before the College of Surgeons, in one minute and twenty-three seconds. The newspaper that gentleman offered him he saw printed this very morning (he came by a mid-day train) amid a crowd of machines and dexterous compositors. With sweat

of brain he wrote the rousing novel over which that lady bends and weeps. He has come for a holiday; and falls into the telescopic pebble-gathering world with grateful acquiescence. Does he trouble himself with the wonders of the sea shore? Does he kneel down and grope among the rocks, at low tide, struggling with wretched sea anemones, who hold on for the dear life till some lover of nature uproots them? How they must hate the season and Mr. Gosse! Poor things! I remember being shown a number of them by a scientific friend, who took them out every morning with a long spoon, and laid them, gasping and limp, on a bench, while he changed the water in their cage. Some were dark and tough, showing that they were used to plenty of daylight or low tides; others were quite fair and blanched from living in the dark depths of the sea. But they were nevertheless herded with their swarthy brethren, and blinked at the sun miserably. I can't help thinking that pseudo-science, however attractive, is often very cruel. The boiling of lobsters is a process which, however speedy, one does not much like to associate with salad, or supper. The first thrill in the pot must be horrible, but it is soon over. Whereas a slow death in an aquarium, with great eyes looking at you and offering quantities of unsuitable food, together with the puzzling resistance of the glass, like the mysterious detention of a dream, must altogether make the last hours of a "specimen" hideous. It must be as bad as dying of nightmare. "Oh! my lovely star-fish are all dead!" says charming Angelina, as she joins the breakfast table, after nine hours of the soundest rosiest sleep. "They are only just dead, I think," says she, with her mouth full of toast and butter. "I saw one of them move a little"—very likely. But what a night for the star-fish!

Now your busy man, or rather your man who really works hard in his profession, will, if he be wise and brave, leave the wonders of the seashore alone when he comes to rest. Lying on the rounded shingle, he lets his mind uncoil and gather unconsciously suppleness and strength; he lets it stretch and sun itself without interruption. And he is no loser, for so surely as he is content and not ashamed to sit maybe for a whole bright forenoon, doing nothing, thinking of nothing, the unfolded mind will have filled itself like a sleeping net; and when afterwards he gropes within for thought and illustration he will find good store. The dusty, faded chambers of his brain will have become wholesome and fresh. He will return to the operating-room, the law court, the editor's den, with an atmosphere of salt and sunshine about him. Of course, some active minds must grub about the rocks and fish in the clear pools of brine left by the tide, but I beg once for all to protest against the sweeping condemnation uttered by some people, who would employ every idle saunterer on a fruitful beach.

Let them whip the *bond fide* lounge, the man who never works. Ay! there is something in that; or better still, let them try to save him. Seize the moment when the dull mind is touched with fresh thought, when the sleepiness of the daily inland routine is somewhat rubbed off, and

arouse a new interest in a crab if you can. There are people who have been plucked from a life of blindness by the wonders of the shore. The only danger is of a relapse, as if the "littoral zone" were really more wonderful than the brook round the meadow, or the glade in the wood.

Therefore do I like to see—though they be only faint flashes of thought (like summer lightning), quickened in the drowsy mind by some popular revelation of the beach; nay, I like to see even a persevering reliance on the brightness of wet pebble. True, the gems are opaque in the morning—not to say gritty—and will probably be found by the next comer to the lodgings in the drawer of the dressing-table; but they have rubbed a human mind as well as one another. They have perhaps made some crafty soul childlike for a day. Childlike! Give me either science or simplicity. Either a seeing eye, which, however ignorant of geological details, recognises the progress of the world as it rests on a cliff; or the eye which loves the cliff, without a reason indeed, though none the less for that—perhaps the more. Preserve me from the distilled prattle of the conscientious quack who grinds up facts out of a printed book, and then repeats them at hap-hazard, because he thinks educated society expects some acquaintance with the phraseology of science. Protect me from him, I should only put him out; let him enjoy himself in his own way, I in mine, out of shot. Perhaps, while I am peopling a flat valley with ancient monsters, smacking the alime with their great tails, gobbling, sleeping, snorting, fighting—while I hear the shriek and the rustle of strange birds in the air, but see the same blessed sun above our heads, the same harvest moon, though rising on the unrealed earth—while I am thus out of date, or may be picturing to myself the naked battle around the barrows on the windy downs, my friend with the book shouts to me that he thinks he has found a *Coleopteron ridiculosum* in the shingle. Will I come and see? And the inspected beast bounds off his open palm with an elastic "spang,"—very like a shrimp, as I tell him,—and is gone past verification; is probably at the moment hastily shoving himself, at great risk of bruises, deep down among his native stones. But my friend says, contemptuously, that it cannot be a shrimp—because shrimps are red.

There is one subject in which all seaside visitors are expected to take an interest, and that is the annual regatta. Nine-tenths of them don't know a brig from a schooner, but they talk as if they had built the winning boat, screwing away at everything with their telescopes throughout the day. There are, however, moments in a regatta which the uninitiated may enjoy, as when a number of white-sailed yachts open their wings together like rising gulls; but, to most, the duck-hunt at the end affords a sensible relief. They have been bewildered with the banging of signal guns and sudden jaunty appearance of all the craft in the harbour, which string up every scrap of bunting they have on board for the occasion. The "million" have never any clear idea of the merits of the boats, get sorely deceived about time races, and, as I said, gladly welcome the "duck-hunt" and "greased bowsprit." Paterfamilias—

caught enjoying it on the sly—says the latter is vulgar, as if he had not hit upon the very thing in it which, despite of his protest, is amusing his refined mind far more than the great race of the day. My dear sir, why not accept heartily a piece of vulgar play? Did you ever see two boys swallow respectively, in rival gulps, a tumbler of water and a bun—the water to be taken with a spoon? You set the boys on a table, in two chairs facing each other—One, two, three, off! That is vulgar, but highly ludicrous. Paterfamilias may look another way, but I choose to see it out with unaffected interest. Which do you think won? Try it, and be popular for an evening.

Another invariable feature of sea-side life is the arrival of the steamer. People living in Euston Square never go to see the Express from Liverpool unload in the terminus hard by, but while down at Ramsmouth will get up from their luncheons and hurry out, if the vessel should arrive before its time. There is no variety in the crowd of passengers—the same people seem to come every time, especially in rough weather, when they are all wretched alike, and are quite reckless whether their bonnets be tumbled or hats crushed, so long as they can join the mocking crowd upon the steady shore; but they are stared at like Esquimaux as they land. The people who enjoy the sea-side most are the real men of business and children, who come alike, to play. I cannot conceal my dislike of the prigs, both male and female, who come to dress and be admired. Their intention is an insult to the sensible shabby visitors. But the children, with inexhaustible wealth of sand, as good as gold, and suddenly discovered licence to wet their feet!—for there is a favourite myth current among even nervous mothers and nurses that “salt water does not give cold”—look at the children digging, where mischief is impossible, defying the recollection of sanitary advice with unfading ecstasy, by walking into the water simply to get their feet wet whenever they feel dry. See them all at their early dinner through the open parlour window of the lodgings—what a gust of healthy, tanned appetite comes out as you pass!

I don't know which is best, shingle or sand. There is something in the freshness of the flat hard beach, which no rolled gravel or concrete can approach, though the sea break at your feet. There is a grateful sense of escape from the dull road, where your own footprints are the first upon the shore. It seems as if you were a discoverer; you are severed from the world of men; you have left it behind; no one has wandered there before. But you cannot sit down on sand—not comfortably, at least—much less can you lie down upon it on your back, and turn the world topsy-turvy by gazing into skies beneath you. You can't lie flat down on the sand, and enjoy it. You look for a big stone, the stump of an old pile, or unfold a camp stool.

Now shingle, on the contrary, affords the most perfect rest you can enjoy. A bank of dry shingle, resolutely sat upon, makes a lounge which Messrs. Gillow would do well to measure and model. Be you lean or fat, short in the thigh, or long in the back, the shingle bank takes your shape. Then

shingle is clean: you do not rise as gritty as if you had been knocked down on a turnpike-road. Moreover, you are lulled by the delicious drawl of the retiring wave, to me inexpressibly soothing. But you can't walk upon shingle—not, at least, without great fatigue. On the whole, though, I think it is better than sand, as you can always get exercise on firm ground further ashore, if you want it, whereas nothing but shingle gives the seat and couch. In my tramp around the coast I confess to great disappointment at some of the most famous watering places. You see the sea, it is true, and there are beautiful walks made upon the cliffs and among the rocks, but very often, as in the north of Devon, for instance, the impression is that you can't get down to the water. You can't throw stones into it; you can't get your feet wet; you behold it from afar, like a goat: and that is all, unless you repair to some small patch of beach, monopolised by a bathing machine.

Not that patches of beach are bad; give me a shore with hidden little bays, where you may wander alone if you like, and then go back to the beauty and fashion on the promenade. Nothing is worse than one public walk, where you cannot get away from people, and where a conspicuous figure, say some staring snob, with a white hat in half-mourning, meets you on every tack; even without him it is dreary work to be confined to the same pier, up and down, like the bubble in a spirit level.

There is one class of the population at most watering-places, which I pity with all my heart; I don't mean the donkeys, who affect an expression of patience I am convinced they don't feel; but the goats. Goats in harness, towed by young plebeians in front, and worried by young gentlemen passengers, from behind. I can't conceive a more unhappy, inappropriate fortune befalling any animal. I wonder whether they derive any malicious satisfaction from the consciousness of being goats, and that a ride behind them must displace even the fresh smell of the sea. But I don't believe they think of it themselves.

Let me say a word about bathing, and I will have done.

In many respects they manage this better abroad. If you have your dip in public there, you are obliged to wear a “costume;” and the machines are often not shoved into the water; but the arrangements are convenient and decorous. The bathing at many of our watering-places is anything but this last. Perhaps it is more outrageous at Margate than elsewhere. The first time I saw it I was reminded of some old picture of the landing of the Romans, when the beach was lined with naked natives, half in and half out of the water. There is, moreover, something inexpressibly dismal in the unrobing within a machine, in the flapping of the spray at the outer door, and the shivering station on the gritty ladder, before the leap. This and the treacherous recall of the machine to the beach while you are standing on one leg, tugging at a sticky boot, make the whole process intolerable. If I must bathe, give me a clear header from a rock, and sunshine to dress in. The young lady's amusement in the water seems

to consist in a quick succession of deep perpendicular curtases, and an attempt to tug the machine in after her by its tail. Sea-fishing is generally a failure; one or two are partially successful, the rest are sick. So with aimless sails, at a shilling an hour; the boatmen are extortionate and oracular, the excursionists wretched.

By the sea-side, however, as everywhere else, those only enjoy themselves as they might who dare seek recreation as the innocent whim may lead them; who defy the dressiness of the prigs and puppies, in easy clothing and old shoes indoors and out; who are not ashamed to roll or lounge on the shingle, unattracted by the band and the esplanade; who, having come to rest, idle wisely, with perpetual acted protest against the fuss of affected science and fashionable propriety.

H. J.

HARALD HARFAGR.

A DISCOURSE BETWEEN A VALKYRIE AND A RAVEN ABOUT HARALD HARFAGR, KING OF NORWAY, HIS WARS, HIS WIVES, HIS COURT, AND HIS COMPANY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ANCIENT NORSE.

HARALD Harfagri, or Fair-Haired Harald, also called Lufa, or the Thick-Haired, was born about the year 850, and was the son of Halfdan the Black, King of Upland, an inconsiderable district in Norway. By the mother's side he was descended from Ragnar Lodbrok and the renowned Sigurd the Serpent-killer. When he was ten years of age his father died, and he became king of the little district of Upland. For some years his affairs were managed by Guthorm, his mother's brother, but when he was about eighteen he took everything into his own hands. Harald was tall and athletic—of an exceedingly handsome countenance—bold and daring, and of a mind of great ambition. At that time there was no universal king in Norway, almost every district being governed by its own petty sovereign or head man, under whom the people enjoyed their *othul* or right of soil, merely paying a slight tribute to the ruler. This state of things, however, was not doomed to continue. No sooner had Harald become his own master than he made a vow to Odin that he would neither cut nor comb his hair till he had made himself sole king of the country and absolute lord of the lives and property of the inhabitants. All this he accomplished in a few years by dauntless bravery, force of character, and terrible severity. In some instances he experienced a desperate resistance, but he never lost a battle. His hardest conflict was the sea-fight at Hafirsfirth, in which he encountered several confederated kings. In this he was hard pressed, and would probably have been worsted, but for the fall of Haklangr or Longchin, the principal leader of the opposite party, a man of great courage and immense strength. This battle was decisive, for after it Harald was sole master of Norway, from the inhabitants of which he took their cherished *othul*, reducing them to the condition of bondsmen or servants.

Harald was satisfied with being king of Norway, but the effects of what he did were by no means confined to that country. Perhaps the actions of

few or none have had so much influence on the affairs of Europe as those of Harald Harfagr. He was the principal causer and originator of what may be called the Norman March. The people of Norway, in general, submitted to the sway of Harald, and several of the petty kings were glad to become his earls and land-wardens, but there were proud, indomitable spirits both amongst the peasants and the chieftains who disdained to be enthralled by him. Many repaired to Iceland, which had been discovered by one Gardr, at an early period of his reign, and colonised it; others betook themselves to the Faroe, and the Shetland and Orkney Isles, where they formed piratical establishments; others to the Sotheries and Man, of all which islands they became masters—thousands to Ireland, where they founded Dublin—immense numbers to that part of England which is north of the Humber, which they entirely took possession of. The *élite*, however, of the discontented Norsemen repaired to France, a part of which they conquered and occupied, and named—after themselves—Normandy, or the land of the Normans, where, from the connubial relations, which they formed with the women of the country, a race sprang up which in course of time subdued England, Naples, and Sicily, giving kings of the Norman race to all three.

Harald's life, after he had become monarch, was tolerably tranquil. Any insurrections against him he speedily put down by means of his hirdlid, an armed force, which he always kept about him, consisting of about four hundred of the tallest and strongest fellows whom he could induce to serve him. To these he was very liberal in clothes, bracelets, armour and coin; but it was said of him, during his life and long after his death, that though he was free of gold he was rather stingy of meat.

He had several places of residence, but his favourite one was Rogaland in Utstein. He had a great many concubines, who, in all, bore him twenty sons. On his marriage, however, with Ragnhilda, daughter of the King of Jutland, he dismissed them all to their homes. By this Ragnhilda he had Eirik, surnamed Blood-axe, from his desperate deeds in war, to whom he bequeathed the sceptre of Norway at his death.

He lived and died a believer in the religion of Odin, Thor, and Frey—a religion of blood and horror—the votaries of which held two great festivals in the year, one at Yule or Midwinter, and the other at Haust or Harvest, at which they drank ale and ate horse-flesh in honour of the gods. He was very fond of poetry, and had generally several skalds about him, who sang his praises in alliterative verse. He died at the age of eighty-three, after having been king seventy-three years, and absolute sovereign of Norway about fifty-eight. He was a contemporary of Alfred the Great, his son Edward, and his grandson Athelstan, to the last of whom he sent his son Hakon to be fostered, a child born to him in his old age, and who eventually became king of Norway, and was the first Christian ruler of that country.

The poem, of which the following is a very close translation, was composed by various skalds

of his court. It purposed to be a dialogue between a Valkyrie, or chooser of the slain, and a Raven, and gives a graphic account of Harald's wars and domestic matters :

Ye men wearing bracelets
Be mute whilst I sing
Of Harald the hero—
High Norrøway's king ;
I'll duly declare
A discourse which I heard,
Betwixt a bright maiden
And black raven bird.

The Valkyrie's vext
No war-field to find ;
The speech she knew well
Of the wild feather'd kind,
And thus she bespake him
Who bears the brown bill,
So proud as he perch'd on
The peak of the hill.

"What do ye here, ravens,
And whence come ye say,
Your heads turn'd direct to
The dying sun's ray ?
Bits of flesh hold your claws—
There's blood flowing free
From your beaks, surely nigh
Dead bodies there be."

Then wiping his beak,
Bloody red on the rock,
The eagle's sworn brother
Thus answer'd and spoke :

"Harald we've follow'd,
Of Halfdan the son,
Ever since from the egg
That we egress have won."

"Then ye know, bird, the king,
Whose keep is in Kvine,
The young king—the Norse king—
Whose keels cut the brine ;
Red-rimm'd are his bucklers,
Betarr'd are his oars—
His sails are all bleach'd
With the sea-spray and showers."

"Abroad will drink Yule,*
The young king, and will try
To wake up, O maiden,
The wild game of Frey,†
Of the warmth of the hearth
He weary is grown ;
He loathes the close chamber
And cushions of down.

"Heard ye not the hard fight
Near Hafirsfirth beach,
'Twixt the king of high kindred
And Kotva the rich ?
Sail'd ships from the East
Prepared for war stern ;
Their dragon heads gaped,
Their gilded sides burn.

"They were fill'd with proud freemen
Well furnish'd with shields,
And the very best weapons
The western land yields ;
Grimly the Baresarkers
Griun'd, biting steel,—
Howl'd the wolf-heathens
War madness they feel.

* Drink Yule ; drink his Christmas ale.

† Game of Frey—battle.

"They moved 'gainst the monarch
Whose might makes them pine,
'Gainst the king—the Norse king—
Who keeps court at Utstein ;
Flinch'd the king's bark at first,
For they ply'd her right well—
There was hammering on helmets
Ere Haklangr fell.

"Left the land to the lad
With the locks long and full,
Rich Kotva, the lord,
Thick of neck, like the bull ;
'Neath the thwarts themselves threw,
They who'd wounds, in despair,
Their heads to the keel
And their heels to the air.

"On their shoulders their shields,
Such as Swafnir's‡ roof form,
Flinging swift as a fence
From the fierce stony storm ;
The yeomen affrighted
From Hafirsfirth speed,
And arrived at their homes
They call hoarsely for mead.

"The slain strew the strand
To the very great joy
Of ourselves and of Odin,
The chief of one eye."

VALKYRIE.

"Of his wars and his prowess
With wonder I've heard ;
Now speak of his wives
And his women, O bird !"

RAVEN.

"He had damsels from Holmrygg
And Hordaland, too ;
And damsels from Hedemark
Dainty of hue ;
But he sent them with gifts
To their countries again,
When he wedded Ranhilda
The beautiful Dane."

VALKYRIE.

I warrant he's bounteous,
And well doth reward
The warriors and gallants
His kingdom who guard.

RAVEN.

O, yes, he is bounteous !
And bravely they fare
Who in Harald's dominions
Hew food for the bear ;
With coin he presents them,
And keen polish'd glaives,
With mail from Hungaria
And Osterland alaves.

O happy lives have they
Who help him in war,
Can run to the mast-head
Or manage the oar ;
Make the row-locks to creak,
And the row-bench to crack,
And in their lord's service
Are never found slack.

‡ Swafnir was an appellation of Odin. The roof of Odin's hall was said to be formed of shields.

**VALKYRIE.**

Of the Skalds now I'll ask thee,
The sons of the strain,
By whom deathless honor

He hopes to obtain ;
I doubt not, O Raven,
That thou knowest well
The workers of verse
Who at Harald's court dwell.

RAVEN.

By their gallant array,
By the armlets they bear
All of gold, you may learn
To their lord they are dear;
Ruddy kirtles they have
That are laced at the skirts,
Swords silver inlaid,
And steely mail shirts;
All gilded their hilts,
Their helmets all graven;
Gold rings on their hands.

VALKYRIE.

Now read me, O Raven,
Of the Baresarkers—how
Do ye style them who wade
In blood ankle-deep
By no danger diamay'd?

RAVEN.

Wolf-beathens they hight,
To the thick of the fray
Ruddy shields who do bear,
And with swords clear away;

None but those who know nought
Of terror can stand
When stout and strong men
Shiver buckler with brand.

VALKYRIE.

Of jesting and game
Our discourse shall be brief;
What does Andadr do,
Harald's jester in chief?

RAVEN.

Fun Andadr loves;
He makes faces and sneers,
And the Monarch doth laugh
At the loon without ears.

There are others who bear
Burning brands from the fire,
Stick a torch 'neath their belt,
Yet ne'er singe their attire;
Some that dance on their heels,
Or that tumble and spring—
O 'tis gay in the hall
Of high Harald the king.

GEORGE BORROW.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XL. AN ALTERED WILL.

JUST one fortnight from the very day that witnessed the sailing of Frederick Massingbird and his wife, Mr. Verner was taken alarmingly ill. Fred, in his soliloquy that afternoon, when you saw him upon the gate of the ploughed field—"Old step-father's wiry yet, and may last an age,"—had certainly not been assisted with the gift of prevision, for there was no doubt that Mr. Verner's time to die had now come.

Lionel had thrown his sorrow bravely from him, in outward appearance at any rate; what it might be doing for him inwardly, he alone could tell. These apparently calm, undemonstrative natures, that show a quiet exterior to the world, may have a fire consuming their heartstrings. He did not go near the wedding; but neither did he shut himself up indoors, as one indulging lamentation and grief. He pursued his occupations just as usual. He read to Mr. Verner, who allowed him to do so that day; he rode out; he saw people, friends, and others, whom it was necessary to see. He had the magnanimity to shake hands with the bride, and wish her joy.

It occurred in this way. Mrs. Verner declined to attend the ceremony. Since the news of John's death she had been ailing both in body and mind. But she desired Frederick to take Verner's Pride in his road, when driving away with his bride, that she might say her last farewell to him and Sibylla, neither of whom she felt sure she should ever see again. Oh, she'd see them again fast enough, was Fred's response; they might not be away more than a year. But he complied with her request, and brought Sibylla. About three o'clock in the afternoon, the ceremony and the breakfast over, the carriage, with its four horses, clattered on to the terrace, and Fred handed Sibylla out of it. Lionel was crossing the hall at

the moment of their entrance; his horse had just been brought round for him. To say he was surprised at seeing them there would not be saying enough; he had known nothing of the intended call. They met face to face. Sibylla wore a sweeping dress of silk; a fine Indian shawl, the gift of Mrs. Verner, was folded round her, and her golden hair fell beneath her bonnet. Her eyes fell, also, before the gaze of Lionel.

Never had she looked more beautiful, more attractive; and Lionel felt it. But, had she been one for whom he had never cared, he could not have shown more courtly indifference. A moment given to the choking down his throat's emotion, to the stilling of his beating pulses, and he stood before her calmly self-possessed; holding out his hand; speaking in a low, clear tone.

"Allow me to offer you my good wishes for your welfare, Mrs. Massingbird."

"Thank you; thank you very much," replied Sibylla, dropping his hand, avoiding his eye, and going on to find Mrs. Verner.

"Good-bye, Lionel," said Frederick Massingbird. "You are going out, I see."

Lionel shook his hand cordially. Rival though he had proved to him, he did not blame Frederick Massingbird; he was too just to cast blame where it was not due.

"Fare you well, Frederick; I sincerely hope you will have a prosperous voyage, that you will come safely home again."

All this was over, and they had sailed. Dr. West having exacted a solemn promise from his son-in-law that they should leave for home again the very instant that John's property had been realised; and now, a fortnight after it, Mr. Verner was taken—as was believed—for death. He himself believed so. He knew what his own disorder was; he knew that the moment the

water began to mount, and attained a certain height, his life would be gone.

"How many hours have I to live?" he inquired of Dr. West.

"Probably for some days," was the answer.

What could it have been that was troubling the mind of Mr. Verner? That it was worldly trouble was certain. That other trouble, which has been known to distract the minds of the dying, to fill them with agony, was absent from him. On that score he was in perfect peace. But that some very great anxiety was racking him might be seen by the most casual observer. It had been racking him for a long time past, but it was growing worse now. And it appeared to be what he could not, or would not, speak of.

The news of the dangerous change in the master of Verner's Pride circulated through the vicinity, and it brought forth, amidst other of his friends, Mr. Bitterworth. This was on the second day of the change. Tynn received Mr. Bitterworth in the hall.

"There's no hope, sir, I'm afraid," was Tynn's answer to his inquiries. "He's not in much pain of body, but he's dreadfully anxious and uneasy."

"What about?" asked Mr. Bitterworth: who was a little man with a pimpled face.

"Nobody knows, sir: he doesn't say. For myself, I can only think it must be about something connected with the estate. What else can it be?"

"I suppose I can see him, Tynn?"

"I'll ask, sir. He refuses visitors in his room, but I dare say he'll admit you."

Lionel came to Mr. Bitterworth in the drawing-room. "My uncle will see you," he said, after greetings had passed.

"Tynn informs me that he appears to be uneasy in his mind," observed Mr. Bitterworth.

"A man so changed, as he has been in the last two years, I have never seen," replied Lionel. "None can have failed to remark it. From entire calmness of mind, he has exhibited anxious restlessness: I may say irritability. Mrs. Verner is ill," Lionel added, as they were ascending the stairs. "She has not been out of bed for two days."

Not in his study now; he had done with the lower part of the house for ever; but in his bedchamber, never to come out of it alive, was Mr. Verner. They had got him up, and he sat in an easy chair by the bed side, partially dressed, and wrapped in his dressing-gown. On his pale, worn face there were the unmistakeable signs of death. He and Mr. Bitterworth were left alone.

"So you have come to see the last of me, Bitterworth!" was the remark of Mr. Verner.

"Not the last yet, I hope," heartily responded Mr. Bitterworth, who was an older man than Mr. Verner, but hale and active. "You may rally from this attack and get about again. Remember how many serious attacks you have had."

"None like this. The end must come; and it has come now. Hush, Bitterworth! To speak of recovery to me is worse than child's play. I know my time has come. And I am glad to meet it, for it releases me from a world of care."

"Were there any in this world who might be supposed to be exempt from care, it is you," said

Mr. Bitterworth, leaning towards the invalid, his hale old face expressing the concern he felt. "I should have judged you to be perfectly free from earthly care. You have no children: what can be troubling you?"

"Would to heaven I had children!" exclaimed Mr. Verner: and the remark appeared to break from him involuntarily, in the bitterness of his heart.

"You have your brother's son; your heir, Lionel."

"He is no heir of mine," returned Mr. Verner, with, if possible, double bitterness.

"No heir of yours!" repeated Mr. Bitterworth, gazing at his friend, and wondering whether he had lost his senses.

Mr. Verner, on his part, gazed on vacancy: his thoughts evidently cast inwards. He sat in his old favourite attitude: his hands clasped on the head of his stick, and his face bent down upon it. "Bitterworth," said he, presently, "when I made my will years ago, after my father's death, I appointed you one of the executors."

"I know it," replied Mr. Bitterworth. "I was associated—as you gave me to understand—with Sir Rufus Hautley."

"Ay. After the boy came of age,"—and Mr. Bitterworth knew that he alluded to Lionel—"I added his name to that of yours and Sir Rufus. Legacies apart, the estate was all left to him."

"Of course it was," assented Mr. Bitterworth.

"Since then I have seen fit to make an alteration," continued Mr. Verner. "I mention it to you, Bitterworth, that you may not be surprised when you hear the will read. Also I would tell you that I made the change of my own free act and judgment, unbiassed by any one, and that I did not make it without ample cause. The estate is not left to Lionel Verner, but to Frederick Massingbird."

Mr. Bitterworth had small round eyes, but they opened now to their utmost width. "What did you say?" he repeated, after a pause; like a man out of breath.

"Strictly speaking, the estate is not bequeathed to Frederick Massingbird: he will inherit it in consequence of John's death," quietly went on Mr. Verner. "It is left to John Massingbird, and to Frederick after him, if he survives myself. Failing them both—"

"And I am still executor?" interrupted Mr. Bitterworth, in a tone raised rather above the orthodox key for a sick room.

"You and Sir Rufus. That, so far, is not altered."

"Then I will not act. No, Stephen Verner, long and close as our friendship has been, I will not countenance an act of injustice. I will not be your executor: unless Verner's Pride goes, as it ought, to Lionel Verner."

"Lionel has forfeited it."

"Forfeited it!—how can he have forfeited it? Is this?"—Mr. Bitterworth was given to speak in plain terms when excited—"is this the underhand work of Mrs. Verner?"

"Peace, Bitterworth! Mrs. Verner knows nothing of the change. Her surviving son knows nothing of it; John knew nothing of it. They

have no idea but that Lionel is still the heir. You should not jump to unjust conclusions: not one of them has ever asked me how my property was left; or has attempted, by the smallest word, to influence me in its disposal."

"Then, what has influenced you? Why have you done it?" demanded Mr. Bitterworth, his voice becoming more subdued.

To this question Mr. Verner did not immediately reply. He appeared not to have done with the defence of his wife and her sons.

"Mrs. Verner is not of a covetous nature; she is not unjust, and I believe that she would wish the estate willed to Lionel, rather than to her sons. She knows no good reason why it should not be willed to him. And for those sons—do you suppose either of them would have gone out to Australia, had he been cognisant that he was heir to Verner's Pride?"

"Why have you willed it away from Lionel?"

"I cannot tell you," replied Mr. Verner, in a tone of sharp pain. It betrayed to Mr. Bitterworth what sharper pain the step itself must have cost.

"Is it *this* which has been on your mind, Verner,—disturbing your closing years?"

"Ay, it is that; nothing else," wailed Mr. Verner, "nothing else! nothing else! Has it not been enough to disturb me?" he added, putting the question in a loud, quick accent. "Setting aside my love for Lionel, which was great,—setting aside my finding him unworthy, it has been a bitter trial to me to leave Verner's Pride to a Massingbird. I have never loved the Massingbirds," he continued, dropping his voice to a whisper.

"If Lionel were unworthy,"—with a stress upon the "were,"—"you might have left it to Jan," spoke Mr. Bitterworth.

"Lady Verner has thrown too much estrangement between Jan and me. No. I would rather even a Massingbird had it than Jan."

"If Lionel were unworthy, I said," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "I cannot believe he is. How has he proved himself so? What has he done?"

Mr. Verner put up his hands as if to ward off some imaginary phantom, and his pale face turned of a leaden hue.

"Never ask me," he whispered. "I cannot tell you. I have had to bear it about with me," he continued, with an irrepressible burst of anguish; "to bear it here, within me, in silence; never breathing a word of my knowledge to him, or to any one."

"Some folly must have come to your cognisance," observed Mr. Bitterworth, "though I had deemed Lionel Verner to be more free from the sins of hot-blooded youth than are most men. I have believed him to be a true gentleman in the best sense of the word—a good and honourable man."

"A silent stream runs deep," remarked Mr. Verner.

Mr. Bitterworth drew his chair nearer to his friend, bending towards him, and speaking solemnly.

"Verner's Pride of right (speaking according to our national notions) belonged to your brother, Sir

Lionel, Stephen. It would have been his, as you know, had he lived but a month or two longer; your father would not have willed it away from him. After him it would have been Lionel's. Sir Lionel died too soon, and it was left to you; but what injunction from your father was it that accompanied it? Forgive me asking you the question?"

"Do you think I have forgotten it?" wailed Mr. Verner. "It has cost me my peace—my happiness, to will it away from Lionel. To see Verner's Pride in possession of any but a Verner will trouble me so—if, indeed, we are permitted in the next world still to mark what goes on in this—that I shall scarcely rest quiet in my grave."

"You have no more—I must speak plainly, Stephen,—I believe that you have no more right in equity to will away the estate from Lionel, than you would have, were he the heir-at-law. Many have said—I am sure you must be aware that they have—that you have kept him out of it; that you have enjoyed what ought to have been his, ever since his grandfather's death."

"Have you said it?" angrily asked Mr. Verner.

"I have neither said it nor thought it. When your father informed me that he had willed the estate to you, Sir Lionel having died, I answered him that I thought he had done well and wisely; that you had far more right to it, for your life, than the boy Lionel. But, Stephen, I should never sanction your leaving it away from him after you. Had you possessed children of your own, they should never have been allowed to shut out Lionel. He is your elder brother's son, remember."

Mr. Verner sat like one in dire perplexity. It would appear that there was a struggle going on in his own mind.

"I know, I know," he presently said, in answer. "The worry, the uncertainty, as to what I ought to do, has destroyed the peace of my later days. I altered my will when smarting under the discovery of his unworthiness; but, even then, a doubt as to whether I was doing right, caused me to name him as inheritor, should the Massingbirds die."

"Why, that must have been a paradox!" exclaimed Mr. Bitterworth. "Lionel Verner should inherit before all, or not inherit at all. What your ground of complaint against him is, I know not; but whatever it may be, it can be no excuse for your willing away from him Verner's Pride. Some folly of his came to your knowledge I conclude."

"Not folly. Call it sin: call it crime," vehemently replied Mr. Verner.

"As you please; you know its proper term better than I. For one solitary instance of—what you please to name it—you should not blight his whole prospects for life. Lionel's general conduct is so irreproachable (unless he be the craftiest hypocrite under the sun), that you may well pardon one defalcation. Are you sure you were not mistaken?"

"I am sure. I hold proof positive."

"Well, I leave that. I say that you might forgive him, whatever it may be, remembering how

few his offences are. He would make a faithful master of Verner's Pride. Compare him to Fred Massingbird! Pahaw!"

Mr. Verner did not answer. His face had an aching look upon it, as it leaned out from the top of his stick. Mr. Bitterworth laid his hand upon his knee persuasively.

"Do not go out of the world committing an act of injustice; an act, too, that is irreparable, and of which the injustice must last for ever. Stephen, I will not leave you until you consent to repair what you have done."

"It has been upon my mind to do it since I was taken worse yesterday," murmured Stephen Verner. "Our Saviour taught us to forgive. Had it been against me only that he sinned, I would have forgiven him long ago."

"You will forgive him now?"

"Forgiveness does not lie with me. It was not against me, I say, that he sinned. Let him ask forgiveness of God and of his own conscience. But he shall have Verner's Pride."

"Better that you should see it in its proper light at the eleventh hour, than not at all, Stephen," said Mr. Bitterworth. "By every law of right and justice, Verner's Pride, after you, belongs to Lionel."

"You speak well, Bitterworth, when you call it the eleventh hour," observed Mr. Verner. "If I am to make this change, you must get Matias here without an instant's delay. See him yourself, and bring him back. Tell him what the necessity is. He will make more haste for you than he might for one of my servants."

"Does he know of the bequest to the Massingbirds?"

"Of course he knows. He made the will. I have never employed anybody but Matias, since I came into the estate."

Mr. Bitterworth, feeling there was little time to be lost, quitted the room without more delay. He was anxious that Lionel should have his own. Not so much because he liked and esteemed Lionel, as that he possessed a strong sense of justice within himself. Lionel heard him leaving the sick-room, and came to him, but Mr. Bitterworth would not stop.

"I can't wait," he said. "I am bound on an errand for your uncle."

He was bound to the house of the lawyer, Mr. Matias, who lived and had his office in the new part of Deerham, down by Dr. West's. People wondered in so small a place that he managed to make a living; but he evidently did make one. Most of the gentry in the vicinity employed him for trifling things, and he held one or two good agencies. He kept no clerk. He was at home when Mr. Bitterworth entered, writing at a desk in his small office, which had maps hung round it. A quick-speaking man with dark hair and a good-natured face.

"Are you busy, Matias?" began Mr. Bitterworth, when he entered, and the lawyer looked at him through the railings of his desk.

"Not particularly, Mr. Bitterworth. Do you want me?"

"Mr. Verner wants you. He has sent me to

bring you to him without delay. You have heard that there's a change in him?"

"Oh, yes, I have heard it," replied the lawyer.

"I am at his service, Mr. Bitterworth."

"He wants his last will altered. Remedied, I should say," continued Mr. Bitterworth, looking the lawyer full in the face, and nodding confidentially.

"Altered to what it was before?" eagerly cried the lawyer.

Mr. Bitterworth nodded again.

"I called in upon him this morning, and in the course of conversation it came out what he had done about Verner's Pride. And now he wants it undone."

"I am glad of it; I am glad of it, Mr. Bitterworth. Between ourselves—though I mean no disrespect to them—the young Massingbirds were not fit heirs for Verner's Pride. Mr. Lionel Verner is."

"He is the rightful heir as well as the fit one, Matias," added Mr. Bitterworth, leaning over the desk's railings, while the lawyer was hastily putting his papers in order, preparatory to leaving them, placing some aside on the desk, and locking up others, "what was the cause of his willing it away from Lionel Verner?"

"It's more than I can tell. He gave no clue whatever to his motive. Many and many a time have I thought it over since, but I never came near fathoming it. I told Mr. Verner that it was not a just thing, when I took his instructions for the fresh will. That is, I intimated as much; it was not my place, of course, to speak out my mind offensively to Mr. Verner. Dr. West said a great deal more to him than I did; but he could make no impression."

"Was Dr. West consulted, then, by Mr. Verner?"

"Not at all. When I called at Verner's Pride with the fresh will, for Mr. Verner to execute it, it happened that Tynn was out. He and one of the other servants were to have witnessed the signature. Dr. West came in at the time, and Mr. Verner said he would do for a witness in Tynn's place. Dr. West remonstrated most strongly when he found what it was, for Mr. Verner told him in confidence what had been done. He, the doctor, at first refused to put his hand to anything so unjust. He protested that the public would cry shame, would say John Massingbird had no human right to Verner's Pride, would suspect he had obtained it by fraud or by some sort of under-hand work. Mr. Verner replied that I—Matias—could contradict that. At last the doctor signed."

"When was this?"

"It was the very week after John started for Australia. I wondered why Mr. Verner should have allowed him to go if he meant to make him his heir. Dr. West wondered also, and said so to Mr. Verner, but Mr. Verner made no reply."

"Mr. Verner has just told me that neither the Massingbirds nor Mrs. Verner knew anything of the fresh will. I understood him to imply that no person whatever was cognisant of it but himself and you."

"And Dr. West. Nobody else."

"And he gave no reason for the alteration—either to you or to Dr. West?"

"None at all. Beyond the assertion that Lionel had displeased him. Dr. West would have pressed him upon the point, but Mr. Verner repulsed him with coldness. He insisted upon our secrecy as to the new will; which we promised, and I dare say have never violated. I know I can answer for myself."

They hastened back to Verner's Pride, and the lawyer, in the presence of Mr. Bitterworth, received instructions for a codicil, revoking the bequest of the estate to the Massingbirds, and bestowing it absolutely upon Lionel Verner. The bequests to others, legacies, instructions in the former will, were all to stand. It was a somewhat elaborate will; hence Mr. Verner suggested that that will, so far, could still stand, and the necessary alteration be made by a codicil.

"You can have it ready by this evening?" Mr. Verner remarked to the lawyer.

"Before then, if you like, sir. It won't take me long to draw that up. One's pen goes glibly when one's heart's in the work. I am glad you are willing it back to Mr. Lionel."

"Draw it up then, and bring it here as soon as it's ready. You won't find me gone out," he added, with a faint attempt at jocularity.

The lawyer did as he was bid, and returned to Verner's Pride about five o'clock in the afternoon. He found Dr. West there. It was somewhat singular that the doctor should again be present, like he had been at the previous signing—and yet not singular, for he was now in frequent attendance on the patient.

"How do you feel yourself this afternoon, sir?" asked Mr. Matiss when he entered, his great-coat buttoned up, his hat in his hand, his gloves on; showing no signs that he had any professional document about him, or that he had called in for any earthly reason, save to inquire out of politeness after the state of the chief of Verner's Pride.

"Pretty well, Matiss. Are you ready?"

"Yes, sir."

"We'll do it at once, then. Dr. West," Mr. Verner added, turning to the doctor, "I have been making an alteration in my will. You were one of the former witnesses; will you be so again?"

"With pleasure. An alteration consequent upon the death of John Massingbird, I presume?"

"No. I should have made it, I believe, had he been still alive. Verner's Pride must go to Lionel. I cannot die easy unless it does."

"But—I thought you said Lionel had done—had done something to forfeit it?" interrupted Dr. West, whom the words appeared to have taken by surprise.

"To forfeit my esteem and good opinion. Those he can never enjoy again. But I doubt whether I have a right to deprive him of Verner's Pride. I begin to think I have not. I believe that the world generally will think I have not. It may be, that a Higher Power, to whom alone I am responsible, will judge I have not. There's no denying that he will make a more fitting master of it than would Frederick Massingbird; and for

myself I shall die the easier knowing that a Verner will succeed me. Mr. Matiss, be so kind as read over the deed."

The lawyer produced a parchment from one of his ample pockets, unfolded, and proceeded to read it aloud. It was the codicil, drawn up with all due form, and bequeathing Verner's Pride to Lionel Verner. It was short, and he read it in a clear, distinct voice.

"Will you like to sign it, sir?" he asked, as he laid it down.

"When I have read it for myself," replied Mr. Verner.

The lawyer smiled as he handed it to him. All his clients were not so cautious. Some might have said, "so mistrustful."

The codicil was all right, and the bell was rung for Tynn. Mrs. Tynn happened to come in at the same moment. She was retreating when she saw business agate, but her master spoke to her.

"You need not go, Mrs. Tynn. Bring a pen and ink here."

So the housekeeper remained present while the deed was executed. Mr. Verner signed it, proclaiming it his last will and testament, and Dr. West and Tynn affixed their signatures. The lawyer and Mrs. Tynn stood looking on.

Mr. Verner folded it up with his own hands, and sealed it.

"Bring me my desk," he said, looking at Mrs. Tynn.

The desk was kept in a closet in the room, and she brought it forth. Mr. Verner locked the parchment within it.

"You will remember where it is," he said, touching the desk, and looking at the lawyer.

"The will is also here."

Mrs. Tynn carried the desk back again; and Dr. West and the lawyer left the house together."

Later, when Mr. Verner was in bed, he spoke to Lionel, who was sitting with him.

"You will give heed to carry out my directions, Lionel, so far as I have left directions, after you come into power?"

"I will, sir," replied Lionel, never having had the faintest suspicion that he had been near losing the inheritance.

"And be more active abroad than I have been. I have left too much to Roy and others. You are young and strong; don't you leave it to them. Look into things with your own eyes."

"Indeed I will. My dear uncle," he added, bending over the bed, and speaking in an earnest tone, "I will endeavour to act in all things as though in your sight, accountable to God and my own conscience. Verner's Pride shall have no unworthy master."

"Try and live so as to redeem the past."

"Yes," said Lionel. He did not see what precise part of it he had to redeem, but he was earnestly anxious to defer to the words of a dying man. "Uncle, may I dare to say that I hope you will live yet?" he gently said.

"It is of no use, Lionel. The world is closing for me."

It was closing for him even then, as he spoke, closing rapidly. Before another afternoon had

come round, the master of Verner's Pride had quitted that, and all other pride, for ever.

CHAPTER XII. DISAPPEARED.

SWEEEPING down from Verner's Pride towards the church at Deerham, came the long funeral train. Mutes with their plumes and batons, relays of bearers, the bier. It had been Mr. Verner's express desire that he should be carried to the grave, that no hearse or coaches should be used.

"Bury me quietly; bury me without show," had been his charge. And yet a show it was, that procession, if only from its length. Close to the coffin walked the heir, Lionel; Jan and Dr. West came next; Mr. Bitterworth and Sir Rufus Hautley. Other gentlemen were there, followers or else pall-bearers; the tenants followed; the servants came last. A long, long line, slow and black; and spectators gathered on the side of the road, underneath the hedges, and in the upper windows at Deerham, to see it pass. The under windows were closed.

A brave heir, a brave master of Verner's Pride! was the universal thought, as eyes were turned on Lionel, on his tall, noble form, his pale face stilled to calmness, his dark hair. He chose to walk bare-headed, his hat, with its sweeping streamers, borne in his hand. When handed to him in the hall he had not put it on, but went out as he was, carrying it. The rest, those behind him, did not follow his example; they assumed their hats; but Lionel was probably unconscious of it, probably he never gave it a thought.

At the churchyard entrance they were met by the Vicar of Deerham, the Reverend James Bourne. All hats came off then, as his voice rose, commencing the service. Nearly one of the last walked old Matthew Frost. He had not gone to Verner's Pride, the walk so far was beyond him now, but fell in at the churchyard gate. The fine, upright, hale man whom you saw at the commencement of this history had changed into a bowed, broken mourner. Rachel's fate had done that. On the right, as they moved up the churchyard, was the mound which covered the remains of Rachel. Old Matthew did not look towards it; as he passed it he only bent his head the lower. But many others turned their heads; they remembered her that day.

In the middle of the church, open now, dark and staring, was the vault of the Verners. There lay already within it Stephen Verner's father, his first wife, and the little child Rachel, Rachel Frost's foster sister. A grand grave this, compared to that lowly mound outside; there was a grand descriptive tablet on the walls to the Verners, while the mound was nameless. By the side of the large tablet was a smaller one, placed there to the memory of the brave Sir Lionel Verner, who had fallen near Moulton. Lionel involuntarily glanced up at it, as he stood now over the vault, and a wish came over him that his father's remains were here, amidst them, instead of in that far-off grave.

The service was soon over, and Stephen Verner was left in his resting-place. Then the procession, shorn of its chief and prominent feature,

went back to Verner's Pride. Lionel wore his hat this time.

In the large drawing-room of state, in her mourning robes and widow's cap, sat Mrs. Verner. She had not been out of her chamber, until within the last ten minutes, since before Mr. Verner's death; scarcely out of her bed. As they passed into the room—the lawyer, Dr. West, Jan, Mr. Bitterworth, and Sir Rufus Hautley—they thought how Mrs. Verner had changed, and how ill she looked. She had, indeed, changed since the news of John Massingbird's death; and some of them believed that she would not be very long after Mr. Verner.

They had assembled there for the purpose of hearing the will read. The desk of Mr. Verner was brought forward and laid upon the table. Lionel, taking his late uncle's keys from his pocket, unlocked it, and delivered a parchment, which it contained, to Mr. Matiss. The lawyer saw at a glance that it was the old will, not the codicil, and he waited for Lionel to hand him also the latter.

"Be so kind as read it, Mr. Matiss," said Lionel, pointing to the will.

It had to be read: and it was of no consequence whether the codicil was taken from the desk before reading it, or afterwards, so Mr. Matiss unfolded it, and began.

It was a somewhat elaborate will—as has been previously hinted. Verner's Pride, with its rich lands, its fine income, was left to John Massingbird; in the event of John's death, childless, it went to Frederick; in the event of Frederick's death, childless, it went to Lionel Verner. There the conditions ended: so that, if it did lapse to Lionel, it lapsed to him absolutely. But it would appear that the contingency of both the Massingbirds dying had been only barely glanced at by Mr. Verner. Five hundred pounds were left to Lionel; five hundred to Jan; five hundred to Decima: nothing to Lady Verner. Mrs. Verner was suitably provided for, and there were bequests to servants. Twenty-five pounds for "a mourning ring" were bequeathed to each of the two executors, Sir Rufus Hautley and Mr. Bitterworth; and old Matthew Frost had forty pounds a year for his life. Such were the chief features of the will; and the utter astonishment it produced on the minds and countenances of some of the listeners, was a sight to witness. Lionel, Mrs. Verner, Jan, and Sir Rufus Hautley were petrified.

Sir Rufus rose. He was a thin stately man, always dressed in hessian boots and the old-fashioned shirt frill. A proud, impassive countenance was his, but it darkened now. "I will not act," he began. "I beg to state my opinion that the will is an unfair one—"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Rufus," interrupted the lawyer. "Allow me a word. This is not the final will of Mr. Verner: much of it has been revoked by a recent codicil. Verner's Pride comes to Mr. Lionel. You will find the codicil in the desk, sir," he added, to Lionel.

Lionel, his pale face haughty and quite as impassive as that of Sir Rufus, for anything like injustice angered him, opened the desk again. "I was not aware," he observed. "My uncle

told me on the day of his death that the will would be found in his desk : I supposed that to be it."

"It is the will," said Mr. Matiss. "But he caused me to draw up a later codicil, which revoked the bequest of Verner's Pride. It is left to you absolutely."

Lionel was searching in the desk. The few papers in it appeared to be arranged with the most methodical neatness : but they were small, chiefly old letters. "I don't see anything like a codicil," he observed. "You had better look yourself, Mr. Matiss : you will probably recognise it."

Mr. Matiss advanced to the desk and looked in it. "It is not here !" he exclaimed.

Not there ! They gazed at him, at the desk, at Lionel, half puzzled. The lawyer with rapid fingers was taking out the papers one by one.

"No, it is not here, in either compartment. I saw it was not, the moment I looked in ; but it was well to be sure. Where has it been put ?"

"I really do not know anything about it," answered Lionel, to whom he looked as he spoke. "My uncle told me the will would be found in his desk. And the desk has not been opened since his death."

"Could Mr. Verner himself have changed its place to somewhere else ?" went on the lawyer, speaking with more than usual quickness, and turning over the papers with great rapidity.

"Not after he told me where the will was. He did not touch the desk after that. It was but just before his death. So far as I know, he had not had his desk brought out of the closet for days."

"Yes, he had," said the lawyer. "After he had executed the codicil on the evening previous to his death, he called for his desk, and put the parchment into it. It lay on the top of the will—this one. I saw that much."

"I can testify that the codicil was locked in the desk, and the desk was then returned to the closet, for I happened to be present," spoke up Dr. West. "I was one of the witnesses to the codicil, like I had been to the will. Mr. Verner must have moved it himself to some safer place."

"What place could be safer than the desk in his own bedroom ?" cried the lawyer. "And why move the codicil and not the will ?"

"True," assented Dr. West. "But—I don't see—it could not go out of the desk without being moved out. And who would presume to meddle with it but himself ? Who took possession of his keys when he died ?" added the doctor, looking round at Mrs. Verner.

"I did," said Lionel. "And they have not been out of my possession since. Nothing whatever has been touched : desk, drawers, every place belonging to him are as they were left when he died."

Of course the only thing to do was to look for the codicil. Great interest was excited ; and it appeared to be altogether so mysterious an affair that one and all flocked upstairs to the room : the room where he had died ! where the coffin had but just gone out of. Mrs. Tynn was summoned : and when she found what was amiss, she grew excited ; fearing possibly that the blame

might in some way fall upon her. Saving Lionel himself, she was the only one who had been alone with Mr. Verner : of course, the only one who could have had an opportunity of tampering with the desk. And that, only when the patient slept.

"I protest that the desk was never touched, after I returned it to the closet by my master's desire, when the parchment was put into it !" she cried. "My master never asked for his desk again, and I never so much as opened the closet. It was only the afternoon before he died, gentlemen, that the deed was signed."

"Where did he keep his keys ?" asked Mr. Bitterworth.

"In the little table-drawer at his elbow, sir. The first day he took to his bed, he wanted his keys, and I got them out of his dressing-gown pocket for him. 'You needn't put 'em back,' he says to me, 'lét 'em stop inside this little drawer.' And there they stayed till he died, when I gave 'em up to Mr. Lionel."

"You must have let somebody get into the room, Mrs. Tynn," said Dr. West.

"I never was away from the room above two minutes at a time, sir," was the woman's reply. "And then, either Mr. Lionel or Tynn would be with him. But, if any of 'em did come in, it's not possible they'd get picking at the master's desk to take out a paper. What good would the paper do any of the servants ?"

Mrs. Tynn's question was a pertinent one. The servants were neither the better nor the worse for the codicil : whether it were forthcoming, or not, it made no difference to them. Sir Rufus Hautley inquired upon this point, and the lawyer satisfied him.

"The codicil was to this effect alone ;" he explained. "It changed the positions of Mr. Lionel and Mr. Frederick Massingbird, the one for the other, as they had stood in the will. Mr. Lionel came into the inheritance, and Mr. Frederick Massingbird to five hundred pounds only."

"They two were the only parties interested in the codicil, then ?"

"The only two. John Massingbird's name was mentioned, but only to revoke all former bequests to him, of any sort."

"Then—were John Massingbird alive, he could not now succeed to the estate !" cried Sir Rufus.

"He could not, Sir Rufus," replied the lawyer. "He would be debarred from all benefit under Mr. Verner's will. That is, provided we can come across the codicil. Failing that, he would succeed, were he in life, to Verner's Pride."

"The codicil *must* be found," cried Mr. Bitterworth, getting heated. "Don't say, 'if we can come across it,' Matiss."

"Very good, Mr. Bitterworth. I'm sure I should be glad to see it found. Where else are we to look ?"

Where else, indeed ? That Mr. Verner could not get out of the room, to hide the codicil, was an indisputable fact ; and nobody else seemed to know anything whatever about it. The only one personally interested in the suppression of the codicil was Frederick Massingbird ; and he, hundreds of miles away, could neither have secured it nor sent his ghost to secure it. In a

less degree, Mrs. Verner and Dr. West were interested: the one in her son; the other in that son's wife. But the doctor was not an inmate of Verner's Pride; and Mrs. Tynn could have testified that she had been present in the room, and never left it during each of the doctor's professional visits, subsequent to the drawing out of the codicil. As for Mrs. Verner, she had not been out of her bed. Mr. Verner, at the last, had gone off suddenly, without pain, and there had been no time to call his wife. Mrs. Tynn excused the negligence, by saying, she did not think her master had been quite so near his end: and it was a true excuse. But no one dreamt of attaching suspicion to Mrs. Verner, or to Dr. West. "I'd rather it had been Lionel to succeed, than Frederick," spoke the former, honestly, some faint idea that people might think she was pleased, suggesting the avowal to her. "Lionel has more right than Fred to Verner's Pride."

"More right!" ejaculated Dr. West, warmly. "Frederick Massingbird has no right, by the side of Lionel Verner. Why Mr. Verner ever willed it away from Lionel we could not understand."

"Fred needn't take it—even if the codicil can't be found—he can give it back to Lionel by deed of gift," said practical Jan. "I should."

"That my master meant Mr. Lionel to succeed, is certain," interposed Tynn, the butler. "Nearly the last word he said to me, before the breath went out of his body, was an injunction to serve Mr. Lionel faithfully at Verner's Pride, as I had served him. There can be no difficulty in Mr. Lionel's succeeding, when his intentions were made so plain."

"Be quiet, Tynn," said Lionel. "I succeed by means of legal right to Verner's Pride, or I will not succeed at all."

"That's true," acquiesced the lawyer. "A will is a will, and must be acted upon. How on earth has that codicil got spirited away?"

How indeed! But for the plain fact, so positive and palpable before them, of the codicil's absence, they would have declared the loss to be an impossibility. Up stairs and down, the house was vainly searched for it; and the conclusion was at length unwillingly come to, that Mr. Verner had repented of his bequest, had taken the codicil out of the desk, and burnt it. The suggestion came from Mr. Bitterworth: and Mrs. Tynn acknowledged that it was just possible Mr. Verner's strength would allow him to accomplish so much, while her back was turned. And yet, how reconcile this with his dying charges to Lionel, touching the management of the estate?

The broad fact that there was the will, and that alone to act upon, untempered by a codicil, shone out all too clearly. Lionel Verner was displaced, and Frederick Massingbird was the heir.

Oh, if some impossible electric telegraph could but have carried the news over the waves of the sea, to the ship, ploughing along the mid-path of the ocean; if the two fugitives in her could but have been spirited back again, like the codicil seemed to have been spirited away, how triumphantly would they have entered upon their sway at Verner's Pride!

(To be continued.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ART TREASURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

WHEN the Authorities at the South Kensington Museum came to the very wise resolution of forming a temporary collection of works of art of a bygone period, in order that foreigners as well as our own countrymen flocking to London at this time might have some notion of the exceeding richness of this country in that way, they could have had no idea of the positive embarrassment of riches which has now poured in upon them.

Fortunately, one of the large and well-lighted courts of the new building was available to receive those treasures of art workmanship now to be found more abundantly in England than in any other part of the world.

One of the reasons for our wealth in this respect arises from the fact that, during the troubled state of Europe at the end of the last century, our collectors eagerly availed themselves of the opportunities then offered for procuring fine works of art. Since that period the gold of England has acted like a magnet in drawing hitherwards choice works of art, which no other power could move. These foreign works, added to our own rich stores of national art, have made this country the centre of the greater part of the known art productions of past times; but from our insular habits, and from the fact that by far the greater part were distributed about the country in the hands of private collectors, no general knowledge could be obtained of what we really possessed. Now, therefore, that this superb collection is brought together, and arranged so that nearly all the objects can be well examined, an opportunity occurs not only of seeing, but of comparing the different schools of art which each separate epoch has produced; and, more than that, it enables us to judge in some measure of the position of art in the present day, as seen in the International Exhibition, with the art productions of past ages.

A very important part of the collection consists of the large number of specimens of goldsmiths' work, and this, too, of all periods; but there is one object of such great interest, of the best period of Greek art, that it deserves especial notice. It consists of a necklace and other ornaments, forming the *parure* of an Alexandrian belle some two or three centuries before Christ. It is lent by Signor Castellani of Rome, and was discovered about a year ago at Alexandria. It has long been known that the ancients produced fine works in the precious metals, but it is only at a comparatively recent period that we find rising from the forgotten cemeteries of Etruria and of Greece and her colonies, objects in gold, of a workmanship so perfect, that not only all the refinements of our modern civilisation cannot imitate it, but cannot even explain theoretically the process of its execution. No man has done more to unravel this mystery of manipulation than the intelligent and enthusiastic Signor Castellani, as a glance at his exquisite reproductions in the Italian Court of the Great Exhibition will abundantly testify. Indeed it would seem impossible that delicacy and minuteness could any

further go ; but the Signor declares his inability, as yet, to detect the actual process by which the ancients worked.

The peculiarity of their jewellery is, that, instead of forming the raised parts by chiselling or engraving, they were produced by separate pieces brought together and placed one upon the other. This gives it so peculiar and marked a character, derived rather from the expression, as it were, of the spontaneous idea and inspiration of the artist, than from the cold and regular execution of the workman.

Unquestionably this jewellery has an artistic character altogether wanting in the greater number of modern works, which, owing to a monotonous uniformity produced by punching and casting, have an appearance of triviality, depriving them of all individual character—that charm which so constantly strikes us in the productions of the ancients.

The necklace in question consists of numerous amphora-like pendants attached to a band of interlaced gold threads ; these are overlaid again with minute circular and leaf-shaped pendants, literally not larger than pins' heads ; these latter ornaments, too, are enamelled, which is a highly interesting fact, as it proves that the Greeks did, at least to a certain extent, practise this particular mode of ornamentation. The colours used are pale greens and blues ; the effect is very harmonious and soft, especially when divided by the cobweb lines of filigree gold, as seen in the scale ornaments adorning the central parts of the armlet.

This delicate use of subdued tints of green and blue seems to have been a favourite mixture by Greco-Egyptians of the best period. A similar use of the colours may be seen in the ornamentation of the capitals, &c., of the great temple of Philæ in Upper Egypt, which was built during the era of the Ptolemies, and to which period the gold ornaments in question probably belong. Signor Castellani was fortunate enough to obtain this precious relic for something like 16,000 francs—it is said, to add to his already fine collection.

The French Government would gladly have secured it, and it would doubtless have formed a most valuable example to show the transition between ancient and mediæval art in connection with the celebrated crowns of Toledo, now placed in the museum at the Hôtel de Cluny. These latter objects, so mysteriously discovered in Spain in 1859, belonged to a Gothic king of the seventh century. In these crowns, gold is treated as a village blacksmith would at present treat tin or copper.

It is only surprising that so many fine specimens of the goldsmith's craft have come down to us. Undoubtedly a very large proportion of these works have disappeared altogether. During the troubled period of the Middle Ages, many a fine example has, without regard to its "art-worth," been melted up for the value of the material. Many a piece, too, has disappeared in a similar manner in order to evade our absurd laws of treasure-trove.

There are here many fine examples of gold-

smiths' work, of great artistic value ; and a still larger number supplied by our City corporations, and especially by Lords Spencer and Chesterfield, which, owing to the quantity of the precious metals used, are of Plutonic grandeur : but these works are of a late period, and depend rather on their money value than on the artistic labour bestowed upon them. They are, however, all highly interesting, as showing the taste and mode of decoration and workmanship prevailing at different periods.

Amongst the many beautiful things sent from our Universities are the fine gilt pastoral staff of Bishop Fox, from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and the still finer one of William of Wykeham, most elaborately chased and enamelled.

In the Irish case may be seen another staff, which belonged to a Bishop of Limerick, A.D. 1112, of the peculiar type and interlaced style of ornamentation which prevailed in Ireland at, and for some centuries before, that period. There are indeed few things better worth marking in this collection than the many evidences of a distinct style of art practised at an early period by that particular school called, generally, the Anglo-Saxon.

From Clare College, Cambridge, is sent a curious cup, illustrating one of the many fignments of the Middle Ages : it is a crystal tankard, called the Poison Cup, given to that college by Dr. Butler ; it is ornamented with filigree silver, and has a large piece of crystal imbedded in the lid. If poison be introduced into the vessel, it is alleged the crystal immediately turns black.

Amongst the many rich objects made to decorate the boards of our forefathers, should be noticed the Wassail Horn, a drinking vessel of the fifteenth century, sent from Queen's College, Oxford.

Several large cases are filled with choice specimens of the ceramic art, principally of the Sevres fabric. There are also fine pieces from the Chelsea and Worcester works. The taste for collecting porcelain is not of modern date. Macaulay says of the consort of William III., when speaking of Hampton Court, "Mary had acquired at the Hague a taste for the porcelain of China, and amused herself by forming at Hampton a vast collection of hideous images, and of vases on which houses, trees, bridges, and mandarins were depicted in outrageous defiance of all the laws of perspective. The fashion—a frivolous and inelegant fashion it must be owned—which was thus set by the amiable Queen, spread fast and wide. In a few years, almost every great house in the kingdom contained a museum of these grotesque baubles. Even statesmen and generals were not ashamed to be renowned as judges of tea-pots and dragons ; and satirists long continued to repeat that a fine lady valued her mottled green pottery quite as much as she valued her monkey, and much more than she valued her husband."

The great collector, Horace Walpole, of whom it is written—

China's the passion of his soul :
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,
Can kindle wishes in his breast,
Inflame with joy, or break his rest,—

was by no means free from the imputation of "one who loves rarity for rarity's sake," has given a capital anecdote relating to this inferior order of collectors.

It refers to a man named Turner, a great chinaman, who had a jar cracked by the shock of an earthquake. The price of the jar was originally ten guineas, but after the accident he asked twenty, because it was the only jar in Europe that had been cracked by an earthquake.

(To be continued.)

MISS SIMMS.

THE little girl was too charming to be resisted. In vain I called to my aid all the gravity and soberness that be seemed my age. In vain I held up myself to myself as a person already within the verge of old foggydom. In vain I propounded and solved elaborate arithmetical problems as to the variable proportions which sixteen would assume to forty at advanced stages of life. I know that last sentence is not correctly expressed, but let it pass. Thus stood the case; Charlotte was sixteen and I forty, and I, more than double Lotty's age—almost old enough to be her respectable papa—I found myself irretrievably enslaved by that young person, and trotting captive at her chariot-wheels,—or, more properly, the wheels of her infantine go-cart. I had nursed Lotty, she had ridden a cock-horse upon my knee. I had kissed her moist lips when kissing was a ceremony performed rather for the sake of politeness to mamma than for any pleasantness in itself. I had made Lotty ill with surreptitious sugar-plums; I had presented her with Christmas-boxes of the most astonishing toys; I had assisted in the instilling of the alphabet into her youthful mind by means of highly-coloured pictures, in a painful state of aliteration; I had begged Lotty out of the corner, where she stood obstinate, finger in mouth, and with a general humidity of countenance. I had thought Lotty a dirty child when I saw her paddling with her little fat hands in a puddle, or with traces of lollipops about her innocent mouth. I had execrated Lotty as a nuisance and a bore when she *would* poke her pug nose into my flirtation with Miss Mirables (who married afterwards Lord Methuselah). And at last, it had come to this! We had changed places. I was the child now, and Miss Lotty was mistress over me, and she knew it. She threw me a sugar-plum when she so pleased; she taught me a letter of some sweet sibillating alphabet when she had nothing better to do; she patronised me, and began to take an interest in my temper and morals; she petted me when she lacked amusement, and when she was otherwise engaged gave me to understand in the plainest manner that I was a consummate bore, and an unmitigated nuisance—that I was.

Miss Lotty knew all about it. In vain I tried to treat her as a child. She laughed in my face at the transparent absurdity of the pretence. In vain I affected indifference. She exacted attention, and would not be snubbed. She flirted with small boys for the express purpose of vexing me, and

knew that I was vexed, and I knew that she knew it.

In what manner, or at what precise time she left off being a child, and began to be a woman I do not know. She passed out of the nursery by no sensible transition and took to her Misdom quite naturally. Juliet of the house of Capulet, brought out by her provident mother at the age of fourteen, did not assume her new honours with a more perfect coolness.

This, then, was the state of the case. I, who had overlived all my youthful heart-weaknesses, who prided myself on being safe henceforth from the subtlest fascinations of the female sex, fell into captivity at the hands of a little girl just out of the nursery. Having struggled in vain, I succumbed, and began to think seriously whether sixteen and forty were, after all, such incompatible ages. It was not quite a case of January and May. If I had been sixty, and a lord, there would have been nothing unusual in the notion. If I had been a widower, and possessed of a daughter a little older than Lotty, the match would have been perfectly *en règle*. The difference was on the right side. It was not as bad as if I had married my first love, who was forty when I was sixteen.

Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.

So I ceased to compare myself with the small boys with whom Lotty flirted, I turned a blind eye on the budding obesity of my figure, and began to consider the matter as an accomplished fact.

Miss Lotty had an aunt—a very respectable person—of mature age. Miss Simms was the name of this lady, and Miss Simms and I had always been great friends. She was a gushing person, strongly sympathetic, and given to the study of the minor poets of the last generation. We had often exchanged sympathies, had often discoursed together on the affections after a diluted Platonic manner, and she was accustomed to apply to me for explanations of namby-pamby passages of her favourite poets.

Miss Simms occupied that place in the family which maiden aunts so often fill. To make things generally pleasant, to be a general go-between, the friend of everybody, the deliverer of messages, the arranger of the delicate amenities of social life—such was Miss Simms' mission.

Her age was certainly verging towards fifty. She was well-preserved; had expressive eyes, hair scrupulously neat, but very thin, white, angular hands, a sweet, faint smile, and a purring sort of voice.

I respected Miss Simms immensely, I had a great friendship for her. The idea struck me that I would make her my confidant with regard to Lotty. She was the very person for a confidant. I could not, for the life of me, have broken the subject to papa or mamma. Lotty was a child to them still, and I felt that it would scarcely have seemed more ridiculous to them for me to confess a tender passion for the infant in long clothes than to hint the state of my heart towards Lotty. I had determined to make some move, and the aunt

appeared to me the very medium through whom to make it. The familiar friend of Lotty, to whom that little maiden confessed all her innocent secrets—the companion and fellow-counsellor of Lotty's parents—this aunt was just the confidant I wanted.

But, beyond this, I felt sure that the state of the case had not altogether escaped the sympathetic penetration of Miss Simms. That faint smile of hers, that wistful look in her fine eyes, a playful shake of the head sometimes, the pressure of a kind hand—these signs had not been lost upon me. Often, when my eyes had been following against their will the graceful buoyant figure of Lotty, recalled, they would meet the eyes of Miss Simms; and as I smiled and half-blushed at being thus caught, Miss Simms would smile and half-blush likewise. Often, when I had been leaning over Lotty at her book, admiring the downward contour of the soft cheek, or the luxuriance of the glossy hair, lifting my eyes, they would again meet Miss Simms' eyes, and Miss Simms would turn her head away with an expression of countenance which spoke volumes. Once, when I was shaking Miss Simms' hand on departure, I could not restrain myself from whispering "Qu'elle est charmante?" Why I spoke in French I cannot tell. Miss Simms' knowledge of that language was imperfect, while Lotty's exceeded my own—so that it could not have been an aside from Lotty. But such French sentences are generally spoken without there being any satisfactory reason why they should not be uttered in English. However, to my exclamation, Miss Simms had rejoined, "Hush!" with an upraised bony finger, and an arch smile.

In breaking the matter to Lotty's aunt, then, I did not anticipate very much difficulty. She certainly had observed my admiration of her niece; and even had it been otherwise, the ready sympathy of this kind, estimable woman would have interpreted my meaning from a word or look.

I chose my time. I was copying some music for Lotty. Lotty and her mamma were going forth on the business of card-leaving.

As I took them down to the carriage, Lotty said:

"You will finish my music?" And she made the prettiest beseeching *moue*, and lifted up her face, just as when a child she had lifted it up to be kissed. "We shall soon be back, and you can stay to dinner. You must stay to dinner. The evenings are so dull and stupid, and then you can sing that duet with me. Now, go back and finish the music. You and Aunt Sarah can talk poetry, you know, till I come back."

Yes, Miss Lotty, I had that very intention of talking poetry with Aunt Sarah—the sweetest poetry in the world—yourself the theme.

Returned to Miss Simms and the music-copying, I made a crotchet—"Miss Simms," I said—then two semiquavers and a rest, then three blank bars—

"Miss Simms," I said, "I hope you will not see anything absurd in what I am about to—to—to lay before you—" *crescendo*, written in neat italics.

"My heart—"

"Dear me!" cried Miss Simms.

"My heart, my dear Miss Simms, may be of a soft and foolish texture—yes, texture." (I had screwed myself up to the mark, and chose my language with deliberation.) "It may be soft, I say, but, upon my soul, I do not think it is. I think no man, the most insensate, could have seen daily, as I have seen, this sweet girl" (*con molto spirito*) "and have resisted her attractions. It does not lie within the power of human nature to resist them."

I was silent for a few minutes, and steadily continued my copying. I had determined to discuss the subject in the calmest and most reasonable manner. I confess the dots were scarcely circular, and the strokes scarcely straight, but I completed a most prodigious series of running notes *ad libitum* before I recommenced. I dared not look at Miss Simms.

"That there is disparity in age I cannot deny. Some people would call it a great disparity—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms, with some warmth.

"Yes, my dear madam, I am not surprised at that tone. But I feel that I must bring this into prominence, and consider it judicially. I am not a young man. I cannot hide it from myself, even if I would—I am no longer young. Perhaps I have an appearance of age, a gravity, beyond my actual years. I entreat you not to forget that point—it is a point that we must fully grasp—and I wish to impress it on your mind that I have thoroughly weighed this, and thrown every possible argument into the scale that opposes me. This is but just."

"I think enough has been said on that part of the subject," Miss Simms interrupted me. "You lay too much stress on this point, and must be labouring, I think, under some strange misconception. After all, what does age matter—a few months more or less. It is the heart, my dear sir, the heart; the sympathy of affections, the reciprocity of ideas, the congeniality of sentiments—"

"It is like you to say so," I exclaimed. "I appreciate your kindness. We are old friends, Miss Simms—"

"Friends of long standing," Miss Simms agreed, correctively.

"Friends of long standing. I knew that you would understand me. I felt that you were the best person, the only person, to whom I could first break this delicate subject. I knew that you would meet me half-way."

"Oh! do not say that," sighed Lotty's aunt.

"You have seen the truth for some time," I went on. "In your eyes, in your smiles, I have read that you had discovered my secret. Woman's insight, the sympathy of a gentle nature—who can disguise such secrets from these? And now, be frank with me. I come to you in my perplexity. Do not pretend to misunderstand me. My tongue is timid. Help me—advise me!"

"Maidenly propriety!" she said, in a low tone.

"Exactly so. Your good sense and instinctive feeling of what is right prompts those words. I anticipated this. But, my dear Miss Simms, I do not wish to make you a conspirator with

me. There shall be no secrets. I ask you to confess none to me. All I ask is that, as a friend, you will tell me whether there is any chance for me. You are everybody's friend—do not deprive me alone of your help.

"Really, I do not know what to say," Miss Simms whispered, in a voice greatly agitated.

I had all along persevered in my music-copying. I knew that I was making the most astounding blunders, but that was of little consequence. If I left off this accompaniment I felt that my voice would break down, too.

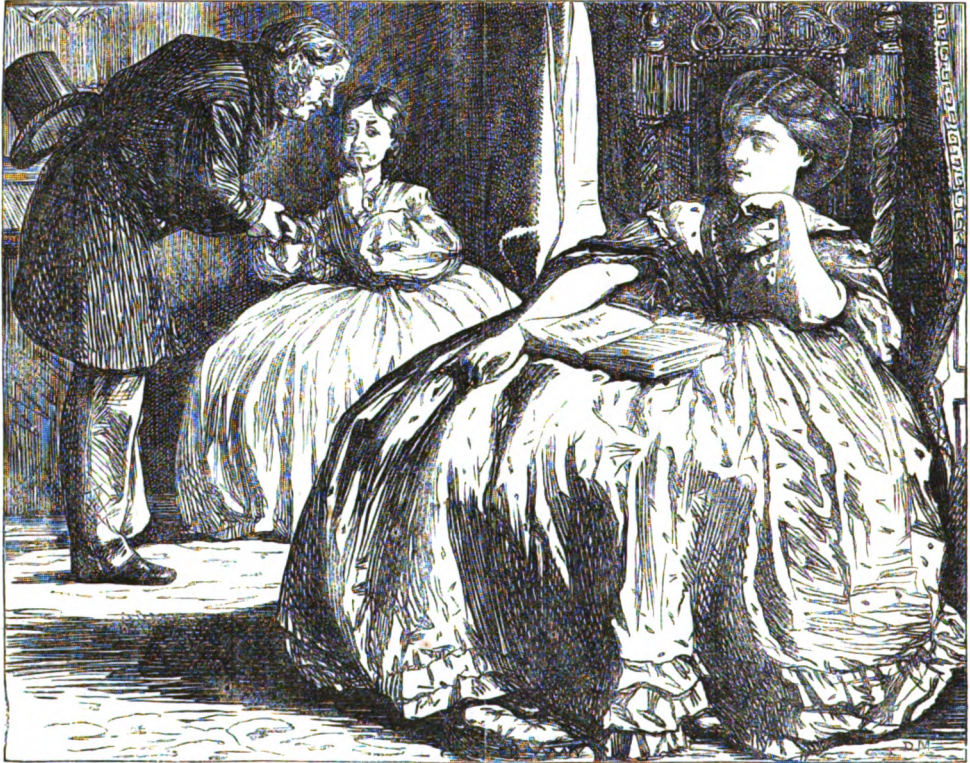
"My dear Miss Simms," I went on, "I know that your present hesitation proceeds from the best of motives. Do not think I am flattering you, when I say that to your influence I attribute

much of the exquisite purity of your charming niece."

This was not quite true, but I saw that a compliment would be well-timed.

"She is a good child," said Miss Simms.

"I see," I continued, "in your present hesitation, precisely that delicacy of decorum which has guarded so constantly the opening leaves of that sweet flower. Ah! what a delightful occupation! To a heart so sensitive as yours, what a labour of love! To watch the birth of new beauties and virtues from day to day—to tend, to foster—to—to—in short—to find, as it were, your own sensibilities reproduced and springing up—like—like objective personifications under your incubative cares." I was pleased with the sentence, and



paused in order that the words might take due effect upon her.

"I, too," I went on, "have not been blind to this gradual change, to those unfolding beauties. We are old friends, we have known each other many years. You can forgive—nay, you will sympathise with the warmth of my expressions. This gradual growth of love—what a mystery it is! 'He never loved that loved not at first sight,' says the poet. What a libel upon human nature, worthy of the gross lips that uttered it! True love is always gradual. The first indifference burgeons into liking, flowers into friendship, fruits into love. We know not where indifference ends and love begins. Ah! my dear Miss Simms, &c &c, &c."

This sort of thing may be continued *ad libitum*, through as many pages as my reader pleases. In the heat of my oratory I flung aside my pen, and strode to the fireplace by which Miss Simms was sitting. My oratory must have been moving. Miss Simms was in tears when next came to a pause.

She lifted her tearful eyes for a moment to mine, as I stood upon the hearth-rug close by her side.

"Oh spare me!" she said. "This tumult of feelings—so painful and yet so delicious! I am but a weak, girlish thing" (she giggled hysterically). "Leave me alone, now. Some other time—some other time. I have been expecting this. I knew it must come."

"You *had* discovered my secret, then," I said. "I knew you had. Long ago, Miss Simms, long ago—did you not?"

"I could not be blind," she said. "Maiden modesty is very innocent; but could I help seeing?"

"Ah!" I exclaimed. "And there is hope for me?"

"What can I say? Do not press me."

"I intreat you. Say, at least, there is not despair."

"No, do not despair," she said. "I do not wish that."

We were silent for a minute or so. Miss Simms spoke first.

"You will speak to my brother!" she said, covering her face with her hand.

"Certainly. That is my intention, if you tell me I may do so. Do you think I may?"

Miss Simms looked at me between the fingers of the hand that covered her face.

"Yes," she said. "I *think* you may."

I deliberated.

"My dear Miss Simms," I said. "I can never sufficiently repay the kindness—the sympathy, the great sympathy—you have shown to me, to-day. I am going to take advantage of this sympathy—"

"Sir!" cried Miss Simms.

"Yes; gratitude consists mostly in taking advantage of the people who are kind to you. I am going to ask a still greater favour of you. Will you break this matter to your brother? Will you hint my feelings to Lotty?"

"I see no occasion for that! Why to Lotty!"

"Well; I respect your prudence. No doubt you are right. To your brother, then?"

"Had not you better do that. It is so very awkward."

"My dear Miss Simms, oblige me in this. I shall be eternally indebted to you."

Miss Simms gave me her angular white hand. She looked up into my face with an expression of most intense sympathy. "I will do anything you tell me, Henry," she said—"May I call you Henry?"

"I consider it a most tender mark of your sympathy," I replied. I really thought her calling me by my Christian name, which she had never done before, a touching proof of her kind friendship.

"And now," I said, "I had better go. I am not inclined to see any one in the present state of my feelings. When I next see you, Miss Simms, I hope to be received in this house on another—a closer and more intimate footing. I think we fully understand each other."

"Oh, yes!"

"Adieu! God bless you!"

* * * * *

My readers, I have no doubt, see clearly the fix I had got myself into. Will they believe me when I say that I had no notion of it myself! A pre-occupied man assimilates every word that is spoken to the subject of his own pre-occupation. When he enters into tender confidences, he speaks in ambiguously bashful hints, not in that precise language wherewith he would draw up his will.

Do you remember the scene between Bélise and Clitandre in "*Les Femmes Savantes*."

"Souffrez," says Clitandre.

"Souffrez, pour vous parler, madame, qu'un amant Prenne l'occasion de cet heureux moment, Et se découvre à vous de la sincère flamme . . ."

"Ah! tout beau;" cries Belise.

Of course she applies the words of Clitandre to herself—what woman would not do so?

I left the house with a feeling of the greatest satisfaction. The first move had been made, and made, I could not but flatter myself, with consummate address, and with a success equal to my highest hopes. This good, kind aunt of Lotty's, I was deeply grateful to her, and determined that I would make her a handsome present on my wedding.

Everything went well.

The next morning I received a letter from Lotty's papa.

"I can have no objection, if you have none," he wrote. "I consent gladly to receive your visits at my house on the footing you desire. Come and dine with us at six, and we will talk it over."

Miss Simms, how could I feel sufficiently grateful to you! Every difficulty was cleared at once from my path. I saw now how foolish had been my self-depreciatory doubts on the subject of age. My budding obesity no longer gave me a pang. Did Ophelia find Hamlet the less attractive for his fatness?

And Lotty—what did Lotty think of all this? How would she meet me under these new relations? I painted for myself the most delightful picture. The sweet bashfulness, the maiden coyness, the blushes of the charming face, the beatings of the pure little heart, the downcast eyes, the trembling lips. Ah, me!—away with such remembrances!

I confess I was slightly nervous as I knocked at the Simmses' door. There was a smile on the funkey's face and an alacrity in his manner as he let me in. I saw that he knew all about it. What can we hide from these omniscient funkeys?

Miss Simms happened to be upon the stairs.

"How can I thank you?" I said, grasping her hand with the warmth of friendship. The funkey had disappeared.

"Oh, Henry!" Miss Simms gasped.

Her feelings were too much for her. What a good heart this woman had to be so moved by the happiness of others. She clung to my hand, to my arm, to my shoulder, for support. She raised her eyes to mine, her face to mine—her lips; by Jove, I thought for a moment the good creature was going to kiss me. Her attitude was the very attitude of Helena lifting beseeching lips to Bertram. "What would you have?" quoth he. She answers:

Something, and scarce so much: nothing, indeed. I would not tell you what I would, my lord—faith, yes;—Strangers and foes do sunder, and not *kiss*.

But I did gently sunder myself from the weight of Miss Simms without any osculation.

"And how is—is she?" I said. "She is not unfavourable, I hope, towards my suit?"

"She is only too much blessed!" Miss Simms replied, with a smile, in which archness blended with sympathy. "Can you doubt it for a moment?"

At last I managed to reach the drawing-room door. Miss Simms would have me enter without her, for what reason I could not understand, but she professed to be too bashful, and said:

"It would look so odd for us to enter together."

I was certainly very nervous. It cannot be expected that I should now relate accurately all that was said to me, and all that I said in return, when at the time itself I had no very clear notion of that same.

I stammered some sort of vague thanks and gratitude to Lotty's papa; and he said something about congratulating me in return, and then by mutual consent we suffered the conversation to turn on indifferent subjects. Lotty's mamma helped me out of the difficulties of conversation as only a woman's fluent tongue can.

Lotty was not in the room.

Soon Miss Simms entered; and afterwards Lotty.

The expression of Lotty's face surprised me—and her manner still more. There was an angry flush upon her cheeks, a flashing fire in her eyes, an obstinate firmness about her red lips—very different from the signs I had expected to read upon that fair face. When I shook hands with her, she just gave me the tips of her fingers for the fraction of a moment, and pulled them away with a jerk.

"I hope, Lotty," I whispered, "that you have no objection to receive me in the new character which I take upon me here for the first time?"

"Me?" Lotty said. "Why, on earth, should I have any objection? I wish you joy, I'm sure."

Lotty carried her little nose high in the air, she tossed her head, she gave utterance to a short, sharp laugh, and looked very much as if she were going to cry. Her manner was most perplexing. Who can interpret the signs of a woman's face, or predicate the way in which she will act under any given circumstances?

"Henry," said a mild, purring, sugary voice; "Mr. Jones, I mean—I beg your pardon."

I crossed over to Miss Simms. She motioned to me to take the chair beside her. I sat down. Lotty remained at the window. Her papa and mamma entered into private and engrossing conversation. Miss Simms and I were, to all intents and purposes, alone together.

Dinner was announced.

Even while I was looking round for Lotty, Miss Simms had seized my arm.

I went down the stairs in a hideous dream—that clinging, angular hand was a special nightmare upon me.

My place at the dinner-table was changed. From the time when Lotty used to appear at dessert-time in a clean white frock and blue sash, her place had always been by me. Now, I and

Miss Simms were placed together on one side of the table, and Lotty alone on the other side.

I was perplexed and miserable. Some shadow of the truth—not as yet the terrible truth itself—began to fall upon me.

How I got through that dinner I cannot tell. The chief remembrance I have of it, is of the expression of Lotty's face. It was precisely the same look that I had seen on it half-a-dozen years before, when a new doll which I had presented to Lotty had been taken away from her in punishment of some childish peccadillo.

I remember that we had champagne, as upon some gala occasion. Lotty's papa drank Miss Simms' health and my health together in a humorous manner.

I was in a ghastly dream. Whether I knew the truth or did not know it I cannot tell. The dinner was over at length—the wine was put on. The ladies drank their one glass and left us.

As I opened the door for them Miss Simms whispered: "Do not be long."

We filled our glasses with claret.

"My dear fellow," said my host, "this little affair has given me the most entire satisfaction. I had not a suspicion of it. My sister Sarah, though I say it, who shouldn't, is a most estimable person, a capital housewife, good-tempered, and you and she have always got on very well together in your tastes for poetry and so forth. Ages not unsuitable. You are no longer a chicken, my dear fellow, and if she has a year or two the advantage of you, why that is your affair not mine. That is a matter of taste. Of course you know that her little property amounts to a mere nothing. She has lived with us now for a number of years, and, upon my soul, I shall be sorry to lose her. But we must not be selfish in this world. Yes, I am convinced that Sarah will make you an excellent wife."

"Sir!" I gasped, "there is some terrible and fatal mistake!"

"Mistake, sir?" cried my host, fiercely; "what do you mean?"

"Your sister is a very respectable person," I stammered; "but I never had the remotest idea of—of—"

"Of what, sir?"

"The remotest idea of asking her to be my wife."

"Jones!" he said, solemnly, "I always took you to be a man of honour. The feelings and affections of a woman are not to be played with in this atrocious manner . . ."

Everything swam before my eyes, the room turned round—the world was resolving itself again into chaos—the final collapse of all things was at hand.

Like Shylock, flung from the height of my certain hopes to ruin irretrievable and blank despair, I turned sick and faint.

"I pray you give me leave to go from hence. I am not well."

I rushed from the room—from the house.

That same night I took my passage on board an Ostend steamboat, and floated in the darkness down the Thames, an exile from my native land.

J. A.

THE ANGLERS OF THE DOVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER VII.—A HARVEST EVENING AT TUTBURY.

It was a glorious harvest day in Farmer Chell's fields, but dreary and darksome in the house, when Polly sat there, with no companion but the little dying brother who lay across her lap. The whole household, except these two, were in the field. The farmer had summoned all hands, to make the best use of the fine weather; and there they were, in the sunshine and the shade, reaping, binding, singing, resting, drinking ale and cracking jokes, while Polly had darkened the window, and was moistening the child's lips, and wishing that somebody would come to the door. Her mother had thought the child was worse; but all the rest had said that these kind of cases went on without end; and she might as well say he would die next Martinmas as to-day. Since the morning, however, there had been a change; and Polly perceived that he could not live to see his parents again. She once went as far as the door, to look out for the chance of some one being within sight: but the slightest movement so distressed the child that she returned to her low seat, and remained motionless till he had breathed his last sigh, with his head on her shoulder.

She was full of awe. She had seen more than one person die; but she had never before been alone with death. The hour was too solemn for

tears. She laid him down on his little bed, closed his eyes, crossed his thin hands upon his breast, and stood looking at him, thinking of the first time she saw him, when he was only a few hours old, and of the plaything he was as an infant, and of the growth of her love for him since, and of the relief it would be to that love for him that he would now suffer no more. She was startled from her reverie by a touch on the shoulder. Two of her village acquaintances, Dolly and Cicely, the silk knitters, who could carry their work about with them, and knit as they went, and who were apt to infest their friends' houses as persons of other trades could not, had entered unheard. They were full of excitement. The Queen of Scots was coming back,—coming to the Castle that very night,—some said within an hour,—some said at any minute now. Polly must come and see the sight.

When she turned, her countenance startled them. She pointed to the little corpse. The intruders cast a scared glance at each other, and rushed out of the house without waiting for a word. They ran till stopped by want of breath: and when each asked the other why she was so frightened, neither could very well say. It was so strange,—that moody girl all alone with the dead child—standing staring at him, and with no

tear in her eye, and not a word to say! What was she doing? At first they said she was doing nothing: but then they could not be sure she was doing nothing; and by degrees they were certain that she was making signs with her hands, and muttering with her lips. It must have been a warning within them of something wrong which made them run as they did. Should they go to the field, and tell the farmer and his wife? or should they run to the Minister, and let him know what things were doing? As they did not wish to miss seeing the Castle procession pass, they decided on keeping watch on the path to Farmer Chell's—listening towards the road, and spying towards the house. They did not watch in vain. Sampson came from the paddock, leaped the fence, and entered the house.

Polly had made several discoveries about Sampson since they were married, two months ago: but she was surprised now, when she thought nothing about him could surprise her again, at his carelessness about the position in which he found her. She believed he would mourn the little brother as a brother should; she believed he would sorrow with her, and minister to her mother: but at this moment he could think of nothing but the expected arrival at the Castle.

"Everything has come upon us at once," he said. "There is news which her Grace must hear: there will be gentry wanting secret speech with the Castle; and I may be sent to London, or to York, or Hartlepool, at any moment."

"To Hartlepool! Where is that?"

"Ay! I see I must trust you with more than you think for. I believe you are a good Catholic now, Polly;—such a Catholic as may be trusted in the greatest cause that ever stirred the world."

"I am sorry for the rightful Queen; and I would do anything to save her from the proud usurper in London there, who persecutes us all,—Catholics and true Protestants."

"True Protestants, Polly! How can Protestants be true?"

"Well; you know what I mean:—the people who follow Dr. Pantlin, and believe as I believed not long ago; and you too, Sampson."

"No; that is a mistake, Polly; and I must make you understand about it now. I was under religious orders when I seemed to be a Protestant. Many are so: and there is reason for it. You are sorry for this oppressed Queen; and you abhor her bastard kinswoman—"

Polly started, and looked round.

"Nobody hears;" and as they at the same moment looked at the little white face before them, Sampson's voice trembled, and the tears at last sprang to Polly's eyes.

"He will never hear us more!" she sobbed.

"Listen, Polly," said her husband, "for there may be no time to lose. The quarrel of these queens is but a small matter, though the whole world is talking of it. As a woman's quarrel it is nothing; as a strife for a coat-of-arms, or a royal succession, or even a present throne, it is no such great matter. There have been such quarrels before in every country. It is because the salvation of the whole world depends on the fate of

these kinswomen that the times are such as men have never seen before."

"I do not understand all these things," said Polly: "but Father Berthon says I have only to obey the Church through him, and I shall know all that is necessary. I do not want to know any more: for it is difficult enough now, living in the same house, and with the same people, when all is really so different from former days. Sampson, I do wish we could have a home of our own!"

"We will, child, as soon as we can with any safety: but you must hear me now. 'The fate of all mankind hangs,' Father Berthon says, 'on the fate of these two Queens.' If the heretic prevails—But we need not think of that; for her doom is certain. When Queen Mary rides into London to be crowned, perhaps by the Pope himself, the Church will be safe, and the happy old times will have come back again."

"Will that ever be?"

"Yes, it will."

"And what will the Protestants do?"

"There will be none. There must be an end of them by that time."

"O, Sampson, how?"

"Most of them will return to the Church; and those who will not must take the consequences. Think of the great Princes who are banded together! When we hear of this poor Queen of Scots being forlorn and weak in the hands of her proud kinswoman, we must remember that it is Elizabeth who is forlorn and weak. Except the traders in the Low Countries, she has few friends; and she will have fewer before another year; for the Pope's ban will come out by Christmas, they say. Queen Mary has the French Court with her, and nearly all France; and the great great sovereign—"

"The Pope?"

"The Pope, of course; but the great, rich, pious, powerful prince—"

"Philip of Spain, you mean. But is he not cruel? And does not he talk sometimes of invading us?"

"Hush!" said Sampson, afraid that his own ears should hear such words. "Not us! He may, and France may, invade England; but not you and me. All good Catholics will be safe. Now, this brings me to what you must hear,—somewhat sooner than I intended. I will show you how safe you and I shall be whenever the Catholics come. Look here!"

And Sampson drew from a concealed pocket in his dress a small leather case, in which there was a silver medal, like some which were given as prizes to improvers of the arts of manufacture on the Continent. It would be supposed by a stranger that Sampson had been distinguished as a silk-weaver; and Polly now asked why she had never seen this medal before. Sampson, however, showed her the reason why. The medal could be opened; and fixed within it was a slip of parchment, exhibiting a device in colours known to every priest, and to all orthodox political leaders of the time.

"It is my master's device and signature," whispered Sampson. "Yes, the great Philip of Spain is my master. I am here as his servant."

"Do you mean as his spy?"

"Yes;" Sampson replied stoutly: "and from this time you must be his servant, too. There are several of us in England always: always one at least where there are Brabant, or Swiss, or French silk-weavers and knitters: and there will be always one or more wherever this poor Queen is detained."

"Does she know this?"

"She does: but she has, in every new place, to learn to whom to trust. You must get into her presence—"

"I cannot, Sampson! I never can. How should I be ever face to face with a Queen in a castle?"

"Perhaps it may be in this wood: but I will see to that. Wherever it is, you will have to catch her eye with that device within the medal.—'When?' Some day very soon."

"You must not leave the medal with me meantime, Sampson. I cannot undertake the charge."

"You must. You may be sent for when I am absent. Moreover, there will be strangers in the neighbourhood, now that the Queen has returned; and, perhaps, one or two may be lodged in this house; and you may have to show some one of them that you are to be trusted."

"Not in my father's house," Polly declared. "Not while my poor mother is mourning this child. I have yielded much to you, Sampson. I have got bewildered,—I fear I might say lost,—among you and your friends—"

"Not lost, but saved, as you will find when the French and the Spaniards come."

"But I will not plot about Popes and Queens under my father's roof. Our own little affairs,—a village girl marrying one lover or another, and being married by priest or parson, secretly or openly,—all that is one thing; and plots which might bring my father to prison, or the gallows, are another. I cannot keep the medal here."

The creak of the harvest waggon in the lane,—a sound so joyous in former years,—now struck upon her heart. Her parents must be coming home. As they arrived at the door, Sampson carried his point about the medal. He departed by the other door, pointing to the case as it lay on the child's bed. Polly had but just time to hide it in her dress.

It was a dreary evening. The mother said incessantly that she should never forgive herself for going out that day. In the unreasonableness of grief, she said that perhaps her child would not have died if she had been beside him; and the farmer moodily observed that he was of that opinion too. Polly explained how there was nothing to be done; how lonely she had felt, and yet how certain that the child's last hour had come: and she wept bitterly over the hardship of being made, in a manner, finally answerable for the death of the child who had been kept alive so long at least as much by her tender nursing as by her mother's. She supposed it was the effect of a new grief upon a stern man, which made her father what he was that night, and afterwards. He scarcely spoke: he would receive nothing from her hand, he seemed to fear,—perhaps to hate her. She wondered whether he could have been made suspicious of her secret

marriage. She thought not, as his manner was not that of an angry man: but, whenever the priest should give her leave to tell, she hardly thought she dared do it, if her father continued to watch her as he did. He would not say a word of what he intended to do about burying his child,—the supreme difficulty in the day of the dispersion of the clergy. There lay the little body, at first on its bed, and then in a rude coffin made in the woodcutter's shed; and even the mother did not know where it was to be put underground. Her husband had muttered that it was enough that his child had been bewitched in its lifetime: it should have a safe sleep now, and an easy grave.

The village gossips had much to say that summer night, for her Grace had returned to the Castle. It seemed like a sudden return; for strange men had been up at the Castle two days before, very busy among the furniture of her Grace's apartments; so that it was supposed that everything was to be new hung and beautified before her return: yet here she was, before the rooms could have been even put in proper order.

She was more stately and graceful than ever. So the gentlemen in her train agreed; and such was the feeling of the country people, however they might express it. Seeing her ride by, with her grave countenance, her courteous greeting to the people, and her dignified manner to her own servants, the by-standers could not have believed, if they had been told, that she had given way to passion so lately, and had even appealed to the wayside crowd for rescue.

The Countess had hastened forwards within the last hour, and was now awaiting her guest at the great entrance. She made, with some carelessness, the requisite apology for the Earl's absence, and the introduction of Sir Francis Knollys as his temporary substitute: and she was not sorry to be dismissed from attendance at the door of Mary's apartments. She had had too little time for effacing the signs of the handiwork of the messengers from London, and she did not desire to witness her Grace's indignation on finding how her desks and cabinets had been dealt with. If the Lady Bess had entered, she would have found that some diligent hands had restored the disorder which she had partly retrieved. The apartment had the air of having been rifled the night before. As Mary glanced round from open drawer to door ajar, she lifted her hands piteously, and sank on the nearest couch. It might seem strange that she could at such a moment admit a servant to report of garments and hangings: but the gay needleman of her suite desired admittance, and at once obtained it.

"Your Grace must take heart," he said, smiling. "There is no harm done."

"How is that possible? Tell me in a word how great the misfortune is."

"There is no misfortune, madam. I must speak, as you say, in one word; and that word is that all is safe."

"My papers safe?"

"They are—safely burned two days ago. If your Grace has heard," he continued, smiling, "of any seizure of papers, that is true also. What

those papers were that were seized is another question."

"But my friends—the friends in the north, and—Norfolk?"

"All secure as yet. Nay, I assure your Grace I speak only what I know. The Duke of Norfolk is travelling to court, where he has been invited to dine with the Queen. We know his Grace well enough to understand how he will profit by the occasion."

"I trust so," answered Mary, with a sigh of relief. "But is it possible—can such a thing befall me as that none of my friends have suffered? De Naou? Curle? Were they not arrested?"

"Your Grace's secretaries were both arrested: but that event had been provided for. Nothing was under their charge which could imperil them; and nothing within their knowledge which could compromise your Grace."

"It is a boon from Heaven to have such a friend as you," said Mary, her eyes filling with tears. "But I must take the warning of this event, and resign myself to my fate without further struggle."

"My counsel, if permitted," said the disguised priest, cheerfully, "is that your Grace should first resign yourself to sleep. That is the duty of this night. What to do and dare hereafter, we shall see hereafter."

He proceeded to take his leave; but had to answer one or two more questions. He related that he was still consulted by the hostess as a spy on her Grace. He had established a channel of communication for letters from abroad; and any person who, appearing in any capacity before her Grace, should exhibit the signature of his Majesty of Spain, might be charged with letters as a safe post. The Earl would return as soon as he could by any means bear the journey; and his return would be very welcome. Her Grace's devoted friends would meantime remain at hand, to protect her as far as possible from the insolence of Sir Francis Knollys. In short, her Grace's position was in no respect worse than when she left Tutbury; but rather it was better, inasmuch as seizures had been made without result.

"What say the country folk?" asked Mary. "I fear these alarms making them spies upon my friends. What say they to these alarms?"

"Your Grace must not be displeased at the answer to that question," replied the priest. "They say that it is by witchcraft that your Grace holds fast all eyes and all hearts. They are a wonderfully superstitious people, now that they have lost the true faith; and they will no more meddle with your Grace's affairs than they would rummage the papers and implements of the Wise Man who lives in the wood yonder. I entreat you, madam, to take heart when all is so well."

"I will," said Mary; "and I will not forget whose voice gave me this comfort. May you have such peace as you have given to me!"

It rather startled the priest to see, half an hour later, her Grace and the Ladies Hamilton and Douglass walking on the terrace by moonlight, and to catch the tones even of mirth as they walked; but he said to himself that it was a natural revulsion from the terror of the last three days.

"See her," whispered a voice on the river bank

below. "By the faintest blink of moonlight, one would know her from every other. But one thirsts the more for her voice. If one could scale the height there, and nestle under the wall—"

"Felton, you are mad," said Stansbury, laughing. "A Bedlamite would not think of scaling that rock."

"That may be a mistake," said Felton, quietly. "However, the sight we see is enough for this night. What a queenly heart and courage she has,—to leave her chamber, and taste the summer night, after passing through the fiery furnace of the last three days."

"Possibly she has good news of the Duke," Stansbury suggested, and to this his comrade made no reply.

CHAPTER VIII. POLLY BEGINS TO KNOW THE WORLD.

As the autumn advanced, the Earl of Shrewsbury recovered his health. He would have returned to Tutbury much sooner if either he could or his wife could not have been present with his charge. Her daily messengers kept up his fever beyond its necessary term; for they brought letters detailing harshnesses and indignities inflicted on the captive Queen, which the Earl felt as a sort of disgrace to his own honour. Before his physician would declare him able to travel, he was on his way to Tutbury; and within twenty-four hours of his arrival, Sir Francis Knollys was gone.

The Earl had heard and seen enough in passing through the forest and village to be satisfied that there was something wrong among the people. His lady could only say that that was a matter of course wherever the Queen of Scots inflicted her malignant presence. More definite information than this being needed, the Earl's gentlemen were sent down to learn what they could of the state of affairs in the village and the country round. Meantime, one of the servants made known that there was a young woman then at the gate,—sent for about some silk nets for her Grace's ladies,—a girl likely to know what the people were thinking and saying: and in a trice Polly found herself, to her great consternation, in the presence of the Earl and Countess, instead of her patron, the needleman.

"I know you, girl," said the Countess. "You are the daughter of the yeoman at the edge of the forest."

Polly curtsied.

"Are you married?" asked Beas, in her blunt way.

"Perhaps going to be," the Earl observed, seeing Polly's confusion.

"What I am thinking of," said the Countess, "is that somebody said, after that youth—that artisan from Switzerland—came here, that he was going to marry you: and if that did not happen to be true, the youth might serve, as he is said to be educated, to send to the university for a year, to qualify for our church here. It is a serious thing the church being closed so long. I believe it to be at the bottom of the discontent that we hear of below. The bishop says we may not reckon on any pastor from him; for half the pulpits are empty. If this youth—I forget his name—"

"Sampson Rudd."

"If Sampson Rudd is married, or likely to be, the thing cannot be done, because the Queen does not approve of a married clergy."

"She would allow a married priest rather than none," the Earl observed.

"Perhaps so; but in this place it is necessary to be very careful in the choice of a preacher, as long as the papists throng hither as they do. As the young woman seems unwilling to speak," the Countess observed to her husband, "I suppose Sampson Rudd is not one to answer our purpose."

Polly admitted that Sampson certainly intended not to be a bachelor; and then she was glad of a subject to speak on. She told of her little brother's coffin, covered over in the garden, for want of a priest to bury it; and she could answer any questions about the itinerant preachers who appeared every few weeks; and especially Dr. Pantlin, the old favourite over the whole country side, who preached in the wood, or among the rocks on the moor, while the cobwebs thickened upon the church-door. Further than this, Polly gave no definite information. The people were in an uncertain temper, no doubt. Some of them believed something was going to happen. The thunderstorms had been so awful this summer,—that was one thing; and there were reports of great dangers to the Queen and the Church. Which Church?—Why, for that matter, there was talk about both: but the new people from abroad, the silk manufacturers, were afraid of the same thing happening again that had happened before,—that their relations would be murdered by the Romanists.

"Where?" the Earl inquired.

"Wherever they may be, my Lord. Some in Switzerland, where Sampson lived so long; and more in the Low Countries and in France; and some say here,—in London, and as far as Tutbury itself."

"You do not believe that," said the Earl, smiling. "You do not expect to have your throat cut by any Frenchman or Spaniard?"

How should she know what to expect? Polly asked. It was said that persons much wiser than herself were very uncertain. It was said that her Majesty herself had told her greatest lords that she was so surrounded by plots that she did not know which way to turn: and if the Queen felt so, with all her guards about her, poor people down in the country, who were ordered about, two or three different ways, about their religion, and always threatened by somebody, might well be troubled in mind, and somewhat out of temper. This seemed to the Earl very reasonable; and he said so, adding that all good subjects might comfort themselves, as the Queen certainly did, with the certainty that no foreigners would be allowed to do any harm to Queen or people. Englishmen of all religions, as well as of all ranks and fortunes, would join with one heart and one soul to beat off any invader who should attempt mischief here. With this piece of comfort, Polly was dismissed, to receive her orders from the tailor.

Steps must be taken to open the church, the Earl said. And there must be some further discouragement of strangers; too many of whom came, and held intercourse with the residents. "If you believe," said the Earl, "that all those

gentry that I see are here to fish and sport in the forest, you are more easy of belief than I am."

"Nobody sees so much of them as the tailor," the Countess said: "his affairs bring him into intercourse with the people every day of the week; and he is my chief authority."

"And you think him thoroughly trustworthy,—sure to be right?"

"He certainly is. He knows this false woman within there in spite of her winning airs. He has said enough to me, many a time, to prove that she does not captivate quite everybody."

"How happens it that he is still in her service? Women are sharp enough in discovering whether they are liked or despised by those about them."

"He is sufficiently obsequious—"

"To her or to you, Bess? He deceives one or the other of you."

"I will prove to you what his disposition is," the Countess said. "He hears a great deal of news,—tailors are like barbers for that,—and one of his late anecdotes is this. He says the Duke of Norfolk was sent to London to dine with the Queen, at the time of our alarm. Yes,—everybody knows that; but see the spirit of what follows. Upon the Queen warning him, in a significant way, to lay his head on no unsafe pillow, he readily fell into discourse with her Majesty about the Queen of Scots, calling this fair lady here a murderess, and an adulteress, and a pretender. He said he had nothing to desire beyond what his Sovereign had enriched him with; and that he was more of a prince in his own bowling-alley at Norwich than her Grace of Scotland in her own kingdom. I doubted how this could be; but that is not the question."

"Norfolk explained at the moment," said the Earl, "that his revenues are larger than those of the kingdom of Scotland; and that his possessions were in his own hand, whereas those of the Queen's kinswoman were almost as visionary in Scotland as in England."

"Then the story is true?"

"It is; and it is known to many people."

"But this man would not have repeated it to me, you see, unless he was awake to the arts of the woman he measures in mind as well as in outward proportions."

The Earl was not so sure. His remark was:

"The man's telling you the story proves, not his opinion of the woman, but his knowledge of yours. He may be honest, however: I do not say he is not. But I shall not converse needlessly with him."

"And you will thereby lose many a useful hint," the wife declared. "Women make the best gaolers, after all."

That was a point which could not be settled at the moment. A more practical concern was one on which the Earl spoke with great decision. His guest must not be irritated and vexed by the presence of persons who were not agreeable to her. Sir Francis Knollys was gone: he should himself intrude as little as possible; and he could not see the necessity of any one but those invited by herself attending her in her walks and her retirement. The Countess shrugged her shoulders, declared she must keep the power of intrusion, as

a necessary safeguard, and received with infinite disgust her husband's commands to abstain from visiting her guest uninvited. To ascertain that her Grace was safe, morning and evening, was the Earl's own business; and more was not needed.

Meantime Polly, in another part of the Castle, had found her tongue. She had once little thought that she could speak in the presence of royalty as she was doing now.

She began her complaints to Father Berthon: but he presently bade her wait while he took her Grace's pleasure about the silk nets which occasioned Polly's visit. In a few moments he beckoned her to an inner apartment, and brought her and her wares into the presence of three ladies, one of whom was the Queen of Scots. He informed her Grace that the young woman had been devoted to her from the first moment she had seen her.

"And when was that?" Queen Mary asked.

"That winter evening, when the nobles and ladies came riding through the wood, and up to the Castle," Polly said, "and when the Queen herself looked—"

Polly stopped short.

"Looked like what?" asked the Queen, smiling.

"Like a vision of the twilight," Polly said, boldly, — "like a spirit, — like a downcast angel—"

"Enough, enough!" Queen Mary said,—not with any displeasure in her tone. "You are married to the young man Sampson?"

This time Polly made no evasions. Father Berthon had married her to Sampson; and it was as Sampson's wife that she came to speak now. She was bidden to speak; and she asked:

"Where is my husband? I am very unhappy; everything is going wrong; and I do not know where my husband is."

Father Berthon looked at the Queen, and received permission to speak at his discretion.

"Sampson is not far off," he said, "and you will see him soon. You shall be protected meantime. What is your trouble? Tell her Majesty what the people are saying and doing below."

"Let me hear it all," said Mary.

"First," said Polly, producing the medal-case, "I must entreat your Majesty or Father Berthon to take charge of this case and what is in it. Sampson compelled me to keep it, as my warrant if sent before your Majesty; and now it is not safe with me, day or night, and I get no rest."

The priest well knew the spring and the device. He handed it open to the Queen; and she forgot everything else in contemplating the device and signature of the deliverer from whom everything was expected, if England should fail to be restored to the true Church before Christmas. If France did not seat Mary in London as Queen of England within the next few weeks, Spain must take up the enterprise; and here, by the hands of a weaver's wife, arrived a token of Philip's good intentions. Such tokens were in the hands of high and low: Philip had spies and agents of all ranks and degrees; and no one of them ever offered his credentials to the gaze of the captive Queen without seeing her eyes fill with tears, and the pale cheeks flush with hope.

"This is indeed too precious to be put to risk," Mary observed, still contemplating the signature. "We will keep it safely for Sampson. We may promise that?" she inquired of Father Berthon.

"To keep it, or dispose of it safely," the priest declared. "But what is the special danger?" he inquired of Polly, as if he had not already heard.

"They have found out that I am married," said Polly; "and my father rages against me so that I am afraid for my life. His eye is never off me, and there is nothing that he does not say of me."

"What does he say?"

With a burst of tears, Polly told that her father charged her with having killed her little brother,—the little brother she was so fond of! "He must be mad," the priest observed; and Polly said he was like the rest,—all seemed mad together, except her mother and one or two more. Two girls, who happened to come in when the child had just died, were ready to swear that they caught Polly making magical signs over the body, and neither weeping nor making moan. It was most unfortunate that she was alone,—the whole household being out in the harvest-field, and nobody within call. Her father had taken advice, and she believed he would have her put in prison and charged with the murder; and she had dreaded being searched while she carried that token. The Queen inquired how long the child had been ill; and when she found the case was one of decline of many months, she cast up her eyes at the accusation of murder. Polly was eloquent on the madness, as well as the cruelty, of supposing that there was a woman in the world who could caress and tend a near relation,—one with whom she had been familiar, and whom she had ever loved,—and then murder him. As she spoke, a streak of paleness appeared round the beautiful mouth of the Queen, and spread and spread till Polly, in the midst of her excitement, observed it, and suddenly stopped. Father Berthon was frowning so that Polly's heart stood still. The Queen cleared her voice, and quietly observed that she did not understand this now. Why should the girl murder her brother?

"It is witchcraft, your Majesty, they say."

"Then they have discovered your return to the Church?"

"Yes; but that is not all. There is a general fear of something,—of the Devil's doings, to say the truth," said Polly. "They take one after another of us to be bewitched, till I do not know where they will stop."

"Do they think I am bewitched?" asked Mary.

"They think your Grace is the witch," Polly replied.

The priest and the ladies would have laughed, but that the Queen sighed, while she smiled.

"Do they take Father Berthon for a sorcerer?" she asked.

"No, madam; but they take another to be so. The Wise Man ought to have warning of what they may do. I would have tried to run through the wood to him, but I was so watched!"

"He shall have warning," said the priest, "though, if he is such a wise man, he should not need it. But what is their plot?"

"They will fire the four corners of his house while he is asleep. They say that every hair of his body, and every word of his books and writings, must be burnt. I was listening all last night. O, no! the Wise Man has not been bewitching me, nor anybody. Indeed, what he said to me was just warning me—"

She suddenly stopped, and no satisfactory account could be obtained from her of what he had warned her about. As his words now rushed back upon her mind she stood covered with confusion, and Father Berthon resolved that he must learn from her every syllable of the Wise Man's warnings.

"What others?" the Queen asked. "What do they say of Father Berthon?"

"They say he is the only bit of merry England that is left. He is as good as a barber for news, they say, besides being learned in the modes, as her Grace's needleman ought to be."

"And is that all?"

"Yes," said Polly; "and that is more praise than any one else gets. The gentlemen who come to sport give their money freely, but I doubt their being welcome. Some think they are foreign papists sent—"

"What! Felton and Stansbury!" exclaimed Father Berthon. "They speak good Derbyshire English, if anybody does."

"Yes; and they are among the bewitched."

Again there would have been a smile, but for the Queen's extreme gravity. Polly went on:

"There is more said about their being—what they should not—than about others: and it is certain that people have reason to give for it. Three persons at one time—Martin, and Nancy Sporle, and Geoffrey Clippesby—saw Mr. Felton up high on the rock, between the great rowan and the terrace wall, where it is steepest. Now, that is a place where nobody ever yet climbed, or can climb, because it is upright and smooth as a wall. They say the Devil, who can carry one up to a pinnacle of the Temple, set him there, and brought him down again: and they believe it the more because Mr. Stansbury pretended to be only fishing, and not to see Mr. Felton at all, when he had certainly been watching him the minute before."

"You shall show me the place from the terrace," Father Berthon told Polly.

Being pressed to say what she dreaded,—what she thought would happen,—Polly could only declare that all was at sixes and sevens; or, perhaps, it seemed so to her, because she was confused and dizzy from fear and want of sleep. She believed her father would send her to gaol, and that the Wise Man's house would be burnt; and that the visitors in the neighbourhood might at any moment be mobbed and stoned as papists and foreign enemies. Some persons expected an invasion of the kingdom, and that Queen Bess would be deposed; and many talked of a general slaughter of the Protestants; or, at any rate, of the Calvinists. Nobody seemed to think that Old England would ever be Merry England again.

The tears sprang as Polly said this. The priest patted her on the shoulder, and bade her hope better things. Mary observed, with a look of kind compassion, that the poor thing had been hardly dealt with, by her husband having been

sent away without any reference to his young wife's feelings. If it was really known that Polly had returned to the old faith, the Castle was the proper place for her; and she commanded Polly to remain, and consider herself in the service of the Queen of Scots. Having found Polly willing to take the vows of service, the Queen went on to console her with some wonderful words. She said, while the priest looked upon the ground, as if in some doubt of the prudence of her so speaking:

"Those are not far wrong, my child, who expect changes soon. Old England is going to be Merry England again, under a sovereign who will restore the ancient faith, and put an end to all the religious quarrels which make men so rude and unhappy. If you will stay with me, and if Sampson brings us such news as he will in all likelihood be charged with, you will not repent having married him, nor having made friends of us. You shall go to rest this night, free from fear of any worse prison than your mistress inhabits. We shall all be free and happy soon."

"And I, for my part," said the priest, "will keep watch over yonder Wise Man's house. I know where to look in the wood for the blaze, if they were to put the torch to his house:—we can see it from the terrace. But we will keep a better watch than that. The house shall not be attacked."

Polly curtsied low at each promise of relief; and then she was taken to the terrace, to show Father Berthon the spot where Mr. Felton was seen, perched there by the Powers of Evil.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A GOSSIP ABOUT THE ART TREASURES AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

(Concluded from page 162.)

NOR was the mania for china less, strong in France, than it was amongst ourselves. Louis XIV. sent to China for his porcelain. Madame Dubarri, in her memoirs, tells a story of the ingenious way in which the King made a present to the Duc de la Vauguyon, through whose instrumentality the princesses had been induced to "receive" her. The King bought a solitaire of the value of 36,000 livres, and proposed that she should present it to the Duke.

"I dare not," replied Madame: "I shall surely offend him."

"Nonsense," said the King; "no one here will murder you for presenting a cadeau, but do it discreetly." Then thinking for a moment. "Parbleu," added he, "here is a way. Put this diamond on the finger of that mandarin yonder, and give him the pagoda with the jewel attached by way of ornament. Surely the most immaculate will not refuse to receive a porcelain monster."

Madame was charmed, and applauded the idea. So the ring was attached to the mandarin, and at once dispatched to the probably not unwilling Duke.

Madame de Pompadour, who reigned supreme in France for twenty years, was a strenuous patroness of the ceramic art. Her taste for luxury, and her love for the fine arts, were unbounded. Among other useful projects, she

established upon its present splendid scale the royal porcelain manufactory of Sèvres. Of all the European fabrics, this is by far the most beautiful in texture and softness, as it is incontestably the finest in painting and colour. The forms are not always good; no attempt seems to have been made to copy the classic outlines, many are heavy and cumbrous, but the paste of the early period is exquisitely soft and pearly. From 1750 to 1769 was the palmy period of the Sèvres manufactory. Then was produced the true "pâte tendre," which, from its peculiar texture, had the power of absorbing a large quantity of the pigments used, as well as of glaze; hence the extreme richness of the colours, and brilliancy of the glazed surface.

Fine specimens of this period, when decorated with grounds of bleu de roi, turquoise, or rose dubarri, and painted in subjects after Watteau or Boucher, command almost fabulous prices at the present time. Of the large number of vases now collected together, few, perhaps, would sell for less than 1000*l.* each; indeed, one rose dubarri vase has been sold since it was placed in the Exhibition for 2000 guineas.

The large and fine collection dispersed at the Bernal sale a few years ago fetched very high prices. A pair of rose dubarri vases, painted with Cupids, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for 1940*l.*; these had been acquired by Mr. Bernal many years before for 200*l.*

The principal part of the present collection is furnished by her Majesty, whose possessions in this branch of art are the finest in the world. The greater part was purchased by George IV., when Prince of Wales, at the period of the French revolution. Beau Brummell, who was a great connoisseur in these things, assisted, it is said, by a confectioner named Benoit, in the service of the prince, succeeded in bringing to this country some of the finest works of ceramic art which had adorned the walls of Versailles under the old régime. These fine works have only, at a comparatively recent period, been brought to light. They were found scattered in closets all over Buckingham House, where they had been put away for years.

If some of these vases could tell their tales of woes and joys, what a history might they not unfold. Created in the purlieus of the most brilliant and corrupt court in Europe, fondled by a Pompadour, a Louis XV., a Dubarri, or made to adorn some dainty boudoir of the many beauties of Louis XV.'s court (for it must be remembered these fine things were never made for sale), they seem equally with their possessors to have shared the terrible events of the revolution. A complete set is rarely found; they are mostly single specimens which have survived the dark days of anarchy and confusion, when the stately royal palaces and châteaux of the old noblesse were given up to plunder and destruction.

It is curious, in this collection, to see how many of these have been brought together again. There are several instances where the missing ones have been restored—where the long severed companions have, for a time at least, been made happy. Can these fragile things of the past tell each other of their joys and sorrows? Can they, during the

dark and silent hours of the night (they certainly cannot during the day), compare notes of their eventful lives? how they were happy and joyous together in the congenial society of the Trianon, or tell of the scandal and intrigues of the *Œil-de-bœuf*; or, oh, horror! of the utter disgrace and ruin that afterwards fell upon them, even to be handled and desecrated by the grimy paws of auctioneers' men, and knocked down for certain guineas to *la Albion perfide*, better far in their own artistic opinion, have been literally knocked down and smashed at once. But it is to be hoped these high-born objects are comforted at last, for most of them are owned, if not by royalty, at least by nobility; neither can it be said that their merits are unappreciated, for the two cases of Sèvres here exhibited are valued at not less than 200,000*l.*

A very fine rose dubarri vase, belonging to Lord Crewe, of the rare shape, somewhat resembling an ancient galley, finds itself in company again with its long-severed companions, viz., a pair of corresponding jardinières, also of rare form, sent by Mr. Goding. A fine bleu de roi vase, centrally placed, and lent by Mr. Loftus Wigram, is made happy again after strange wanderings in the East and the loss of its mate.

It has already been mentioned that the finer products of Sèvres were not made for sale, but reserved for presents. In the last century, when the French Government looked with jealous eye on our Eastern possessions, it was not uncommon to send presents to Eastern potentates. In 1791, when our army got possession of the spoil of Tippee Saib's tent, a pair of Sèvres vases were found which had been sent out from France. They fell to the lot of an officer, who brought them to England. They were kept "dark" for many years, during which period one got broken, and, so to speak, returned to its original clay: the other ultimately came into the possession of Mr. Wigram, and now finds itself again amongst old friends.

The painting on many of these vases is of a very high character. It was customary to employ artists of high repute to decorate the best works; and the same labour and talent bestowed on canvas would have produced fine pictures, and would now fetch high prices, but there is nothing to warrant the giving of 2000*l.* for a single vase.

The beautiful rose colour named after Madame Dubarri has been successfully imitated in England; this, together with the fine dark blue and turquoise blue, are amongst the most successful efforts of the Sèvres colourists.

Apart from its scarcity, there is undoubtedly a charm about the old Sèvres porcelain which, although not easy to define, still makes it the most coveted amongst collectors.

A large portion of a very fine set, known as the Roman History Service, has been exhibited by Her Majesty. It is of the finest bleu de roi, and decorated with paintings of classical subjects, principally by Dodir, one of the most celebrated of the Sèvres artists between 1780 and 1790. It formerly belonged to Egalité, Duke of Orleans. During the confusion of the Revolution, a portion of the service became severed from the rest; this ultimately reached the hands of a London dealer,

who, it is said, offered it to the Queen for 10,000*l.*; but as the ware is too costly for use, it was declined by Her Majesty. At all events, the missing pieces are now brought together, and they form a magnificent whole, illustrating most unmistakably the high state of perfection to which this manufacture had arrived.

There are few things in this collection more remarkable, or that tend to show the marvellous richness of our country in works of Art, than the case containing the twenty-four specimens of the peculiar pottery of Henry II.—known as “*Faïence de Henri II.*” Probably every specimen in existence is now known. Fifty-three pieces are extant; of these, twenty-eight are in France, one in Russia, and the remaining are contained in this case. This pottery is unique of its kind; its manufacture was not of gradual growth, but rose at once to a high degree of perfection, and was discontinued at the end of a few years. It is not known, at the present day, by whom or where it was carried on. It has been supposed that this *Faïence* was executed in Italy, but it differs materially from any known Italian manufacture; the greater part of the pieces are believed to have come from Touraine and La Vendée. It is, however, quite possible that the artists employed were Italian. The decoration consists principally of interlaced ornaments, in black or brown, upon a white ground. These elegant incrustations are not the only ornaments used; it is enriched also with alto-reliefs, mouldings, corbels, masks, &c.; in some cases with detached figures. The forms of the different vases are always pure in outline and in the style of the Renaissance.

Although we are ignorant of the locality of this manufacture, there is no difficulty in determining the exact period, and for whom many of the pieces were made. The Salamander, and other insignia of Francis I., are to be observed on some of the pieces; but, in the finer specimens, we find the arms of Henry II., of France, with his device—the three crescents—or his initial H. interlaced with the two D.'s of Diane de Poitiers. Hence, we must conclude that the manufacture began at the end of the reign of Francis I., and continued under that of Henry II.

The choicest example known is the candlestick belonging to Sir A. Rothschild; the form is monumental, and in the finest style; for delicacy of detail and beauty of execution, this piece has never been surpassed. It came from the collection of M. Préau some years since, at a cost of 220*l.* Another choice specimen is the large ewer sent by Mr. Magniac; it is of perfect form, and ornamented with masks and arabesques; the handle is formed by a human figure reversed, the legs terminating in serpents' tails, which twine round the shell that forms the mouth of the vessel.

Not less beautiful are the two smaller ewers belonging to Sir A. Rothschild, who now owns the largest number of pieces of this ware: some of these specimens were obtained at the sale at Strawberry Hill for very moderate sums, their value not being at that time apparently understood. The large price which this ware would now command, if offered for sale, may be under-

stood, when it is asserted that this case is worth 30,000*l.* A large portion of this estimate, however, must be ascribed to its rarity.

If the French can lay claim to the parentage of this pottery, we can also show another kind which is purely English work, and quite equal to it; indeed in some respects far superior. There are few works of native art of which we have better reason to be proud than of the exquisite productions of Wedgwood. About the middle of the last century he began to make experiments. After many years of labour and endurance, equalled only by that of *Palissy* himself, he produced the admirable fac-simile of the Portland or Barberini vase, of which there are three copies in this collection. When this vase (now in the British Museum) was offered for sale by auction, Wedgwood was anxious to possess it, thinking that many persons would be willing to pay a liberal price for a good copy. For some time he continued to offer an advance upon each bidding of the Duchess of Portland, until at length, his motive being understood, he was offered the loan of the vase if he would consent to withdraw his opposition, and the Duchess became the possessor for 1800 guineas.

But Wedgwood did not confine himself to copies; he produced many fine original works, a large number of which are now brought together. He was materially assisted by the classical learning and elegant taste of his early partner, Bentley, a descendant of the famous critic. Subsequently Flaxman was employed to model the more important works, when they assumed the elevated and refined form of the Grecian school.

There are some interesting specimens of the little known Fulham pottery, exhibited by Mr. Reynolds. This establishment was founded towards the end of the seventeenth century. The examples consist of whole-length figures and busts on a small scale; the modelling evinces very considerable merit, and it is to be regretted that the manufacture of an artistic fabric of so much promise should have lasted so short a time.

Such a fine collection of enamelled works on metal has never before been brought together in England; there are examples of all periods whenever the art was practised. In the Alexandrian necklace we have the rare instance of the use of enamel by the Greeks, and it is difficult to understand why so fascinating an art was not more general amongst a people who had such a keen appreciation of the beautiful.

The very fine, though mutilated, pectoral cross, from the Debruge collection, exhibited by Mr. B. Hope, is a rare example of the art as practised by the Byzantine workmen of about the tenth century: this process is termed “*cloisonné*.” The design is formed by slender lines of filagree gold attached to a plate of the same metal, so as to form the outline of the design; the interstices are filled with enamels of the colours required, which become vitrified and translucent under the action of fire; the whole is then polished, and thus becomes the most enduring of all modes of decoration. In the rare cup sent by Mrs. Paul, the enamel is not laid on, but worked into the metal lines of the sides and

bottom of the cup; the transparent enamel being held together merely by the fine lines of the filagree gold; this remarkable work is probably of the 14th century.

There are numerous choice examples of the process called "champ-levé." Here the copper-surface is chiselled out into the pattern required, in the same way that a wood block is prepared for printing; the cavities are then filled with many coloured enamels, and the whole ground down to a smooth surface, and the metal lines gilt. This process was practised extensively at Limoges during the thirteenth century.

A whole case is filled with very fine examples of the later Limoges enamels; a sort of revival of the art established by Francis I. about 1530, and adopted by Leonard Limousin. They are simply surface paintings, enamelled on copper; the colours used are frequently very rich and effective, especially in those portraits having a background of the deepest blue. Many fine works were produced "en grisaille," that is, the drawings were executed with white opaque enamel on black ground, the flesh tints were coloured, and the whole heightened with gold, thus producing a very harmonious effect. At the beginning of the 18th century the art sunk into utter imbecility.

The practice of enamelling was by no means confined to Limoges. Germany had a school of its own, as well as Italy; to one of these latter schools must be ascribed the very curious cup lent by Lord Arundell of Wardour; it is ornamented en grisaille, heightened with gold, both inside and out; the subject is the old story of the monkeys, who having stripped the traveller of his clothing whilst asleep, are scampering from tree to tree, each carrying some article of attire; it is full of the most playful fancy, and of wondrous delicacy of execution.

Another very remarkable example of the enameller's art is to be found in a pair of stirrups, sent by Mr. Forman; they are of the same form as those used in Turkey and in the south of Spain at the present day, having a square foot-rest with high rounded sides; they are ornamented with bands of the most delicate filagree gold, filled in with translucent enamel; the remaining portion is nielloed, that is, the surface in silver is slightly incised, and the interstices blackened with a preparation of sulphur; the arabesque pattern of this niello is very charming. The whole work is doubtless Italian, and is an unique example of this choice mode of decoration being applied to such a purpose. The price of five hundred guineas was not thought too much for the purchase of these fine things; and one can only marvel at what must have been the cost of a mediæval "mount," if the other trappings bore any proportion to the value of the stirrups.

Baron Lionel Rothschild, as becomes a millionaire of the first class, has a case all to himself. One of the most noteworthy things here is an antique Roman vase of coloured glass—if glass it be—it is a work of the lower empire, probably of the third or fourth century; the ornamentation consists of figures cut in high relief, and of foliage so completely undercut, that the different parts are only attached by projecting points; the colour

of the material is a sort of sage green, but the effect when seen by transmitted light is very beautiful; the ground becomes a delicate pink, and the thicker portions a lovely mauve. This rare object has almost its match in the corresponding angle of the case, where is seen a sculptured cup, cut out of a single topaz, larger than an ostrich's egg; it is mounted in cinque-cento enamel; the supports are formed by dragons in green and gold, the whole profusely sown with diamonds; a larger dragon, of the same costly material, forms the handle. This is a very choice example of mounting, and well illustrates the admirable way in which the Italian artists of that period used diamonds to give a life and brilliancy to their enamelled jewellery; a much more judicious employment of these precious stones than in the stiff, cold, silver setting of the present day, where all the interest centres in the value and sparkle of the stones, rather than on any artistic efforts which should have been bestowed upon the mounting. Another glorious example of this enamelled and jewelled mounting is to be found in the beautiful sardonyx cup sent by Mr. Beresford Hope. This mode of enamelling differs entirely from that of Limoges: it was practised in Italy by Cellini and others during the cinque-cento period. It was not confined to surface ornament; figures in high relief, and sometimes detached altogether, were minutely and exquisitely modelled, as may be seen in the jewel exhibited by Mr. Holford. Here, on an oval plaque, some three inches by four, is represented the whole subject of the Last Judgment; a multitude of figures is shown, surmounted by the angelic host, and our Lord resting on a rainbow; this is represented by fine opals, whose iridescent lustre conveys ingeniously, but somewhat clumsily, the idea of ethereal matter.

There are some fine specimens exhibited of the long-neglected art of damascening. This art, like so many others, was early practised in the East, especially at Damascus, hence the name; but subsequently with great success by the workers of Milan and Venice in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. These works in iron were formed by roughening the whole surface of the metal with a fine graver; the ornaments, for the most part consisting of thin threads of gold, were then fixed by means of pressure: the whole was afterwards burnished, which restored the ground, where not covered by the gold, to nearly its original polish. The table sent by the Duke of Hamilton, and the toilet mirror resting upon it, are fine examples of the process. The shield belonging to the Queen, and sent from the guard-room at Windsor, is another example of this mode of treatment. Here, the value of damascened work as an auxiliary to iron is shown in the great richness and warmth it gives to this otherwise cold material.

A very magnificent specimen of chased iron work, depending only on its own material, is seen in the chair sent from Longford Castle, perhaps the richest and most tasteful of its kind known. It was presented to the Emperor Rudolph II. by the City of Augsburg in 1574; it is adorned with small statues and reliefs of the most delicate workmanship, representing numerous events;

from the flight of *Æneas*, and the history of the Roman Emperors, down to the time of Rudolph. It was made by one Thomas Ruker, and it is remarkable that little or nothing is known of this artist by the local writers of the city of Augsburg, a place particularly distinguished for workers in iron during the sixteenth century.

On the conquest of Prague, the Swedes carried off this chair from the cabinet of curiosities. After being long in the possession of a noble family in Sweden, it was brought to England, and sold to the father of the present Earl of Radnor.

The collection of glass, both ancient and mediæval, is very rich; the two cases of Greek and Roman glass, sent by Mr. Webb, contain very choice examples.

There is also a charming piece of mediæval glass lent by the Duke of Hamilton and Brandon. It is a bottle of elegant form, almost covered with gold and enamels of the richest hue; the style of ornamentation, and probably the fabric, is of Arabian or Persian work. This is only another instance of the rich mine of artistic wealth which has come to us from the East. These orientals seem intuitively to understand the harmony of colours; whether it be a shawl from Cashmere—an ordinary Turkey carpet from Smyrna, or, in this instance, an early work of a Persian or Arabian artist—the same fixed principle is found. Take for example, as only one instance out of many, the neck of the bottle in question, the decoration is merely a foliated scroll in gold, with a light touch of crimson just to define the outline, placed on a rich blue ground; a small white thread of enamel interlaces the pattern and serves to mark the character of the idea: the result is excellent.

Indeed there are many examples in this collection, of purity and simplicity of design, which might well teach us a lesson when we see the senseless overlaying of ornament which is but too often found in our ordinary works of modern art.

There are some splendid specimens here of decorated furniture, a branch of art in which the French were unrivalled in the last century. A cabinet, sent by the Duke of Buccleugh, is a noble example of the Buhl fabric, as is the marqueterie piece, lent by the Duke of Hamilton, of inlaid wood work. There is also a cabinet of tulip wood, profusely decorated with ormolu, and ornamented with plaques of Sèvres porcelain in green, with three fine jardinières to correspond; this cabinet with its garniture of Sèvres, lent by Mr. Charles Mills, is a most dainty specimen of what the best French artists could produce in this way.

An equally fine example belonging to Mr. Barker is in the same case; here the ormolu is very finely chased, and the dark wood relieved by plaques of the purest white porcelain, covered with bouquets of flowers; the whole piece is a charming specimen of the kind of decoration which prevailed in the best salons and boudoirs of France, before the revolution and the *sans culottes* played such havoc in the French palaces.

The collection too is very rich in the snuff boxes of this powder and peruke period. In those days of stately action, the art of using the snuff box gracefully, was as much an accomplish-

ment as the proper use of the ladies' fan, as we read in "The Rape of Lock:"

"Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain."

All the art of the enameller, the painter, and the jeweller was lavished on the production of these gorgeous trifles; and although their original use has passed away, they are by no means to be overlooked. A glance at the magnificent series lent by Mr. Goding and others will show that some of the finest work of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries has been exhausted on snuff boxes.

Another branch of old art is well represented, that of illuminated manuscripts, one which, perhaps, reminds us more than anything else, in these days of never-ending type setting, of the change going on in the world. In mediæval times, when the production of a fine missal was almost the life-long work of a man, every page had an interest of its own. In the monotonous illuminated books of the present day, where every leaf is a weak counterpart of the rest, no such interest exists. A fine example of the old work may be seen in the interesting volume of St. Chad's Gospel, a work of the tenth century: the illuminations consist of the most delicate interlaced work, in subdued colours; the play of fancy in the endless combination of birds and beasts is most remarkable: it is a very fine example of the peculiar style of ornamentation in vogue in these islands, and especially in Ireland, during the three or four centuries preceding the Conquest. The large folio missal of English work, presented in 1506 to the parish church of Caldbeech, in Cumberland, is a gorgeous example of the richness of even our country churches in works of ecclesiastical art previous to the Reformation.

No part of the collection is more historically interesting than the specimens of Glyptic art contained in the two cases exhibited by the Queen. Thanks to the valuable work of the Rev. C. W. King, the knowledge of gems has become of late far better understood amongst us. From the nature of the objects exhibited, it is not in all cases possible to see them satisfactorily.

There will be no difficulty in recognising the grand antique Roman Cameo, bearing the profile bust of Constantine II. It has been pronounced the most important as to dimensions, subject, and material that distinguishes any English cabinet of gems. Immediately under the large cameo is a massy gold ring, set with a ruby of the finest quality, on which is cut a crowned head in profile of Louis XII. of France; this is perhaps the earliest authentic regal portrait extant of modern date; both for material and execution this gem is an invaluable example of this period of the art. The name of the king and the date of his death, 1515, are engraved inside.

Next comes a bust in front face, showing the bluff features of Harry VIII.; it is minutely finished upon a choice sardonyx. Still more important is another likeness of the same good-humoured tyrant, accompanied by that of the infant Edward VI. These likenesses, being after Holbein, tend (says Mr. King) to support the opinion that cameos were at that time executed in Italy or France after paintings sent to the gem engravers. The matured skill of the last half

century of the cinque-cento period has never produced a more extraordinary or more beautiful cameo than the bust of Queen Elizabeth upon a large and perfect sardonyx. The face is life itself, whilst the jewellery, the plaits, and intricacies of the head tire, and of the farthingale, testify abundantly to the incredible patience of the engraver. The disputed point, as to whether the true diamond has been engraved, is here set at rest by the signet made for Charles II. when Prince of Wales. In this the ostrich plumes are neatly and deeply cut upon a table diamond; and, to remove all possibility of scepticism, it has been examined and declared a diamond by Professor Tennant.

An account of the large and most interesting collection of miniatures now brought together would suffice to fill a volume. From the time of Henry VIII. down to the end of the last century, most of the notabilities are found represented in some form or other. The series opens with Holbein, and includes all that brilliant galaxy of miniature painters which flourished during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, such as Hilliard, Oliver, and Cooper; and the enamellers, Petitot, Boit, and Zincke; and ending only with Cosway. The collection represents in a small compass almost a complete national portrait gallery. There are several admirable miniatures of Oliver Cromwell, by S. Cooper, which deserve especial attention; and it may be observed with regard to this artist's works in general, that they are marked by such breadth of treatment and power, that, although merely miniatures, they rank in the highest sense as great paintings. The French series of miniatures is scarcely less rich, principally, however, of the beauties of the Court of Louis XIV. and XV.

When looking at these exquisite productions of a past age, one cannot but feel something more than regret that the miniature painter's art should have become almost a thing of the past; and, in truth, one feels but little disposed to accept as a substitute the grim formalities of the photographer's work. In fine, it must be owned, that great as our progress has been in many things during the present century, there is still much to be learnt by a careful study of these art treasures of bygone times.

J. E. N.

TAVERN SIGNS.

THE number and diversity of signs which prevailed at one time through every street of London, presents no uninteresting subject of research. The stern orders of unpoetic commissioners for paving, have now cleared away that infinite variety of highly embellished symbols which were once considered necessary to the well-being of every trade. The red brick front with its stone signs and window cornices, unregretted amidst modern improvements, has passed away, but a sumptuous banquet of speculation has been left to us in the inscriptions on public houses and other places, which those signs originated. For instance, to plunge at once into the midst of examples, we meet with The Pig and Chequers. Here the reflective mind is immediately provided with a fund of more or less probable hypotheses as to the

meaning of this somewhat extraordinary appellation. The last probably that will occur to it, is that The Pig and Chequers, with its sanded floor and sparkling ales, was at first a gaming house, that it was distinguished by the *Pique et Carreau*, or spade and diamond—which by the way exists now somewhere in the Isle of Wight, under the name of the Pig and Carrot,—represented on its sign board, and that owing perhaps to an undue appreciation of the *carreau*, or it may be partial obliteration of the *pique*, the form of the diamond induced its present name.

For our Red Lions, Blue Boars, and Black Swans, and other natural anomalies, which the student of high art has in some instances desired unhappily to perpetuate, we are indebted to the heraldic distinctions of noblemen, on whose property perhaps the hostelry was built, or by whose munificence it was chiefly supported, bearing on their coat armour a swan sable, a boar azure, or a lion gules. To this the Green Man is an exception, who may be confidently pronounced to be the bold Robin Hood; especially as, if the size of the picture admits it, and the artist places sufficient belief in his ability to represent him, Little John is commonly visible walking away in the far distance. It is a happy thing, and deserving of much congratulation, that at the present day publicans are most generally contented with a gorgeously lettered instead of a pictorial representation. This may be classed among the beneficial results of educational progress. Formerly the orthography and the painting were both mystical and undetermined, neither throwing much light on the other; now, with the exception of some few cases, as rare as they are full of warning, the orthography, and etymology alone remain to be explained. Strange must be the taste, observes Addison, after commenting with no little fervour on flying pigs and hogs in armour, of that man who, having all the beasts and birds in nature to choose out of, should yet prefer to call his house by the name of an *ens rationis*, of some creature more horrible and extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa.

After this consideration of simple monsters, we are not unfrequently startled by the close communion, under one sign, of creatures of jarring or totally incongruous natures—such as the Colt and Cradle, the Fox and Seven Stars, the Dog and Gridiron, the Cat and Fiddle, amongst which several pairs we would imagine that there could be nothing in common, neither would it be easy to conceive that they ever met before their hazardous conjunction on a sign-post.

The Devil and Dunstons was the sign of an ale-house within Temple Bar. The sign-board represented the devil sable, as he appeared when held by the nose by St. Dunstan. Hogarth has represented this sign in one of his illustrations of Butler's Hudibras. From some work on ecclesiastical history we learn that the devil was accustomed to assail St. Dunstan in numberless Protean shapes during his—the Saint's—hours of devotion. That on one occasion, when his satanic majesty assumed the figure of a lovely woman with flaxen hair, the saint was more than usually incensed by the profanation. Being engaged at the time in some chemical analysis for the production of gold, he

seized him with the instrument he was using, and held him till, as the ecclesiastical history asserts,

On hoofs erect the devil stood confessed.

At this juncture of the miraculous metempsychosis, the sign-painter appears to have embodied the pictorial representation. Near the saint a crucible is lying on the ground, St. Dunstan being supposed to be the patron saint of goldsmiths.

In conclusion it may be remarked, that signs served formerly as a general directory. There were but few names to the streets, and signs were almost the only landmarks. At night, when however few people ventured abroad, owing to the feeble and imperfect trust to be placed in the watchmen of the period, these signs were illuminated by lamps of divers colours, imparting to the aforesaid monsters an aspect of increased and surpassing hideousness.

THE GREEN CRAB.

Of all the animated denizens of our sea-shores, there is perhaps none more generally familiar than the common green crab, or the shore-crab, as it is also popularly termed—the *Carcinus Menas* of naturalists. Whether at high or low water, at ebb or flow, hiding under overshadowing weeds, or craftily sunk beneath the sand, this quaint, waddling, green-backed crustacean is to be found, equally active, and equally pugnacious. With the exception of children, who are always delighted with the odd manoeuvres of the creature, people mostly look upon it with contempt, partly because it is too small to hurt them much, and partly because it is not good to eat, having hardly anything inside its olive-green shell, and the little that there is not being well-flavoured. Yet, beneath that unprepossessing exterior is concealed a vast fund of interest, and the visitor to the sea-side will find himself well repaid by watching the habits of our olive-coloured friend.

The best time and place for observing the green crab in the fulness of its energies is just before high tide. And at the edge of the advancing waters crabs rise out of the sand in all directions, like the warriors sprung from the dragon's teeth, and as if to complete the analogy, each is supplied with defensive and offensive armour, and each is at mortal enmity with its companion.

As the waters roll towards the shore, the crabs advance with the waves, ever hovering on the extreme verge, and hungrily watchful for their prey. The dashing waves tumble them over in a most unceremonious fashion, but without in the least disturbing their equanimity, and it is amusing to see how cleverly they guard themselves from being washed back into the sea by sticking their hooked legs into the sand, like animated grapnels.

Before watching the habits of the creature, just let us catch one, and examine the marvellous manner in which its form is adapted for the life which it leads.

The legs are so constructed that they permit their owner to move backwards, forwards, or sideways with equal ease, a capability which is of the greatest importance in procuring food, as well as in escaping from foes. The latter contingency is also beautifully provided for by the shape of the

body, which is so formed as to enable the creature to burrow beneath the sand with singular rapidity, leaving scarcely a trace of its presence.

To watch the animal thus employed is an interesting sight. The crab half erects itself on its tail, fixes its claws firmly into the ground, and begins to shovel up the sand with the sharp hinder edge of its tail, just as a child digs a hole with its wooden spade. If the sand is wet, three or four vigorous movements are sufficient to sink the crab below the surface, when the next wave washes a quantity of loose sand over the spot, and nearly obliterates the traces of the creature that is lurking below. A practised eye will, however, detect the concealed crab by means of the bubbles that issue from the sand in consequence of the air expressed from the system.

Here we may mention that the proper way to catch a crab without being bitten is to press the forefinger smartly on the middle of the back, and then to grasp the two side edges with the thumb and middle finger. The claws are thus forced to fold their joints, and their painful bite need not be feared.

Holding the crab in this manner, turn it over, and examine the wonderful manner in which the limbs are packed, and how admirably they accommodate themselves to the habits of the animal. The claws, when folded, exactly bring their extremities to the mouth, so that any food can be carried to the right place, and literally "tucked in." The mouth itself is an apparatus so complicated that it cannot be described further than a series of jaws and teeth, placed behind each other in regular succession, and opening like horizontal shears.

A creature that depends upon its own exertions to capture the active prey on which it feeds, must necessarily be furnished with powerful eyes, which are capable of extending the faculty of vision over a very large field. These eyes are seen on the front margin of the crab, placed on footstalks, and having a peculiar nacreous lustre on their grey-brown surfaces. On examination with a good pocket-lens, the eyes are seen to be compound, i. e. formed of a great number of facets, each possessing the power of vision, and all communicating with their common optic nerve. The delicate raised lines caused by the serried ranks of these compound eyes are the origin of the peculiar lustre just mentioned. It will be seen, too, that the visual portion of these organs passes partially round the footstalks, so that when the creature protrudes its eyes it can see objects on all sides with equal ease.

Now, replace the crab in the water, and watch it as it exhibits the instinct which has been implanted in its being by its divine Creator.

Advancing with the flowing tide, and ever remaining within a foot or two of the edge, the crab keeps its eager watch for food, and suffers few living things to pass without capturing them. The whole nature of the animal seems to be changed while it is seeking its prey. The timid, fearful demeanour which it assumes when taken at a disadvantage wholly vanishes, and the apparently ungainly crab becomes full of life and spirit, active and fierce as the hungry leopard, and no less destructive among the smaller beings that frequent the same locality.

Now does it show the singular advantages of its ubiquitous mode of progression. Let a tiny fish, a smaller crustacean, or a soft mollusc pass within a reasonable distance, and the crab darts at it with a tigerlike energy, seldom failing to secure its prey. I have seen these crabs run after and catch the black flies that are so common upon the sand, and once saw a burrowing wasp (*Odynerus*) snapped up as it alighted on a bit of seaweed. Everyone who has walked along a sandy shore at evening is familiar with the shrimp-like sand-hoppers or sand-skippers (*Talitrus*) that leap about with such untiring energy, and the difficulty of capturing one of these active creatures. Yet I have seen the green crabs give chase to the sand-hoppers, and pounce on them as cats on mice.

The method employed in their capture of all active animals is rather unique. As soon as the crab sees the intended prey, it sits up for a moment, darts at the doomed being, and literally flings itself upon the victim, imprisoning it beneath the body, and hemming it in by means of the legs, which make an impassable cage around. One of the claws is then inserted under the body, and the prisoner picked daintily out as if by a dexterous thumb and finger. One claw then holds the prey, while the other pulls it to pieces and puts the morsels deftly into the mouth. The crab knows the value of time, and loses not a moment in disposing of its prey, tucking it into its voracious maw with amusing dispatch, and looking out the while for a fresh victim. Once I saw a very large sand-hopper make its escape from its pursuer. It gained nothing, however, but a temporary release, for the crab instantly gave chase, secured, and ate it in a few moments.

Fierce and destructive as it may be, the green crab is itself a frequent victim to more powerful foes, and is often doomed, with poetical justice, to undergo the sufferings which it has inflicted upon other beings. None are more terrible enemies than those of its own species, for the crab is an insatiate cannibal, devouring its kindred without the slightest compunction. In all these cases, however, it is needful that the dimensions of slain and slayer should be very disproportionate, as the crab cares not to earn a meal through a fight.

I was lately witness to a very amusing episode, where a large and powerful crab caught sight of a tender little one, as it scuttled over the wet sand. Away started the giant in full chase, and away ran the pigmy, as if knowing that life and death hung on the issue of the race. In spite of the great disproportion in size, the superior activity of the smaller crab prevented its pursuer from gaining much ground; but at last its strength evidently began to fail, and I thought it must inevitably succumb to the terrible foe that pressed so fiercely on its footsteps. Suddenly, however, it darted under a stem of *laminaria* that was lying on the shore, gathered all its limbs under its shell, and there lay motionless. The pursuer was instantly baffled. It raised itself in the air and surveyed the shore in all directions. Then it prowled about like a cat that has lost a mouse. It even was cunning enough to turn over some bits of seaweed that were lying on the shore, but never thought of searching under the thick stem of the

laminaria. At last it gave up the pursuit, returned disconsolately to the sea, shovelled itself under the sand, and I saw it no more. Its intended victim then cautiously looked from its place of shelter, just protruded a claw, then a leg, then looked again, and at last came boldly forth, and went off to catch something on its own account.

As a general rule, the larger the size of the crab the more bellicose is its disposition. The smaller specimens are usually discreet as well as valorous, and if surprised either run away as fast as they can, or burrow into the sand with all speed. But the great, broad-shelled bully of the rocks has had his own way so long that his first impulse is always to show fight, and no sooner does he catch sight of the advancing foe than down goes his tail and up go his claws, and there he sits, defiantly ready for instant combat. It is as well to be cautious about handling such a champion, for he can strike with his claws as swiftly as a serpent darts its armed head, and should he miss his aim the clash of the bony weapons is distinctly audible.

Be it well understood that a bite from such a creature is no trifle, for the claws are enormously powerful, and their tips are sharply toothed, and they hold like the jaws of a bull-dog.

Even this belligerent animal is oftentimes fain to retreat before a foe of greater powers, stronger weapons, and harder shell, the edible crab which figures on our tables, and is known among the seaside population as the punger. Fortunately, however, for our green friend, the punger mostly inhabits a different belt of water, being most commonly found among the rocks at low-water mark, whereas the green crab lives almost wholly above that elevation.

Many persons when walking along the shore have observed a curious series of little marks on the sand, set in rows of five or so in depth, and meandering in seemingly purposeless irregularities. At first the marks appear to be made without any order, but a little examination will show that the same group of marks is repeated at regular intervals. These are the foot-tracks of the green crab, and the distance between the similar lines of marks denotes the size of the animal that made them.

Guided by these tracks, an experienced shore-haunter can often follow the crab to its place of concealment, and bring it to light, whether it be buried in the sand, or lying under the shelter of pendent seaweeds. In attempting this feat, however, it is as well to be quite sure of the direction in which the crab has gone, so as not to be led away from, instead of towards, the hidden crustacean. This object can always be attained by examining the shape of the marks, which are always larger at one end than the other, the larger extremities always pointing in the direction which the crab has taken.

There is much more to be said of these creatures, but failing space will not permit of further description. Should, however, any reader of these lines suffer the annoyance of a wet day at the seaside, he is hereby recommended to procure a waterproof garment, to betake himself to the shore as the tide is rising, and amuse himself by watching the crabs.

J. G. Wood.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XIII. THE REVELATION TO LADY VERNER.

It was a terrible blow ; there was no doubt of that : very terrible to Lionel Verner, so proud and sensitive. Do not take the word, proud, in its wrong meaning. He did not set himself up for being better than others, or think everybody else dirt beneath his feet : but he was proud of his independence, of his unstained name—he was proud to own that fine place, Verner's Pride. And now Verner's Pride was dashed from him, and his independence seemed to have gone out with the blow, and a slight seemed to have fallen upon him, if not upon his name.

He had surely counted upon Verner's Pride. He had believed himself as indisputably its heir, as though he had been Stephen Verner's eldest son, and the estate entailed. Never for a moment had a doubt that he would succeed entered his

own mind, or been imparted to it from any quarter. In the week that intervened between Mr. Verner's death and burial, he had acted as entire master. It was he who issued orders—from himself now, not from any other—it was he who was appealed to. People, of their own accord, began to call him Mr. Verner. Very peremptory indeed had been a certain interview of his with Roy the bailiff. Not, as formerly, had he said, "Roy, my uncle desires me to say so and so ;" or "Roy, you must not act in that way, it would displease Mr. Verner ;" but he issued his own clear and unmistakable orders, as the sole master of Verner's Pride. He and Roy all but came to loggerheads that day ; and they would have come quite to it, but that Roy remembered in time that he, before whom he stood, was his head and master—his master to keep him on, or to discharge him

at pleasure, and who would brook no more in-subordination to his will. So Roy bowed, and eat humble pie, and hated Lionel all the while. Lionel had seen this; he had seen how the man longed to rebel, had he dared: and a flush of pain rose to his brow as he remembered that in that interview he had *not* been the master; that he was less master now than he had ever been. Roy would likewise remember it.

Mr. Bitterworth took Lionel aside. Sir Rufus Hantley had gone out after the blow had fallen, when the codicil had been searched for in vain—had gone out in anger, shaking the dust from his feet, declining to act as executor, to accept the mourning-ring, to have to do with anything so palpably unjust. The rest lingered yet: it seemed that they could not talk enough of it, could not tire of bringing forth new conjectures, could not give vent to all the phases of their astonishment.

"What could have been your offence, that your uncle should alter his will, two years ago, and leave the estate from you?" Mr. Bitterworth inquired of Lionel, drawing him aside.

"I am unable to conjecture," replied Lionel. "I find by the date of this will that it was made the week subsequently to my departure for Paris, when Jan met with the accident. He was not displeased with me then, so far as I knew—"

"Did you go to Paris in opposition to his wish?" interrupted Mr. Bitterworth.

"On the contrary, he hurried me off. When the news of Jan's accident arrived, and I went to my uncle with the message, he said to me,—I remember his very words,—'Go off at once, don't lose an instant,' and he handed me money for the journey and for my stay; for Jan, also, should any great expense be needed for him; and in an hour I was away on my route. I stayed six months in Paris, as you may remember—the latter portion of the time for my own pleasure. When I did return home, I was perfectly thunderstruck at the change in my uncle's appearance, and at the change in his manners to me. He was a bowed, broken man, with—as it seemed to me—something on his mind; and that I had offended him in some very unfortunate way, and to a great extent, was palpable. I never could get any solution to it, though I asked him repeatedly. I do not know, to this hour, what I had done. Sometimes I would think he was angry at my remaining so long away: but, if so, he might have given me a hint to return, or have suffered some one else to give it, for he never wrote to me."

"Never wrote to you?" repeated Mr. Bitterworth.

"Not once, the whole of the time I was away. I wrote to him often; but if he had occasion to send me a message, Mrs. Verner or Fred Massingbird would write it. Of course, this will, disinheriting me, proves that my staying away could not have been the cause of displeasure—it is dated only the week after I went."

"Whatever may be the cause, it is a grievous wrong inflicted on you. He was my dear friend, and we have but now returned from laying him in his grave, but still I must speak out my sentiments—that he had no *right* to deprive you of Verner's Pride."

Lionel knit his brow. That he thought the same; that he was feeling the injustice as a crying and unmerited wrong, was but too evident. Mr. Bitterworth had bent his head in a reverie, stealing a glance at Lionel, now and then.

"Is there nothing that you can charge your conscience with; no sin, which may have come to the knowledge of your uncle, and been deemed by him a just cause for disinheritance?" questioned Mr. Bitterworth, in a meaning tone.

"There is nothing, so help me, heaven!" replied Lionel, with emotion. "No sin, no shame; nothing that could be a cause, or the shade of a cause—I will not say for depriving me of Verner's Pride, but even for my uncle's displeasure."

"It struck me—you will not be offended with me, Lionel, if I mention something that struck me a week back," resumed Mr. Bitterworth. "I am a foolish old man, given to ponder much over cause and effect—to put two and two together, as we call it; and the day I first heard from your uncle that he had had good cause—this was what he said—for depriving you of Verner's Pride, I went home, and set to work, thinking. The will had been made just after John Massingbird's departure for Australia. I brought before me all the events which had occurred about that same time, and there rose up naturally, towering above every other reminiscence, the unhappy business touching Rachel Frost. Lionel,"—laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, and dropping his voice to a whisper—"did you lead the girl astray?"

Lionel drew himself up to his full height, his lip curling with displeasure.

"Mr. Bitterworth!"

"To suspect you never would have occurred to me. I do not suspect you now. Were you to tell me that you were guilty of it, I should have difficulty in believing you. But it did occur to me that possibly your uncle may have cast that blame on you. I saw no other solution of the riddle. It could have been no light cause to induce Mr. Verner to deprive you of Verner's Pride. He was not a capricious man."

"It is impossible that my uncle could have cast a shade of suspicion on me, in regard to that affair," said Lionel. "He knew me better. At the moment of its occurrence, when nobody could tell whom to suspect, I remember a word or two were dropped which caused me to assure him I was not the guilty party, and he stopped me. He would not allow me even to speak of defence; he said he cast no suspicion on me."

"Well, it is a great mystery," said Mr. Bitterworth. "You must excuse me, Lionel. I thought Mr. Verner might in some way have taken up the notion. Evil tales, which have no human foundation, are sometimes palmed upon credulous ears for fact, and do their work."

"Were it as you suggest, my uncle would have spoken to me, had it been only to reproach," said Lionel. "It is a mystery, certainly, as you observe; but that's nothing to this mystery of the disappearance of the codicil—"

"I am going, Lionel," interrupted Jan, putting his head round the room-door.

"I must go, too," said Lionel, starting from the sideboard against which he had been leaning.

"My mother must hear of this business from no one but me."

Verner's Pride emptied itself of its mourners, who betook themselves their respective ways. Lionel, taking the long crape from his hat, and leaving on its deep mourning band alone, walked with a quick step through the village. He would not have *chosen* to be abroad that day, walking the very route where he had just figured, chief in the procession, but, to go without delay to Lady Verner was a duty; and, a duty Lionel would never willingly forego.

In the drawing-room at Deerham Court, in their new black dresses, sat Lady Verner and Decima: Lucy Tempest with them. Lady Verner held out her hand to Lionel when he entered, and lifted her face, a strange eagerness visible in its refinement.

"I thought you would come to me, Lionel!" she uttered. "I want to know a hundred things. —Decima, have the goodness to direct your reproachful looks elsewhere; not to me. Why should I be a hypocrite, and feign a sorrow for Stephen Verner which I do not feel? I know it is his burial day as well as you know it; but I will not make that a reason for abstaining from questions on family topics, although they do relate to money and means that were once his. I say it would be hypocritical affectation to do so. Lionel, has Jan an interest in Verner's Pride after you, or is it left to you unconditionally? And what residence is appointed for Mrs. Verner?"

Lionel leaned over the table, apparently to reach something that was lying on it, contriving to bring his lips close to Decima. "Go out of the room, and take Lucy," he whispered.

Decima received the hint promptly. She rose as of her own accord. "Lucy, let us leave mamma and Lionel alone. We will come back when your secrets are over," she added, turning round with a smile as she left the room, Lucy with her.

"You don't speak, Lionel," impatiently cried Lady Verner. In truth he did not: he did not know how to begin. He rose, and approached her.

"Mother, can you bear disappointment?" he asked, taking her hand and speaking gently, in spite of his agitation.

"Hush!" interrupted Lady Verner. "If you speak of 'disappointment' to me, you are no true son of mine. You are going to tell me that Stephen Verner has left nothing to me: let me tell you, Lionel, that I would not have accepted it—and this I made known to him. Accept money from *him*! No. But I will accept it from my dear son"—looking at him with a smile—"now that he enjoys the revenues of Verner's Pride."

"It was not of money left, or not left, to you, that I was connecting disappointment," answered Lionel. "There's a worse disappointment in store for us than that, mother."

"A worse disappointment!" repeated Lady Verner, looking puzzled. "You are never to be saddled with the presence of Mrs. Verner at Verner's Pride, until her death!" she hastily added. A great disappointment, that would have

been; a grievous wrong, in the estimation of Lady Verner."

"Mother, dear, Verner's Pride is not mine."

"Not yours!" she slowly said. "He *surely* has not done as his father did before him?—left it to the younger brother, over the head of the elder? He has never left it to Jan!"

"Neither to Jan nor to me. It is left to Frederick Massingbird. John would have had it, had he been alive."

Lady Verner's delicate features became crimson: before she could speak, they had assumed a leaden colour. "Don't play with me, Lionel," she gasped, an awful fear thumping at her heart that he was *not* playing with her. "It cannot be left to the Massingbirds!"

He sat down by her side, and gave her the history of the matter in detail. Lady Verner caught at the codicil, like a drowning man catches at a straw.

"How could you terrify me?" she asked. "Verner's Pride is yours, Lionel. The codicil must be found."

"The conviction upon my mind is, that it never will be found," he resolutely answered. "Whoever took that codicil from the desk where it was placed, could have had but one motive in doing it—the depriving me of Verner's Pride. Rely upon it, it is effectually removed ere this, by burning, or otherwise. No. I already look upon the codicil as a thing that never existed. Verner's Pride is gone from us."

"But, Lionel, whom do you suspect? Who can have taken it? It is pretty nearly a hanging matter to steal a will!"

"I do not suspect any one," he emphatically answered. "Mrs. Tynn protests that no one could have approached the desk unseen by her. It is very unlikely that any one would attempt it. They must, first of all, have chosen a moment when my uncle was asleep; they must have got Mrs. Tynn from the room; they must have searched for and found the keys; they must have unlocked the desk, taken the codicil, relocked the desk, and replaced the keys. All this could not be done without time, and familiarity with facts. Not a servant in the house—save the Tynns—knew the codicil was there, and they did not know its purport. But the Tynns are thoroughly trustworthy."

"It must have been Mrs. Verner—"

"Hush, mother! I cannot listen to that, even from you. Mrs. Verner was in her bed—never out of it: she knew nothing whatever of the codicil. And, if she had, you will, I hope, do her the justice to believe that she would be incapable of meddling with it."

"She benefits by its loss, at any rate," bitterly rejoined Lady Verner.

"Her son does. But, that he does, was entirely unknown to her. She never knew that Mr. Verner had willed the estate away from me; she never dreamt but that I, and no other, would be his successor. The accession of Frederick Massingbird is unwelcome to her, rather than the contrary: he has no right to it, and she feels that he has not. In the impulse of the surprise, she said

aloud that she wished it had been left to me; and I am sure they were her true sentiments."

Lady Verner sat in silence, her white hands crossed on her black dress, her head bent down. Presently she lifted it:

"I do not fully understand you, Lionel. You appear to imply that—according to your belief—no one has touched the codicil. How, then, can it have got out of the desk?"

"There is only one solution. It was suggested by Mr. Bitterworth; and, though I refused credence to it when he spoke, it has since been gaining upon my mind. He thinks my uncle must have repented of the codicil after it was made, and, himself, destroyed it. I should give full belief to this, were it not that at the very last he spoke to me as the successor to Verner's Pride."

"Why did he will it from you at all?" asked Lady Verner.

"I know not. I have told you how estranged his manner has been to me for the last year or two; but wherefore, or what I had done to displease him, I cannot think or imagine."

"He had no right to will away the estate from you," vehemently uttered Lady Verner. "Was it not enough that he usurped your father's birthright, as Jacob usurped Esau's, keeping you out of it for years and years, but he must now deprive you of it for ever? Had you been dead—had there been any urgent reason why you should not succeed—Jan should have come in. Jan is the lawful heir, failing you. Mark me, Lionel, it will bring no good to Frederick Massingbird. Rights, violently diverted out of their course, can bring only wrong and confusion."

"It would be scarcely fair were it to bring him wrong," spoke Lionel in his strict justice. "Frederick has had nothing to do with the bequeathing it to himself."

"Nonsense, Lionel! you cannot make me believe that no cajolery has been at work from some quarter or other," peevishly answered Lady Verner. "Tell the facts to an impartial person—a stranger. They were always about him—his wife and those Massingbirds—and at the last moment it is discovered that he has left all to them and disinherited you."

"Mother, you are mistaken. What my uncle has done, he has done of his own will alone, unbiassed by others; nay, unknown to others. He distinctly stated this to Matiss, when the change was made. No, although I am a sufferer, and they benefit, I cannot throw a shade of the wrong upon Mrs. Verner and the Massingbirds."

"I will tell you what I cannot do—and that is, accept your view of the disappearance of the codicil," said Lady Verner. "It does not stand to reason that your uncle would cause a codicil to be made, with all the haste and parade you speak of, only to destroy it afterwards. Depend upon it you are wrong. He never took it."

"It does appear unlikely," acquiesced Lionel. "It was not likely, either, that he would destroy it in secret; he would have done it openly. And, still less likely, that he would have addressed me as his successor in dying, and given me charges as to the management of the estate, had he left it away from me."

"No, no; no, no;" significantly returned Lady Verner. "That codicil has been *stolen*, Lionel."

"But, by whom?" he debated. "There's not a servant in the house would do it; and there was no other inmate of it, save myself. This is my chief difficulty. Were it not for the total absence of all other suspicion, I should not for a moment entertain the thought that it could have been my uncle. Let us leave the subject, mother. It seems to be an unprofitable one, and my head is weary."

"Are you going to give the codicil tamely up, for a bad job, without further search?" asked Lady Verner. "That I should live—that I should live to see Sibylla West's children inherit Verner's Pride!" she passionately added.

Sibylla West's children! Lionel had enough pain at his heart, just then, without that shaft. A piercing shaft truly, and it dyed his brow fiery red.

"We have searched already in every likely or possible place that we can think of; to-morrow morning places unlikely and impossible will be searched," he said, in answer to his mother's question. "I shall be aided by the police: our searching is nothing, compared with what they can do. They go about it artistically, perfected by practice."

"And—if the result should be a failure?"

"It will be a failure," spoke Lionel, in his firm conviction. "In which case I bid adieu to Verner's Pride."

"And come home here; will you not, Lionel?"

"For the present. And now, mother, that I have told you the ill-news, and spoiled your rest, I must go back again."

Spoiled her rest! Ay, for many a day and night to come. Lionel disinherited! Verner's Pride gone from them for ever! A cry went forth from Lady Verner's heart. It had been the moment of hope which she had looked forward to for years; and, now that it was come, what had it brought?

"My own troubles make me selfish," said Lionel, turning back when he was half out at the door. "I forgot to tell you that Jan and Decima inherit five hundred pounds each."

"Five hundred pounds!" slightly returned Lady Verner. "It is but of a piece with the rest."

He did not add that he had five hundred also, failing the estate. It would have seemed worse mockery still.

Looking out at the door, opposite to the ante-room, on the other side of the hall, was Decima. She had heard his step, and came to beckon him in. It was the dining-parlour, but a pretty room still; for Lady Verner would have nothing about her inelegant or ugly, if she could help it. Lucy Tempest, in her favourite school attitude, was half-kneeling, half-sitting on the rug before the fire: but she rose when Lionel came in.

Decima entwined her arm within his, and led him up to the fire-place. "Did you bring mamma bad news?" she asked. "I thought I read it in your countenance."

"Very bad, Decima. Or I should not have sent you away while I told it."

"I suppose there's nothing left for mamma, or for Jan?"

"Mamma did not expect anything left for her, Decima. Don't go away, Lucy," he added, arresting Lucy Tempest, who, with good taste, was leaving them alone. "Stay and hear how poor I am: all Deerham knows it by this time."

Lucy remained. Decima, her beautiful features a shade paler than usual, turned her serene eyes on Lionel. She little thought what was coming.

"Verner's Pride is left away from me, Decima."

"Left away from you! From you?"

"Frederick Massingbird inherits. I am passed over."

"Oh, Lionel!" The words were not uttered angrily, passionately, as Lady Verner's had been; but in a low, quiet voice, wrung from her, seemingly by intense inward pain.

"And so there will be some additional trouble for you in the housekeeping line," went on Lionel, speaking gaily, and ignoring all the pain at his heart. "Turned out of Verner's Pride, I must come to you here—at least, for a time. What shall you say to that, Miss Lucy?"

Lucy was looking up at him gravely, not smiling in the least. "Is it true that you have lost Verner's Pride?"

"Quite true."

"But I thought it was yours—after Mr. Verner."

"I thought so, too, until to-day," replied Lionel. "It ought to have been."

"What shall you do without it?"

"What, indeed!" he answered. "From being a landed country gentleman—as people have imagined me—I go down to a poor fellow who must work for his bread and cheese before he eats it. Your eyes are laughing, Miss Lucy, but it is true."

"Bread and cheese costs nothing," said she.

"No? And the plate you put it on, and the knife you eat it with, and the glass of beer to help it go down, and the coat you wear during the repast, and the room it's served in—they cost something, Miss Lucy."

Lucy laughed. "I think you will always have enough bread and cheese," said she. "You look as though you would."

Decima turned to them: she had stood buried in a reverie, until the light tone of Lionel aroused her from it. "Which is real, Lionel? this joking, or that you have lost Verner's Pride?"

"Both," he answered. "I am disinherited from Verner's Pride: better perhaps that I should joke over it, than cry."

"What will, mamma do? What will mamma do?" breathed Decima. "She has so counted upon it. And what will you do, Lionel?"

"Decima!" came forth at this moment from the opposite room, in the imperative voice of Lady Verner.

Decima turned in obedience to it, her step less light than usual. Lucy addressed Lionel.

"One day at the rectory there came a gipsy woman, wanting to tell our fortunes: she accosted

us in the garden. Mr. Cust sent her away, and she was angry, and told him his star was not in the ascendant. I think it must be the case at present with your star, Mr. Verner."

Lionel smiled. "Yes, indeed."

"It is not only one thing that you are losing; it is more. First, that pretty girl whom you loved; then, Mr. Verner; and now, Verner's Pride. I wish I knew how to comfort you."

Lucy Tempest spoke with the most open simplicity, exactly as a sister might have done. But the one allusion grated on Lionel's heart.

"You are very kind, Lucy. Good bye. Tell Decima I shall see her sometime to-morrow."

Lucy Tempest looked after him from the window as he paced the enclosed court-yard. "I cannot think how people can be unjust!" was her thought. "If Verner's Pride was rightly his, why have they taken it from him?"

CHAPTER XIV.—A WHISPERED SUSPICION.

CERTAINLY Lionel Verner's star was not in the ascendant—though Lucy Tempest had used the words in jest. His love gone from him; his fortune and position wrested from him; all become the adjuncts of one man, Frederick Massingbird. Serenely, to outward appearance, as Lionel had met the one blow, so did he now meet the other: and none, looking on his calm bearing, could suspect what the loss was to him. But it is the silent sorrow that eats into the heart; the loud grief does not tell upon it.

An official search had been made; but no trace could be found of the missing codicil. Lionel had not expected that it would be found. He regarded it as a deed which had never had existence, and took up his abode with his mother. The village could not believe it; the neighbourhood resented it. People stood in groups to talk it over. It did certainly appear to be a most singular and almost incredible thing: that, in the enlightened days of the latter half of the nineteenth century, an official deed should disappear out of a gentleman's desk, in his own well-guarded residence, in his habited chamber. Conjectures and thoughts were freely bandied about; while Dr. West and Jan grew nearly tired of the particulars demanded of them in their professional visits, for their patients would talk of nothing else.

The first visible effect that the disappointment had, was to stretch Lady Verner on a sick bed. She fell into a low, nervous state of prostration, and her irritability—it must be confessed—was great. But for this illness, Lionel would have been away. Thrown now upon his own resources, he looked steadily into the future, and strove to chalk out a career for himself; one by which—as he had said to Lucy Tempest—he might get bread and cheese. Of course, at Lionel Verner's age, and reared to no profession, unfamiliar with habits of business, that was easier thought of than done. He had no particular talent for literature; he believed that, if he tried his hand at that, the bread might come, but the cheese would be doubtful—although he saw men with even less aptitude for it than he, turning to it and embracing it with all the confidence in the world, as if it were an ever-open resource for all, when other

trades failed. There were the three professions : but they were not available. Lionel felt no inclination to become a working drudge like poor Jan ; and the Church, for which he had not any liking, he was by far too conscientious to embrace only as a means of living. There remained the Bar ; and to that he turned his attention, and resolved to qualify himself for it. That there would be grinding, and drudgery, and hard work, and no pay for years, he knew ; but, so there might be, go to what he would. The Bar did hold out a chance of success, and there was nothing in it derogatory to the notions in which he had been reared—those of a gentleman.

Jan came to him one day about the time of the decision, and Lionel told him that he should soon be away ; that he intended to enter himself at the Middle Temple, and take chambers.

"Law !" said Jan. "Why, you'll be forty, may be, before you ever get a brief. You should have entered earlier."

"Yes. But how was I to know that things would turn out like this ?"

"Look here," said Jan, tilting himself in a very uncomfortable fashion on the high back of an arm-chair, "there's that five hundred pounds. You can have that."

"What five hundred pounds ?" asked Lionel.

"The five hundred that Uncle Stephen left me. I don't want it. Old West gives me as much as keeps me in clothes and that, which is all I care about. You take the money and use it."

"No, Jan. Thank you warmly, old boy, all the same ; but I'd not take your poor little bit of money if I were starving."

"What's the good of it to me ?" asked Jan, swaying his legs about. "I can't use it : I have got nothing to use it in. I have put it in the bank at Heartburg, but the bank may go smash, you know, and then who'd be the better for the money ? Better take it and make sure of it, Lionel."

Lionel smiled at him. Jan was as simple and single-hearted in his way as Lucy Tempest was in hers. But he must want money very grievously indeed, before he would have consented to take honest Jan's.

"I have five hundred of my own, you know, Jan," he said. "More than I can use yet awhile."

So he fixed upon the Bar, and would have hastened to London, but for Lady Verner's illness. In the weak, low state to which disappointment and irritability had reduced her, she could not bear to lose sight of Lionel, or permit him to depart. "It will be time enough when I am dead, and that won't be long first," was the constant burden of her song to him.

He believed his mother to be little more likely to die than he was, but he was too dutiful a son to cross her in her present state. He gathered certain ponderous tomes about him, and began studying law on his own account, shutting himself up in his room all day to do it. Awfully dry work he found it ; not in the least congenial ; and many a time did he long to pitch the whole lot into the pleasant rippling stream, running through the grounds of Sir Rufus Hautley, which danced

and glittered in the sun in view of Lionel's window.

He could not remain at this daily study without interruptions. They were pretty frequent. People,—tenants, workmen, and others,—would persist in coming, for orders, to Mr. Lionel. In vain Lionel told them that he could not give orders, could not interfere ; that he had no longer anything to do with Verner's Pride. They could not be brought to understand why he was not their master as usual—at any rate, why he could not act as one, and interpose between them and the tyrant, Roy. In point of fact, Mr. Roy was head and master of the estate just now, and a nice head and master he made ! Mrs. Verner, shut up in Verner's Pride with her ill health, had no conception what games were being played. "Let be, let be," the people would say. "When Mr. Fred Massingbird comes home, Roy'll get called to account, and receive his deserts." A fond belief in which all did not join : many entertained a shrewd suspicion that Mr. Fred Massingbird was too much inclined to be a tyrant on his own account, to disprove the acts of Roy. Lionel's blood often boiled at what he saw and heard, and he wished he could put miles between himself and Deerham.

"How long will my mother remain in this state ?" he inquired of Dr. West, waylaying the physician one morning as he was leaving the house, and accompanying him across the courtyard.

Dr. West lifted his arched eyebrows.

"It is impossible to say, Mr. Lionel. These cases of low nervous fever are sometimes very much protracted."

"Lady Verner's is not nervous fever," dissented Lionel.

"It approaches near to it."

"The fact is, I want to be away," said Lionel.

"There is no reason why you should not be away if you wish it. Lady Verner is not in any danger, she is sure to recover eventually."

"I know that. At least, I hope it is sure," returned Lionel. "But in the state she is I cannot reason with her, or talk to her of the necessity of my being away. Any approach to the topic irritates her."

"I should go, and say nothing to her beforehand," observed Dr. West. "When she found you were really off, and that there was no remedy for it, she must perforce reconcile herself to it."

Every fond feeling within Lionel revolted at the suggestion. "We are speaking of my mother, doctor," was his courteously-uttered rebuke.

"Well, if you don't like that, there's nothing for it but patience," was the doctor's rejoinder, as he drew open one of the iron gates. Lady Verner may be no better than she is now for weeks to come. Good day, Mr. Lionel."

Lionel paced into the house with a slow step, and went up to his mother's chamber. She was lying on a couch by the fire, her eyes closed, her pale features contracted as if with pain. Her maid Thérèse appeared to be busy with her, and Lionel called out Decima.

"There's no improvement, I hear, Decima."

"No. But, on the other hand, there's no danger. There's nothing even very serious, if

Dr. West may be believed. Do you know, Lionel, what I fancy he thinks?"

"What?" asked Lionel.

"That if mamma were obliged to exert and rouse herself; were like any poor person, for instance, who cannot lie by and be nursed, she would be well directly. And—unkind, unlike a daughter as it may seem in me to acknowledge it—I do very much incline to the same opinion."

Lionel made no reply.

"Only Dr. West has not the candour to say so," went on Decima. "So long as he can keep her lying here, he will do it; she is a good patient for him. Poor mamma gives way, and he helps her to do it. I wish she would discard him, and trust to Jan."

"You don't like Dr. West, Decima?"

"I never did," said Decima. "And I believe that, in skill, Jan is worth ten of him. There's this much to be said of Jan, that he is sincere and open as if he were made of glass. Jan will never keep a patient in bed, or give the smallest dose more than is absolutely necessary. Did you hear of Sir Rufus Hautley sending for Jan?"

"No."

"He is ill, it seems. And when he sent to Dr. West's, he expressly desired that it might be Mr. Jan Verner to answer the summons. Dr. West will not forgive that, in a hurry."

"That comes of prejudice," said Lionel: "prejudice not really deserved by Dr. West. Since the reading of the will, Sir Rufus has been bitter against the Massingbirds; and Dr. West, as connected with them, comes in for his share of the feeling."

"I hope he may not deserve it in any worse way than as connected with them," returned Decima, with more acrimony than she, in her calm gentleness, was accustomed to speak.

The significant tone struck Lionel. "What do you mean, Decima?"

Decima glanced round. They were standing at the far end of the corridor, at the window which overlooked the domains of Sir Rufus Hautley. The doors of the several rooms were closed, and no one was about. Decima spoke in a whisper.

"Lionel, I cannot divest myself of the opinion that—that—"

"That what?" he asked, looking at her in wonder, for she was hesitating strangely, her manner shrinking, her voice awestruck.

"That it was Dr. West who took the codicil."

Lionel's face flushed. Partially with pain: he did not like to hear it said, even by Decima.

"You have never suspected so much yourself?" she asked.

"Never, never. I hope I never shall suspect it. Decima, you perhaps cannot help the thought, but you can help speaking of it."

"I did not mean to vex you. Somehow, Lionel, it is for your sake that I seem to have taken a dislike to the Wests—"

"To take a dislike to people is no just cause for accusing them of crime," he interrupted. "Decima, you are not like yourself to-day."

"Do you suppose that it is my dislike which caused me to suspect him? No, Lionel. I seem to see people and their motives very clearly: and

I do honestly believe"—she dropped her voice still lower—"that Dr. West is a man capable of almost anything. At the time when the codicil was being searched for, I used to think and think it over, how it could be—how it could have disappeared. All its points, all its bearings I deliberated upon again and again. One certain thing was, the codicil could not have disappeared from the desk without its having been taken out: another point, almost equally certain to my mind, was, that my uncle Stephen did not take it out, but died in the belief that it was in, and that it would give you your inheritance. A third point was, that whoever took it, must have had some strong motive for the act. Who (with possible access to the desk) could have had this motive, even in a remote degree? There were but two: Dr. West and Mrs. Verner. Mrs. Verner I judge to be incapable of anything so wrong; Dr. West I believe to be capable of even worse than that: and hence I drew my deductions."

"Deductions which I shall never accept, and which I would advise you to get rid of, Decima," was his answer. "My dear, never let such an accusation cross your lips again."

"I never shall. I have told you; and that is enough. I have longed to tell you for some time past. I did not think you would believe me."

"Believe it, say, Decima. Dr. West take the codicil! Were I to bring myself to that belief, I think all my faith in man would go out. You are sadly prejudiced against the Wests."

"And you in their favour," she could not help saying. "But I shall ever be thankful for one thing—that you have escaped Sibylla."

Was he thankful for it? Scarcely. While that pained heart of his, those coursing pulses, could beat on in this tumultuous manner, at the bare sound of her name.

In the silence that ensued—for neither felt inclined to break it—they heard a voice in the hall below, inquiring whether Mr. Verner was within. Lionel recognised it as Tynn's.

"For all I know he is," answered old Catherine. "I saw him a few minutes ago in the court out there, a talking to the doctor."

"Will you please ask if I can speak to him."

Lionel did not wait further, but descended to the hall. The butler, in his deep mourning, had taken his seat on the bench. He rose as Lionel approached.

"Well, Tynn, how are you? What is it?"

"My mistress has sent me to ask if you'd be so kind as come to Verner's Pride, sir?" said Tynn, standing with his hat in his hand. "She bade me say that she did not feel well enough, or she'd have written you a note with the request, but she wishes particular to see you."

"Does she wish to see me to-day?"

"As soon as ever you could get there, sir, I fancy. I am sure she meant to-day."

"Very well, Tynn. I'll come over. How is Mrs. Verner?"

"She's very well, sir; but she gets worried on all sides about things out-of-doors."

"Who worries her with those tales?" asked Lionel.

"Everybody almost does, sir, as comes a-nigh her. First it's one complaint that's brought to the house, of things going wrong, and then it's another complaint—and the women servants, they have not the sense to keep it from her. My wife can't keep her tongue still upon it, and can't see that the rest do. Might I ask how her ladyship is to-day, sir?"

"Not any better, Tynn. Tell Mrs. Verner I will be with her almost immediately."

Lionel lost little time in going to Verner's Pride. Turned from it as he had been, smarting under the injustice and the pain, many a one would have haughtily refused to re-enter it, whatever may have been the emergency. Not so, Lionel. He had chosen to quit Verner's Pride as his residence, but he had remained entirely good friends with Mrs. Verner, calling on her at times. Not upon her would Lionel visit his displeasure.

It was somewhat curious that she had taken to sit in the old study of Stephen Verner; a room which she had rarely entered during his lifetime. Perhaps some vague impression that she was now a woman of business, or ought to be one, that she herself was in sole charge for the absent heir, had induced her to take up her daily sitting amidst the drawers, bureaux, and other places which had contained Mr. Verner's papers—which contained them still. She had, however, never yet looked at one. If anything came up to the house, leases, deeds, other papers, she would say: "Tynn, see to it," or "Tynn, take it over to Mr. Lionel Verner, and ask what's to be done." Lionel never refused to say.

She was sitting back in Mr. Verner's old chair now, filling it a great deal better than he used to do. Lionel took her hand cordially. Every time he saw her he thought her looking bigger and bigger. However much she may have grieved at the time for her son John's death, it had not taken away either her flesh or her high colour. Nothing would have troubled Mrs. Verner permanently, unless it had been the depriving her of her meals. Now John was gone, she cared for nothing else in life.

"It's kind of you to come, Lionel," said she. "I want to talk to you. What will you have? some wine?"

"Not anything," replied Lionel. "Tynn said you wished to see me for something particular."

"And so I do. You must take the management of the estate until Fred's at home."

The words grated on his ear, and his brow knit itself into lines. But he answered calmly.

"I cannot do that, Mrs. Verner."

"Then what can I do?" she asked. "Here's all this great estate, nobody to see after it, nobody to take it in charge! I'm sure I have no more right to be teased over it than you have, Lionel."

"It is your son's."

"I asked you not to leave Verner's Pride. I asked you to take the management of out-door things! You did so, between your uncle's death and his burial."

"Believing that I was taking the management of what was mine," replied Lionel.

"Why do you visit upon me the blame of all

that has happened?" pursued Mrs. Verner. "I declare that I knew nothing of what was done; I could not believe my own ears when I heard Matiss read out the will. You should not blame me."

"I never have blamed you for it, Mrs. Verner. I believe you to be as innocent of blame in the matter as I am."

"Then you ought not to turn haughty and cold, and refuse to help me. They are going to have me up before the justice courts at Heartburg!"

"Have you up before the justice courts at Heartburg!" repeated Lionel, in great astonishment.

"It's all through Roy; I know it is. There's some stupid dispute about a lease, and I am to be had up in evidence. Did you hear of the threat?"

"What threat?" asked he.

"Some of the men are saying they'll burn down Verner's Pride. Roy turned them off the brick-yard, and they threaten they'll do it out of revenge. If you would just look to things and keep Roy quiet, nothing of this would happen."

Lionel knew that.

"Mrs. Verner," he said, "were you the owner of Verner's Pride, I would spare no pains to help you. But I cannot act for Frederick Matissbird."

"What has Fred done to you?" she asked quickly.

"That is not the question—he has done nothing," answered Lionel, speaking more rapidly still. "My management would—if I know anything of him—be essentially different from your son's; different from what he would approve. Neither would I take authority upon myself only to have it displaced upon his return. Have Roy before you, Mrs. Verner, and caution him."

"It does no good. I have already had him. He smoothes things over to me, so that black looks white. Lionel, I must say that you are unkind and obstinate."

"I do not think I am naturally either one or the other," he answered, smiling. "Perhaps it might answer your purpose to put things into the hands of Matiss, until your son's return."

"He won't take it," she answered. "I sent for him—what with this court business and the threat of incendiarism, I am like one upon thorns—and he said he would not undertake it; he seemed to fear contact with Roy."

"Were I to take the management, Mrs. Verner, my first act would be to discharge Roy."

Mrs. Verner tried again to shake his resolution. But he was quite firm. And, wishing her good day, he left Verner's Pride, and bent his steps towards the village.

(To be continued.)

JEWS IN ENGLAND.

WHENEVER a paragraph appears in a newspaper touching the Jews resident in Jerusalem, it is read with general interest, and is sure of being extensively quoted; but of the Jews resident among us nothing is ever heard, and

probably very few persons indeed are aware of the extent to which they adhere to ancient forms and ceremonies.

As it is a subject which has not, as far as I am aware, been treated in any periodical, I propose to fill up this void in our literature as fully as is possible in the limited space which this journal can devote to one subject. Like most oriental nations, the Jews adhere to their religious doctrines and customs with great tenacity: but even they have not been able to withstand the introduction of novelties into their worship. Hence the existence of a body calling itself the Reformed Jews; the difference, however, is more in forms than in reality, the fundamental doctrines of their faith being identical in the cases of the Reformed and of those who by way of distinction I may term the Unreformed Jews.

But, apart from this distinction, which, it may be said, is almost without a difference, the Jews divide themselves into two communities, the one designated as the Sephardim, the other the Ashkenasim. The former are the descendants of the Spanish and Portuguese Jews, and claim to be the representatives of the tribe of Judah. They are proud of the eminent men their community has produced; nevertheless, though they regard themselves as the aristocracy of the Jewish nation, it is no very uncommon circumstance for members of this community to marry with those of the Ashkenasim. The last-named are descended from the German and Polish Jews, and are far more numerous than their aristocratic brethren.

The Jews who deal in left-off garments belong to the latter branch: there are very few trades either in London or elsewhere in which some of them are not engaged, and in which they do not contrive to make more money than their neighbours, if popular opinion on this subject is well informed. A better idea will be obtained of the difference in the number of the two communities if I mention that, while the Sephardim have only one synagogue, the Ashkenasim have upwards of forty in England.

To begin at an early period in the career of the English Jew. On the eighth day after his birth he is taken to the synagogue by his father to be circumcised, accompanied by a kind of godfather and godmother, who are termed Sandakin, the chief duty of the former being to carry the baby from the mohel, or circumciser, to the godmother, who is waiting for it outside, no women being admitted within the walls of the building during the performance of the solemn rite of circumcision.

After the operation the infant receives a Hebrew name, to be used on solemn occasions, and may have in addition any name the parents think proper to confer upon him for every day use.

The performance of the rite of circumcision is one to which great importance still attaches, as in former days, and is attended with much ceremony. Supposing the infant happens to be the first-born son of the mother, he is, according to Jewish jurisprudence, the property of the Cohen (who is supposed to be a descendant

of the house of Aaron, but has no longer any priestly functions to perform), and must be redeemed. The father having selected a Cohen, invites him and a party of friends to a special entertainment at his house on the thirtieth day after the birth of his son, whom he then presents to the Cohen. The latter on receiving him, asks the parent which he would prefer to have, his son, or the money he must otherwise pay for his redemption. The father replies: "He is my first-born; here, take unto thee the five shekels which is thy due for his redemption." The word shekels is merely a figure of speech, the value of the coins he tenders being usually about twelve shillings. Sundry prayers follow, and the ceremony of redemption is completed.

Until he attains his thirteenth year, the young Jew is entirely under the control of his father and mother, who are supposed to be accountable for all the sins he may commit up to that period; but their responsibility ceases on the Sabbath Day succeeding his thirteenth birthday, when a ceremony akin to that of confirmation takes place. The boy is called up to the reading-desk in the synagogue, and is required to read a portion of the law. If he cannot read, the chazan, or minister, does it for him, after which the father places his hands on his son's head, and solemnly renounces his accountability for his future actions.

The next important step in his career is his betrothal, which usually takes place at an early age, in accordance with the recommendation of the Jewish law. A number of friends being present, the *Kenas*, or bond inflicting a penalty on either party who shall be guilty of a breach of the agreement, is read, after which a cup is broken, as a ratification of its provisions, by the parties concerned. The marriage follows the betrothal, it may be six or twelve months afterwards, or more.

Due notice having been given at the synagogue, the minister on the Sabbath eve preceding the day fixed for the marriage, chaunts some sentences referring to the approaching event, and the next day the intended bridegroom has to appear in the synagogue and have certain portions of the law read over to him, and pay any arrears he may owe to the congregation.

The way in which the parties spend the morning in their respective dwellings on the wedding-day resembles, I suppose, the manner in which it is employed by Gentiles on similar occasions; those who rightly realise the awful nature of the ceremony they are about to perform, spend the hours in fasting and reading the service prepared for the day of atonement. As soon as the clock strikes the appointed hour, two men present themselves before the bridegroom, and carry him off to the synagogue, where he meets the bride, whom two female friends have brought there with her head enveloped in a veil. The same persons place the two principal performers facing each other under a silk or velvet canopy supported by four long poles; the shamas, a kind of curate and clerk combined, brings a glass of wine, which he hands to the Rabbi, who thereupon offers up a short

blessing, and then gives the glass of wine to the bridegroom, who tastes it and passes it to the bride, who does likewise. The bridegroom then takes the ring from his pocket and places it on the finger of the bride, saying after the Rabbi (in Hebrew) as he does so: "Behold! thou art betrothed unto me with this ring, according to the rites of Moses and Israel." The Rabbi then reads the marriage contract, which is written in Chaldee, and is not understood by the parties concerned, who therefore take it on trust: after this the Chazan takes a glass of wine and pronounces a form of words longer but similar to that pronounced by the Rabbi, the wine is given to the bridegroom and bride, and an empty glass having been placed at the feet of the former, he stamps upon it and

breaks it, whereupon all present wish him *mazal tov* (good speed), and the ceremony is at an end.

If the newly married Jew has a proper sense of his religious duties, one of his first proceedings, on taking possession of his domicile, is to prepare a *mezuzah*. Most Gentiles who pass through the streets in the neighbourhood of Houndsditch will probably have remarked here and there a tin tube nailed in a slanting position on the door-post, which they probably presumed to be a trade emblem. This tube contains a strip of parchment, on one side of which is inscribed יהוה , one of the names applied to the Supreme Being, and on the other from the 4th to the 9th verses of the vi. chapter of Deuteronomy, and from the 13th



The Marriage Ceremony.

to the 21st verses of the xi. chapter of the same book. A similar tube is fastened to the jambs of the other doors in the house; and the Jew who is a strict observer of the old customs of his forefathers never leaves his house for the first time, daily, without touching the *mezuzah* with his lips, or bending his head to it as he passes from room to room.

The Jew being now provided with a wife, the next thing to be done is to describe the manner in which he may dispose of her in the event of her failing to afford him that happiness which he anticipated. To accomplish this object it is generally supposed the aid of Sir Cresswell Cresswell is not needed. The husband cannot now write a "bill of divorce" and send her away; but on assigning reasons for desiring a divorce, which are deemed

of sufficient gravity, this ceremony is performed for him by the Bethdin, or ecclesiastical authorities. The bill of divorce is written in Hebrew, and is copied from a form, and its possession by the wife makes her free to marry again with whom she pleases, unless the divorce is brought about through her having been guilty of a breach of the Seventh Commandment, in which case she is not allowed to benefit by her own wrong, or, in other words, she may not marry the associate of her guilt.

In certain countries a divorce is sometimes given conditionally, that is, supposing a husband is about to start for a place from which there is a strong probability he may not return, he may give his wife a bill of divorce, stating that if at the end of three years he shall not return to her or

send for her to join him, she is free to marry again; but this custom has been abolished in England.

The Jew has no reason to complain of lack of seasons for rejoicing, but days of mourning and sorrow visit him as well as his Gentile brethren. But the manner in which he mourns for the dead is different as regards certain forms from that of the latter, who simply buries his grief in his own heart and suffers it to exhibit itself as little as possible. The coffin is of the simplest construction, and before the lid is placed upon it, a little earth, brought from Jerusalem, is put in. The nearest relatives of the deceased approach in succession, and request pardon of the deceased for any offence they may have given him in his lifetime, and a

favourable recollection of them in the world to which he has departed. The Rabbi then makes a slight cut in the upper part of the garments of each mourner, and tears it slightly, and this rent must not be sewn up till after a certain number of days.

No woman is allowed to accompany the corpse to its last resting-place, so that the wailing of women which has chilled the heart of every traveller in the East, and which may be heard even in those islands at the Antipodes where scarcely a European has set his foot, is never heard here now.

It is the custom in our village churchyards to dig the grave from east to west, with the feet towards the former point of the compass,



Lighting the Lamps, Eve of the Sabbath. (See page 194.)

from an idea that the Great Judge will make his appearance in the east; the Jews, however, invariably dig the grave from north to south. A singular custom is sometimes observed on occasions when there have been several deaths in the family within a short period. A padlock is locked and placed in the grave, and the key thrown away, the object being to delay the entrance of death into the household for a longer period.

The seven days which succeed the funeral of a Jew are given up entirely to mourning. Unwashed, and with naked feet, the mourner sits on the bare ground in a room open to all comers; not even a change of dress is permitted; and the only consolation which the afflicted can have during this period is derived from the perusal of religious books, which cheer

them with the hope of meeting the deceased hereafter. When they visit the synagogue, during the continuance of these days of mourning, a touching reception is given them by the congregation, who all rise as they enter and make a movement towards them, the Rabbi uttering a short prayer that they may be comforted. Business may be attended to after the lapse of the seven days, but no amusement may be indulged in for thirty days thereafter; and if the mourning be for a father or mother, this rule is to be observed for a year.

There is this resemblance between Jewish parents and Chinese parents,—they have an intense desire for a son, and for a like reason. When the parent dies, it becomes the duty of the son to present himself in the synagogue morning

and evening, for eleven months afterwards, and to repeat a song of praise to the Almighty: this is called the Kaddish, and is repeated by the son on the anniversary of his father's death, all the days of his life, and a lamp is likewise kept burning all day.

Though no express mention is made in this song of praise of the departed soul, it is evident that it is expected it will derive some advantage from its repetition, or parents would not be so anxious to provide for its performance; moreover, the souls of the departed are prayed for on the principal festival days throughout the year, the prayer running as follows:—

May God remember the soul of my honoured father (or mother, as the case may be), who is gone to his repose; for that I now solemnly offer charity for his sake, in reward of this, may his soul enjoy eternal life, with the souls of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob—Sarah, Rebecca, Rachel, and Leah, and the rest of the righteous males and females that are in Paradise, and let us say—Amen.

The son alone is capable of offering up these prayers; daughters, though eligible to seats in Paradise, are not admitted to the synagogue as members of the congregation, and their presence in the gallery is, in theory, only tolerated on the hypothesis that it forms no part of the synagogue. But the distinction between the Jew and the Jewess is deserving of more detailed consideration. In everyday life the sexes are as much on an equality as among other civilised peoples, but in religious matters the case is slightly different: it is in acknowledgment of this difference that the Jew is taught to offer up the following short thanksgiving along with his daily prayers:—"Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, king of the universe, who hast not made me a woman." The female infant is named in the synagogue, and that is the only ceremony to which she is subjected.

When she marries, in addition to the superintendence of the household arrangements, she acquires certain responsibilities; for example, it becomes her duty to light the lamp or the gas for the Sabbath, which is a matter attended with some formality. Having lighted the lamp, or gas, or candles, as the case may be, she, with raised hands, repeats: "Blessed art thou, O Lord our God, king of the universe, who hast sanctified us with thy commandments, and commanded us to light the lamp of the Sabbath." It is also her duty to prepare bread in a certain manner for use on Sabbath days and festivals: when she has mixed the dough she breaks a piece off and burns it as an offering, repeating the same form of words as in the case of the lamp lighting, only instead of concluding "and commanded us to light the lamp of the Sabbath," she says, "and commanded us to separate the dough." But in this matter, as in some others, duty has been forced to a compromise with convenience: officers have been appointed to see that the dough is prepared by the baker in the orthodox way, and the Jewess cuts off a small bit of the loaf and sacrifices it in lieu of the dough.

According to the Jewish law it is still the duty of the husband's brother, if he die and leave

no issue, to marry his brother's widow, and if he declines to do this, or if he happens to be disqualified by reason of his having a wife already, he must set her free, a ceremony which is performed in this wise. The Rabbi and witnesses being present, and the man having repeated his refusal to marry his brother's wife, the Rabbi directs the shoe to be brought, which is kept for the purpose, and after the Jew has placed it on his foot, the Rabbi knots the two long strings attached to it round his leg. He then takes the widow by the hand and leads her to the man, and she makes in Hebrew what is in substance a declaration that he refuses to perform the part of the brother of her husband, and he repeats his refusal; upon which the woman stoops down, and with her right hand unfastens the knots, takes off the shoe and throws it down, and, first spitting on the ground before the offender, repeats after the Rabbi:

"So shall it be done to the man that will not build up his brother's house; and his name shall be called in Israel, 'The house of him that hath his shoe loosed.'"—Deuteronomy xxv., 9.

The congregation responding, "His shoe is loosed," the woman is thereupon pronounced by the Rabbi to be free to marry again.

The principal religious dogmas of the Jews are the unity of God, the resurrection of the dead, and immortality of the soul. The coming of the Messiah is an article of their creed,* and they as implicitly believe all the statements contained in their book of prayer, this prayer-book being founded on the Bible and the Talmud. Respecting the Talmud much has been written, both for and against it, but it really does not appear to merit either the abuse or the praise it has received. It is a curious compound of wisdom and absurd superstitions. Its wisdom is often conveyed in fables more difficult of comprehension than even the allegories in which the old alchemists enveloped their discoveries; hence some learned men, who have dipped into the Talmud without possessing the imagination which enables some men to see a meaning where it does or does not exist, have pronounced it a tissue of absurdities. Much of it is taken up with the consideration of questions relating to the observance of the Mosaic laws, and of hypothetical cases. It is, with the Mishnah, the authority on which are based the rules for conducting the service of the synagogue, but notwithstanding, it is doubtful whether any human being ever read it through, still less that if he did he would understand it. It in fact contains the opinions, religious and otherwise, of a great number of Jews who lived within a period embracing from ten to twelve hundred years or more.

There are many things connected with the synagogue, with the articles to be worn there, with ablutions, cattle slaughtering, and so forth, which are of considerable interest, but which space will

* In a work written by a Jew, named Cohen, and published at Exeter, in 1808, under the title of "Sacred Truths addressed to the Children of Israel residing in the British Empire," it is stated that a grand Sanhedrim of the Jews was convened at Paris, who issued a book entitled "The New Sanhedrim," which among other things maintained that Buonaparte was the promised Messiah.

not allow me to describe, at least not at present ; so I pass on to more general subjects before bringing this article to a close.

The total number of Jews at present domiciled in England is not known even to themselves. The best guess that can be made is by taking the number of burials during the year, which the rabbi can always ascertain, and assuming the mortality to be the same as among their Gentile neighbours, an idea can be obtained of the actual number of the living which approximates to the truth. Computed in this way, we find we have something less than 30,000 Jews resident in England, by far the largest portion of whom reside in London. It is by no means the case that the Jewish population remains the same ; numbers are constantly leaving for our colonies, for America and California, wherever, in short, an opening appears for speculation and money-making, and their places here are supplied by fresh arrivals from abroad, especially, I believe, from Poland, where they have increased and multiplied greatly since the time when King Casimir, at the intercession of a favourite Jewess named Esther, gave them an asylum and protection against the dreadful persecutions to which they were subjected everywhere else on the continent, during the period when it was being almost depopulated by that fearful scourge the Black Death.

It may appear strange, considering the perfect freedom they enjoy in this country, that they do not all of them leave Rome and other Italian cities, where they are treated with contumely, and, as a rule, are miserably poor, and come over here ; but the fact is the Jews in this country, as a body, are in anything but flourishing circumstances, and this heightens the credit due to them for the extensive charity they exercise towards each other. They have charities for assisting the aged and destitute, a hospital for their sick, for educating, clothing, and apprenticing poor boys, for giving marriage portions of from 60*l.* to 80*l.* to poor fatherless girls, and for sundry other purposes.

As regards the state of education among them, I find in a recent report of the education commissioners, that there were 3204 children attending their schools, and Dr. Adler, the present chief Rabbi, who has taken great interest in the subject of education both abroad and at home, states, in his answer to their questions, that there are few Jewish children who can neither read nor write ; still he is not satisfied with the progress they make in the schools in the acquisition of general knowledge. The chief reason he assigns is that "it is incumbent upon the Israelite to know at least so much of the Hebrew language as to read the prayers and to understand the Pentateuch in the original," which, of course, occupies a considerable portion of the time available for educational purposes. The principal institution for the education of Jewish children is situated in Bell Lane, Spitalfields, which is at present attended by 1800 children of both sexes. This school, and the other schools of a similar kind, are under government inspection, and participate in the parliamentary educational grants. There is also a Jews' college and a school in connection with it, esta-

blished through the exertions of Dr. Adler, chiefly for the purpose of training up men qualified to serve in the synagogue, and to become masters of schools. To this college a library has recently been added by Mr. L. M. Rothschild, which will, no doubt, form a nucleus for future contributions of a similar kind. It is not here, however, that persons desirous of consulting the rarest Hebrew works are likely to find them. Three quarters of a century ago, Solomon da Costa sent to the trustees of the British Museum nearly two hundred manuscript volumes, in Hebrew, which he had bought ; they had been originally intended as a present from the Jews to Charles II., but, from some cause, they were not presented to him, though they were richly bound and marked with his cypher ; since that time numerous additions have been made to this gift by purchase and otherwise.

The recipients of the benefits conferred by their charitable institutions, must be Jews, no Christian being eligible ; and it is not surprising that these should be excluded from participation, although they do not themselves make any distinction in the applicants for admission to most of their charities ; for example, the daughter of a Jew born in any town in the kingdom would be eligible for one of the marriage portions distributed in that town, if her character were such as to entitle her to be a candidate ; and I might say the same of the candidates for admission to our endowed schools, which are open to the children of Jews as freely as to those of the Christians. But most of the Jewish charitable institutions have been founded by combination among the poor, or by one who was himself originally poor, and who knew the wants of his brethren, and the inadequacy of such institutions as existed among them to meet their wants. The offerings at the different synagogues during the year amount to a considerable sum, which is disbursed in weekly doles, under the superintendence of a board of guardians, among the most needy members of the congregation. The sum expended in private charity among their poor brethren by those few members of the community who have attained enormous wealth is, as it ought to be, very large ; and it does not detract from the credit due to them on this account to say that they confine it principally, or almost entirely, to Jews, since the majority of those who require relief are to them more completely foreigners than the poor and miserable inhabitants of the courts in the vicinity of their own dwellings.

I do not propose to discuss here the question whether those who opposed the admission of Jews to Parliament were right or wrong in their arguments. Of course a Jew is not eligible for a seat in the Legislature because he is a Jew, for that would be tantamount to saying that a Pole or a Frenchman or a German is so, but on the ground that he is born on British soil. In the case of such men as Salomons and Rothschild the appellation Jew indicates a religious rather than a nationalistic distinction between them and the other inhabitants of this kingdom. In a catechism for the instruction of the Jewish youth, compiled by one of their principal teachers, whose name is not altogether unfamiliar in this country—Rabbi Ascher—the following question and answer occurs :

Has the Israelite a fatherland besides Jerusalem ?

Yes ; the country wherein he is bred and born, and in which he has the liberty to practise his religion, and where he is allowed to carry on traffic and trade, and to enjoy all the advantages and protection of the law in common with the citizens of other creeds ; this country the Israelite is bound to acknowledge as his fatherland, to the benefit of which he must do his best to contribute. The sovereign who rules over this land is (after God) his sovereign ; its laws—so long as they are not contradictory to the Divine Law—are also the Israelite's laws ; and the duties of his fellow-citizens are also his duties.

It will be seen from this extract what view the Jew is taught to take of his relations to Englishmen.

Though they are scattered all over the country, it is generally in towns that the Jews congregate ; and this because there must be at least ten men to constitute a congregation, their law prohibiting the performance of congregational worship by a less number. Moreover, the requirements of their law are much more easily and economically fulfilled when a number of them dwell together than when the reverse is the case. As to their moral qualities, the evidence seems to show that the lower class of Jews are decidedly superior to the same class among ourselves. They are far less given to drinking ; their religious customs enforce a certain amount of cleanliness, both personal and in their dwellings ; two families are seldom or never found inhabiting the same apartment, so that the scene described by the Inspector of Lodging-houses of a room in which there was a family in each corner, and an Irish gentleman in the middle, who was declared to have recently introduced discord among the previously happy inmates by taking in a lodger, is never witnessed among them. They are very hospitable to each other, and we are all aware of the strict manner in which they, as a body, keep their Sabbath—at least, so far as regards refraining from trade—though, as the expounders of their law have laid down that it was intended as much for pleasure and recreation as for spiritual improvement, they avail themselves of the liberty thus accorded to them with an eagerness which is unknown among their Gentile neighbours. The extent to which they patronise theatres, concerts, dancing-rooms, and other places of amusement, on Saturday evenings, must considerably affect the weekly receipts at some of those places ; and the style in which they get themselves up for these occasions has made their love of finery notorious.

The conceit which in ancient times made them such a stiff-necked people still adheres to them. It is said that nothing is more difficult than to get them to adopt a plan suggested by an individual among them, the carrying out of which requires unity of action, every man wanting to be a leader and none followers. On the other hand, if the Jew is conceited, and is taught to consider himself as one of a chosen people, he is also taught that the people of other nations whose worship does not resemble his own are by that circumstance in no way disqualified for admission into Paradise. In an educational work intended for the instruction of Jewish youth, which has received the

approval of the highest authority among them, it is laid down that :

Whereas all religions, the foundations of which are constituted on moral principles, qualify man to guide himself in a proper path, and to render him happy both here and hereafter, what avails it what way he arrives at the destined end ? It follows hence that man is destined by the circumstances of his birth and education to adhere to the religion of his forefathers.

And in the same educational book from which I have already quoted there occurs the following question and answer :

Are the Jews commanded to convert other nations to Judaism ?

No ! The Jews are destined by God to be a kingdom of priests, and a holy nation ; but all men cannot be priests, and all nations need not to become Jews in order to obtain the favour of God, or to be his true worshippers.

Thus, being instructed from their very infancy that there is no reason why they should seek to convert others to their faith, they do not see why they should abandon their own ; hence all attempts to convert them usually fail. The Roman Catholic ecclesiastics had an excellent opportunity of testing their impressionability, for I have seen it stated in an article on the Jews in Rome, that a certain number of the Jewish inhabitants of the Ghetto were compelled to attend the daily service of the Romish Church for generation after generation without any result in the way of conversion. I have not seen any report of the success, or the want of it, on the part of the society founded for the express purpose of propagating the Gospel among the Jews : but I have before me a newspaper published in Utah, in which I see a paragraph stating, on the authority of the Rev. J. Wolff, that a society which existed in London for the express purpose of converting the Jews had, during the last fifty years, spent 500,000*l.* and converted two Jews and a half. This statement is not strictly accurate, but it is certain the number of conversions is not great. However, that is a branch of the subject which I need not discuss in an article intended merely to give some information concerning the present customs of this ancient people.

G. L.

BRIEF.

INFANCY ! a blushing spring,
Violet-strewn and blossoming,
April's sunshine, April's rain,
April ne'er to come again.

Boyhood ! sun-kiss'd summer hours,
Fragrant with a thousand flowers,
Smiling 'neath a tearless sky,
Chasing life's bright butterfly.

Manhood ! in autumnal suit,
Rich in russet golden fruit,
God-stamped, noble, tender, true,
Harvest of preceding two.

Age ! a silvery winter scene,
Blessing joy-dreams that *have been*.
White with hoarfrost, angel-given,
Last and nearest step to heaven !

, ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE ANGLERS OF THE DOVE.

BY HARRIET MARTINEAU.



CHAPTER IX. THE GREAT AUTUMN AT TUTBURY.

A SUNDAY like the good old Sundays came round at last. The church-bell rang for service; and all day there were throngs in the churchyard. The burials, baptisms, and marriages of several months were to be got through during that day and the next; and the clergyman had his hands so full that Dr. Pantlin appeared,—to help his brother-minister, as he grimly said. If the one administered the sacraments, the other should undertake the preaching; and Dr. Pantlin accordingly caused it to be known that he should hold a meeting in the meadow by the river-side.

There were windows in the Castle which over-looked that meadow; and at one of those windows stood Father Berthon with his glass; and there, presently, stood Polly also, being sent for to look through the glass, and say who was who, and what was being done.

That was Dr. Pantlin holding forth from his stand on the grey rock. There were few of the

village people there,—fewer than there used to be on the coldest days of winter; but the church bell accounted for that. Her own parents must be at church; for they were not here: yet they had never thought to miss a discourse of Dr. Pantlin's. There was a man on horseback; he would not carry away much, if his horse would not stand better. Ah! he had dismounted, and let his horse graze while he listened, holding the bridle the while. That group of women came from the hamlet over the hill yonder; they did not belong to the place. There seemed to be scarcely anybody that did belong to the place. All the men at least were strangers, or nearly so. The two gentlemen with their rods were not exactly strangers,—Mr. Stansbury and Mr. Felton.

"Are they there? Let me see them," said Father Berthon. "Are you certain?"

"Quite. You may catch them now, coming from behind those alders. You see their rods? What everlasting anglers they are! Sundays and all days!"

"Yes, they are diligent in their pleasures. Do they catch any fish, Polly?"

"Her Grace knows that they do; and so does your reverence. There were trout of their catching, in the spring, in every house they entered. What other sport they may have, each neighbour guesses for himself. But see! they are not listening to the sermon; they are hastening away by the wood. The horseman is mounted, and off at a canter. The people are running over the meadow. What can be the matter?"

"Only the constables, probably. Let me look. Yes; it is so. Your preaching friend will have to go to prison,—as he deserves; and those who have listened to him will be fined. I doubt whether the people have gained much in liberty by the change of religions; and they have lost everything else for it. Wherever Queen Bess travels, she has her road cleared of sour religionists, as she has of deformed and leprous persons. Our Queen-mistress here is less impatient with such people than their own Protestant sovereign. She bore with their serenades of untunable psalms, under her windows at Holyrood, when the cathedral music of France was still sounding in her ears. But the Protestant Queen has all psalm-singers and image-breakers swept out of her path, as if they were so many papists. The Catholics in exile, or in hiding, and the Anabaptists in prison, and the Puritans under her royal displeasure, and put to flight in the meadows like sheep before strange dogs,—such is the religious liberty of England, when fallen away from Rome!"

"And she hates the foreign Protestants, it is said, while there are so few that she likes at home. She says the Netherlanders have corrupted her people, who were a sober people before, but have now learned to swill like Flemish hogs."

"The tone of English manners is low indeed," said the priest, "with a bastard sovereign on the throne, and the true Queen in prison; with the true priests in exile, and a bastard clergy in the pulpits, and wild heresy infesting the very woods and hills, and the broad meadows of the land. But a few days more, and we shall see better times."

"I wish Sampson would come home!" sighed Polly.

"He waits only to bring the news. Be patient, my child, for the sake of what he will bring. And now that yonder meadow is clear, go and see whether there are letters for the Queen."

Polly had for some days known the secret of the Queen's post-office,—the place in the terrace wall which a good climber could reach from below, by means of a hidden cord, and staples carefully inserted. There were no letters, though the Queen was singularly impatient for them. Time after time that day Polly was sent to look; and still there were none. Two persons below were equally eager to deposit something there. Felton and Stansbury had been to visit the Wise Man, on the dispersion of Dr. Pantlin's congregation, to warn him of danger. The general restlessness and alarm of the neighbourhood wanted an object; and such an object was always found in the nearest reputed witch or sorcerer. The Devil's

priest, and his retreat in the wood, had been in everybody's thoughts that day, after the warnings from both pulpits about the Devil's work that was going on in those parts. If there was hatred loudly expressed towards the dangerous woman up at the Castle, there was no less fear of the wizard in the forest. The good-natured gentlemen had put the Wise Man on his guard; and he, for his part, bade them beware of desperate perils hanging over their idol Princess, and all who worshipped her. Stansbury jested with him about his being no conjurer, for this time. He had seldom made so bad a guess; and Felton had hurried his indiscreet comrade away. The Wise Man stood looking after them till they were out of sight among the trees. Then he turned into his house with a sigh, saying to himself that it was not for him to admit trouble of mind about the turns of human fate: but he had not got over the weakness of mourning over the waste of such men as these. He should never see them more; and he dreaded what he might hear of them. He proceeded to gather up his papers, and his medicines, and his books, and to deposit them in a certain cupboard he had made long before in a hollow tree in the depth of the wood. Then he spread his board, and fed the fire, so that there was every appearance of his intending to return to the next meal; he dressed himself like a traveller, strapped his tabor and pipes on his shoulder, and started as an itinerant musician in the opposite direction from Tutbury. Comrades must be on the look-out for him on the Lichfield road; and they would set the people dancing in all the villages till the times should be more settled, and philosophers might be safe in their retreats again.

The next day the October sun rose clear; and the mellow sunshine rested on the variegated foliage of Needwood Forest, and made the meadows as green as May, and the waters of the Dove as clear as the morning air. Before Mary had left her bed, her ladies brought her what she longed for. It was but one letter; but it promised more. Polly had found it at dawn where at sunset there was nothing.

There was a radiant joy to-day in the face which had seemed more beautiful in its melancholy than any other: yet now it was plain that joy became it best. Her appetite at breakfast rejoiced her ladies; and her enjoyment of the sunshine on the terrace cheered her industrious needleman at his work, as her figure passed and repassed his window. As Polly stood aside at the stairfoot, with a low obeisance, her royal mistress stopped to whisper some words with a smile. She told Polly that somebody was coming to-day, and she had better look out for him from a certain window which commanded the road. With the light step of girlhood, she paced the gardens, and returned to the terrace, and then to the gardens again; and there she found the Earl,—all unconscious, as she supposed, of what was in her heart. He had indeed not heard, though the tidings were on the way, that at any moment now, Mary might have set forth to London, to take possession of the throne. The Pope's bull, excommunicating Elizabeth, had arrived; and so probably had the French fleet for which Mary's

friends were looking out for miles along the rocks from Hartlepool. The Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland were supposed to be marching thither with their forces, in order to proclaim Mary at York, where the Duke of Norfolk had prepared a rising for the moment when the French should have landed. As the Earl paid his respects to his guest, she smiled to think what his obeisance would have been if he had suspected that he was addressing the real Queen of England and Scotland, as well as the titular Queen of France. She reined in her emotions; but her manner was still gayer than for many a day past. The Earl was sensible of it, and involved a compliment in his dutiful inquiry for her health.

She condescended to enlarge the boundary of her walk, as she had liberty to do when the Earl or the Countess was present. The further terrace to which the party now proceeded commanded the three roads which converged towards Tutbury. For some time nothing was visible on them but slow packhorses, and single wayfarers, and a country cart or two: but at length, far away, a cloud of dust arose; and there was a momentary sparkle of a weapon in the sun. Mary stopped for an instant, but only for an instant. The Earl saw her colour rise, and noticed the throb of her ruff, as from a wildly beating heart. He glanced from one to another of the group; but the ladies maintained their composure. He had seen the Queen's secretary busy at his desk as usual; the needleman, whom he had distrusted more and more, was stitching at his board, and had been humming a country song a minute or two ago. It was natural that a party of armed horsemen should rouse many emotions in the poor lady's breast. It must be this, and nothing more. Yet he leaned on the terrace wall, and watched the approaching horsemen so earnestly that he did not hear the ladies withdraw. Mary was anxious now for the privacy of her own apartments.

"That was not the road. You must have made a mistake," said Father Berthon to Polly, when she carried him the news, and asked whether Sampson must not be one of the party. "That road is the London road. The easternmost is the Yorkshire road. I will show you, if the coast is clear. Go and see."

Polly was long gone. The suspense was too much for the practised patience of the disguised priest. He took some silk patterns in his hand, and went forth as if to ask at the porter's room whether certain goods had arrived; but, as soon as he entered the court-yard, now full of reeking horses and their grooms, he was ordered "Back!"—"Back!" and fairly driven away. He saw the Countess; but she was not gracious. He caught a glimpse of the Earl, reading a letter which bore an enormous seal. Among the gabble of the attendants he caught a few words which sent him at once to the Queen.

By a sign from him, the door was closed and fastened: and he prostrated himself before Mary, claiming to be the first to salute her as the reigning Queen of England. The secretary and the ladies proffered their congratulations, and were affectionately desired to reckon always on

the friendship of the sovereign to whom they had been friends in her adversity. Then followed the news.

Who the party were, Father Berthon had not learned, and could not as yet ascertain. No—he had not seen Sampson; he had not seen any face he knew. It would soon be evident who they were: meantime the great event was that the bull of excommunication which dethroned Elizabeth was actually posted on the Castle gate; and not only there, but on the church door; and some of the people had said that it had been found two mornings since posted on the Exchange in London, and on the door of St. Paul's. Mary was Queen indeed; and her ladies might prepare for the progress to London, where her Majesty would no doubt repair without delay. Mary replied that all things should be considered; but she must first retire to her oratory, to gain strength for the part she was now to play.

While she was in that retirement, a busy whispered consultation went on among her attendants. Had the French landed? How far had they yet penetrated? Were the Scots marching down? Had they joined the Earls of Northumberland and Westmoreland? Was it certain that the country would rise for Mary? or ought she to wait for an escort of troops? Nobody could tell: and they had abundant time for their conjectures, for nobody came near them.

At the end of an hour, they began to suspect that the horsemen were not of Queen Mary's party, but messengers of evil tidings to the Earl. This was in every way true; but not in the precise sense supposed.

By the Earl's gait, as he turned from the terrace and entered his private apartments, it might have been supposed that he had not regained his strength after his illness of the summer. He had been a strong man for weeks, however; but he had received a shock such as might stagger the strongest men.

The Countess scarcely dared to speak to him; but she followed him in, and waited till his conference with the leader of the party just arrived was over.

"Bess!" said he to her when they were alone, "what do you suppose is in this red box?" laying his hand on what stood before him.

She answered by a look which had something like fear in it.

"It is the Great Seal," he said in a whisper.

"What for? Who sent it here?"

"Her Majesty caused it to be sent, by desire of the Council of England,—the urgent desire of the whole Council. Ay! you will not again ask why."

"Yes," said the Countess, though her voice failed her; "I do again ask why."

"For the execution of the Queen of Scots."

"Her execution! you mean her trial!"

"Alas! no. If it were her trial that was decreed, I could prepare for it willingly; for where she breathes, there is treason: and her complicity with these events of to-day is not to be doubted. But to execute her in this, my Castle, without impeachment and defence, is a command which I never thought to receive,—a command such as no

sovereign but a Saracen despot ought to impose on any noble gentleman."

"But will you do it?" the Countess asked, grasping his arm, and gazing in his face.

"I know not," he replied, in a voice of despair.

"Never was man in such a strait! And she as blithe this day as an innocent child!"

"I think nothing of that," said Bess. "She is no child, and knows nothing of innocence, and ought never to be gay at heart again."

"Bess, you are so hard!"

"Ah! that is the old story! But am I not always right? Why is she blithe to-day, but because she believes herself Queen of England? And is she not all the gayer for the Pope's bull having been set up on our own gate? That insult to us is the secret of the fine colour in her face this morning."

"How should she know it?"

"That is a question for you to answer. Since you forbade me to trouble her with my presence, the guardianship has been yours. Whether you have done the duty better than I should, let this day's events show."

"Bess, there must be an end of disputing. A day like this is no time for altercation between us. Your husband's honour and safety are at stake—"

"And what of the Queen's? That is of somewhat greater concern, I imagine. I said once that women make the best gaolers. I say now that women make the most loyal subjects. While you are thinking of your own honour and safety, I am thinking of the Queen's."

"Leave me!" cried the irritated Earl.

"I will; and the more readily because the Queen's service demands instant care. The Pope's bull must be torn down from our gate."

"It is done."

"And from the church-door."

"It is done."

"And discovery made of the audacious hand which posted it."

"It is done; and the man is arrested. Felton did it. There is proof which you can hear another time. Will you leave me?"

"When I have heard what you intend to do," coolly replied the Countess, nodding towards the box which contained the perilous licence to destroy the Queen's chief enemy.

"To-day I shall do nothing. I forbid you, Bess, to approach her. Let her have due service, and nothing more. In a few hours she must hear of the disclosure of the conspiracy, and of the desperate peril of her friends. Let her spirits fall by suspense, or the shock may kill her."

"Can you wish that it should not?" the Countess asked: and her husband answered only by a shudder.

Hour after hour passed, and no news arrived to those who sat waiting for it. There were jests, at which Mary herself smiled, on the undignified reluctance of her hosts to inform her of her release. It was exactly like Bess of Hardwick, the ladies said, to suppress good news as long as possible. From the Earl they should have expected something different; but he was no doubt preparing to pay his duty with the greater state, and

to conduct his sovereign through a country which he was raising in her honour. The number of horsemen who were heard and seen to depart in various directions gave some countenance to this idea. Father Berthon, however, became evidently uneasy as the day wore on: and at nightfall he could no longer refrain from seeking news. He did not return. The secretary refused to go in search of him, saying that it was his special duty to abide by the Queen. He feared detention, the ladies whispered to each other. Could it be that the Earl and Countess meant to resist the new order of things!—to resist the Pope, and France, and Spain, and the whole worthy part of the English nation? Such resistance could be but a brief folly.

As doors and windows stood wide, that warm autumn evening, when all were bent, mind and body, on listening, the gentle breeze brought the sound of bells. The church bells were certainly ringing. All spirits brightened, and Mary herself observed that it was cheering to hear some sounds of joy before the first day of her new reign should close. It was surely the strangest accession day that any sovereign of England had ever known.

"And here are other signs, even more sure than the bells," her secretary, De Naon, observed. "If I mistake not, the people are building a bonfire in the meadow below."

Polly, who had been gazing abroad through Father Berthon's glass, now announced that there were bonfires on all the hills round, and cressets were already alight on every church steeple. The whole country would be aglow, as soon as it was dark.

It was this spontaneous illumination which brought the Earl to the Queen's apartments now, instead of the next morning. He begged an audience, and would evidently not have taken a refusal. He desired to see her Grace alone, sending away even the secretary. The ladies persuaded themselves and one another that this reluctance to accept events was ungenerous, disloyal, every way unworthy; and pray Heaven! it might not be dangerous! Yet there was that in the Earl's face, stern and colourless, which made them anxious to believe their own explanation of the mystery of this day.

"He looks not as a subject comes to greet a new sovereign," the ladies observed; and De Naon wished their mistress was fairly out of the Castle, and released from a host whose position was one of divided duty. He should not consider the Queen safe till she was among her people, with her nobles and their troops around her.

"Yet see how the country is lighting up," said Lady Janet Hamilton. "Where were there ever signs of popular rejoicing, if not here?"

It was indeed a fine sight,—the kindling of the fires over a wide expanse of varied landscape. The Castle itself was illumined in all its prominent parts by the great bonfire in the meadow below. The flames disclosed the deep glades of the forest, and reddened the stems of the nearer trees; and the rushing Dove was like a river of fire. Crowds gathered in the meadows; and yet there were sounds from afar—shouts and singing which told

of other collections of people about the churches and in the villages. One distant flash after another showed where fresh fires were kindled; and red smoke-clouds floated here and there, as far as anything could be seen.

"See," cried Polly, "how the people below are looking up all at once! Let us go upon the terrace and show them how happy we are."

"Stay!" cried De Naon. "It is not to be thought of."

"But I know them so well!" said Polly. "There can be scarcely a face there that I do not know: and they are so happy! and so are we! See how their faces are all upturned at once!"

"We must withdraw from the windows," De Naon declared. "We may not have been seen; but we must do nothing without the Queen's order;—no, not even rejoice."

His voice chilled the hearts of his companions; and so did the countenance of the Earl as he came forth, and signed to the ladies to return to their mistresses. As he opened the door to the corridor, two armed men entered and carried off the secretary.

Mary was not fainting; but she was stunned, though the Earl had discharged his duty as gently as he knew how. He said no word to her of her own danger in his hands. The Countess thought this pusillanimous, and almost disloyal; but it was a point on which the Earl was firm. It might be unnecessary ever to use the warrant which he held: the Queen and the Council might change their minds; time might bring about explanations of many things; and, if the maintenance of the religion and the peace of the realm should be found compatible with the life of the Queen of Scots, she might be spared the knowledge of what was now proposed. The Countess was positively forbidden to reveal the fact of the warrant being in the castle to any person whatever: and the secret was in fact well kept for some years. Bess of Hardwick had not supposed that she could come so near quailing before any event as she now found possible. Many a shudder came over her during the day; and she started from her sleep at night when the thought occurred of the black scaffold and the headman in her own halls, and of a guest, a royal guest, being carried forth a headless corpse from her gates. As she watched the roads for approaching horsemen, forgetting the passage of the hours, she grew more apprehensive of messages from London than the Earl himself.

To Mary the Earl would have given more comfort than terror by producing her death-warrant that night. It was a night never to be referred to again, and such an one as could scarcely have been borne twice. The wreck of hope was complete. The Duke of Norfolk was arrested; the northern Earls were summoned to London, but had fled. No foreign force had arrived to support the Scots; and the Scots had marched back again. The burning of the Bible and Prayer-book in Durham Cathedral had exasperated the whole country round. What the spirit of the realm was might be seen by the way in

which the news was everywhere taken. Everywhere the people turned out for their Protestant Queen, rang their bells, lighted their bonfires, and cursed the Popish witch who betrayed to death every man who came under the glance of her eye, and the tone of her voice. The Earl said as little as he could; and Mary could not make inquiry, because it was her part to appear ignorant of any conspiracy. But what she heard was as much as she could bear. All! all lost! Every one who had perilled all for her, doomed and lost! Her own life a blank! to be passed in a loathed prison like this! A life spent with Bess of Hardwick for a gaoler! And the realm not recovered for the Church, but fresh strength given to the damning heresy of the age! The world seemed God-forsaken that night; and, when morning came, the worn and sleepless group started from each other's looks, and might well bar their doors against all witnesses of their woe.

Yet evil tidings found entrance to them in their closest seclusion. The Countess considered it good for their souls that they should know the mischief for which she considered her royal prisoner responsible. She despised the weakness of concealing from Mary the fact that her head was in the Earl's power; but she was so positively forbidden to disclose the truth that there was no help for it; and she made amends by conveying to the secluded ladies the assurance that they would never again see the pair of devoted anglers fishing in the Dove.

Mr. Felton had been ordered for trial on the charge of posting the Pope's bull on the church-door and the Castle-gate; and the evidence of eye-witnesses left him no chance of escape. His friend would suffer with him; for of their complicity with the conspiracy there could be no doubt. The Countess was less eager to tell of the prospects of the Queen's late needleman. She had been so resolute in rebuking the Earl's suspicions of the clever tailor she had hired for the Queen's service, that she would not believe to the last moment that she had been duped by a popish priest. She pitied him as one of those victims sure to be drawn into the vortex of destruction when unscrupulous treason is making its plunge down the precipice. The poor man would be lost, she said, unless the Earl would allow her to take his case in hand. The Earl committed the case to those whose proper business it was; and the disclosures which ensued humbled the Countess in a very wholesome way. On the day of his execution, she sighed, and said he deserved his fate ten times over for bringing his plots into the house of a good subject, and making a fool of a patron to whom he pretended to defer. The effect of her contrition was seen in her allowing her husband, without any interference, to make his own appointments when the Queen's servants were changed; and when at length he was able to repair to Court to receive further instructions, and, as he hoped, to deliver up the burden of the power over Mary's life, the Lady Bess was really glad to have the assistance of the Earl of Huntingdon in guarding the prisoners till her husband should return to conduct them to Fotheringay Castle.

CHAPTER X. TUTBURY LEFT TO ITSELF.

It was mid-winter before the reek went up once more from the Wise Man's chimney. A few days after the thin blue jet of smoke was first seen from the Castle terrace, now occupied only by sentinels, the returned tenant heard a timid knock at his door. It was Polly, grave and resolute, but plainly in need of resolution.

"May I come in?" she asked.

"That depends on a condition which you can hardly have forgotten, Polly. You must bring me no state secrets, you know. I can hear nothing of any plots."

"I do not forget that, nor—nor some other things you said when I came before. But I am come now to ask,—not to tell."

"You can ask. About the answering, we will see."

"I am so perplexed about something! And I am sure you, who know so many things, can tell me the truth. I want to know whether Sampson Rudd is really a Catholic or a Protestant."

"Sampson Rudd! Why, I thought he was your husband."

"To be sure he is; and that is why it is so necessary for me to know: and nobody but a conjurer could find it out to a certainty. To hear him tell when he and I are alone, and nobody within hearing, of the execution of those gentlemen, Mr. Felton and Mr. Stansbury, one would think he was as true a Catholic as they were; but—"

"Did he see them die?"

"He did. Mr. Felton denied nothing. There would have been no use in it; for there were eyes abroad that night that saw him fasten that terrible paper on the gates. He said he had risked his life for the true religion of the kingdom, and for its true sovereign; as he had failed, he had no more to say but that he trusted that true sovereign would not regret his fate so much as he did her disappointment. Mr. Stansbury spoke quite differently. He said he was not the man to go into any plots beyond that of circumventing salmon in the rivers, and foxes on the moors. Where his friend was, there he was; and therefore such danger as his friend was in, he was in too: but it was his friendship that accidentally brought him there, and not any artful treason. He had been aware of a few things; but no gentleman of spirit would expect him to babble of them: and if he was to die for holding his tongue about other men's secrets, so be it! He had none of his own. He had nothing to repent of; and a man could not die at a better time than when he could say that. Sampson feels all this very much."

"How did her Grace feel it? I suppose she knew it before she left Tutbury?"

"There was no saying how she felt any one thing when there were so many. She cried lapsful of tears before I was sent away; and as she rode by in departing, she looked as if her whole life must be as full of tears as her days and nights have been of late. But how to speak of her,—how to think of her now, I don't know, unless I knew what Sampson really is. My father says if I will own myself bewitched by all these

people, he will forgive me; and I can't be sure whether I have been bewitched or not; only, I know that I had no hand in my little brother's death."

"Certainly, — certainly, Polly. Your father will grow reasonable about that. But how can he and Sampson agree?"

That was the question. Polly sometimes thought Sampson would, after all, go into the pulpit (studying a year for it), if the Earl or anyone would ask him, as had been once thought of; and he certainly spoke of the Protestant confessors abroad as if he had been one with them; yet, not only had Father Berthon married him and Polly, but there was another sign,—nothing could induce Sampson to get rid of something which he carried about with him, and which seemed to Polly very dangerous. She feared she was wrong in bringing it; but she did so need advice from one who knew everything! And she produced the medal. Was it, or was it not, of the nature of a charm? If it was dangerous, might she drop it into the Dove, and say she had lost it?"

After close examination, the Wise Man told her she must restore it to her husband, and never tell that any one had seen it. What danger there was in it, her husband must be aware of. As for the rest,—the question of Catholic and Protestant,—how was it with Polly herself? Her position at home seemed to depend on that.

This was the very difficulty. Polly really had no idea what was true, when Father Berthon had told her one thing, and Dr. Pantlin had said the very opposite, and every church preacher had abused Dr. Pantlin. If she could find out what Sampson really believed, she would be of his mind: and this the Wise Man thought was decidedly the best way.

But the neighbours! They would never leave her in peace about her little brother having died when all the household but herself were in the harvest-field. Cicely and Dolly would always look askance at her on account of what they said they had seen: and she was very unhappy.

The Wise Man had skill enough to see what counsel would be welcome. There were many places in England now where Sampson's handicraft prospered and was valued; and nowhere more than in a part of London where silk-weavers from foreign parts were said to have settled in great numbers. Sampson must know all about those people and their trade. He had better give his mind to his loom, whether he lived in one place or another.

There was one person in the neighbourhood of Tutbury Castle who was not surprised to hear, in early spring, that Sampson and Polly Rudd had stolen away one day, while the household were out sowing. Three years after, it was reported by the pedlars who visited Needwood Forest that the black silk hood and mantle which were a part of Queen Bess's mourning for the Huguenots, after St. Bartholomew's day, were from the loom of one Sampson Rudd, who was thenceforth the craftsman in silk wares most favoured by the whole Court.

(Conclusion.)

THE ENGLISH BOY OF THE FUTURE.

To all appearance, there is "a good time coming" for boys and girls. This year—an extraordinary one for many reasons—will be a marked one in the history of English education, for a fresh start in the training of the body, which cannot but cause a fresh start in the development of many of the faculties of the mind. The Prime Minister has listened and spoken on the subject of the physical training of the rising generation. So has parliament. So have the managers of popular education, and the guardians of the poor. Rifle matches between select boys from our public schools have been witnessed at Wimbledon; and drill has been introduced into various classes of schools. In my long life I have seen many changes and varieties in the treatment of human limbs in their growing state; but all that I have seen in half-a-century is less remarkable than the progress made this year towards giving the youth of the country a sound body in which to develop a sound mind.

Many a boy, in reading history, has sighed that he was not born in the ages when every child was practised in the use of the bow, and exercised in town and village games, and brought up to the chase, and to fitness for war. We were all fond, in our youth, of reading of the village butta, and the games on the green in the summer evenings, and on the ice in the wintry sunset. We have all wished that the wild animals had not perished out of the woods, and perhaps regretted that there was no real chance of invasion, with its risks, and its spirited preparations, and its openings for active heroism. I have seen those regrets most wistful in the generation which came between the national perils of the beginning of the century, and the revival of national soldiering within the last ten years. I trust that no future generation of English boys will undergo the privations of the one which is passing away.

Among my earliest recollections is that of troops of little boys playing at being volunteers. That was when Mr. Pitt and the country gentlemen were reported in the newspapers to be training their volunteers, in expectation of the landing of the French. In the streets of towns, troops of little boys were marching and halting, and scaring the horses with their drum and fife, under some ragamuffin who called himself Mr. Pitt, or King George, or the local lord. We who saw these things from the windows might not go out and join them; so we drilled in companies of three or four in a garden, and longed to go to school, that we might do it with more effect in the playground. It seems to me that boys found more scope for their physical energies then than since, though we certainly felt ourselves very small in comparison with our fathers, judging by what they told us of their early feats. An uncle of mine used to tell us about a schoolfellow of his,—Horatio Nelson,—who led in such enterprises as we dared not attempt. Nelson helped a set of boys out in the night, to rob an orchard, in a very daring way. We climbed apple-trees; but it was not in the night; and somehow we fancied it was tame work in comparison. An aunt of mine used to tell us of her frolics in country visits, when a whole

village was filled with young people who came to one of the great balls of those days. The ball was all very well; but there was better fun when the girls jumped up behind the boys on any horse they could catch, and rode the country round, with or without hats and bonnets, astonishing the farmers, and mystifying the cottagers, and being lost sometimes for hours together. The practical jokes involved feats of activity which we knew ourselves to be unequal to; and we wished we had been born a generation earlier. One of the strangest things was to hear the precise old gentlemen and formal old ladies declare that those times were somehow better for young people, than the more staid and intellectual *régime* under which we were growing up. They often told us how sensible we ought to be of advantages in the way of learning such as they never had; but now and then would come out an avowal that the boys had more spirit, and the girls more originality and more grace, when there were fewer books and more pranks. Those were still the days when mothers let their boys alone, or even encouraged them, about black eyes and swollen noses from school fights; and when there was as much pride at home about eminence at the wickets as about a prize for Latin or Algebra.

Boys were unchecked in defying "Bony" and the French, as Nelson had done. That time, degenerate as we thought it, was a stouter one than the period which succeeded. When our parents were looking after the waggons which were to carry the women and children away from the coast on the appearance of the French, the girls were carefully hardened against any helpless fear of "Bony," and the boys were promised that they should stay and fight him, if circumstances permitted. That period seems to me now full of spirit, in comparison with that which followed.

After the idea of invasion died out, an enthusiasm for "education" burst forth. Little children, from the time they could speak, were to be made, by a new method, wiser than ever little children were before. They were puzzled with questions; they were crammed with knowledge; Dissenters' schools expanded and multiplied; and rural labourers' children were taken from the field and the dairy, and the cottage cradle and oven, to be shut up in school for nine years together, "getting learning," as their parents supposed, but coming out as little able to read anything but "a chapter," or to keep the weekly accounts, as to trim a hedge or make cheese. The young gentry were not much better off. Boys in our public schools had their races, and games, and fights; and they kept up the repute of English pluck and activity; but it was a dull time for the others. It was piteous to see homebred children take their daily constitutional walk. Happy those in the towns who knew of a place where timber was lying, where they might at least get some jumping! Happy those who knew of a green slope where they might roll, or who dared to trespass into a hayfield where they might get a tumble once a year! Happy those who could reach a heath, where they might play hide-and-seek among the furze! But for one such, there were hundreds

of children who walked two-and-two along the high road, too many with lesson-books, moving their lips as they walked; and the rest driven to gossip, in the absence of any other interest. They were as unfortunate as so many Quakers, or nearly. They were not in infancy set on high stools for an hour at a time, to fit them for silent meetings; and they were not kept quite so tame in their boisterous years; but we saw in a whole generation of middle-class people the same tendency to inane play that we see in Quaker children, and incipient monks and premature Evangelicals, and Shakers, and Tinkers, and book-worms, and all the rest of the body-despisers;—the same helplessness in all emergencies, the same clumsiness of gait and sheepishness of manner. For a whole generation we have seen strong men walking with their arms as much as their legs, and young men shuffling along the street, and creeping up and down the outside of a coach, and cautiously climbing a gate, and closely studying a hedge or a ditch before trying to cross it. To see such young men amidst an alarm of thieves in the house was very sad. You could not ask them to rid you of a wasp in the window without the white feather coming out. They had as much courage in their own way as their fathers; but they had never been put in due possession of their own bodies, and thus were subject to the penalties of cowardice. They had played in a way at school, besides the regular walk. There were swings, perhaps; there was marbles; there was ball-play; there were races,—all good to a certain extent, but not enough. There was drill in some Quaker-schools, we must do them the justice to state; and in others there was dancing, more or less;—good too, but no great matter. The boys could not swim; they could not ride; they could not box; they could not fence; they did not know how to handle any weapon; they could not keep their own heads with their own right arms. It was a strange sensation to go from living in such a generation to the wilder parts of America. I say the wilder parts, because there was then nothing to be said for the physical education of the young people of the great cities, and of the eastern States generally. The practice of the country walk even did not exist; and there were no country walks for townspeople. But in the rural districts, in the woods, on the prairie, or the wild sea-shore, what a spectacle it was to one from the Old Country! There the boys ran up the trees like monkeys, and flitted about the face of the rocks like sea-birds. Little children would mark a wild bee in its flight, and follow it through bush and briar to its tree, and there circumvent the whole swarm, and bring home a prize of honey. Their swing was a tossing branch over a cataract; and mere infants would climb about a hole in a wooden bridge over a rapid. Girls could ride a bare-backed horse for miles in the night, to fetch the doctor. To swim, to ride, to shoot, was as much a matter of course as to sleep and wake. In such places the learning did not get on very well. The contrast was between the pedantry and bodily helplessness of the one mode of training, and the strong natural faculty (of body and mind), without intellectual discipline, of the other.

The most piteous sight was the communities in which both were wanting;—the Shakers, Rappites, and other religious communists living between these opposite methods of society. It was hard to help both laughing and crying when the Shakers were at their dancing rites. The young girls and boys were evidently making that exercise a safety-valve for their energies. The boys stamped and kicked vehemently: the girls almost cut capers; and there was no mistaking, in their faces, the longing for a game at romps. Just before I saw this, a poor little girl had been expelled for a prank which was irresistible. She was half-dead of the vapours when, one Sunday, when all but herself were supposed to be in chapel, she saw from the kitchen a pony scampering about the paddock. Off she went through the window, jumped on the pony's bare back, and galloped round and round, coming in much relieved. But she had been seen; and she was expelled. A friend of mine took her in, and trained her for service,—much struck by this lesson about the mischief of repressing the animal spirits of youth.

What became of these animal spirits, it may be asked, during the English generation who had no proper physical training?

There was a great flocking into the army and navy on the part of all classes,—from the public school-boy, the prince of the field, to the troublesome cottage lad, who sooner or later "went for a soldier," or "ran off to sea," wept by his mother, and by no means regretted by the neighbours. There was a great deal of smuggling in those days, and much more poaching. There was a good deal of rioting occasionally,—breaking of threshing-machines in agricultural counties, and of power-looms in the manufacturing districts: but a commoner safety-valve was poaching. There was less netting and snaring of game than now, and more shooting. This was part of the temptation. It is now the great temptation to the slaughter of small birds of which we are complaining under our present plague of slugs, caterpillars and wire-worms. Not only boys but men like the excuse for popping off guns: and hence the extirpation of many useful birds which we may never see restored. If the village butts and universal archery of old England had existed now, or if we now had the general practice with weapons which another generation will see, our small birds would at this moment have been devouring the moderate quantity of caterpillars which would have made their appearance. As it is, the last eagle vanished many years ago from our mountain region; and the last pair of ravens is no longer seen; the hawks and owls are too few for the field vermin in the valleys; and their absence is not likely to give us the larks we long for; for the fowling-piece is as fatal to the small singing-birds as to their enemies. We witness a random and mischievous sport with fire-arms, because more legitimate sports and exercises are absent.

Far worse has been the effect of deficient physical education in encouraging vicious indulgence. Gaming, drinking, and profligacy of every sort flourish where the frame is not kept in vigour, and the mind in the cheerfulness which belongs to bodily health. I need not dwell on this. It is

enough to hear the publicans, in their discontent with the Volunteer movement. Looking down into the valley, in these summer evenings, I see there the volunteers marching, or going through their evolutions; and the village population gathering to hear their music, or to watch their shooting. Meantime, the publicans are lounging at their own doors, or gossiping at a neighbour's, complaining of the change of times since the notion of volunteering put it into people's heads to spend their evenings in the open air, instead of the sociable inn parlour.

Ten years ago, we were at about the lowest point; or it looked as if we were. There was already some talk of "Muscular Christianity": society was learning the importance of keeping the skin clean: and the cramming of children was widely denounced. But when the idea of invasion was revived, we were struck with terror at the spectacle of our middle-class young men, with their generally shambling gait, their mean carriage, their unpractised eye and hand, and their ignorance of the use of all weapons. Such bodily exercises as we had were under discredit, because they were ill managed. A man here had hurt himself by over-exertion at cricket; a boy there had been ill ever since a too hard race at school: one had strained his shoulder; another had exhausted his chest; a third had wrung his back, or some useful muscle or other. There was mischief in our exercises and in our deficiency of such exercises. The hearts and souls of Englishmen were all right towards their homes and the enemy; but what could we say of their right arms? The Volunteer movement retrieved us: and now it must be one of the most striking incidents to our Exhibition visitors that the physical bearing of Englishmen has become ennobled since 1851. Our young men have now a manly carriage of the head and limbs, a firm tread, an agile gait, and the proper use of their limbs and senses.

As a natural result of the change, it is extending to the children of the country. There is a deep and wide stir to get drill and gymnastic exercises introduced into our schools for all ranks and orders of children. Nobody wants to interfere with the good old games. The games are sacred; but the boys may as well be qualified to play them without injury by a proper training in the use of their limbs. We have seen Lord Elcho's motion, on behalf of "systematised gymnastic training" respectfully discussed in the Commons; and we have heard Lord Clarendon tell Lord Stratheden in the other House that the Public Schools Commission will inquire into the practice of drill, and the use of the playgrounds. We have seen how Lord Palmerston was startled by the facts exhibited to him by a deputation of Health officers, about the ill health and mortality caused in schools by want of air and exercise, and about the reduction of the death-rate wherever such mistakes were repaired. We have learned from that deputation that in large schools where the children study half time, and are employed in industrial occupation, and subjected to military drill, the sickness and mortality have been reduced to one-ninth of what they were before. We have seen the London school-teachers meeting

to hear Dr. Roth lecture on the physical part of the education they were bound to administer, and have learned from that lecture that whole classes of what are called "children's diseases" have been got rid of where the body was properly trained. We learn that school-keeping is rendered so much easier wherever drill and systematic exercises are established, that the teachers cannot now conceive how they should get on without them. Not only are the children bright and cheerful, but they are obedient to command, orderly, punctual, apt, wide awake, neat in appearance, and self-respecting in manners. Finally, we have seen the spirited lads from our four great public schools shooting at Wimbledon, and honoured at the Crystal Palace, among cheers from a vast multitude of citizens and their wives, who will henceforth need no convincing of the benefit of military drill and exercise.

The only question in most minds is about the expense. The answer is so satisfactory that, if that be all, there is certainly "a good time coming" for our young generation: for the good economy of a due training of the body may be proved in many ways.

The expense is exceedingly small, to begin with. In our national schools, the drill,—all that is necessary of it,—may be given at the cost of a penny a head, per week. It is pointed out that the saving in shoe-leather would more than cover this in each case. People who learn how to stand and walk properly, cease to wear their shoes down on one side, or at the heel. Then, there are the trowsers. Most of us know some clumsy fellow who kicks his ankles, and who so shambles in his gait as to have all the mud or dust that he can kick up hanging about his trowsers. Another man comes out of the very same path without a speck above his shoe-soles. These savings in dress would cover much instruction in the use of the limbs, and in the art of defence. Perhaps, in fairness, we should set against some of this saving the increased quantity of material required for coat and waistcoat, from the expansion of the chest. In a few weeks under Mr. M'Laren, the pupils find that their garments will not meet by many inches: so there must be new clothes, or letting out; and some good many more inches of cloth required in the making. This cost, again, must be more than compensated by the absence of doctors' and druggists' charges. An expanded chest, a brisk and true circulation, and a calm nervous system, save many doctors' bills. Speaking seriously, the reduction of juvenile disease and mortality by nine-tenths alters the whole life of the working-class in which the change occurs. Prosperity comes to the homes where all the members are lively, and active, and strong, fit to make their way in life; and the lowest misery is found where sickness and death are at once the effect and the cause of poverty, and where the survivors struggle in vain under their languor and depression. In the competition of life, they must go to the wall. If, as Mr. Chadwick tells us, fifty out of sixty of the doomed of that class may be saved and reinstated by sensible physical training, is not the economy,—social and individual,—so great as to become sublime?

There is more still. It appears that working people turn out more work in proportion to their command of their own powers of limb and sense. We all understand very well that it answers better to pay high wages to a well-fed labourer, than half the amount to an ill-fed one. There is no less difference in the quality of labourers in regard to their use of their eyes, their hands, and their muscles generally. First, we heard that four men who have undergone drill turn out as much work as five undrilled; and now the proportion is declared to be three to five. For some time past it has been known that engineers were particular in picking and choosing their men, and glad to obtain any who had undergone military discipline. Now it appears that the same preference is shown by employers in most occupations. The bodily aptitude is an advantage in almost every kind of task; but there is much more. There is an alertness, a presence of mind, an orderliness and neatness, a punctuality and obedience about persons systematically and specially trained, in body and mind, which incalculably improves their quality in co-operation as well as in mere industry. If a ploughman is likely to work better for having full command of his limbs and use of his eyes, what must be the difference in the case of the miner, of the fisherman, and all who live in the presence of danger, of having minds awake, nerves and spirits strong, and all powers at ready call? Some work on housetops,—some in coal pits; some at the mast head,—some under water; some need more strength and some more skill; but all are alike benefited by a good education of the body, and will command a place in the labour-market corresponding with their improved ability.

In the face of such facts, we shall not leave our rising generation without these advantages for the sake of five shillings a year per head. While spending hundreds of thousands annually on popular education, we shall not withhold that trifle, knowing that consequent invalidism and funerals will consume ten times as much, and that the additional work done would pay for ten times as many instructors and gymnastic instruments. One must speak in this way when the objection of cost is brought; but it jars upon the feelings. When the question is of the manliness,—to say nothing of the life and health,—of the youth of England, it seems as if the clearest proof of profitableness were something beside the mark. As the profitableness is proved, we may step over and beyond it to contemplate "the good time coming" of the renovated manliness of the English citizen, as a common quality of men of high and low degree.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

CURIOSITIES OF EEL CULTURE.

A GREAT deal more can be said about eels than most people would suppose; more, at any rate, than has ever yet been made public in one place. For one thing, there is so little known about these fish, about their habits and history, as to have given cause for a large amount of speculation; how they breed, how they grow, and when they are fit to become food, are points which have been but very indifferently elucidated. We

have, in times past, been treated to a great mass of questionable information about fish of all kinds, and particularly eels; it is only of late years, however, that naturalists have been able to resolve questions concerning the growth and powers of multiplication of that fish which have, from time to time, been propounded for scientific discussion. The study of the natural history of the eel has been hampered by old-world romances, and quaint fancies about its birth,—or, may we not say, *invention*?

"The eel is born of the mud," said one old author. "It grows out of hairs," says another. "It is the creation of the dews of evening," said a third. "Nonsense!" exclaims a fourth controversialist, "it is produced by means of electricity." "You are all wrong," asserts a fifth, "the eel is generated from turf." And a sixth theorist, determined to come nearer the mark than any of his predecessors, assures the public that the young fish are grown from particles of flesh scraped off the old ones!

Modern investigation has done away with this nonsense, and proved, as might be expected, that eels are the produce of eels. There is, as yet, no place in this country of the nature of a breeding pond, where the natural history of this fish can be properly studied. There are ponds for storing lobsters at Southampton, and there is a store-pond for white-fish in Scotland; but we know of no breeding-ponds either for eels or cod-fish, hence much of our ignorance about their powers of growth and productiveness. We have also a pond on the river Tay, in Scotland, which has been of use in determining questions connected with the growth of salmon, and likewise of adding to the value of the river; the pond-bred salmon having considerably augmented the natural supplies of that fish; and, as a consequence, raised the rental. It is likely, that in connection with the English salmon rivers, breeding-ponds will be erected on a large scale. The salmon being the king of fish, and of royal value, it will undoubtedly prove a profitable speculation to protect its spawn from injury, and its young from destruction. In the natural state, amazing quantities of fish-eggs are constantly destroyed, and countless thousands of the young fish are lost from want of protection—being devoured wholesale by their enemies. It would remunerate the enterprise if other fish were dealt with in the same way as the salmon of the River Tay, because it is well-known that if the young animals are protected from their enemies, a large per-centage of increase in the supplies becomes immediately apparent.

This fact has been already so thoroughly demonstrated in France and Germany as to lead to a national recognition of the French fresh water fisheries and their improvement by means of pisciculture, under the auspices of the government. At Huningue, near Bale, on the Rhine, there has been erected a vast dépôt for the collection and dispersion of fish eggs, which are conveyed from thence to all parts of the kingdom; and, under the directions of M. Coste, many of the depopulated rivers and bays of France have been restocked and rendered productive. The art of pisciculture, which was re-discovered some twenty years ago,

by a humble fisherman of La Bresse, has indeed given new life to the continental fisheries : but the art of breeding and protecting fish was known long before the days of Remy, the French discoverer. In Italy, there has existed for upwards of two-hundred years, a vast fish-preserve, which yields a large annual return for the labour and capital expended upon it. We propose to show by what has been done at Comaccio (the name of the preserve indicated), in the breeding of eels, what might be achieved in England, in the way of constructing remunerative fish ponds.

All places exclusively devoted to fishing communities have a strong dash of the quaint or romantic about them ; the fisher-folk seem to thrive under conditions of growth which would appear harsh and repulsive to landsmen, and the inhabitants of Comaccio are no exception to the rule. Indeed, their means of life and the strict discipline to which they are subjected, seem a little more than romantic, bordering somewhat on slavery. The population of the Lagoon, or rather of its islands, amounts to 6661, and the whole of the inhabitants are connected with the fishery, or with the salt-manufacture, which is carried on for its benefit. The people are remarkably clannish, are devout Catholics, and, like most fisher-communities, hold little intercourse with the world beyond them. A great number of the men employed in the fishery live in a barrack, and dine at a common table, the staple of their food being a pound and a half of eels, or other fish, *per diem*.

The Lagoon of Comaccio is situated on the coast of the Adriatic, between the mouth of the river Po and the territory of Ravenna, about forty-four kilometres from Ferrara. The water is dyked out from the sea by a narrow belt of land, and forms an immense but shallow lake, nearly 150 miles in circumference, and from one to two metres in depth. Two rivers, the Reno and the Volano, form this vast swamp into a species of delta, similar to that formed by the Rhone at Comargue. They skirt the edge of the marsh from south to north, and descend to the sea, where their mouths form two distinct harbours, distant about twenty kilometres from each other, while between these two harbours lies that of Magnavacca, which gives the place its principal communication with the sea. M. Coste, in his tour of exploration, is most particular in describing this place, and takes great pains to detail fully the hydraulic apparatus of canals, sluices, &c., which have been constructed for the better regulation of the fishery. As we desire to be practical, we shall follow the example of Coste, and detail as succinctly as we can the history and apparatus of the place, so that persons desirous of speculating in an eel-pond may know what to provide.

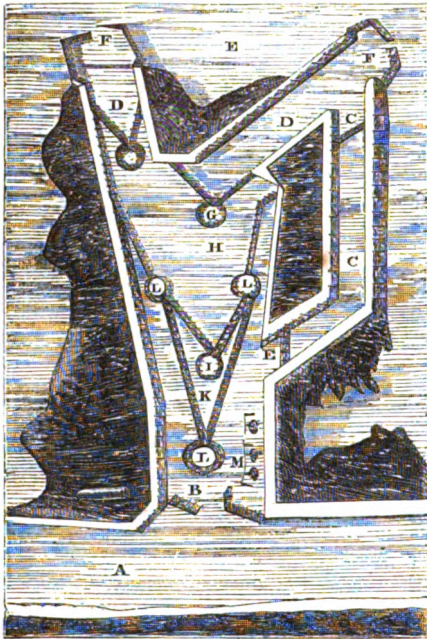
The Lagoon of Comaccio, bounded by the two rivers we have named, and at one time giving complete access to the waters of the Adriatic, offered very favourable conditions for conversion into a field for the artificial propagation of fish, the meeting of the fresh and salt-water forming an excellent basis for such operations. It was a great waste marsh, totally unproductive, when its first inhabitants decided upon establishing themselves there. Abandoned to their own

resources, they resolved to explore and cultivate the waters of the sea, as agricultural labourers explore and cultivate their fields. This was a mere experiment two centuries ago ; but such experiments are again being tried, and the successes achieved in eel-culture at Comaccio prove them to be practical. What led the ancient Comaccians to the breeding of eels was their knowledge of that particular instinct which causes certain species of fish to migrate, and which in particular causes the young eels to ascend into rivers and lakes in innumerable legions some time after they are hatched, and to descend again to the sea when sufficiently grown to incur the dangers of the journey. It is a curious feature of fish-life that about the period when eels are on their way to the sea, where they find a suitable spawning-ground, salmon are on their way from the sea up to the river-heads to fulfil the grand instinct of their nature ; namely, reproduction.

The periodical migrations of the eel can be observed in all parts of the globe, and they take place, according to the climate, at different periods from February to May ; the fish frequenting such canals or rivers as have communication with the sea. The myriads of young eels which ascend would almost transcend belief ; they are in number sufficient for the re-population of all the waters of the earth, if there were protective laws to shield them from destruction, or reservoirs in which they might be preserved to be used for food as required. The inhabitants of Comaccio, seeing the advantages which would result from a systematic cultivation of the young fish, set about constructing throughout the lagoon a series of canals and reservoirs in order to aid them in securing the eels at the time of their ascent from the Adriatic. To effect this they dug out in many places large holes through the natural dyke which separated the lagoon from the two rivers forming its sides. Over these open trenches they erected bridges, and to these they joined strong sluices, capable of being put in play by a handle or screw. These sluices again were provided with gates, which opened to let in the seed, or young fish, and closed again as soon as it was distributed in the basins. They also press into their engineering department twenty currents, which mingle the brackish waters of the lagoon with those of the rivers Reno and Volano. The waters of the Adriatic perform their part in these operations, and are conveyed into the lagoon by means of the canal of Magnavacca, where it is joined to a great basin of sweet water, the Mezzano ; the whole being incorporated into the vast hydraulic apparatus of Comaccio. This canal, which is not less than 10,000 metres in length by, 6 or 7 in breadth, and furnished to the right and left over all its course with branches, dividing and subdividing themselves, but never diminishing in size, distributes the waters of the Adriatic in any part of the lagoon where they may be required ; but in general, the branches are directed towards the principal islands with which the lagoon is studded, in order that the mouth of each of these might be encased in one of the rectilinear trenches which cut the island from end to end. Thus their extremities, open at the end of these trenches, assisted

to form each year during the fishing season an apparatus, to the right and left of which was found a sufficient quantity of firm earth to establish a reservoir and a dépôt of instruments for artificial propagation.

In order to show our readers more plainly how the great series of canals and reservoirs act, we take leave to borrow from one of the works of M. Coste, a bird's-eye view of a valley and its labyrinth in the lagoon of Comaccio.



A trench, B, dug through the islet on which the valley is established (the banks of which are established against overflows by stones and fascines), puts in communication by means of two branches the Palotta Canal, A, with a basin of the lagoon, E. In this trench there is established by the aid of reed hurdles, upheld by stakes, one of the most simple and ingenious fishing apparatuses that it is possible to imagine,—an apparatus in which one can distinguish three principal compartments, D, H, K, having each its dependencies, G, I, L. The first of these compartments, D D, is that in which the fish are enticed that wish to gain the Palotta Canal, in order to make their way to the sea. It extends itself, or widens, from the edge of basin, E, and forms there a sort of ante-chamber, F F, to the partition walls of which is led an open strait for the passage of the waters. This disposition allows the currents which the flood of the Adriatic creates, to make themselves felt further away in the lagoon, and incites the fish more readily to enter the snares that are prepared for their reception. From the side of the Palotta Canal this compartment is bounded by two portions, which, supporting one of their extremities, each on a pile, meet again by means of the other extremities at an acute angle towards the middle of the canal. To this angle, which is open-mouthed, is generally

adapted a triangular chamber, as in G, of which the end is also open-mouthed, and opens into the second compartment of the labyrinth H, which is the greatest of all, forming a vast enclosure, from which the fish that wish to enter the chamber, G, of the first compartment, D, can only come out into another chamber, I, by a fatal fall at the only opening which is offered to them, through partition walls solid enough to become the prison of the mullet, the sole, or the dory, but too feeble to retain the eel. This fish slides with very little effort between the reeds (the degree of resistance offered by which is calculated purposely for this end), and pass into the last part of the labyrinth, K. The chamber, I, which a plank surrounds, to afford facilities to reach the fish, by the aid of which the picking and choosing is performed naturally. The third compartment, K, is used entirely for eels. It is more complicated than the two others, and has stouter and thicker partition walls. It resembles a *fer de lance* in form, and has three salient angles. Each of these angles is open-mouthed, like those of the two other compartments, which open equally into a triangular apparatus, L L L, the partition walls of which are formed by two, three, and even four hurdles placed above one another, and can resist all attempts of the imprisoned eels to escape. A simple purse net-work, which is placed in these fish-traps, suffices to preserve all the eels that are introduced into it. If these are not in a sufficient quantity to become the object of a special convoy, they are provisionally deposited in large spherical wicker panniers, which hold them immersed by the aid of cords. Each valley has, for the purposes of artificial propagation, first, a station, O, where the *vallanti* are shut up; secondly, one or more fishing barks; thirdly, a canal of communication, C, shut up at each extremity by a simple sluice, C C, which can be lifted to allow the passage of the small boats, and closed immediately behind them. This canal is the only way by which the boats can pass from the Palotta Canal into the basins, and *vice versa*. Fourthly, the greater part of the valleys have also either, beside the place where *vallanti* is lodged, or on another part of the isle, a house which serves to protect the fishing instruments, the materials proper to the construction of the labyrinths, &c., and sometimes as a place of accommodation for the carpenter who constructs the boats.

We have been somewhat particular in our description, but not more so than is actually necessary.

As to the question, how eel-breeding would pay as a commercial speculation, we can present a few figures by way of data for calculations on that part of the case. The quantity of eel fry which ascend from the sea into the lagoon is positively enormous: they proceed in such myriads as quite to defy enumeration. What is called the *seeding* (that is, the filling with fish) of the lagoon commences early in February, when column upon column of the young eels may be found proceeding up the canal, and also up the two rivers. The sluices are of course all opened wide, and they remain open for about three months, till the whole of the young fish are supposed to have ascended. About the end of April the sluices are

shut down, and the fish are then securely inclosed, and they never seek to leave till their breeding instinct moves them to gain the sea, at which time they have attained to a considerable size—from four to five pounds weight. The eel seems to grow at the rate of about one pound weight in each year. At first the fry will number so many as 1800 to the pound, and that number, in the course of a year or two, will be worth £40! It is difficult, even at Comaccio, to obtain precise information as to the growth of the eels. Some of the fishermen say that it is ten years before they arrive at maturity; others say they grow to their full size in half that time. Mulletts, which are also cultivated to a large extent in the lagoon, are very small at the beginning, and number 6000 to the pound weight; but in the course of a twelve-month that quantity will have so grown as to be 1500 pounds in weight.

As to the average weight of fish taken from the lagoons in the course of a year, it is known, for instance, that between the years 1798 and 1813 the annual take averaged close on 2,000,000 pounds weight. At present the average yield is about 1,000,000 pounds. This comparatively short supply is caused by the mortality of former seasons; but it is known that the annual yield of fish does not represent anything like the breeding capacity of the lagoon. The quantity stolen by poachers is very considerable; so that M. Coste estimates the true production at 4,000,000 pounds weight each year. Three successive accidents killed nearly 10,000,000 pounds weight of fish. When a large capture is taken on any particular night a gun is fired in order to proclaim the good news; and next day a grand feast is held in celebration of the event. The harvest season begins at the end of autumn, and is inaugurated with solemn religious services. The sluices are opened to let in the sea-water, which is supposed to excite the migratory instinct of the fish, and lead them to seek their way out of the lagoon. Dark nights, accompanied with rain or wind, are those on which the largest captures take place. During a furious storm, on an October night in 1697, 1200 baskets of fish of different kinds were caught, the weight of which was close upon 700,000 pounds. The trouble attending the capture is not great: the fishermen wait patiently and silently round the basins and labyrinths till the fish rise, when they are handed out with great celerity. The harvest, like the seeding time, lasts for three or four months, and all engaged in it are gay and excited.

As the eels are caught they are transferred to the great cooking houses, where they are at once prepared for the spit—all, or most of the fish taken at Comaccio being sold in a ready-cooked state. To admit of this there is an immense series of kitchens, with gigantic fires, where the best of the eels are roasted, the smaller kind being fried in the fat of those which have been put on the spit. Even the grease is of great value, and flows from the fireplace to appointed reservoirs in a little canal which has been constructed for the purpose. Some of the fish are cruelly roasted alive; and on this delicate point

we may quote the opinion of Eude, the great artist cook, who gives the reason for his process of throwing them on the live coals previous to their being skinned. In his book on cookery, he says: "Take one or two live eels, throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is decidedly the best, as it is the means of drawing out the oil, which is unpalatable. *Note.* Several gentlemen have accused me of cruelty, for recommending in my work that eels should be burned alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of their taste, and the preservation of their health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and the oil, which remains when they are skinned, are highly indigestible. If any lady or gentleman should make the trial of both, they will find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin."

At Comaccio a great portion of the flat fish are fried in huge pans; but we are told that *they* are not thrown alive into the frying-pan.

Another mode of preserving the fish is by salting them in great stacks, and after time has been given for their being thoroughly saturated, they are packed in barrels of various sizes, and along with the grilled eels sent away into the interior of the country for sale.

The remaining style of cooking is by immersing the fish in a boiling pickle. "This cruel necessity," we are told by Professor Coste, "is absolutely indispensable, otherwise the cure would be quite spoiled. If immersed after death, the entrails of the fish, absorbing too little salt, would corrupt, while the skin would present a deceitful appearance. If established usage was departed from, there would be the risk of our having at table beautiful fish, which on being carved would be rotten. To see if the conditions of cure have been fulfilled, the merchants on making a purchase always open the mouths of the fish, in order to smell them." An insertion of powdered salt into the insides of the fish completes the operation.

Although we have not in this country such a place as Comaccio—the only fish-breeding pond being, as we have stated, on the river Tay, at Stormontfield—the example of the inhabitants of Comaccio might be followed, and a pond, or series of ponds, be erected about some of our marshy places, which would yield large quantities of wholesome fish-food, at a rate that would bring it within the reach of the poorest portions of the community. The Comaccio ponds could be easily imitated; and there are fens and watery places in England that seem naturally suited for the construction of such places. It is certain that there are very large quantities of eels in this country, and that these, when properly cooked, form a wholesome and palatable food. Somehow, the Scotch people have a terror of the eel, and decline to partake of it; but in time this prejudice might be overcome, and the rivers of Scotland made to yield up in large quantities those eels which are known to grow in them. Large quantities of this serpent-like fish are used in

London, great cargoes being still brought from Holland to supply the eel-pie bakers of the great metropolis.

Any person requiring more detailed information

than we have already given should read Coste's "Voyage d'Exploration sur la littoral de la France et de l'Italie," from which we have gleaned many of the preceding facts.

THE MORNING BEFORE THE MASSACRE OF ST. BARTHOLOMEW.

August, 1572.



The fickle sunshine (in and out)
Went running up and down the terrace,
Glooming, brightening, dozing, wakening,
O'er the stately roofs of Paris ;
Shining, fading in the gardens,
With a wanton, sportive malice,
Silver arrows, fountain-shot,
Rose around the lordly palace.

The dogs were basking in the courts,
The peacocks in the shine were sunning ;
Pages, with parti-colour'd ball,
Were down the long green alleys running ;
The lady, at her tapestry,
From the great oriel window caroll'd ;
The noble at the wide porch stood,
In black and crimson proud apparel'd.

Between the pulses of the sun
(The light and dark still fitful coming)
You heard the birds deep in the leaves,
And in the flowers the brown bees humming;
But louder than the bees or birds
The voices of the boys were sounding,
As, like a living thing, the ball
O'er beds of flowers went gaily bounding.

"To-morrow," thought the Huguenot,
"I gain my suit and win that title."
"To-morrow," thought the lady fair—
"And yet those dreams,—I spent the
night ill."
"To-morrow," laughed the little page,
"I wear my new gilt Milan dagger."
"To-morrow," growled the butler old,
"I'll tap some wine 'll make 'em stagger."

The dial's shadow glided on,
Severing the golden hours for ever;
The leaves each moment fell away,
When breezes made the poplars shiver.
One little handful of dark cloud
Over the glistening vanes was lowering.
But no one heeded it, as they
Faced where the yellow leaves were showering.

The morrow came: in smoky fire,
The sun arose—a blood-globe burning;
The shrieks of women pierced the air;
The hiding mothers' hearts were yearning;
And through the streets, all red with gore,
Where Guise's men were dancing, quaffing,
In funeral state, with crown and sword,
The skeleton, KING DEATH, rode laughing.
WALTER THORNBURY.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XV. PECKABY'S SHOP.

ON passing through Deerham from Verner's Pride, a little below the shop of Mrs. Duff, you come upon an opening on the left hand, which led to quite a swarm of cottages. Many of the labourers congregated here. If you took this turning, which was called Clay Lane, and continued your way past the cottages in a straight line over the fields, you would arrive at the residence of the game-keeper, Broom, leaving some brick-fields to the right, and the Willow-pool, which had been the end of poor Rachel Frost, on the left. But, unless you climbed hedges, you could not get to the pool from this quarter without going a round near the game-keeper's. The path which led to Verner's Pride past the pool; and which Rachel had taken that unfortunate night, had its commencement higher up in the village, above Mrs. Duff's. A few cottages were scattered again beyond the game-keeper's, and one or two on this side it: but we have nothing to do with them at present.

A great part of the ill-feeling rife on the estate was connected with these brick-fields. It had been a great mistake on Mr. Verner's part ever to put Roy into power: had Mr. Verner been in the habit of going out of doors himself, he would have seen this, and not kept the man on a week. The former bailiff had died suddenly; he, the bailiff, had given some little power to Roy during his lifetime; had taken him on as a sort of inferior helper; and Mr. Verner, put to shifts by the bailiff's death, had allowed Roy so to continue. Bit by bit, step by step, gradually, covertly, the man made good his footing: no other was put over his head, and in time he came to be called Roy the bailiff, without having ever been formally appointed as bailiff. He drew his two pounds per week—his accorded wages—and he made, it is hard to say what, besides. Avarice and tyranny were the predominant passion of Roy's mind; bad qualities, and likely to bring forth bad fruits, when joined to petty power.

About three years previous to Mr. Verner's death, a stranger had appeared in Clay Lane, and set up a shop there. Nearly every conceivable thing

in the shape of eatables was sold in it; that is, such eatables as are in request amidst the poor. Bread, flour, meat, potatoes, butter, tea, sugar, red herrings, and the like. Soap and candles were also sold; and afterwards the man added green vegetables and coals, the latter doled out by the measure, so much a "kipe." The man's name was Peckaby: he and his wife were without family, and they managed the shop between them. A tall, strong, brawny man was he; his wife was a remarkably tall woman, fond of gossip and of smart caps. She would go gadding out for hours at a stretch, leaving him to get through all the work at home, the preparing meals, the serving customers.

Folks fly to new things; to do so is a propensity inherent in the human, female nature; and Mr. Peckaby's shop flourished. Not that he was much honoured with the complimentary "Mr.;" his customers brought it out short—"Peckaby's shop." Much intimacy had appeared to exist, from the first, between him and Roy, so that it was surmised they had been previously acquainted. The prices were low, the shop was close at hand, and Clay Lane flocked to it.

New things, however, like new faces, are apt to turn out no better than the old: sometimes not as good. And thus it proved with Peckaby's shop. From rather underselling the shops of the village, Peckaby's shop grew to increase its charges until they were higher than those of anybody else: the wares also deteriorated in value. Clay Lane awoke to this by degrees, and would have taken its custom away. But that was more easily contemplated than done: a good many of them had been allowed to get on Peckaby's books, and they also found that Roy set his face against their leaving the shop. For Roy to set his face against a measure, was a formidable affair, not readily contended with: the labourers did not dare to fly in his face, lest he should make an excuse to take their work from them. He had already discharged several. So Clay Lane, for the most part, found itself tied to Peckaby's shop, and to paying some thirty per cent. beyond what they would have paid at the

old shops; added to which, was the grievance of being compelled to put up with very inferior articles. Dissatisfaction at this state of things had long been smouldering. It grew and grew, threatening to break out into open rebellion, perhaps to bloodshed. The neighbourhood cried shame upon Roy, and felt inclined to echo the cry upon Mrs. Verner; while Clay Lane openly avowed their belief that Peckaby's shop was Roy's shop, and that the Peckabys were only put in to manage it.

One fearfully hot Monday morning, in the beginning of July, Lionel Verner was passing down Clay Lane. In another week he would be away from Deerham. Lady Verner's illness had commenced the latter end of April, and it was growing towards the end of June before she began to get better, or would give Lionel leave to depart. Jan, plain-speaking, truth-telling Jan, had at length quietly told his mother that there was nothing the matter with her but "vexing and temper." Lady Verner went into hysterics at Jan's unfilial conduct; but, certain it was, from that very time she began to amend. July came in, and Lionel was permitted to fix the day for his departure.

Lionel was walking down Clay Lane. It was a short cut to a friend's house over the hills, rising there, some three or four miles distant. Not a very suitable day for a walk. Had Lionel been training for a light jockey, without any superfluous weight, he might have dispensed with extra covering in his exercise, and done as effectually without it. A hotter day never was known in our climate; a more intensely burning sun never rode in the heavens. It blazed down with a force that was almost unbearable, scorching and withering all within its radius. Lionel looked up at it; it seemed to blister his face and dazzle his eyes; and his resolution wavered as he thought of the walk before him. "I have a great mind not to go," said he, mentally. "They can set up their targets without me. I shall be half dead by the time I get there." Nevertheless, in the indecision, he still walked on. He thought he'd see how affairs looked when he came to the green fields. Green! brown, rather.

But Lionel found other affairs to look at before he got to the fields. On turning a sharp angle of Clay Lane, he was surprised to see a crowd collected, stretching from one side of it to the other. Not a peaceable crowd evidently, although it was composed for the most part of the gentler sex; but a crowd of threatening arms and inflamed faces, and swaying white caps and noisy tongues. The female population of Clay Lane had collected there.

Smash! went the breaking of glass in Lionel's ears as he came in view; smash! went another crash. Were Peckaby's shop windows suffering? A misgiving that it must be so, crossed the mind of Lionel, and he made a few steps to the scene of warfare.

Sure enough it was nothing less. Three great holes were staring in so many panes, the splinters of glass lying inside the shop-window, amongst butter and flour, and other appropriate receptacle compartments. The flour looked brown, and the butter was running away in an oily stream; but that

was no reason why a shower of broken glass should be added to improve their excellencies. Mr. Peckaby, with white gills and hair raised up on end, stood the picture of tremor, gazing at the damage, but too much afraid to start out and prevent it. Those big men are sometimes physical cowards. Another pane smashed! the weapon used being a hard piece of flint coal, which just escaped short of Mr. Peckaby's head, and Lionel thought it time to interfere. He pushed into the midst of them.

They drew aside when they saw who it was. In their hot passions—hot and angry then—perhaps no one, friend or enemy, would have stood a chance of being deferred to, but Lionel Verner. They had so long looked upon him as the future master of Verner's Pride, that they forgot to look upon him as anything less now. And they all liked Lionel. His appearance was as oil poured upon troubled waters.

"What is the meaning of this? What is the matter?" demanded Lionel.

"Oh, sir, why don't you interfere to protect us, now things is come to this pass? You be a Verner!" was the prayer of remonstrance that met his words from all sides.

"Give me an explanation," reiterated Lionel. "What is the grievance?"

The particular grievance of this morning, however easy to explain, was somewhat difficult to comprehend, when twenty tongues were speaking at once; and they, shrill and excited ones. In vain Lionel assured them that if one would tell it, instead of all, he should understand it sooner; that if their tone were subdued, instead of loud enough to be heard yonder at the brick-fields, it might be more desirable. Excited women, suffering under what they deem a wrong, cannot be made quiet: you may as well try to put down a rising flood. Lionel resigned himself to his fate, and listened: and at this stage of the affair a new feature of it struck his eye and surprised him; scarcely one of the women but bore in her hand some uncooked meat. Such meat! Lionel drew himself and his coat from too close proximity to it. It was of varied colours, and walking away alive. Upon plates, whole or broken, upon half saucers, upon dust-pans, upon fire-shovels, held at the end of tongs, hooked on to a fork, spread out in a coal-box, anyhow, so as to avoid contact with fingers, these dainty pieces were exhibited for inspection.

By what Lionel could gather, it appeared that this meat had been purchased on Saturday night at Peckaby's shop. The women had said then, one and all, that it was not good; and Mr. Peckaby had been regaled with various open conjectures, more plain than polite, as to the state of the animal which had supplied it. Independent of the quality of the meat, it was none the better, even then, for having been kept. The women scented this; but Peckaby and Peckaby's wife, who was always in the shop with her husband on a Saturday night, protested and vowed that their customers' noses were mistaken; that the meat would be perfectly good and fresh on the Sunday, and on the Monday too, if they liked to keep it so long. The women, somewhat doubtfully giving ear to the assurance, knowing that the alternative was that

or none, bought the meat and took it home. On Sunday morning, they found the meat was—anything you may imagine. It was neither cookable nor eatable; and their anger against Peckaby was not diminished by a certain fact which oozed out to them: namely, that Peckaby himself did not cut *his* Sunday's dinner off the meat in his shop, but sent to buy it of one of the Deerham butchers. The general indignation was great; the men, deprived of their Sunday's meat, joined in it; but nothing could be done until Monday morning. Peckaby's shop was always hermetically sealed on a Sunday. Mr. Verner had been stringent in allowing no Sunday traffic on the estate.

Monday came. The men went to their work as usual, leaving their wives to deal with the matter. Behold them assembled with their meat, kept for the occasion in spite of its state, before the shop of Peckaby. But of redress they could get none; Peckaby was deaf; and Lionel arrived to find hostilities commenced. Such was the summary of the story.

"You are acting very wrong," were Lionel's first words to them in answer. "You should blame the meat, not Peckaby. Is this weather for keeping meat?"

"The weather didn't get to this heat till yesterday in the afternoon," said they—and Lionel could not deny the fact. Mrs. Dawson took up the word.

"Our meat warn't bought at Peckaby's; our meat were got at Clark's, and it were sweet as a nut. 'Twere veal, too, and that's the worst meat for keeping. Roy 'ud kill us if he could; but he can't force us on to Peckaby's rubbish. We defy him to't."

In point of defying Roy, the Dawsons had done that long ago. There was open warfare between them, and skirmishes took place occasionally. The first act of Roy, after it was known that Lionel was disinherited, had been to discharge old Dawson and his sons from work. How they had managed to live since, was a mystery: funds did not seem to run low with them: tales of their night-poaching went about, and the sons got an odd job at legitimate work now and then.

"It's an awful shame," cried a civil, quiet woman, Sarah Grind, one of a very numerous family, commonly called "Grind's lot," "that we should be beat down to have our victuals and other things at such a place as Peckaby's! Sometimes, sir, I'm almost inclined to ask, is it Christians as rules over us?"

Lionel felt the shaft levelled at his family, though not personally at himself.

"You are not beaten down to it," he said. "Why do you deal at Peckaby's? Stay a bit! I know what you would urge: that by going elsewhere you would displease Roy. It seems to me that if you would all go elsewhere, Roy could not prevent it. Should one of you attempt to go, he might; but he could not prevent it if you all go with one accord. If Peckaby's things are bad—as I believe they are—why do you buy them?"

"There ain't a single thing as is good in his place," spoke up a woman, half-crying. "Sir, it's truth. His flour is half bone-dust, and his

'tature is watery, his sugar is sand, and his tea is leaves dried over again, and his eggs is rotten, and his coals is flint."

"Allowing that it is so, it is no good reason for your smashing his windows," said Lionel. "It is utterly impossible that that can be tolerated."

"Why do he palm his bad things off upon us, then?" retorted the crowd. "He makes us pay half as much again as we do in the other shops; and when we gets them home, we can't eat 'em. Sir, you be Mr. Verner now; you ought to see as we be protected."

"I am Mr. Verner; but I have no power. My power has been taken from me, as you know. Mrs. Verner is—"

"A murrain light upon her!" scowled a man from the outskirts of the crowd. "Why do she call *herself* Mrs. Verner, and stick herself up for missis at Verner's Pride, if she is to take no notice on us? Why do she leave us in the hands of Roy, to be—"

Lionel had turned upon the man like lightning.

"Davies, how dare you presume so to speak of Mrs. Verner in my presence? Mrs. Verner is not the source of your ills; you must look nearer to you, for that. Mrs. Verner is aged and ailing; she cannot get out of doors to see into your grievances."

At the moment of Lionel's turning to the man, he, Davies, had commenced to push his way towards Lionel. This caused the crowd to sway, and Lionel's hat, which he held carelessly in his hand, having taken it off to wipe his heated brow, got knocked down. Before he could rescue it, it was trampled out of shape; not intentionally—they would have protected Lionel and his things with their lives—but inadvertently. A woman picked it up with a comical look of despair. To put on *that* again, was impossible.

"Never mind," said Lionel, good-naturedly. "It was my own fault; I should have held it better."

"Put your handkercher over your head, sir," was the woman's advice. "It'll keep the sun off."

Lionel smiled, but did not take it. Davies was claiming his attention: while some of the women seemed inclined to go in for a fight, which should get the hat.

"Could Mr. Verner get out o' doors and look into our grievances, the last years of his life, any more, sir, nor she can?" he was asking, in continuation of the subject. "No, sir; he couldn't, and he didn't; but things wasn't then brought to the pitch as they be now."

"No," acquiesced Lionel, "I was at hand then, to interpose between Roy and Mr. Verner."

"And don't you think, sir, as you might be able to do the same thing still?"

"No, Davies. I have been displaced from Verner's Pride, and from all power connected with it. I have no more right to interfere with the working of the estate than you have. You must make the best of things until Mr. Massingbird's return."

"There'll be some dark deed done, then, afore many weeks is gone over; that's what there'll be!"

was Davies's sullen reply. "It ain't to be stood, sir, as a man and his family is to clam, 'cause Peckaby—"

"Davies, I will hear no more on that score," interrupted Lionel. "You men should be men, and make common cause in that one point for yourselves, against Roy. You have your wages in your hand on a Saturday night, and can deal at any shop you please."

The man—he wore a battered old straw hat on his head, which looked as dirty as his face—raised his eyes with an air of surprise at Lionel.

"What wages, sir? We don't get ours."

"Not get your wages?" repeated Lionel.

"No, sir; not on a Saturday night. That's just it—it's where the new shoe's a-pinching. Roy don't pay now on a Saturday night. He gives us all a sort o' note, good for six shilling, and we has, us or our wives, to take that to Peckaby's, and get what we can for it. On the Monday, at twelve o'clock, which is his new time for paying the wages, he docks us of six shilling. *That's* his plan now: and no wonder as some of us has kicked at it, and then he have turned us off. I be one."

Lionel's brow burnt; not with the blazing sun, but with indignation. That this should happen on the lands of the Verners! Hot words rose to his lips—to the effect that Roy, as he believed, was acting against the law—but he swallowed them down ere spoken. It might not be expedient to proclaim so much to the men.

"Since when has Roy done this?" he asked.

"I am surprised not to have heard it."

"This six weeks he have done it, sir, and longer nor that. It's get our things from Peckaby's, or it's not get any at all. Folks won't trust the likes of us, without us goes with the money in our hands. We might have knowed there was some evil in the wind when Peckaby's took to give us trust. Mr. Verner wasn't the best of masters to us, after he let Roy get on our backs,—saving your presence for saying it, sir; but you must know as it's truth,—but there's things a-going on now as 'ud make him, if he knowed 'em, rise up out of his grave. Let Roy take care of himself, that he don't get burned up some night in his bed!" significantly added the man.

"Be silent, Davies! You——"

Lionel was interrupted by a commotion. Upon turning to ascertain its cause, he found an excited crowd hastening towards the spot from the brick-fields. The news of the affray had been carried thither, and Roy, with much intemperate language and loud wrath, had set off at full speed to quell it. The labourers set off after him, probably to protect their wives. Shouting, hooting, swearing—at which pastime Roy was the loudest—on they came, in a state of fury.

But for the presence of Lionel Verner, things might have come to a crisis—if a fight could have brought a crisis on. He interposed his authority, which even Roy did not yet dispute to his face, and he succeeded in restoring peace for the time. He became responsible—I don't know whether it was quite wise of him to do so—for the cost of the broken windows, and the women were allowed

to go home unmolested. The men returned to their work, and Mr. Peckaby's face regained its colour. Roy was turning away, muttering to himself, when Lionel beckoned him aside with an authoritative hand.

"Roy, this must not go on. Do you understand me? It must not go on."

"What's not to go on, sir?" retorted Roy, sullenly.

"You know what I mean. This disgraceful system of affairs altogether. I believe that you would be amenable to the law in thus paying the men, or in part paying them, with an order for goods; instead of in open, honest coin. Unless I am mistaken, it borders very closely upon the tally system."

"I can take care of myself and of the law, too, sir," was the answer of Roy.

"Very good. I shall take care that this sort of oppression is lifted off the shoulders of the men. Had I known it was being pursued, I should have stopped it before."

"You have no right to interfere between me and anything now, sir."

"Roy," said Lionel, calmly, "you are perfectly well aware that the right, not only to interfere between you and the estate, but to invest me with full power over it and you, was sought to be given me by Mrs. Verner at my uncle's death. For reasons of my own I chose to decline it, and have continued to decline it. Do you remember what I once told you,—that one of my first acts of power would be to displace you? After what I have seen and heard to-day, I shall deliberate whether it be not my duty to reconsider my determination, and assume this, and all other power."

Roy's face turned green. He answered defiantly, not in tone, but in spirit:

"It wouldn't be for long, at any rate, sir; and Mr. Massingbird, I know, 'll put me into my place again on his return."

Lionel did not reply immediately. The sun was coming down upon his uncovered head like a burning furnace, and he was casting a glance round to see if any friendly shade might be at hand. In his absorption over the moment's business he had not observed that he had halted with Roy right underneath its beams. No, there was no shade just in that spot. A public pump stood behind him, but the sun was nearly vertical, and the pump got as much of it as he did. A thought glanced through Lionel's mind of resorting to the advice of the women to double his handkerchief cornerwise over his head. But he did not purpose staying above another minute with Roy, to whom he again turned.

"Don't deceive yourself, Roy. Mr. Massingbird is not likely to countenance such doings as these. That Mrs. Verner will not, I know; and, I tell you plainly, I will not. You shall pay the men's wages at the proper and usual time; you shall pay them in full, to the last halfpenny that they earn. Do you hear? I order you now to do so. We will have no underhanded tally system introduced on the Verner estate."

"You'd like to ruin poor Peckaby, I suppose, sir?"

"I have nothing to do with Peckaby. If public rumour is to be credited, the business is not Peckaby's, but yours—"

"Them that says it is a pack of liars!" burst forth Roy.

"Possibly. I say I have nothing to do with that. If Peckaby—"

Lionel's voice faltered. An awful pain—a pain, the like of which for acute violence he had never felt—had struck him in the head. He put his hand up to it, and fell against the pump.

"Are you ill, sir?" asked Roy.

"What can it be?" murmured Lionel. "A sudden pain has attacked me here, Roy," touching his head: "an awful pain. I'll get into Frost's, and sit down."

Frost's cottage was but a minute's walk, but Lionel staggered as he went to it. Roy attended him. The man humbly asked if Mr. Lionel would be pleased to lean upon him, but Lionel waved him off. Matthew Frost was sitting indoors alone: his grandchildren were at school, his son's wife was busy elsewhere. Matthew no longer went out to labour. He had been almost incapable of it before Mr. Verner's annuity dropped to him. Robin was away at work: but Robin was a sadly altered man since the death of Rachel. His very nature appeared to have changed.

"My head! my head!" broke from Lionel, as he entered, in the intensity of his pain. "Matthew, I think I must have got a sun-stroke."

Old Matthew pulled off his straw hat, and lifted himself slowly out of his chair: all his movements were slow now. Lionel had sat himself down on the settle, his head clasped by both hands, and his pale face turned to fiery red: as deep a crimson as Mrs. Verner's was habitually.

"A sun-stroke?" echoed old Matthew, leaning on his stick, as he stood before him, attentively regarding Lionel. "Ay, sir, for sure it looks like it. Have you been standing still in the sun, this blazing day?"

"I have been standing in it without my hat," replied Lionel. "Not for long, however."

"It don't take a minute, sir, to do the mischief. I had one myself, years before you were born, Mr. Lionel. On a day as hot as this, I was out in my garden, here, at the back of this cottage. I had gone out without my hat, and was standing over my pig, watching him eat his wash, when I felt something take my head—such a pain, sir, that I had never felt before, and never wish to feel again. I went indoors, and Robin, who might be a boy of five, or so, looked frightened at me, my face was so red. I couldn't hold my head up, sir; and when the doctor came, he said it was a sun-stroke. I think there must be particular moments and days when the sun has this power to harm us, though we don't know which they are, nor how to avoid them," added old Matthew, as much in self-soliloquy as to Lionel. "I had often been out before, without my hat, in as great heat; for longer, too; and it had never harmed me. Since then, sir, I have put a white handkerchief inside the crown of my hat in hot weather: the doctor told me to."

"How long did the pain last?" asked Lionel,

feeling his pain growing worse with every moment. "Many hours?"

"Hours?" repeated old Matthew, with a strong emphasis on the word. "Mr. Lionel, it lasted for days and weeks. Before the next morning came, sir, I was in a raging fever; for three weeks, good, I was in my bed, above here, and never out of it; hardly the clothes smoothed atop of me. Sun-strokes are not frequent in this climate, sir, but when they do come, they can't be trifled with."

Perhaps Lionel felt the same conviction. Perhaps he felt that with this pain, increasing as it was in intensity, he must make the best of his way home, if he would go at all. "Good day, Matthew," he said, rising from the bench, "I'll get home at once!"

"And send for Dr. West, sir, or for Mr. Jan, if you are no better when you get there," was the parting salutation of the old man.

He stood at the door, leaning on his stick, and watched Lionel down Clay Lane. "A sun-stroke, for sure," repeated he, slowly turning in, as the angle of the lane hid Lionel from his view.

CHAPTER XVI. DAYS AND NIGHTS OF PAIN.

In his darkened chamber at Deerham Court, lay Lionel Verner. Whether it was a sun-stroke, or whether it was but the commencement of a fever which had suddenly struck him down that day, certain it was, that a violent illness attacked him, and he lay for many, many days—days and weeks as old Frost had called it—between life and death. Fever and delirium struggled with life, which should get the mastery.

Very little doubt, was there, that his state of mind increased the danger of his state of body. How bravely Lionel had struggled to do battle with his great pain, he might scarcely have known himself, in all its full intensity, save for this illness. He had loved Sibylla with the pure fervour of feelings young and fresh. He could have loved her to the end of life; he could have died for her. No leaven was mixed with his love; no base dross: it was refined as the purest silver. It is only these exalted, ideal passions, which partake more of heaven's nature than of earth's, that tell upon the heart when their end comes. Terribly had it told upon Lionel Verner's. In one hour he had learnt that Sibylla was false to him, was about to become the wife of another. In his sensitive reticence, in his shrinking pride, he had put a smiling face upon it before the world. He had watched her marry Frederick Massingbird, and had "made no sign." Deep, deep in his heart, fifty fathom deep, had he pressed down his misery, passing his days in what may be called a false atmosphere—showing a false side to his friends. It seemed false to Lionel, the appearing what he was not. He was his true self at night only, when he could turn, and toss, and groan out his trouble at will. But, when illness attacked him, and he had no strength of body to throw off his pain of mind, then he found how completely the blow had shattered him. It seemed to Lionel, in his sane moments, in the intervals of his delirium, that it would be far happier to die, than to wake up again to renewed life, to bear about within him that

ever-present sorrow. Whether the fever—it was not brain fever, though bordering closely upon it—was the result of his state of mind, more than of the sun-stroke, might be a question. Nobody knew anything of that state of mind, and the sun-stroke got all the blame—save, perhaps, from Lionel himself. He may have doubted.

One day Jan called in to see him. It was in August. Several weeks had elapsed since the commencement of his illness, and he was so far recovered as to be removed by day to a sitting-room on a level with his chamber. A wondrously pretty sitting-room over Lady Verner's drawing-room, but not so large as that, and called "Miss Decima's room." The walls were panelled in medallions, white and delicate blue, the curtains were of blue satin and lace, the furniture blue. In each medallion hung an exquisite painting in water colours, framed—Decima's doing. Lady Verner was one who liked at times to be alone, and then Decima would sit in this room, and feel more at home than in any room in the house. When Lionel began to recover, the room was given over to him. Here he lay on the sofa; or lounged in an easy chair; or stood at the window, his hands clasping hold of some support, and his legs as tottering as were poor old Matthew Frost's. Sometimes Lady Verner would be his companion, sometimes he would be consigned to Decima and Lucy Tempest. Lucy was pleased to take her share of helping the time to pass; would read to him, or talk to him; or sit down on her low stool on the hearthrug and only look at him, waiting until he should want something done. Dangerous moments, Miss Lucy! Unless your heart shall be cased in adamant, you can scarcely be with that attractive man—ten times more attractive now, in his sickness—and not get your wings singed.

Jan came in one day when Lionel was sitting on the sofa, having propped the cushion up at the back of his head. Decima was winding some silk, and Lucy was holding the skein for her. Lucy wore a summer dress of white muslin, a blue sprig raised upon it in tambour-stitch, with blue and white ribbons at its waist and neck. Very pretty, very simple it looked, but wonderfully according with Lucy Tempest. Jan looked round, saw a tolerably strong table, and took up his seat upon it.

"How d'ye get on, Lionel?" asked he.

It was Dr. West who attended Lionel, and Jan was tenacious of interfering with the doctor's proper patients—or, rather, the doctor was tenacious of his doing it—therefore Jan's visits were entirely unprofessional.

"I don't get on at all—as it seems to me," replied Lionel. "I'm sure I am weaker than I was a week ago."

"I daresay," said Jan.

"You daresay!" echoed Lionel. "When a man has turned the point of an illness, he expects to get stronger, instead of weaker."

"That depends," said Jan. "I beg your pardon, Miss Lucy; that's my foot caught in your dress, isn't it?"

Lucy turned to disentangle her dress from Jan's great feet.

"You should not sway your feet about so, Jan," said she, pleasantly.

"It hasn't hurt it, has it?" asked Jan.

"Oh, no. Is there another skein to hold, Decima?"

Decima replied in the negative. She rose, put the paper of silk upon the table, and then turned to Jan.

"I and mamma had quite a contention yesterday," she said to him. "I say that Lionel is not being treated properly."

"That's just my opinion," laconically replied Jan. "Only West flares up so, if his treatment is called in question. I'd get him well in half the time."

Lionel wearily changed his position on the sofa. The getting well, or the keeping ill, did not appear to interest him greatly.

"Let's look at his medicine, Decima," continued Jan. "I have not seen what has come round lately."

Decima left the room and brought back a bottle with some medicine in it.

"There's only one dose left," she remarked to Jan.

Jan took the cork out and smelt it; then he tasted it, apparently with great gusto, like anybody else might taste port wine; while Lucy watched him, drawing her lips away from her pretty teeth in distaste at the proceeding.

"Psha!" cried Jan.

"Is it not proper medicine for him?" asked Decima.

"It's as innocent as water," said Jan. "It'll do him neither good nor harm."

And finally Jan poured the lot down his own throat.

Lucy shuddered.

"Oh, Jan, how could you take it?"

"It won't hurt me," said literal Jan.

"But it must be so nasty! I never could have believed any one would willingly drink medicine. It is bad enough to do it when compelled by sickness."

"Law!" returned Jan. "If you call this nasty, Miss Lucy, you should taste some of our physic. The smell would about knock you down."

"I think nothing is worse than the smell of drugs," resumed Lucy. "The other day, when Lady Verner called in at your surgery to speak to you, and took me with her, I was glad to get into the open air again."

"Don't you ever marry a doctor, then, Miss Lucy."

"I am not going to marry one," returned Lucy.

"Well, you need not look so fierce," cried Jan.

"I didn't ask you."

Lucy laughed.

"Did I look fierce, Jan? I suppose I was thinking of the drugs. I'd never never be a surgeon, of all things in the world."

"If every body was of your mind, Miss Lucy, how would people get doctored?"

"Very true," answered Lucy. "But I don't envy them."

"The doctors or the people?" asked Jan.

"I meant the doctors. But I envy the patients

less," glancing involuntarily towards Lionel as she spoke.

Jan glanced at him too.

"Lionel, I'll bring you round some better stuff than this," said he. "What are you eating?"

"Nothing," put in Decima. "Dr. West keeps him upon arrow root and beef-tea, and such things."

"Slops," said Jan, contemptuously. "Have a fowl cooked every day, Lionel, and eat it all if you like, bones and all: or a mutton-chop or two; or some good eels. And have the window open and sit at it; don't lounge on that sofa, fancying you can't leave it; and to-morrow or the next day, borrow Mrs. Verner's carriage—"

"No, thank you," interposed Lionel.

"Have a fly, then," composedly went on Jan. "Rouse yourself, and eat and drink, and go into the air, and you'll soon be as well as I am. It's the stewing and fretting in-doors, fancying themselves ill, that keeps folks back."

Something like a sickly smile crossed Lionel's wan lips.

"Do you remember how you offended your mother, Jan, by telling her she only wanted to rouse herself?"

"Well," said Jan, "it was the truth. West keeps his patients dilly-dallying on, when he might have them well in no time. If he says anything about them to me, I always tell him so; otherwise I don't interfere: it's no business of mine. But you are my brother, you know."

"Don't quarrel with West on my account, Jan. Only settle it amicably between you, what I am to do, and what I am to take. I don't care."

"Quarrel!" said Jan. "You never knew me to quarrel in your life. West can come and see you as usual, and charge you, if you please; and you can just pour his physic down the sink. I'll send you some bark: but it's not of much consequence whether you take it or not; it's good kitchen physic you want now. Is there anything on your mind that's keeping you back?" added plain Jan.

A streak of scarlet rose to Lionel's white cheek.

"Anything on my mind, Jan! I do not understand you."

"Look here," said Jan. "If there is nothing, you ought to be better than this by now, in spite of old West. Well, what you have got to do is to rouse yourself, and believe you are well, instead of lying by, here. My mother was angry with me for telling her that, but didn't she get well all one way after it. And look at the poor. They have their illnesses that bring 'em down to skeletons; but when did you ever find them lie by, after they got better? They can't; they are obliged to go out and turn-to at work again; and the consequence is they are well in no time. You have your fowl to-day," continued Jan, taking himself off the table to depart; "or a duck, if you fancy it's more savoury; and if West comes in while you are eating it, tell him I ordered it. He can't grumble at me for doctoring you."

Decima left the room with Jan. Lucy Tempest went to the window, threw it open, drew an easy-

chair with its cushions near to it, and then returned to the sofa.

"Will you come to the window?" said she to Lionel. "Jan said you were to, and I have put your chair ready."

Lionel unclosed his eyelids.

"I am better here, child, thank you."

"But you heard what Jan said—that you were not going the right way to get well."

"It does not much matter, Lucy, whether I get well, or whether I don't," he answered, wearily.

Lucy sat down; not on her favourite stool, but on a low chair, and fixed her eyes upon him gravely.

"Do you know what Mr. Cust would say to that?" she asked. "He would tell you that you were ungrateful to God. You are already half-way towards getting well."

"I know, Lucy. But I am nearly tired of life."

"It is only the very old who say that, or ought to say it. I am not sure that they *ought*—even if they were a hundred. But you are young. Stay! I will find it for you."

He was searching about for his handkerchief. Lucy found it, fallen on the floor at the back of the sofa. She brought it round to him, and he gently laid hold of her hand as he took it.

"My little friend, you have yet to learn that *things*, not years, tire us of life."

Lucy shook her head.

"No; I have not to learn it. I know it must be so. Will you *please* to come to the window?"

Lionel, partly because his tormentor—(may the word be used? he was sick, bodily and mentally, and would have lain still for ever)—was a young lady, partly to avoid the trouble of persisting in "No," rose, and took his seat in the arm-chair.

"What an obstinate nurse you would make, Lucy! Is there anything else, pray, that you wish me to do?"

She did not smile in response to his smile; she looked very grave and serious.

"I would do all that Jan says, were I you," was her answer. "I believe in Jan. He will get you well sooner than Dr. West."

"Believe in Jan?" repeated Lionel, willing to be gay if he could. "Do you mean that Jan is Jan?"

"I mean that I have faith in Jan. I have none in Dr. West."

"In his medical skill? Let me tell you, Lucy, he is a very clever man, in spite of what Jan may say."

"I can't tell anything about his skill. Until Jan spoke now I did not know but he was treating you rightly. But I have no faith in himself. I think a good, true, faithful-natured man should be depended on for cure, more certainly than one who is false-natured."

"False-natured!" echoed Lionel. "Lucy, you should not so speak of Dr. West. You know nothing wrong of Dr. West. He is much esteemed among us at Deerham."

"Of course I know nothing wrong of him," returned Lucy with some slight surprise. "But when I look at people I always seem to know

what they are. I am sorry to have said so much. I—I think I forgot it was to you that I spoke."

"Forgot!" exclaimed Lionel. "Forgot what?"

She had hesitated at the last sentence, and she now blushed vividly.

"I forgot for the moment that he was Sibylla's father," she simply said.

Again the scarlet rose in the face of Lionel. Lucy stood against the window-frame but a few paces from him, her large soft eyes, in their earnest sympathy, lifted to his. He positively shrunk from them.

"What's Sibylla to me?" he asked. "She is Mrs. Frederick Massingbird."

Lucy stood in penitence.

"Do not be angry with me," she timidly cried.

"I ought not to have said it to you, perhaps. I see it always."

"See what, Lucy?" he continued, speaking gently, not in anger.

"I see how much you think of her, and how ill it makes you. When Jan asked just now if you had anything on your mind to keep you back, I knew what it was."

Lionel grew hot and cold with a sudden fear.

"Did I say anything in my delirium?"

"Nothing at all—that I heard of. I was not with you. I do not think anybody suspects that you are ill because—because of *her*."

"Ill because of her!" he sharply repeated; the words breaking from him in his agony, in his shrinking dread at finding so much suspected. "I am ill from fever. What else should I be ill from?"

Lucy went close to his chair, and stood before him meekly.

"I am so sorry," she whispered. "I cannot help seeing things, but I did not mean to make you angry."

He rose, steadying himself by the table, and laid his hand upon her head, with the same fond motion that a father might have used.

"Lucy, I am not angry. Only vexed at being watched so closely," he concluded, his lips parting with a faint smile.

In her earnest, truthful, serious face of concern, as it was turned up to him, he read how futile it would be to persist in his denial.

"I did not watch you for the purpose of watching. I saw how it was, without being able to help myself."

Lionel bent his head.

"Let the secret remain between us, Lucy. Never suffer a hint of it to escape your lips."

Nothing answered him save the glad expression that beamed out from her countenance, telling him how implicitly he might trust to her.

(To be continued.)

REFLECTIONS FROM THE DIAMONDS AT THE GREAT EXHIBITION.

I HAVE fought through a phalanx of crinolines, and I have won the glittering sight—stars of earth in a firmament of purple velvet—sparklings of light *ad infinitum*, enhanced by a golden halo or fabulous cost, eloquence of splendour, which has enthralled the daughters of Eve in all ages—the dark-eyed beauties of the East, sunk into

ignorance and steeped in sensuality, and the bright-eyed intelligence of educated English women.

I am fascinated by the sight; I am bewildered by a conflict of ideas. I venture to ask the very impassive and gentlemanly person who stands as guardian of the show-case, the price of a certain *parure* of diamonds? the reply is vouchsafed in an off-hand business voice—a reply which should have been dignified by trumpets and salvoes of cannons—sixty thousand pounds!

I evolve myself from the meshes of the crinolines; I struggle to a vacant seat near the experimental Venus of Gibson. "Sixty thousand pounds!" I mutter to myself, pondering the whole matter, till in the end my reason stubbornly denies the testimony of my eyes and ears, and vehemently declares the whole affair of the diamonds to be a delusion.

I naturally hesitate for awhile before renouncing my eyes and ears, and then my reason grows vehemently argumentative.

In the first place, it denies that the *parure* of diamonds could ever be offered for sale; in the next, that, if offered for sale, it would ever be bought.

I confess I was rather amazed by the boldness of my reason; but, nevertheless, I felt bound to listen to the arguments it advanced in support of these propositions.

"Sixty thousand pounds," observed my reason, "is, if invested at five per cent., 3000*l.* per annum; but, if invested in diamonds, the interest is *nil*: be good enough to bear that little word, '*nil*,' in mind, while we proceed to analyse the various elements represented by this sum of sixty thousand pounds.

"We will, in the first place, consider the case of a person buying land to re-sell; now, however long he may hold the land, it pays him a certain interest for the money he has invested, and inasmuch as he has received that interest, he can afford to re-sell the land at the price which he originally gave; but if the person had purchased diamonds, instead of land, he must, in addition to the cost price, be repaid for the loss of interest he has sustained during the period the stones remained in his hands."

"Now," said I to my reason, "I think I have bowled you out! Why do picture-dealers buy pictures? Pictures don't return any interest for the money invested in them! Hullo, old boy! that's a shut up; isn't it?"

My reason reflected for a few moments—it was not in the slightest degree irritated by my derisive tone, and it replied with the utmost calmness:

"Pictures, you must observe, are purchased by dealers on the supposition that the value they give will, at a future period, be so largely increased as to cover both the original cost and the accumulated interest. We have innumerable examples of the immense difference in price which the works of a great painter commanded at the commencement and at the termination of his career. The fame of a great man out-distances all accumulations of compound interest on the original price of his early and perhaps finest works—for one grudging buyer of the work of an unknown

genius, there are hundreds who, at the end of a decade, will gladly buy, at almost any price, the works of the great artist of the age; so the one who bought very cheaply is rewarded for his sagacity by the eagerness of hundreds.

"And further than this, there is that great extrinsic element of value which essentially belongs to all works of genius, limitation in supply in opposition to increased demand,—for the weakness of old age must come, and the spontaneity of thought will be dulled, and the right hand will lose its cunning—the possibility of the best work is at an end, and presently the possibility of all work is ended; for brain and hand are resting for ever in the rest of death. New genius may be rising up, but the old greatness to which men were accustomed,—no fresh tokens of that; no more sunsets of the *Téméraire*: no more sunrises of defiant Ulysses; no more sweet rendering of beauty and grace by the tender hand of Reynolds or of Gainsborough. The future will doubtless bring us good things, but nought can be added to the store of the past, and men pay higher prices to an immortal fame than they ever did to the living artist.

"A well-vouched story is told that Reynolds asked three hundred guineas for his pictures of the Cardinal Virtues, and he refused the offer of three hundred pounds, saying that he would rather die with the Cardinal Virtues in his possession, than part with them for less than the price he had named.

And Reynolds did die with the Cardinal Virtues in his possession; and the Cardinal Virtues were sold at Christie's, in the days of old Christie, for *fourteen thousand pounds!*

"Not thus with diamonds—their value can never fluctuate in any degree to compensate the holder for loss of interest; it may, indeed, rise or fall with the value of gold and money, or in accordance with the slow laws of supply and demand, but there is no incentive to purchase the diamond out of love and admiration for the labour and thought bestowed upon it. They say there are famous diamond-cutters at Amsterdam, among the Jews there, but who ever heard of a diamond-cutter's name? Can we entertain one spark of enthusiasm for a human intellect reduced to a continuous creation of angles? It is impossible to cut fame and sympathy out of adamant! The labour bestowed upon a diamond may have been immense, but there can be no enthusiasm created by purely mechanical work, that men should pay marvellous sums for it, as they pay for the high thought and genius which is evidenced in the labour of a great work of art.

"Just think of it," exclaimed my reason warmly, "sixty thousand pounds for the *parure* of diamonds, and in the whole of that sum not one atom of feeling excited for the men who have laboured in the preparation of the stones, neither by the perfection of their work, which is only mechanical perfection, nor by failure here and there, which may touch our sympathy by its evidence that the strong hand and thinking brain have grown weary in their toil—a material at once too hard for any impress of man's greatness or man's weakness.

"As we are comparing," continued my reason,

"the value of diamonds and pictures, I will just mention an additional value which pictures possess—namely, 'historical value.' We may observe that historical value has no connection with the beauty of any given object—it is simply the interest which men attach to the remains of the past; an interest which, in its abuse, often amounts to an absurd superstition; but, at the worst, expresses a deep-rooted desire in mankind to possess something beyond mere verbal record of the past, something which may render the past tangible and visible to present hands and eyes. The veneration for relics exhibits this feeling in its debased form, but in its noblest condition it associates us with the efforts and thoughts and affections of great men long passed away—supplementing the history of any given period, and showing us the application and result of the feelings and sentiments which history records. But the diamond in itself is without a history—it is never old in the common decay of ordinary matter—its lustre represents an eternal youth without one reminiscence of the past, a perpetual *newness* though it has been in wear for hundreds of years.

That given diamond may have belonged to Charles the Fifth, or have been 'loot' from Delhi; it may have formed a portion of the necklace with which Herr Boehmer sought to fascinate Marie Antoinette, or it may have been ground from the rough in the grinding-lathe of 'Hunt & Roskell' at this Exhibition of '62.' There is no possibility of affirming—the past is wholly lost in the refracted light of the present. It is certainly true that there are some few stones which possess a history, but the interest here is no higher than the interest which is attached to the lowest order of historic value—mere relic interest. In this matter the poor onyx-stone holds its own triumphantly against the diamond; it is elevated to such a value by the hand of man, that it has been deemed worthy of the choicest setting—a setting in which diamonds are only used as auxiliaries to its beauty—its beauty, the genius of fine workers in past times. When the dazzle of the diamonds has satisfied the eye, examine, at Hancock's stall, the Devonshire gems (cameos and intaglios) which were mounted for the late Lady Granville to wear at the coronation of the Emperor of Russia. Every stone enshrines some artistic creation, it tells some tale of the art and faith or incidents of classic times; perhaps perpetuating, as a reduced copy, some great work of sculpture long ago destroyed—appealing at once to the lover of art, the antiquary, and the historian by its intrinsic beauty and its high historic value.

"I trust," continued my reason, "that I have convinced you that diamonds are not subject to that condition, which, in the case of pictures and fine works of art, may be reasonably anticipated to guard the dealer from loss of interest, while the property remains in his possession. The jeweller must, therefore, from the very first, place such a price on the *parure* of diamonds, as will guarantee him from that loss of interest on his capital pending the sale."

"Of course he must," said I to my reason; "every tradesman must do that, whether he trades in diamonds or penny whistles."

"Certainly," replied my reason, "but recollect the old adage—Quick returns, short profits—the penny whistles appeal to an immense area of customers, the sixty thousand pound *parure* to a very small number. How small that number must be we shall consider presently—the chances would, therefore, be in favour of a very slow sale of the diamonds, and consequently the profit must be proportionably large.

"But when we add to the slowness of the sale, the fearful risk of holding property so costly, so easily conveyed away, the very identity of the stones destroyed with the destruction of the setting—what profit can we suppose would remunerate any one for dealing in so dangerous an article? If a tradesman may reasonably look for a profit of 15% per cent. per annum upon his capital invested in ordinary goods, could we in any fairness assert that he was very exorbitant in demanding 30% per cent. upon the risk and slow sale of diamonds? Now thirty per cent. on 60,000*l.* is 18,000*l.*—so the purchaser is placed in this extraordinary position, he pays 60,000*l.* for a commodity, which, the moment it passes into his possession, stands at a market value of nearly one-third less than the purchase money—that is, for the 60,000*l.* he has paid, he could only command in return 42,000*l.*—the large sum of 18,000*l.* being his immediate loss on the transaction.

"But if the case of the buyer appears a bad one, the case of the tradesman, if he fails to obtain a purchaser, is still worse. We allowed that 30% per cent. profit was necessary to render the transaction profitable to the seller; a year has passed away and the diamonds remain unsold. Diamond alone can cut diamond, it is said, but there is a worm with sharp adamantite teeth gnawing at the stones; behold, it has devoured the 15% per cent. legitimate trade profit on the year, and there only remains 15% per cent., out of the original 30% per cent., to remunerate the jeweller if he succeeds in selling during the second year. Alas! in this second year a more terrible worm, with still sharper adamantite teeth, is hatched—compound interest—and at the end of the second year, the whole original profit of 30% per cent. is eaten up. Those two worms have positively more than devoured 18,000*l.*, the legitimate trade profit for two years on 60,000*l.* The position is fearful! What shall the unfortunate tradesman do to redeem his loss during the third year? Shall he add the loss to the original selling price, and charge 78,000*l.* instead of 60,000*l.*, or, in other words, sixty per cent. more than the market value of the stones. Desperate, but vain hope! if the purchaser were not forthcoming at 60,000*l.*, how shall he be found at 78,000*l.*? But day and night those two terrible worms are at work; they have clean picked off every atom of profit, and with eager voracity they are gnawing at the very *value* of the stones. It now becomes an anxious effort with the unfortunate tradesman to preserve the sum he had originally paid for the stones, and it requires no great effort of the imagination to realise the terrible time when the market value of the diamonds becomes less than the accumulated interest lost upon their cost price.

"The longer we dwell," observed my reason, "on

the question of money value, the more wonderful does the matter become; but we must now consider the still more wonderful question as to the class of persons who buy these diamonds.

"We will quote the case of a very rich man; we will suppose that he possesses a fine house in Belgravia, and a magnificent historical mansion, surrounded by a fine park, in the country,—that he possesses chariots and horses and companies of footmen, and stalwart tenants, and great parliamentary influence, and first-rate shooting, with a large staff of keepers, &c.—in a word, that he is the greatest man in all that country side. But even this man could not afford to buy those diamonds, for he enjoys all this magnificence on 30,000*l.* per annum, and nothing short of foregoing his income for two years (the landed property is entailed, so he cannot sell a slice of that) would enable him to purchase the diamonds. Now, if the owner of 30,000*l.* per annum is debarred from becoming a buyer, just consider how excessively restricted the number of purchasers must be. We have heard, indeed, of some extraordinary passions for the acquisition of land—that men have borrowed money at five per cent. to buy land which could only pay from two to two-and-a-half per cent.—but it is impossible to suppose that anybody would borrow money at five per cent. to purchase a commodity which could not return the slightest interest, and which would confer on the purchaser neither parliamentary nor county influence.

"It is of course to be admitted," continued my reason, "that in this rich country there are certain persons whose wealth is so enormous that they might well afford to fling away 18,000*l.*, as ordinary persons throw away an odd hundred or so in mere tradesman's profit on some nicknack. For instance, there are some few individuals who are reputed to live magnificently on the interest of the *interest* of their property, and manifestly, to persons of this class the loss of 18,000*l.* in the gratification of a whim would count as nothing. But though we may concede the ability of purchasing to this very limited class—we have no right to assume that the desire is concurrent with the ability. The Latin grammar teaches us the great moral principle, "*Crescit amor nummi*," &c., and persons who exhibit such an extraordinary abstinence with regard even to the simple interest of their fortune, may be held, *primâ facie*, to possess a sound knowledge of *Quid pro quo* in all commercial transactions. But we must add to all this, the enormous temptation *not* to spend 60,000*l.* in diamonds—a sum which, devoted to a noble purpose, the patronage of art, for instance, could command the genius of the greatest men of the day, and, through their handiwork, would create a reputation for magnificence of taste which a king might envy. Think what a splendid gallery of modern art 60,000*l.* could furnish!—remember that with the 18,000*l.* utterly and immediately lost on the purchase of the diamonds, you might command *three* works of the class of Holman Hunt's great picture. Or it may be that 60,000*l.* spent in some wise scheme of charity, shall assure you the gratitude of posterity. And against all this," urged my reason, "what do we find—the glitter and pure water of the diamond?"

"Not that alone," I answered; "the reputation of enormous cost—a marvellous quintessence of value which must be positive intoxication to the possessor, but concerning which, you, my sober reason, can know nothing—try to imagine the delight of wearing the value of a fine landed estate on your bosom—a thrilling passion of splendour, which Cleopatra felt when she drank the costly pearl."

"One moment, with regard to that question of value," replied my reason. "It is asserted that paste stones may be so cunningly fashioned as to deceive, save on very closest inspection, the best judges. If this be the case, that 'glitter and pure water' must stand by themselves for what they are worth—cost is not necessarily united with those qualities—those qualities, for all purposes of ordinary display, may be represented by bits of glass at a few pounds value for workmanship; consequently, that halo of fabulous cost, which is felt to lend such splendour to the diamonds, rests upon a mere assertion. That glistening of refracted light may be equally the result of an expenditure of sixteen pounds or sixty thousand. It is an old story of family diamonds being pawned, and paste stones worn in their place with exactly the same effect on the spectator as the real stones."

I began to feel irritated with my reason, a proof, possibly, that my reason had got the best of the argument. "I firmly believe," said I, in an angry tone, "that *parures* of diamonds are bought and sold—I shall stick to facts."

"Facts have nothing to do with me," replied my reason, calmly, "my province is to afford explanations, and I only regret that in this matter of the diamonds it is out of my power to give you any assistance."

G. U. S.

THE TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR,

WILHELM BAUER, THE GERMAN ENGINEER.

PART I.

THE story of Wilhelm Bauer's life can scarcely be uninteresting to an English reader in these days when everything connected with sea-defences claims even painful attention. There is no wish here to attempt proving his claim to *priority* of invention, though the originality of his ideas must be acknowledged. The question of priority we must leave to those more conversant with the world's battle for the development of new forces. How few cases there are, if we look back through the history of discovery, where any one man has held undisputed claim as sole inventor, even when the inventor can at all be identified. The reflection of a wide-felt requirement suggests the same idea to men who have no mutual knowledge but unconsciously by their sympathy with the needs of their age.

As this is only a biographical sketch, we may pass over the dim ages of pre-historic submarine navigation, of which the Edda gives us mysterious hints, telling us of some wondrous contrivance by which "Nordens Guder" penetrated the depths of the sea. Nor shall we be charmed into listening to the wondrous tale how great Kaiser Freidrich travelled beneath the waters searching for treasure.

Coming to modern times, many of us remember

Fulton's vessel which *was* to have carried away Napoleon from St. Helena, and which succeeded in giving a very uncomfortable breakfast to several worthy citizens of London beneath the level of the Thames. Then came Jansen's smuggling apparatus, 1834, which was, however, effectually put down by the English Parliament. And so, passing over several other experimenters, we reach the subject of our sketch.

Wilhelm Bauer was born in 1822, at Villengen, in Bavaria. His father was sergeant in the Bavarian Chevaux Légers. The education he received was of the most elementary description—reading, writing, and arithmetic merely. He left school at the legal time, being twelve or thirteen years of age, and was then apprenticed to a turner; left his master, as the law requires, at the end of his time, to commence the "Wanderjahre." From early childhood he had been addicted to mechanical contrivances—the source of many a lecture from parents and teachers upon the wickedness of idling and litter; but the lectures had been in vain, and now, in the course of his wanderings, arriving at Bremen, the first definite ideas of his future inventions began to form themselves in his mind.

He worked constantly at his trade, devoting every spare hour to study, and all his scanty savings to the purchase of books to aid it. But he grew depressed and disgusted with his lot, returned to Bavaria, and, hoping to secure a little more leisure to work out his thoughts, he enlisted into the ranks of the Light Horse. But his hammering and chips did not at all please his officers, and they were very glad to obtain permission for him to leave that regiment; and he then joined the Artillery, in which he vainly hoped to find perhaps some one who would feel sympathy in his endeavours. The old story again! Those in authority, as their kindest advice, could but counsel him to give up the wild plans, which only caused him loss of time, and attend better to his proper duties as a sergeant, to which rank he had been just promoted.

It was in 1849, when hostilities broke out with Denmark, that Bauer first began to see some hope in the future. He was ordered to the seat of war with his regiment. Many plans for defence and attack of ships and batteries were suggested to him by the events of the Schleswig-Holstein campaign, and especially the loss sustained by the Bavarians and Saxons in the Duppler Works from the Danish vessels turned his thoughts to the possibility of making a diving-machine, in which an enemy's ship could be approached unseen and blown up. Some further reverses suffered by the Germans on the Schlappe made him still more bent on realizing his ideas. Brooding over his plans whilst walking on the Jutland seashore one day, he suddenly found an admirable model for the form of his vessel in a placid-eyed little sea-dog demurely swimming by his side.

Not long afterwards, fortune bestowing on him a fine copper cauldron, he carried the prize in triumph to his tent, and spent the hours he should have slept in attempting to knock it into the shape of his friend the seal. The patrol, passing near, took up the genius to the guard house; he escaped,

however, with a reprimand, and emphatic order to look in future to his proper business, of which tinkering certainly formed no part.

At the conclusion of the war, he returned to Bavaria with his regiment; but shortly left the service, finding his hopes and purposes just drifting to a dead-lock again under the blue and white flag.

He carried out successfully some experiments in Munich, and had become convinced that his "Hyponaut" (diver), must be "hermetically closed so that the air within should be free from any pressure of the superincumbent water, and retain the proper density for human lungs;" a want so notorious in the cartesian diving bell, and which subjects those who adventure beyond a certain depth to great inconvenience, or even death. He found, too, that the grenades for offensive operations must be so attached to the outside of his vessel, that they could from within be fixed fast to the enemy's, and exploded from a safe distance by a galvanic battery and wire.

Seeing no opening for his views in his own country, his small purse, saved out of his pay, almost exhausted, he took his hopes, and the worsted striped collar of a non-commissioned officer into the Holstein army; of course, with the permission of his government.

A Marine Commission at Kiel shortly investigated his plans, declared them practicable, and allowed him thirty thalers, about four guineas, to construct a model one twenty-fourth of the size of his proposed "Hyponaut." The model was made, and very satisfactorily proved its locomotive power under water.

General Willisen here came to the assistance of our inventor, opened a subscription in the Holstein army, to enable him, with some further help given by the Admiralty at Kiel and the public, to build and launch the wonderful vessel he had so long dreamed of. She was at length completed, but unhappily the gulden fell much short of the required sum; then came the army of intervention, making money still scarcer; and so, with nearly every part inadequate to its necessary resistive, or motive power, Bauer had to entrust her to her fate beneath the water, and would have lost his own life in her, had not his presence of mind been as great as his inventive genius.

Feb. 1st, 1861.—A great crowd was gathered round the harbour at Stafel to witness the submersion of the iron diver. It was, in its general form, not unlike an ordinary yacht, though much narrower. The shape of the seal had suggested the greater strength to be obtained by inclining the line of her head upwards to the centre of her deck. The deck was furnished with several windows of thick glass, and a hatchway to admit to the interior. The motive power for sinking or raising the vessel was secured by a pump admitting the requisite water to carry her down, which being expelled, she would necessarily rise again to the surface. A screw furnished the propelling action. A pair of gutta-percha gloves affixed to the head, enabled the exploding apparatus to be fastened to an antagonist's vessel. We will not, however, linger over a particular description of the doomed craft.

As soon as Bauer was well under water, he found she was still weaker than he had feared, and though her trial swim was satisfactory to the greatest depth, he then ventured on 32 ft., yet he felt convinced any greater weight of water could scarcely fail to crush her in. So the immediate object with which she had been built, that of blowing up the Danish men of war lying in the harbour, had to be renounced, as she could not approach them from beneath.

Notwithstanding his better judgment, annoyed by the sneers and taunts of those who rejoice when another man's work gives some realisation to their own ill prophecies on it, he consented to still further test the capability of his vessel, and at nine, a.m., on the 1st of February again she descended with him beneath the water. The boats which had seen him go down, waited and waited, at last with painful impatience, for signs of his return, but in vain. Two gun-boats came to assist, and attempted to discover where the lost explorers were hidden, by casting the lead. At length, faint cries for help were heard piercing the water, and the position of the sunken ark ascertained. Every means was now attempted to raise it, but to no purpose; iron cables were lowered down. Bauer succeeded in making them fast; but the vessel of 70,000 lbs. weight, was too heavy to be so moved; and he and the two courageous fellows, Witt and Petersen, who had volunteered to accompany him, were believed beyond any help on earth.

We will now descend to their prison-house.

Bauer's former convictions were only too well-founded. He had scarcely sunk thirty feet when the pump began to fail, and it became apparent that it would be completely destroyed, or become leaky, if the vessel went deeper. He did not long wait the realisation of his forebodings, a few minutes and a dull crashing sound was heard,—the strong iron wall bent in a full foot on the right side; another crash, and the left threatened also to open to the waters. The pump could scarcely be worked. The brave captain still bade his companions "not to fear; so long as the iron walls were still true, they could escape, at the worst, by the hatchway." They tell him they will not think of abandoning the vessel whilst there is still a chance of saving her, and work manfully at the leaking pump, though there is little possibility that, isolated from the upper air, there can remain enough to support life within the vessel till they thus slowly raise her to the surface.

Soon another crash came; this time her bottom had given way: the moments succeeding were the most fearful of the six hours of their imprisonment. Happily, however, the water had found but a very narrow inlet in the hold, and the sides and deck still held good. Any hope of escape, by assistance from above, had been renounced, though the cables and chains, lowered by their friends, gave them terrible anxiety, as they sometimes threatened to break the glass windows, and sometimes seemed likely to effectually hold down the hatch, the only chance now of safety. Petersen and Witt endeavoured to raise it, but 5544 lbs. of water still held it fast. Bauer had told his com-

panions when the hold had given way that "now they could do nothing but wait until the water had risen around them so high that the compressed air should, by its own force, lift up the hatch;" he entreated them not to waste their strength in useless efforts, and wrapped his cloak round him, and taking his seat as high above the slowly rising water as possible, calmly awaited the four or five hours that had still to pass before the air could be sufficiently compressed to open the trap. His companions not knowing how well-founded was his advice, again and again laboured at the hopeless endeavour to pump out the water.

At 2:30 p.m., they were startled by an anchor being lowered upon them, and then another, threatening to break the iron window-frame. Happily this danger passed by. So the three waited and waited, the water still slowly mounting up, and the air becoming more and more dense and exhausted. The water had reached their shoulders, when Bauer directed the stronger of his two men to attempt the hatchway, the weight on which, balanced by the pressure of the compressed atmosphere, he knew to be now reduced to 80lbs. Witt tried it, and it yielded at once, startling him by letting in a splash of water. He closed it directly, calling on his fellow captives to escape with him. Bauer begged the men "not to hinder or cling to each other, or they would all be lost." Another moment and Witt was rising safely to *terra firma*. Bauer clutched at the hatchway by his right hand, trying to support his remaining companion by the left, who had become so exhausted and confused, that he grasped at anything for support, not knowing what he did; and Bauer, fearing he might not be able to get through the hatchway, then endeavoured to secure him by the hair, but the cold water had so benumbed his hand it was impossible to hold fast with it. Happily the sea-water rushing in on them, restored the poor fellow's senses, and, in a few moments, they followed their companion to the surface, borne without any effort of their own by the rush of escaping air. They were greeted by cheers of rejoicing from the boats, which, for six long hours, had been watching, as they feared, over a grave.

Petersen and Witt had suffered so much from the cold water and compressed air, that they were consigned for some days to hospital. Bauer, supported by the inexhaustible spirit of the inventor, was restored to his usual health in a few hours. But the diving ship lay immovable forty feet under water, and, I believe, is there still.

Bauer wrote shortly after to a friend: "The whole thing was wretchedly built; the most necessary precautions in the construction of the machinery neglected through insufficient funds." The Marine Commission, however, gave him a most flattering testimonial, in which they praise his "conscientious conduct in the management of the enterprise, and their full conviction he had established the practicability of sub-marine navigation."

But, perhaps, the last words spoken by Witt, before they abandoned the Hyponaut, were the truest witness to this, founded as they were on no theoretical fancy, but through a very unflattering

experience: "If we get up again, and another such ship is built, I'll go in her. The principle is all right; we can't help the pumps breaking."

Much talk then ensued in the papers on Bauer and his achievements and difficulties, with no result to him, however, and he was thrown upon his own resources. He returned to Munich, constructed a model of the lost Hyponaut, again proved its locomotive power, and further, the practicability of supplying fresh air to the interior. The Bavarian government declined the invention; indeed, could not apply it, in the geographical position of the country. Bauer then offered it to Prussia, but unhappily had addressed one of the royal family before applying to the minister, so the latter never deigned to make any reply at all. Austria and the United States were equally incredulous. The Emperor Napoleon treated the idea with no more respect than his great namesake had shown to Fulton's for building *steam-vessels*. At length, by the influence of a lady of high rank, the Austrian government were induced to investigate it, and he was summoned to Trieste. His last model had exhausted his remaining guilder, and he was only enabled to leave Munich through the assistance of a friend, a distinguished painter, who furnished the necessary funds.

March, 1852.—The model was submitted to the admiralty; it was declared satisfactory. The Emperor gave imperial sanction to the idea, a committee of scientific men expressed a conviction it was founded on correct physical principles, and then a marine commission advised a new hyponaut should be built at the estimated cost of 50,000 florins, offering 15,000 florins towards it; the Austrian Lloyds promised 10,000 florins, the Trieste Bourse another 10,000, and the Minister of Trade in Vienna was begged to furnish the remaining 15,000 florins. But his Excellency declared he would not consent to a kreutzer being so disposed of, as he considered Bauer's notions totally opposed to the laws of Nature. This refusal was followed by withdrawal of the first 15,000 florins by the Minister of War, and as Lloyd's and the Exchange could not undertake the whole expense, this second chance fitted into the limbo of dreams.

Bauer then went to Coburg, and proceeded thence with a letter of introduction to Osborne. He there exhibited his model before the Queen and her late Consort. It had behaved very satisfactorily, swimming and sinking as he directed, when, unhappily at the moment he was raising it to the surface, a vessel passed over the guiding rope, cut it through, and the model sank for ever to the bottom of the Channel. Again the hope vanished at the moment of realisation, but the good Prince gave some comfort to the much-tried inventor, supplying his purse sufficiently to go back to Munich and complete another model, with which he shortly returned to England in 1853, and for nearly three years was in constant correspondence with our Admiralty: made drawings, furnished plans and models, and when all these at last promised a successful issue, he was informed: "The English Government could not adopt submarine navigation whilst her present naval force met every possible requirement (!); could not encourage it for commercial purposes, as it would certainly be used

for smuggling, and its value for scientific objects must be secondary to the interests of the state, especially as the invention might be misapplied, while England had no submarine fortification."

Bauer, recovering this last disillusion, applied once more to the French Government, and was surprised by an invitation to Paris. He was there introduced to a marine commission appointed to consider his plans; they were at once declared essentially original and practical, but the commission demanded that Bauer should explain the secret of the locomotive power discovered by him, which in the hyponaut sunk at Kiel had been for greater economy replaced by treadwheels. To this Bauer would not consent except the Government made a contract with him, "that a diving-ship should be built, and when its success and that of the new motive power were proved, he should be paid a becoming remuneration." The Minister of Marine would not enter into such an agreement and broke off the negotiation.

At once, Bauer made up his mind to return to Germany, when he suddenly received a letter and

five guineas from Prince Albert; the letter begged him to proceed as quickly as possible to England, the Prince believing he had found the means for carrying out the submarine vessel. By the Prince's influence, Bauer was shortly brought in connection with Messrs. Scott, Russell, & Co.; and for seven months was engaged in their establishment, furnishing plans and drawings, not only for an exploding diver, on the hyponaut plan, but also for an under-water corvette. The months passed by, and no steps were taken to put his plans to the proof, when Lords Palmerston and Panmure, sent 10,000*l.*, to carry them into action. Now, surely, the luckless spider will reach his web, and Bannockburn be won! At last, there are funds sufficient, material of the best, intelligent assistants. But behold, all this, also, was vanity! Messrs. Scott, Russell, & Co. politely informed the inventor they could do without further assistance from him, and he might go. Bauer's most trusted assistant was installed in his place, the 10,000*l.* were spent, and the affair ended, as it deserved, in utter failure. (*To be continued.*)



"THE MITE OF DORCAS."—By J. E. MILLAIS.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE," &c.



CHAPTER I.

I HAD been for two or three months a regular guest at Madame de L——'s weekly concerts. She was a Russian, and assembled at her house the most distinguished foreigners who were in Paris. It was a privilege, therefore, for an undistinguished Englishman to be admitted there. She had known my father, and for the sake of "Auld Lang Syne" was most kind and courteous to me.

Soon after I first went to her house, I was much struck with the appearance of a lady whom I rarely met anywhere else in Paris. She seemed attracted by the music (certainly the best of its kind which could be heard in this Paradise of Artists, even more than of women), for she entered as the first notes of the orchestra sounded, and before the last echoes had died away she was gone.

She was the Countess Rabenfels, the widow, as

it was generally supposed, of a former Austrian minister in Rome. I had been presented to her, and we had exchanged a few words, but there was an indescribable something about this lady which was an effectual barrier to all attempts on my part to improve our acquaintance. An indifference scarcely veiled by a kind of negligent politeness, which was, to say the least of it, discouraging. She attracted, and yet repelled. In society, to be above or beyond the ordinary level is not an advantage, and Madame Rabenfels was not popular. I was not surprised at it. Amongst the pretty faces and conventional smiles around, the aspect of this lady was as incongruous as that of a Greek Muse would be among Dresden china shepherdesses.

She was usually plainly but richly dressed. She wore few ornaments, and I noticed that the arrangements of her dress, though graceful, were

utterly devoid of all coquetry. Her bright hair, of that tint so familiar to us in Venetian pictures (yellow with a flame through it, like rare, burnished gold), was simply folded back from her broad forehead, and drooped low down on her neck. The dark eyes were deep set, and wide apart, and there was a peculiar slowness in their movements, which gave an air of thoughtfulness, perhaps almost of sternness, to their expression. She was pale, and there were lines on her forehead, and under her eyes, which told of long suffering. But though the upper part of the face looked worn, the mouth, with its beautiful, flexible lips of rich dewy red, and the radiant teeth, which shone luminous as she smiled, was as bright as in the freshest bloom of youth. It was certainly a striking countenance. Larger thoughts, nobler purposes, deeper feelings might be read in it, than in those of the triflers around. This discrepancy was felt by all, and resented by some. All saw there was a difference; the few only acknowledged this difference a distinction.

One evening, I was as usual at *Madame de L.*—'s. I had just entered, and was standing near *Madame Rabenfels*. She put out her hand to take an ice from the servant, and in so doing, some pressure of the crowd caused him to stumble, and upset the ices and tumblers into her lap. I rescued her from the broken glasses, but her dress seemed considerably damaged. She thanked me with her usual air of grave indifference, and rose to go. I offered her my arm. On reaching the entrance we found her carriage had not yet arrived. I proposed returning to the music-room. It was yet early, the clocks were only just striking twelve. She hesitated, and then with more impulsiveness than I had yet seen in her, said:

"I have an engagement, and must go; but I will draw my hood over my head, and I can easily walk the little distance. Good night," and she offered to shake hands. I smiled, and told her she must have a strange opinion of me, if she imagined I would not request permission to accompany her.

"Thank you," she answered gravely; "it is scarcely necessary, for in ten minutes I shall be at home; however, as you will."

Coldly as the permission was granted, I availed myself of it and walked with her.

It was a beautiful night, and Paris proper, as it might be termed, sparkled in the distance, while the dark trees of the *Champs Elysées* looked shadowy and gloomy near us. The roll of carriages, and that indescribable noise which surges through the night in a great city like Paris, was very striking, contrasted with the distinct fall of our own footsteps. The silence and the darkness near us, the glitter and the reverberations beyond us, had a mysterious, ominous effect. We seemed walking in some weird and enchanted world, cut off and separated from the real one by those busy echoes, and those bands of light.

"Do you not think," I remarked, "that those lamps, in their tortuous and undulating lines, look like the convolutions of some huge shining serpent, intent on barring our further progress?"

"More like the bright nails which are disposed in lines and curves on some vast black coffin spread

out before us," she answered, and we both smiled at our somewhat far-fetched and gloomy comparisons.

"I feel almost superstitious," she continued, "when I look at these silent, shining witnesses of all the deeds of the night. The stars are too far above our sphere for us to claim their sympathy; but these are in the midst of all, and are a part of all, and yet are as completely removed from all, as the stars themselves."

"Exactly so, and it is one of my pleasures to walk sometimes late at night, or rather early in the morning, here, and watch the distant lights, and wonder what scenes are being acted in the great drama of life before their steadfast, ruthless presence."

"But here, we are both too near and too far from the great throbbing heart of the fair wicked city for true observation."

"Why do you think so?"

"There is something so mournful and so depressing in being cut off, as it were, from the joys and sorrows of the multitude," she answered, sadly, "that we cannot judge fairly when thus separated from them."

"It is but like the lives of many of us," I replied. "To some are given the wide sympathies, the broad lights of life; to others the silence and the shade, with only the echoes of one footstep sounding through their darkened existence."

She paused abruptly. Whether she was satisfied on reflection that I meant no personal allusion in what I said, I know not; but, after a minute or two, she went on in a lighter tone:

"This late walk in evening dress reminds me of such happy days! When a young girl in Rome, I always returned on foot from any little evening gaieties to which I went. My brother, though much older than myself, humoured me in all my whims and fancies. We would hasten through the streets till we entered the little side door which opened upon the great court-yard, and then we raced to see which could reach first, the fountain, that tossed up its sparkles in the moonlight. How many sprays of the fern which hung over it have I held up in token of victory! for I used always to win *then*." A lovely smile hovered for a moment over her lips.

"You are a Roman?"

"I am a *Colonna*," she answered. There was a simple dignity in her tone which suited her well, and the picture her words had created of the two Italians, one so beautiful, and both in the bloom of youth,—of the sky of Rome with its intense moonlight,—of the fountain garlanded with fern, such as I had often seen in my wanderings in the old city, was charming.

Hitherto my conversations with her had been brief; the general tone of her serious and antimundane remarks had excited my profane discontent or my irreverent impatience, but now I was deeply interested. We had reached her house. She thanked me politely, bade me farewell kindly, and the door closed upon her.

I stood for a moment, in deep thought, when I felt my arm touched, and saw my friend *Auguste Rochecalmé*.

"I congratulate you, *mon cher*."

Why did these words sting me? I laughed out loud as I answered, "Why, Auguste?"

"You have achieved an intimacy which we all covet." He laid an insolent stress on the word intimacy.

I was a vile coward to allow such words to be uttered in my presence. Does an evil spirit enter into us at times, that thus, without cause or provocation, we belie our own hearts, and all but sanction the foul trifling words which sully that which ought to be sacred, and is in truth sacred in our own eyes? My companion looked hard at me and went on:

"You escorted Madame Rabenfels from Madame de L——'s. I observed that you left together, and I find you at her door after midnight."

"You must have done me the honour to watch me pretty closely."

"I am interested in that lady."

I winced, and looked at my companion from head to foot as he went on. "I have long admired her, and there is a mystery about her which is piquant. She ought to be a facile conquest, if all be true that I have heard of her. Indeed, I have myself witnessed strange things in her mode of life."

The exquisite pain these words gave me were the fitting punishment for my disgraceful complicity in his impertinence a few minutes before. He continued: "You and I are such old friends, Seymour, that I don't mind making you my father confessor. My engagements have sometimes led me at a late hour near one of the worst localities of this very naughty city. Invariably I have seen, myself unseen, this lady leave at about three or later in the morning one of the houses in the Rue du Puits. One day I had the meanness, or what you will, to go to the house, and by a small donation to the porter, heard that a lady visited almost daily, or rather nightly, a young man who lodged in one of the rooms. His name I have forgotten. He was in bad health, and very poor. He had lived there for a few months in the strictest retirement, and with the closest economy. His only visible means of subsistence was authorship, and he wrote almost day and night. Some time ago he met with an accident, was run over or knocked down—*que sais-je?*—and was brought home by this lady in a fiacre. She did not leave him for three entire days. Since then she has constantly been to see him, and has arranged everything for his comfort."

"Surely," I said, "a woman can be charitable without exposing herself to such injurious comments? She *may* belong to some religious order."

"Charity can be exercised by day, or dispensed by a servant. Besides, my informant, who seemed resolved to give me my money's worth, entered into details. He had heard the man call the lady by her Christian name, and one night, in preparing a room (*so he said*), which opened upon that occupied by the young man, he had heard voices raised so high that, though he could not understand the words (for they spoke in Italian), he could comprehend by the tones, that the lady was imploring some favour which her companion was angrily refusing. In some occult manner he also discovered that she was in a convulsion of grief, and had thrown herself on her knees. I dare say

some of this information was false. He no doubt wished to excite me sufficiently to come again and pay for more of his news. But there was verisimilitude in it. Our fair friend has something tragic in her mien. One of those women who take things so terribly in earnest, and who are not contented with the surface of things, as most of their dear sex are. The worst kind of women to have to deal with in any relation whatever," said he sententially.

Poor women, we complain of your frivolity, and if we meet with one who appears to possess some depth of character or reality of purpose, she becomes more surely a victim from those very qualities.

"This is no longer the age for tragedy," said Auguste; "life has become a comedy, a sentimental comedy if you will, but there are no parts now for your Heloisas or your Saint Theresas."

He might have gone on for an hour; all the time he spoke, and though every word was distinctly audible to me, a vision rose before me of a noble head, a clear, frank, lofty look, and an aspect so entirely the reverse of anything undisciplined or unprincipled that it seemed to be treason to listen to him.

"What are you thinking of? Have you no remark to make upon my revelations?"

"What reply would you have? It would take too long to sift the truth from the falsehood in this romantic story, and what does it matter to me?"

"Pshaw! I have seen you hover perpetually about her for the last three months. You admire her; so do I; so do we all; but there is a hitch somewhere. There is something about her which jars with her surroundings. Some go so far as to say she is not a widow, that her husband is still alive, but that she has been separated from him for years."

"Who says so?"

"Some countrymen of hers. The name of Rabenfels, however, belongs to such a large Austrian clan, if I may so call it, that they may have been mistaken. Yet you must confess there is a mystery about her."

"I confess nothing of the kind."

"But I should say," he went on, without noticing my interruption, "that her appearance belies the scandal. Her air is so frankly independent, so quietly distinguished. A manner which is not fluttered and defiant, like that of most women in that equivocal position, but calm and self-relying. A woman separated from her husband, as things are at present, is at once in an antagonistic relation to society. It requires more consummate tact than most women are gifted with, it needs less impulsiveness than they usually possess, to steer safely through all their difficulties. This is why so few separated women keep their position in society: they almost all sink into the demi-monde."

"Is that the fault of women, or the fault of society?"

"I think it would take us too long to discuss that question, I *against* women and *for* society; you *for* women and *against* society. Hitherto Madame Rabenfels has lived so quietly, and being so rich, the world expects so much from her power

of contributing to its pleasures and amusements, that she has not yet been ostracised. I was told that her husband and herself were separated after two years of marriage; he is much older than she is, and some extraordinary tales are told of the admiration of an exalted personage at Vienna; but why this should have caused a separation is not explained. There is a long gap, too, between her leaving Vienna and her arrival in Paris. Here, musicians, painters, and authors are her only associates; but even these she sees rarely. Still, the devil's advocate would obtain her non-canonisation, from a general unsaintly look about her and her belongings, and something revolutionary and strong-minded in her opinions; and then this episode of the Rue du Puits is damning in my opinion. If not married, why not see this man openly. I believe she is married."

"Excuse me," I said, "but I have an engagement. I cannot listen to your *chronique scandaleuse* any more."

Why had I done so for so long? We parted, and I walked on with the buzz of those infamous words in my ears.

How strange is the heart of man! I had met this woman repeatedly, and admired her vaguely; much of what I had heard this evening I had heard in fragments before; nothing was absolutely new; and yet because I had walked a few hundred yards with her and heard her speak of the past, there was a feeling of appropriation towards her, which made my temples throb and my heart beat, at this light mention of her name.

I felt fevered and excited, and instead of going home, walked about for the next two hours, scarcely attending to where I went, till, on looking up, I found myself not far from the street mentioned by Auguste. I heard the clocks strike two, and an irresistible impulse led me to the spot mentioned by him. The streets in this neighbourhood, one of the worst in Paris, are filthy, narrow, and dark, and are reported to be dangerous. I thought of nothing, and though I was once hustled and pressed on by two men, I got free and went on. As I passed the centre house, the door opened and a woman issued from it. She went swiftly onwards, without turning to the right or the left. She was plainly dressed in black, and her veil was drawn close down. It was my instinct alone which told me it was Madame Rabenfels, for in nothing could she have been recognised except perhaps by a certain swiftness and lightness of tread, which I had noticed as we walked together a few hours ago.

A step has to me much significance. I can judge of a character by the sound of a step. I can distinguish a race by the manner in which an individual treads. I can estimate the health and temper of a person by observing his walk.

I reached her as she came under the light of a lamp. Still I could not see her face. I passed on and then turned back and repassed her. I looked at her earnestly and saw her start. An impulse, which I restrained, made me step forward as if to speak, but she quickened her pace, and again repassed me. We proceeded thus—I following, she a little in advance—for nearly half

an hour. I could not break the spell. I knew not whether she was conscious of it or not, but she drew me as a mesmeriser draws a magnetic patient. At last we entered a street into which one side of her house opened. She drew out a key and opened a small garden door. There to my astonishment she paused for a moment, turned round, threw up her veil, and walked up to me; her grave, earnest eyes flashed upon me, as she bowed haughtily, and with freezing contempt said:

"Be satisfied, Mr. Seymour, the woman you have been insulting by this espionage is the Countess Rabenfels."

In another minute she was gone.

I was stung to the heart. I could have knelt at her feet. I could have submitted to any chastisement by way of atonement. Such were my thoughts that night as I paced my room. Night is the Egeria to us all. Our best selves come out beneath its influence and counsel. In the teeth of the reports I had heard, in spite of what I had myself seen, I could have attested, at the price of my own, the honour which I had so cruelly doubted.

But alas! the morning comes. The work-a-day world awakes, and we are at once placed in contact with the Prince of the Air and his evil angels. We become suspicious, cynical, and hard. I rose with the most unjustifiable anger against my species in general, against women in particular. Yet, as I argued with myself, what was it all to me? But when did such questions avail?

I went out more than usual. I scorned myself for feeling wounded by the actions of a comparative stranger. I could not shake it off. True, the javelin had been thrown by a stranger's hand, but the flesh was torn and bled. Pain roused memory, and the memory of pain received and given is a strong tie. I noted this as about a week afterwards I met the Countess Rabenfels again at Madame de L——'s.

I felt I blushed as I met her glance. She looked much as usual, but a flash of the eye, a dilatation of the nostrils told me that she, too, was sensible of a link between us.

I listened to the music as it rose and fell. There is a bitter sweetness in the effect of music at times. We may attach our own meaning and interpretation to it, but to me at least there is often a vague sense of unfulfilled promise in it. It suggests "infinite passion," but with it also

The pain
Of finite hearts that yearn.

The mortal ear is ravished with the heard melody, but it longs with a tender transport for some yet more divinely harmonious song of which it is only the type.

The rooms were very crowded and the pressure of the throng brought me suddenly exactly behind the seat occupied by Madame Rabenfels.

"How perfect the music has been to-night," I said to her.

"Perfect in itself, but to me there is always imperfection in music."

I started, as she thus echoed my own thoughts.

"It is not so much the case in vocal music; the voice and passion of the singer give individuality,

and limit it at once to the finite, and within that limit we can be entirely satisfied. But the absolute concord of perfectly wrought instruments, and the perfect beauty of the compositions they utter, rouse in us a burning sense of the infinite which cannot be assuaged."

"I agree with you," I said.

I thought she sighed. We were silent. The ghost of the evening in the Rue du Puits rose between us. As I stood so near her, I could observe that tremulous movement in the throat which is the sure sign of suppressed emotion among women. The face remains calm, the eyes cold, the mouth even is still, but they cannot silence this treacherous pulse.

At this moment some one passed me, and whispered in a mocking, stage whisper :

"Remember No. 9, Rue du Puits."

I turned and saw the laughing face of Auguste. She heard him also. She looked at him, and then full in my face. It flashed upon me that she thought I had betrayed her secret to this worldly trifler. What steadfast questioning in her eyes ! No reproach, but a kind of mournful wonder, a sense of undeserved wrong, a perception of unexpected baseness. My eyes fell. But the fiend within me had been roused, and was not to be thus appeased.

"By-the-bye," I said, "will you allow me to assume the privileges of a native, counselling a stranger upon the usages of his country ? I have lived in Paris so long that I know it well. You should not enter the street in which I met you some nights ago." (She started.) "There are all kinds of dangers in it. No one should enforce such an obligation upon you."

She turned white to the lips, but I went on.

"There are all kinds of dangers——"

"For me there are no dangers."

"Dangers to the purse, the life——"

"Go on."

"The reputation of those seen in it. But I suppose you are unacquainted with its character, and passed through it accidentally ?"

I became confused. My impertinence, excited by a kind of blind revenge for the pain I had suffered and was suffering, was not natural to me, and I used the weapon awkwardly, and possibly gave more pain than even in that moment of resentment I intended.

"You are mistaken," she said quietly, and rose from her seat. "I know the street well : I go there constantly : I go to-night again." And with superb disdain she bowed and left me.

Again was I foiled. What a fool I had been ! And how each blow I aimed at her recoiled upon myself. The ground seemed to become suddenly hot beneath my feet, and I too left the room.

(To be continued.)

JOIN HANDS—LEAVE NOBODY OUT.

No nation can, at any time, be secure from that cold quail of social fear which is one of the most peculiar of human sensations. We English know nothing, personally, of the terror of looking and listening for an invading army, actually marching on our soil. We know only the milder forms of

national fear ; but their effect, once felt, is never effaced. The sensation, on being overtaken by the crash of 1825-6, by the Cholera of 1832 and 1849, by the Potato-rot of 1846, and the financial panics of 1847 and 1857, is as distinct in each case as the cases themselves ; and yet the experience is unlike that of any other kind of dread. The same peculiar quail has been sickening our hearts now, for some time past. If any hearts are not yet sick at the doom of Lancashire and Cheshire, they have to become so ; and it certainly seems to me that those are happiest who were the earliest to perceive the truth. Ours is a country blessed beyond every other, in regard to the blessings which we prize most. It is impossible to over-rate the privilege of living in England : but even here we are not safe from national afflictions, taking the form of rebuke for our follies and sins. We have the sensation now of being under rebuke, and of having to suffer for some time to come, after many years of welfare which seemed to have grown into a confirmed habit of prosperity. The sensation is very painful. It is not to be shirked on that account, but rather treated with reverence, that it may impress upon us what it is that we ought to do.

The worst part of the whole misfortune is that the greatest sufferers are those who are in no way to blame for the calamity. We who are outside of the manufacturing interest may fine ourselves, punish ourselves, fatigue ourselves to any extent ; but we cannot suffer anything like the anguish of the operatives in their decline into destitution. Those of us who have known them see but too well what that anguish must be. That class of operatives are a proud people, hitherto filled with comfort and complacency, and holding a social rank which appeared high to them, however little might be known in aristocratic regions of the depth of gradation between the cotton-spinner and the town Arab or Union pauper. The mill-people have been opulent in their own rank in life. They could lay by considerable amounts of money ; and many of them did. Of those who did not, and perhaps of some who did, it was understood that they were better customers to tradesmen than the gentry. The earliest and chiefest delicacies in the market were bought up by the operatives ; the gayest silks and shawls, and head-trimmings, were worn by the factory-women ; the most expensive picnics in the country were those organised by the operatives. Better than this, they have been buyers of books, students of music and drawing, supporters of institutes, and not a few of them members of co-operative societies which have won the respect of thousands of persons prejudiced against the very name. These are the people who are now, all at once and all together, deprived of employment and of income. By a stroke which they could not avert they are now reduced to absolute want. Instead of their dainty dinners and suppers, they have actually not enough of dry bread. Their expensive clothes are all gone, and they can hardly dress themselves so as to appear outside their own doors. Their furniture is gone, and they are sleeping on the bare floor. Their books are gone, with the names of each of the family in some or other of them : the treasure of

music-books is gone, and the violin and the flute; the collections of plants and insects, and geological specimens, have been sold for what they would fetch. Not only is there nothing left; there is nothing to look to. Week after week, and month after month, must wear on, and there, or in a worse place, they must sit, still waiting for work and pay, and kept from starving only by charity, —outside the workhouse now, but perhaps within it by-and-by. The good steady girls pine and waste: the bright boys—the pride of father and mother—are stopped in their progress. All alike are without work and without prospect. It is this spectacle, with its long-drawn misery to come, which sends the quail of dread through us; as well it may.

We get no comfort by looking beyond the class. That class are the natural patrons of the tradesmen. The tradesmen can get in no bills: they are selling nothing, unless on credit; and they are paying high rates. They cannot stand long, they say. The small gentry who live by their house property are in much the same situation. They can get in no rents; and yet they have to pay water-rates, poor-rates,—all their tenants' dues: so that they have less than nothing to live on. I will go no further in this direction. I do not write this to make others and myself miserable, but to discuss what we ought to do. In regard to the extent of the evil, then, I will add only that the population immediately concerned is from four to five millions, without reckoning the shopkeepers and small gentry who are involved with them.

Now, if I am to say what I think, as it is my custom to do, I must declare that, in my opinion, every one of us who enjoys food, shelter and clothing, is bound to help these sufferers. In my opinion, all ordinary alms-giving, all commonplace subscription of crowns or sovereigns, is a mere sign of ignorance, or worse. There are persons who give away a great deal in the course of the year, varying their donations from five shillings to five pounds, who never once conceived of such a thing as a call to part with any considerable part of their substance. Such persons gave 1*l.* to the Patriotic Fund, just as they do every year to the nearest Dispensary: such persons would subscribe their sovereign to a national loan if all the navies of the world were in our seas, and half-a-dozen hostile armies were pouring out upon our shores: and such persons will no doubt offer their sovereign or five-pound note now to the Lancashire fund,—never dreaming that they appear to others like men walking in their sleep. Some means must be found to make them understand that the task before us all is nothing less than this;—to support, with health and mind unbroken, for half a year, a year, or perhaps two years, four millions or more of respectable people, who must in no sense be trifled with, or degraded, or unfitted for resuming their industry, whenever the opportunity arises. A vast sum of money will be required for this purpose: and, till we see how much, it seems to me that those of us who cannot at once contribute a tenth or such other proportion of our income as we think right, should deny ourselves mere pleasures, and give up or defer any expen-

diture which can be put off, till we see what the winter will be like to the people of Lancashire and Cheshire. If the old and constant objection is urged,—that thus trade will suffer by our retrenchment of expenditure, the plain answer is "Very true: and this is the tradesman's share of the national calamity. It will not be a ruinous occasion to tradesmen outside of the manufacturing districts; and they must bear their share. The failure of cotton has caused an actual loss of several millions already; and all just principle and feeling requires that the loss should be spread as widely as possible over society. Let our mercers and music-sellers, then, our confectioners and cabinet-makers go without our fancy custom this year; and you and I will go without new dress, new music, our dessert, our autumn journey, or any indulgence which interferes with our giving a substantial part of our income to the Lancashire people."

But there are other people in Lancashire than those who are poor, the world is saying. This is abundantly true; and once more, if I am to speak out what I think, I must say that the thought of that particular class is scarcely less painful than the contemplation of their poor workpeople.

When some of them, or their friends, cry "Let bygones be bygones," the answer is, that that is not possible. The past (as including the last hundred years) of Lancashire is too remarkable, and, on the whole, too illustrious and honourable, to be ever forgotten or dropped out of history. To go no further back than the distress of 1842, it can never be forgotten how nobly and how wisely many of the mill-owners sustained their workpeople through months and years of adversity; nor can it ever be forgotten that that was the occasion which disclosed the prodigious advance made by the operatives in knowledge, reason, and self-command. For the same causes which render these facts ineffaceable in our history, the subsequent characteristics and conduct of the employers will be also remembered. We need not dwell on them: but we cannot pass them over in an hour of meditation on what we ought each and all to do.

Our cotton manufacturers have been openly regarded, for many years, in America as the main supporters of negro slavery. This is no concern of ours, now and here, except that it tends to explain the apathy first, and the pedantry of political economy afterwards, by which they have rendered themselves, in the world's eyes, answerable for all the really afflictive part of the present distress. They knew that their countrymen understood slave-labour to be a most precarious element in the work of production; they were warned, through a period of thirty years, that a day must come when slave-labour in the Cotton States would be suddenly annihilated; they were shown incessantly for ten years past that the time for that catastrophe was approaching; they were conjured to appropriate some of their new wealth to ensuring a due cultivation of cotton in other and various countries, and especially to sustain the experiments carefully instituted by Government in India. Some three or four of their own number devoted time, trouble, money, and

other precious things to this duty; and these have never ceased appealing to the rest to prepare while it was yet time to avert the very calamity which is now upon us.

It was in vain. The constant answer was that it was not their business, in the first place; and that, in the next, the world would use none but American cotton.

This last allegation seems to be already withdrawn. Indeed it could not stand a moment after the disclosure was made that not only Switzerland and France, but the New England States themselves, prefer Indian to American cotton, because it takes the dye better, and wears better. There is evidence enough in the Exhibition of the suitability of Indian cotton for our purposes, to silence that insolence which till now has rebuked our petition for it. I need say no more of this, nor point out the wide range of soil and climate in which cotton equal to the American can be grown.

As to its not being their business,—whose business was it, if not theirs? Where would the linen manufacture of Ireland have been now, if the manufacturers had not looked to the flax supply? They invested some of their capital in enabling the flax-growers to learn their business, to improve their methods, to use costly machinery; and their manufacture stands, though the prospect of a due supply of flax was as desperate, a dozen years ago, as that of cotton is now. The Irish peasant and farmer might more reasonably have been referred to the rules of political economy, than the Indian ryot on the one hand and the American slave on the other. If it would have been absurd to stand preaching about demand and supply in the case of the Irish peasant, it has been madness when the parties concerned were the remote Hindoo as against the enslaved negro. The event has rebuked the pedantry of the Lancashire talk of demand and supply; and now, after having applied their wealth to every enterprise under Heaven but the one which was urgent, they find themselves without the raw material of their own manufacture.

So much for the past. What are they doing now? They are acting very variously, according to the intelligence and temper of each. The remark is universal, however, that there is as yet no approach towards any manifestation of power and will at all befitting the occasion. Some few have contributed 1000*l.* a-piece. Perhaps they may mean to do more as the months pass on; and there is no saying what calls they may be responding to in the form of rates and private charity: but the common, and I think the upright feeling is that, on this special occasion, it would be no great marvel if the mill-owner who has made 50,000*l.* in a few years were ready to give 20,000*l.* or more for those whose industry built up his fortunes. There are employers who are worth one hundred,—two hundred,—three, four hundred thousand pounds, and up to a million: it is to be hoped that they are not going to set themselves down for 1000*l.* If this sort of comment has an invidious look, let us remember, on behalf of the wide world which is discussing it, that the people we have, as a nation, to carry through this calamity are above

four millions, and that it is their industry which has enriched a whole class of manufacturers in the shortest space of time ever known. The world has expectations from the capitalists; and they ought to know what those expectations are.

At this very time, however, when parliament and the people generally have willingly indulged the moneyed men of Lancashire and Cheshire in their wishes as to the fitting of the Poor-law to their case, there is no little indignation abroad when these men are met on their travels, or enjoying themselves in sight-seeing and other amusements, while all is so dark at home. I own my inability to conceive how clergymen's families can go pleasure-seeking, when they leave a whole population of starving weavers behind at home. I cannot imagine how millowners can shut up their mills, and turn their backs on the misery, to travel till affairs come round again. This kind of thing is the puzzle in London and elsewhere: and so is the fact that a large number of wealthy employers have as yet made no sign of intending to give with any liberality: and so is, again, the shocking certainty that there have been sales of cotton in Liverpool for exportation, when there were thousands hungering for want of it within fifty miles. There have been employers who have refused such profits, and have worked up their cotton at a loss, for their people's sake; but these good men are ill-neighbourled; and if they save their own peace of mind and fair repute, they will still have something to bear through the deadness and lowliness of neighbours to whom wealth has come before they were fitted to receive or to use it well.

All the while, the months are rolling on, and nothing effectual is done by the Lancashire capitalists towards getting hold of the existing stock of cotton in India, or ensuring a larger produce next year. Mr. Villiers talked in the House of 400,000 bales coming from India after October; and in the House of Lords there was mention of 6,000,000 bales actually existing in India, while the whole consumption of Europe and America is only 5,000,000. These statements are loose and unsupported, and we need not rely on them: but how is it that, at the end of many months of alarm and suffering, we have no special agencies at work in the cotton countries to ascertain how much may be had this year, and how much more next? Why have not the Lancashire capitalists combined to send out agents, and to supply whatever is needed, in the way of advances, seed, and "plant" for dressing and carrying the produce? This is not "growing cotton," of which they have such a horror: it is buying it;—buying it in the way which the Indian market requires. There are Indian officers and settlers by the score who would serve admirably for agents, being familiar with the country and the people, and the experiments already made,—both successful and unsuccessful. Under Sir C. Wood's peculiar management, there are now adrift many Indian officers who are the very men to do what is wanted, to set Lancashire to work again. Long before this time they might have shipped off cargo upon cargo of cotton; and there might have been enough sown to justify us in calculating on the distress as a difficulty of six months' duration. As it is, the sowing season is

past, the monsoon has arrived, and nothing in the way of combined effort is done. Men go on investing their wealth in all sorts of foreign schemes, under all manner of risks, while a Cotton Importing Association, which can honestly hold out a profit of from twenty to forty per cent., has to go a-begging for support. And Manchester talks pedantically about demand and supply, and division of labour, unshaken by the very convincing facts before her eyes; and some would throw the work of getting cotton on Government, and some would leave it to chance, while the last thing that occurs to the general company of enriched employers is to invest their own money and pains in the work.

The sooner they see their duty as others see it, the better. What others see is, first, that we are all under a stringent obligation to carry the four millions of sufferers through their adversity, in health, and with spirits unbroken. This obligation presses everywhere; in London and in Launceston, as in Lancaster. Next, there is for the mill-owners the further duty of trying every rational method of obtaining supplies of the raw material, to set their manufacture going again. Proposals are before them for this object. Their country requires of these fortunate citizens that they shall adopt such proposals or frame others. The one thing which will never be forgiven or forgotten will be their persisting in doing nothing,—waiting while their stocks are increasing in value every day on their shelves, from the very scarcity of raw material which is starving their work-people. The time has long been past for any pretence of expecting a supply from America: the question now asked, more and more loudly, is what the manufacturers are about, not to carry their demand up to the sources of supply, in the remote recesses of native life in India.

If the duty of the manufacturers is twofold, the rest of us have a single duty so plain and urgent that we must look to ourselves that we do it. The plain duty of sustaining our cotton-operatives may, however, have many forms. The easiest is giving money. It should be largely, and may be best perhaps in instalments, when the sum is considerable. There are several agencies through which it may be dispensed, either in aid of the parish payment, or to keep families off the parish, or to sustain them by loans, or otherwise in their position of respectability till the mills open again. Again, there is Emigration going forward. There will be plenty of workers left for any work likely to accrue for years to come, however many of the young people make their escape now to a land of plenty. Let the lads and lasses be assisted to Queensland and British Columbia, to send us cotton, or make comfortable homes in the colonies; and their parents and brothers at home will suffice for the manufacture when it revives. Then, there are the sewing-rooms, where the young women earn something, and learn what they most need to be taught. Then, there are swarms of children wanting to be fed and taught:—how can we open our schools to the greatest number of them? Then, not a few of our kindly English matrons have contrived to take a Lancashire girl into their houses, to train for service, or

in domestic arts which will be useful to her for life. This can hardly be expected of middle-class housekeepers whose establishments are compact and economical: but we hear of success where it has been tried. There are probably more farms and warehouses where an extra youth can be taken on for training and service. There may be other ways, and not a few. The one certain thing is that every one of us can do something. Assuming this, I will only further ask my readers to try to represent to themselves what four millions of persons of all ages are like. Let them then think of that multitude as active, high-spirited, hitherto beholden to nobody, but now hungry, restless in idleness, fretting about their rent, ashamed to appear in the streets, wistfully inquiring about the chances of better times, hating to borrow, and hating worse to take parish pay,—and, in the midst of all this, steadily refusing to ask the Government to interfere in America, so as to cut off the negro slave's chance of freedom;—let our countrymen and countrywomen look on this noble company of suffering fellow-citizens, and say whether they shall endure one pang that we can prevent.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MEDUSA AND HER LOCKS.

ALONG the sandy shores at low water may be seen in the summer months numbers of round, flattish, gelatinous-looking bodies, scientifically called *Medusa*, going popularly by the expressive though scarcely euphemious titles of slobbs, slobbers, stingers, and stangers, and called jelly fishes by the inland public, though the creatures are not fishes at all, and have no jelly in their composition.

As these *Medusæ* lie on the beach they present anything but agreeable spectacles to the casual observer; and, as a general fact, rather excite disgust than admiration; and it is not until they are swimming, in the free enjoyment of liberty, that they are viewed with any degree of complacency by an unpractised eye. Yet, even in their present helpless and apparently lifeless condition, sunken partially in the sand, and without a movement to show that animation still holds its place in the tissues, there is something worthy of observation and by no means devoid of interest.

In the first place, be it noted that all the *Medusæ* lie in their normal attitudes; and, in spite of their apparently helpless nature, which causes them to be carried about almost at random by the waves or currents, they, in so far, bid defiance to the powers of the sea, that they are not tossed about in all sorts of positions as is usually the case with creatures that are thrown upon the beach, but die, like *Cæsar*, decently, with their mantles wrapped round them.

Looking closer at the *Medusæ*, the observer will find that the substance is by no means homogeneous, but that it is traversed by numerous veinings something like the nervures of a leaf. These marks indicate the almost inconceivably delicate tissues of which the real animated portion of the creature is composed, and which form a network of cells, that enclose a vast proportionate

amount of sea-water. If, for example, a Medusa weighing some three or four pounds be laid in the sun, the whole animal seems to evaporate, leaving in its place nothing but a little gathering of dry fibres, which hardly weigh as many grains as the original mass weighed pounds. The enclosed water has been examined by competent analysts, and has been found to differ in no perceptible degree from the water of the sea whence the animal was taken.

Though the cells appear at first sight to be disposed almost at random, a closer investigation will show that a regular arrangement prevails among them, and that they can all be referred to a legitimate organisation. So invariably is this the case, that the shape and order of these cells afford valuable characteristics in the classification of these strange beings.

Just below the upper and convex surface may be seen four elliptical marks, arranged so as to form a kind of Maltese cross, and differently coloured in the various specimens, carmine, pink, or white. These show the attachments of the curious organisation by which food is taken into the system, and may be better examined by taking up the creature, and looking at its under surface.

Now, take one of the Medusæ, choosing a specimen that lies near low-water mark, and place it in a tolerably large rock pool, where the water is clear, and where it can be watched for some time without the interruption of the advancing tide.

The apparently inanimate mass straightway becomes instinct with life, its disc contracts in places, and successive undulations roll round its margin, like the wind waves on a corn-field. By degrees the movements become more and more rythmical; the creature begins to pulsate throughout its whole substance, and before very long it rights itself like a submerged lifeboat, and passes slowly and gracefully through the water, throwing off a thousand iridescent tints from its surface, and trailing after it the appendages which form the Maltese cross above-mentioned, together with a vast array of delicate fibres, that take their origin from the edge of the disc, or umbrella, as that wonderful organ is popularly called.

Words cannot express the exceeding beauty and grace of the Medusa, as it slowly pulsates its way through the water, rotating, revolving, rising, and sinking with slow and easy undulations, and its surface radiant with rich and changeful hues, like fragments of submarine rainbows. It is often possible, when the water is particularly clear, to stand at the extremity of a pier or jetty, and watch the Medusæ as they float past in long processions, carried along by the prevailing currents, but withal maintaining their position by the exertion of their will.

The reader is doubtlessly aware that the title of Medusa is given to these creatures on account of the trailing fibres that surround the disc, just as the anky locks of the mythological heroine surrounded her dreadful visage. Many species deserve the name by reason of the exceeding venom of their tresses, which are every whit as terrible to a human being as if they were the veritable vipers of the ancient allegory.

Fortunately for ourselves, the generality of those Medusæ which visit our shores are almost, if not wholly, harmless; but there are some species which are to be avoided as carefully as if each animal were a mass of angry wasps, and cannot safely be approached within a considerable distance. The most common of these venomous beings is the stinger, or stanger, and it is to put sea-bathers on their guard that this article is written, with a sincere hope that none of its readers may meet with the ill-fate of its author.

If the bather, or shore wanderer, should happen to see, either tossing on the waves, or thrown upon the beach, a loose, roundish mass of tawny membranes and fibres, something like a very large handful of lion's mane and silver paper, let him beware of the object, and sacrificing curiosity to discretion, give it as wide a berth as possible. For this is the fearful stinger, scientifically called *Cyanea capillata*, the most plentiful and most redoubtable of our venomous Medusæ.

My first introduction to this creature was a very disastrous one, though I could but reflect afterwards that it might have been even more so. It took place as follows.

One morning towards the end of June, while swimming off the Margate coast, I saw at a distance something that looked like a patch of sand occasionally visible, and occasionally covered, as it were, by the waves, which were then running high in consequence of a lengthened gale which had not long gone down. Knowing the coast pretty well, and thinking that no sand ought to be in such a locality, I swam towards the strange object, and had got within some eight or ten yards of it before finding that it was composed of animal substance. I naturally thought that it must be the refuse of some animal that had been thrown overboard, and swam away from it, not being anxious to come in contact with so unpleasant a substance.

While still approaching it, I had noticed a slight tingling in the toes of the left foot, but as I invariably suffer from cramp in those regions while swimming, I took the "pins-and-needles" sensation for a symptom of the accustomed cramp, and thought nothing of it. As I swam on, however, the tingling extended further and further, and began to feel very much like the sting of an old nettle. Suddenly, the truth flashed across me, and I made for shore as fast as I could.

On turning round for that purpose, I raised my right arm out of the water, and found that dozens of slender and transparent threads were hanging from it, and evidently still attached to the Medusa, now some forty or fifty feet away. The filaments were slight and delicate as those of a spider's web, but there the similitude ceased, for each was armed with a myriad poisoned darts that worked their way into the tissues, and affected the nervous system like the stings of wasps.

Before I reached shore the pain had become fearfully severe, and on quitting the cool waves it was absolute torture. Wherever one of the multitudinous threads had come in contact with the skin was a light scarlet line, which, on closer examination, was resolvable into minute dots or

pustules, and the sensation was much as if each dot were charged with a red-hot needle, gradually making its way through the nerves. The slightest touch of the clothes was agony, and as I had to walk more than two miles before reaching my lodgings, the sufferings endured may be better imagined than described.

Severe, however, as was this pain, it was the least part of the torture inflicted by these apparently insignificant weapons. Both the respiration and the action of the heart became affected, while at short intervals sharp pangs shot through the chest, as if a bullet had passed through heart and lungs, causing me to stagger as if struck by a leaden missile. Then the pulsation of the heart would cease for a time that seemed an age, and then it would give six or seven leaps as if it would force its way through the chest. Then the lungs would refuse to act, and I stood gasping in vain for breath, as if the arm of a garrotter were round my neck. Then the sharp pang would shoot through the chest, and so *da capo*.

After a journey lasting, so far as my feelings went, about two years, I got to my lodgings, and instinctively sought for the salad oil flask. As always happens under such circumstances, it was empty, and I had to wait while another could be purchased. A copious friction with the oil had a sensible effect in alleviating the suffering, though when I happened to catch a glance of my own face in the mirror I hardly knew it — all white, wrinkled, and shrivelled, with cold perspiration standing in large drops over the surface.

How much brandy was administered to me I almost fear to mention, excepting to say that within half an hour I drank as much alcohol as would have intoxicated me over and over again, and yet was no more affected by it than if it had been so much fair water. Several days elapsed before I could walk with any degree of comfort, and for more than three months afterwards the shooting pang would occasionally dart through the chest.

Yet, as before mentioned, the result might have been more disastrous than was the case. Severe as were the effects of the poisoned filaments, their range was extremely limited, extending just above the knee of one leg, the greater part of the right arm, and a few lines on the face, where the water had been splashed by the curling waves. If the injuries had extended to the chest, or over the epigastrium, where so large a mass of nervous matter is collected, I doubt whether I should have been able to reach the shore, or, being there, whether I should have been able to ascend the cutting through the cliffs before the flowing tide had dashed its waves against the white rocks.

It may be easily imagined that so severe a lesson was not lost upon me, and that ever afterwards I looked out very carefully for the tawny mass of fibre and membrane that once had worked me such woe.

On one occasion, after just such a gale as had brought the unwelcome visitant to our shores, I was in a rowing boat with several companions, and came across two more specimens of *Cyanea capillata*, quietly floating along as if they were the most harmless beings that the ocean ever produced.

My dearly bought experience was then serviceable to at least one of my companions, who was going to pick up the Medusa as it drifted past us, and was only deterred by a threat of having his wrist damaged by a blow of the stroke oar.

Despite, however, of all precautions, I again fell a victim to the *Cyanea* in the very next season. After taking my usual half-mile swim I turned towards shore, and in due course of time arrived within a reasonable distance of soundings. As all swimmers are in the habit of doing on such occasions, I dropped my feet to feel for sand or rock, and at the same moment touched something soft, and experienced the well-known tingling sensation in the toes. Off I set to shore, and this time escaped with a tolerably sharp netting about one foot and ankle that rendered boots a torture, but had little further effect. Even this slight attack, however, brought back the spasmodic affection of the heart; and although nearly fourteen months have elapsed since the last time that Medusa shook her venomous looks at me, the shooting pang now and then reminds me of my entanglement with her direful tresses.

For the comfort of intending sea-bathers, it may be remarked that although the effects of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments were so terrible in the present instance, they might be greatly mitigated in those individuals who are blessed with a stouter epidermis, and less sensitive nervous organisation than have fallen to the lot of the afflicted narrator. How different, for example, are the effects of a wasp or bee sting on different individuals, being borne with comparative impunity by one, while another is laid up for days by a precisely similar injury. And it may perchance happen that whereas the contact of the *Cyanea's* trailing filaments may affect one person with almost unendurable pangs, another may be entangled within their folds with comparative impunity.

As, however, the comparative degree is in this case to be avoided with the utmost care, I repeat the advice given in the earlier portion of this narrative, and earnestly counsel the reader to look out carefully for the stinger, and, above all things, *never to swim across its track*, no matter how distant the animal may be, for the creature can cast forth its venomous filaments to an almost interminable length, and even when separated from the parent body, each filament, or each fragment thereof, will sting just as fiercely as if still attached to the creature whence it issued. It will be seen, therefore, that the safest plan will always be to keep well in front of any tawny mass that may be seen floating on the waves, and to allow at least a hundred yards before venturing to cross its course. Perhaps this advice may be thought overstrained by the inexperienced.

Those jest at scars who never felt a wound;

but he who has purchased a painful knowledge at the cost of many wounds, will deem his courage in nowise diminished if he does his best to keep out of the way of a foe who cares nothing for assaults, who may be cut into a thousand pieces without losing one jot of his offensive powers, and who never can be met on equal terms.

J. G. Wood.

WHAT I HEARD AT THE COFFEE PARTY.

I BELIEVE there is no country in the world utterly devoid of superstition in one form or other. Germany is generally considered to be the land of legends and traditions, yet the part in which I have lately resided, is, I think, the least poetical corner of Europe. In Silesia, which was formerly a Polish province, scarcely is a vestige of ancient grandeur to be found, and nothing can be more matter of fact, unrelieved by the least fancy or imagination, than both the habits and tastes of its inhabitants; yet even there, amidst those unpoetic plains, romance, tradition, fiction, call it what you will, has found some small channel, and from time to time threads its way through the commonplace tittle-tattle of this most prosaic era.

Whilst staying at the small garrison town of N——, I was invited to a "coffee party," an entertainment generally given to ladies alone, the unfair sex being rigorously excluded. The Frau Landrätthin von G—— had assembled round her hospitable board a numerous party of ladies from the neighbourhood, and extensive were the preparations made for their delectation. The younger members of the circle might probably have considered that an invasion of some of the uniformed youths, of whom the town was then full, would not altogether have marred the enjoyment of the endless refreshments set before them; but the rule of exclusion was stringent as the laws of the Medes and Persians, so they were fain to make the best of existing circumstances, and wile away the time by discussing the respective merits of absent friends—male and female. A little scandal, or "klatschen," as it is called in German, is a necessary ingredient in all small assemblies, and if report speaks truly, is an amusement not exclusively confined to the weaker sex.

On this occasion the conversation became all the more lively for being interspersed with repeated sips at that delectable composition called "Bowle." This is a beverage of which Rhine wine, pine apple sugar, and champagne form the principal ingredients; when mixed with due skill and science, the flavour is ambrosial, and it is particularly favoured by the ladies as being more delicate and refined than the ordinary vinous beverages.

Who knows how many characters would have been torn to pieces, or matches made or even unmade, on that afternoon, had not our good hostess chanced to express her admiration of a pearl necklace, of great value, worn by one of her guests: "It is more curious than beautiful," rejoined the wearer; "you know it is the famous Malzahn necklace."

"What, the necklace!" exclaimed all the ladies, in chorus. "Oh, pray let us see it!"

I inquired into the cause of all this curiosity, and as a few besides myself professed ignorance of the generally well-known story, the Countess was kind enough to relate it for our benefit.

"You must know, then," said she, "that one of our ancestors, a Count Malzahn, inhabited, at a very remote period, the Castle of Militech, in Silesia. He was married to a very beautiful young lady, and in due course of time became the happy father of a son and heir, whose birth was greeted

by the most joyous festivities in Castle and Hall.

"Shortly after the child's birth, as the young mother had fallen into a deep slumber, she had a strange dream or vision, which made so deep an impression on her mind, that she could not refrain from relating it the next day. She dreamt that a little dwarf had appeared at the bottom of her couch, and that he had begged and prayed her in the most piteous tones to have her baby's cradle removed from the spot on which it stood, as the rocking, he said, disturbed his wife, who was very ill, and could not sleep for the noise. The poor Countess only got laughed at for her foolish dream. The next night, however, her troublesome guest reappeared, this time urging his request with still greater earnestness; she therefore determined no longer to withstand his entreaties, and the next day had the baby and his cradle removed to the other end of the room. The ensuing night, the little man visited her again in her dreams, but this time in high spirits, thanking her profusely for her kind acquiescence in his wishes, and assuring her that his wife was already fast recovering in consequence.

"The Countess was well pleased when the vision disappeared, and left her for some time in peace: the relief, however, was not of long duration, as a few weeks later the poor lady's dreams were again disturbed by the same apparition. This time the little dwarf had no intention of again dislodging the poor baby or his cradle, but he made strong objections to the nurse's habit of throwing away the water from the child's bath through the ordinary channel. He declared that every particle of it pattered down, drop by drop, on his unfortunate wife's head, and that if the Countess would not deign to order her servants to throw away the child's bath on some other spot, his beloved wife must perish. The good Countess got rather impatient at these constant appeals to her good-nature, and determined not to be so foolish as to attach any importance to a mere dream; but the little man was not to be so easily put off—he appeared to her every evening, and was so importunate that, for the sake of peace and quietness, she was fain to order the child's bath to be emptied in another corner of the castle. No sooner had this taken place, than once more the little man presented himself to her in her dreams, thanking her most gratefully for her kindness.

"My wife is now quite restored," added he, "all danger is past. This blessing I owe to you, most gracious lady, and I wish to offer you a small token of my gratitude. Deign to accept this necklace—it ought never to go out of your family, and if kept, it will always foretell the death of the Countess Malzahn, by one of its pearls turning black by degrees, at the demise of each lady of this race."

"When the young Countess awoke, what was her surprise to perceive a pearl necklace lying on the coverlid before her! This very same necklace that I now wear is the ominous present of the troublesome little dwarf!

"My story is not at an end yet," added the Countess, smiling, as she was about to be interrupted. She resumed.

"Some hundred years ago, a very rough, wild Count Malzahn was proprietor of the Château of Militsch. He was a great sportsman, and fond of heavy potations, as gentlemen were wont to be in those days. He often had a wild, noisy set of companions about him, and thus scared away from his table his delicate, refined, and beautiful young wife. One evening, when these rough sportsmen had been drinking hard around the oaken table in the tower of Militsch Castle, the conversation happened to turn upon the mysterious necklace, which had acquired great celebrity from the fact that whenever a Countess of Malzahn died, one of the pearls really did turn black. Some questions arose as to the quality of the stones, it having been asserted by jewellers that although bearing a strong resemblance to pearls, the stones were of no earthly composition, and so hard that it was perfectly impossible to break them. At the request of his guests, the Count sent to his lady, begging her to lend her necklace for their inspection. She did not like to part with it, and made an excuse; whereupon her lord and master waxed wrath, and ordered her to send him the trinket, on pain of his serious displeasure. The poor Countess complied, though unwillingly; the necklace was brought, handed about, and examined, and many were the bets made as to its solidity. One of the knights declared he could split one of the pearls with his sword. Wagers were laid for and against:—he struck the blow with dreadful violence, but the pearl remained unscathed. Suddenly, however, a dreadful peal of thunder was heard; the lightning struck upon the old tower where they were seated, which crumbled to pieces, burying the half-drunken knights under the rush of falling stones. Many were drawn out merely wounded, but the imprudent knight who had tried his strength on unearthly things was struck dead. The pearl necklace was found, and, as you see, has been ever since carefully preserved, but they never have been able to rebuild the tower of Militsch. It is said that whatever part of it is built during the day, falls in during the night; so that after many fruitless attempts to overcome the spell, it has been given up altogether. The only certain part of the story is," added the Countess, "that this old necklace still retains its strange power of marking the death of each successive owner, by one of its pearls turning black. I often look at them, to see if another pearl is not beginning to assume a grey tint, which will be the sure sign of my approaching death!"

We all looked with much interest at the handsome features of the amiable old lady, who had so kindly related this family legend for our benefit, and heartily wished that her pearls might long retain their pure white hue, which strongly contrasted with the colour of the seventeen that have already put on their mourning for the deceased châtelaines, and which really have a very dingy tint.

The die was cast—strange stories had become the order of the evening. The formerly interesting topics of family quarrels, suspected flirtations, misbehaved servants, &c., had suddenly lost their charm, and a tide of family traditions and ghost

stories came rushing in from all sides, a torrent which nothing but the fear of late hours and bad roads could stem. I will only record the tales which struck me as most authentic, because they were told by members of the families in which they had occurred.

"You all know that beautiful picture of my brother-in-law, the Baron Tettau, which hangs in the picture gallery at home, do you not?" inquired a pale, delicate-looking lady, with light blue eyes and flaxen hair. "That picture was painted by Angelica Kaufmann, and is considered to be one of her best works. He is taken in full uniform, as a smart young officer of the Guards, which he then was, and his portrait was painted on the occasion of his marriage, which, unfortunately, gave him but a short span of happiness, as his young wife died a year after, leaving him a sweet little daughter in token of her love. This child was brought up in the country, under the surveillance of a governess, and very near to the residence of her grandmother, the old Baroness von Tettau.

"We were one evening all assembled at supper, that is to say, all except my brother-in-law, who had just joined his regiment, and was daily expecting to take an active part in the contest against Napoleon's hated troops. His mother looked up with tender and admiring eyes at the handsome portrait hanging opposite to her, and exclaimed with a sigh, 'Where may my poor Franz be just now!' the tears gathering fast in her eyes at the thought of the perils he was about to encounter. Scarcely had the words been spoken when a crash was heard, and down came the picture! Strange to say, the nail on which it had hung had not moved: it seemed to have been jolted off the hook by a sudden jerk. We were all depressed by this unaccountable accident, and I had some difficulty in calming my poor mother-in-law, who persisted in regarding it as an omen that something dreadful had happened: her fears were but too soon verified. A few days later the news reached us that my brother-in-law had been sent to reconnoitre, and that a stray shot had killed him on the spot, at the very hour when his portrait had fallen down at his father's home.

"Time, which heals all wounds, even the deepest, had passed over this sad circumstance, and we were once more seated together at supper in the same dining-room as before. It was rather late, for we had been paying a visit to the little orphan girl, Baron Tettau's daughter, and had waited there to speak with the doctor, as she had not been well: he declared, however, that she was much better, quite free from fever, and assured us that there was not the slightest cause for anxiety. We therefore returned home, and as I said before, were seated at supper, when again a crash, and, without any apparent cause, down came my brother-in-law's portrait to the ground. This time our alarm was excusable: we at once despatched a messenger on horseback to inquire after the little girl, but he returned almost immediately, having been met half way by the bearer of a missive from the governess, conveying the shocking intelligence that the dear little child had died suddenly in a fit!

"It will readily be believed that my brother-in-law's portrait, beautiful as it was, had now become an object of superstition, almost of aversion, in the family: it was therefore removed from the dining-room, and carefully hung in a large hall filled with family pictures, which we call 'the gallery.' My husband had selected a place for it over the entrance-door, where it was partly hidden, as he wished to spare his poor mother as much as possible the painful reminiscences which the sight of the fatal picture was sure to awaken.

"Many years elapsed—indeed, it is but ten years ago since my much regretted father-in-law died; my poor husband was, as you all know, deeply afflicted at his loss: he tended his poor father through his last illness with the most devoted affection and tenderness, and after the last sad parting, when we women, overcome with sorrow and fatigue, had retired to our rooms, he still remained sitting by his father's corpse. After some time he became uneasy, and could no longer bear the dread silence of the chamber of death: he got up, paced to and fro, and almost unconsciously bent his steps towards the Gallery: he endeavoured to enter, but some impediment closed the way: he pushed the door with force, and in so doing removed his brother's picture, which had again fallen to the floor!

"Since that time no death in the family has occurred, but we are of course all convinced that the same thing will happen when any one of us is called to his or her last account."

This lady's story was told with so much simplicity and good feeling that all present were impressed with the conviction of its truthfulness, the more so that the narrator bears the highest character for veracity and straightforwardness.

Another tale related on this occasion is to be found in many old German books, but except to readers well versed in the lore of ancient German legend it is probably quite unknown. It was told me by a near and dear friend of mine, a member of the family to whom this tradition belongs, and a person in whose veracity I place the greatest possible confidence. Thus, then, runs the tale:

"In olden times there lived a most beautiful, pious, and amiable Frau von Alvensleben, who was respected and beloved by her friends and the high and mighty of the land, and looked up to and adored by her dependants and the poor, who for many miles around felt the benefit of her loving charities. This favourite of fortune and nature had, however, one drop of gall mixed in her cup of happiness, which had well nigh embittered the whole of her precious gifts. She was childless, and it was no small grief to her beloved lord as well as to herself to be denied an heir to their noble name and vast possessions. Frequently, when more than usually oppressed by sad thoughts, she would wander forth and seek in assuaging the sorrows of others a relief to her own painful reflections. On one occasion, as in pensive mood she was returning from one of these charitable visits to the sick and poor of her villages, her way led through a long avenue of well-grown trees bordering the banks of the Elbe. Slowly she walked with eyes cast on the ground, when her

steps were suddenly arrested by a little dwarf, who stood respectfully before her. She was startled at first, but, seeing him look smilingly at her, she soon regained her composure, and in a kind manner asked him what he wanted.

"Most gracious lady," quoth the dwarf, "all I wish is to give you brighter hopes, and to foretell that your future will be as happy as you deserve. Within a year from this time you will be blest with three sons at a birth [drillinge]. I pray you to accept this ring," continued he, handing her a large gold ring most curiously wrought; "have it divided into three equal parts, and when your sons are of an age to understand the trust, give one piece to each of them to keep as a talisman against evil. As long as it remains in the family the Alvenslebens will prosper."

"With these words the kind little man disappeared; but his prophecy was realised, and his injunctions were carefully obeyed. The three sons lived to form the source of three distinct lines of the Alvensleben family, and are distinguished by the names of the Black, the White, and the Red line.

"Years—nay, centuries—rolled by, but the three pieces of the ring were carefully preserved by the descendants of the three brothers. The age of superstition had now passed away. Frederick the Great was mighty, and he scoffed at all things: Voltaire, his friend and teacher, sneered at every species of belief, and the courtiers thought it becoming to imitate their master and his favourite.

"A gay party was seated on the balcony of the Castle of Randau, which overhangs the muddy-coloured, shallow, and yet sometimes treacherous, river Elbe. Amongst the company were several gay young officers of the Royal Hussars, then stationed at Magdeburg, who had ridden over to pay their devoirs to the fair lady of the manor, the Frau von Alvensleben of the Red line, a famous beauty at Frederick's court. Although the mother of three fine boys, her beauty was at its zenith, and her sharp, ready wit and satirical, sceptical turn of mind had won for her as many admirers as her rare personal attractions.

"I never believe in anything that I do not see or feel," said the lady with a bright laugh, continuing an animated conversation about second-sight and ghost-seers; "nor do I care just now to believe in anything but that these strawberries are delicious," added she, holding up a ruddy berry; "that the air is pure and balmy, my companions most agreeable, and life altogether very charming and enjoyable."

"Would that life were made up of such moments," sighed her nearest neighbour, with an ardent glance; "but, alas! we must bend to so many influences beyond our own control!"

"Not a whit," retorted the lively lady, "Jeder ist seines Glückes Schmied" (every one forges his own happiness), saith the proverb.

"How can you say that, fairest of châtelines, when you know that the happiness of each of us is dependant upon your goodwill," responded one of the gallants.

"And," added the Major von Eulenberg, a somewhat more sedate admirer, "you yourself,

madame, must not forget that you are living under the spell of the famous Alvensleben ring; if you were to lose it, who knows what might happen.'

"'Alter schützt von Thorheit nicht' (age is no preservative against folly) 'I see,' answered the beauty, pertly tossing her head. 'Do you think I am such an idiot as really to believe in this silly story of the ring? I thought my sentiments were better known, and to prove to you how free from superstition I am' . . . she ran into the room through the open folding doors, hastily unlocked a casket with a small golden key which hung from her neck chain, and swiftly returning, made a comical low curtsy to the circle of gentlemen, and, with a graceful movement, flung what she had in her hand down into the rushing river at her feet:—'There,' she cried, exultingly, 'there goes the token of old superstition, which has too long been treasured in our family; there goes the famous ring, and may the Alvenslebens evermore depend upon *themselves* for their good luck and prosperity.'

"The act was greeted with bravoës, and warm expressions of admiration at the strength of mind she had exhibited, by the young officers, whose only wish was to flatter and please the star of the day: yet some in their hearts disapproved, others felt as if a blank had fallen on their spirits, and though outwardly merry, the party separated with far less jovial feelings than they had ever before experienced within the walls of Randau.

"Six weeks afterwards, this laughing, scoffing beauty was bent low in sadness and sorrow. She had in that short period lost her husband and her three sons, all of whom were suddenly carried off by a virulent fever. It is not known whether she connected this sad bereavement with her imprudent act, but probably her haughty scepticism received a shock, for she renounced the world, and ever after led a life of sorrow and seclusion. Thus ended the Red line of the Alvenslebens.

"The members of the Black line, shocked by this sad occurrence, and fearful lest some accident might cause the loss of so small an object as the third part of a ring, had it melted among other gold and moulded into a goblet or 'Pokal,' which the sole survivors of that line still possess. Their star, however, has fallen, and from the prosperous and numerous family which then flourished, and was in possession of nearly half the province of Magdeburg, but two descendants in middling circumstances now exist. The last member of importance of that line, was the highly esteemed Minister of State under Frederic Wilhelm III., Count Albert Alvensleben, who died at so late a period as 1858.

"The members of the White line have been the wisest of the three; they still carefully preserve among the family archives in their Castle of Erxleben, near Magdeburg, their precious share of the little dwarf's present. This family is amongst the most highly esteemed and beloved of the old noblesse of Prussia: highly favoured and truly loved by their monarch, many of them still hold important offices in the army and state, and the White line still counts thirty or forty members."

It was not without regret that we broke up the circle round the coffee-table: these and other

tales had made us forget the flight of time, and if they have for a moment amused my readers, I am richly repaid for the slight trouble of transcribing them.

THE MONOGRAM.—The monogram on the sacred standard of Constantine became for a long time conspicuous on Christian monuments in the East and West, and is now carved on most of the sepulchral tablets of modern Italy. Yet there is a mystery about what it really means, without a pretence of anything miraculous as to the way in which it came to be used. It is doubtful whether any one besides the Emperor himself can have known whether he took its upper part to represent the Latin letter P, or the Greek one for R. The great comparative prominence of the said upper part on early monuments, joined to Constantine's ignorance of Greek, inclines us to the former opinion, and perhaps Eusebius as an enthusiastic Oriental gave rise to the latter. There is some evidence that the Roman Emperor Probus brought the monogram, or something like it, from Egypt in the third century. His name and virtues perhaps suggested the appropriation of a sign which had long before been attached to representations of the more popular members of the Ptolemaic dynasty.

THE PARTING OF ULYSSES;

AN HOMERIC REMINISCENCE.

I dare not live, thy loving thrall;
Dread queen, I quit thy wondrous hall;
Soft dreamy days, time's perfumed fall,
Farewell, for aye farewell!
Yon trembling star, that gems the west,
Shakes o'er the land where I must rest;
The great gods beckon, their behest
Is "onward e'en through hell!"
Stay me not; raise, dread queen, thine eyes;
Lo! crimson floods e'en's amber skies!
Pearl-dropped, thy soft-fringed eye-lash lies
In shade upon my face.
Call me not cruel! curse my fate,
'Tis that which leaves thee desolate;
The gods are stern; the galleys wait,
Good rowers, take your place!
Ah, loose thy clinging arms! their sheath
Rusts the bold heart—and yet, thy breath
Ambrosial soothes my neck—oh, death!
Dost thou not spare too long!
Is life a boon, if I must part
From love like Circe's? Faithless heart,
Better death's pang than live's long smart!
True wife I do thee wrong!
Yield me my mates, my frolic crew;
The palm-leaves cloud with glistening dew;
'Tis late! Bright-hair'd one, ah! too few
The working hours of life!
Dear Ithaca, my rocky home,
Remembered more, the more I roam,
I hold thee e'en through leagues of foam,
Lov'd Isle, sweet son, true wife!
List, glittering Circe! wedded love
Burns stronger than yon orbs which move
To greet their crescent queen above,
Fair stars, that blind the day!
By magic wiles made once thine own,
Uncharm'd, my weakness stands like stone;
The gods draw back their lingering loan,
Farewell! my crew give way!

W.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XVII. HOME TRUTHS FOR LIONEL.

LIONEL VERNER grew better. His naturally good constitution triumphed over the disease, and his sick soreness of mind lost somewhat of its sharpness. So long as he brooded in silence over his pain and his wrongs, there was little chance of the sting becoming much lighter; it was like the vulture preying upon its own vitals; but that season of silence was past. When once a deep grief can be *spoken of*, its great agony is gone. I think there is an old saying, or a proverb—"Griefs lose themselves in telling," and a greater truism was never uttered. The ice once broken, touching his feelings with regard to Sibylla, Lionel found comfort in making it his theme of conversation, of complaint, although his hearer and confidant was only Lucy Tempest. A strange

comfort, but yet a natural one; as those who have suffered as Lionel did may be able to testify. At the time of the blow, when Sibylla deserted him with coolness so great, Lionel could have died, rather than give utterance to a syllable betraying his own pain; but several months had elapsed since, and the turning-point was come. He did not, unfortunately, love Sibylla one shade less; love, such as his, cannot be overcome so lightly; but the keenness of the disappointment, the blow to his self-esteem—to his vanity, it may be said—was growing less intense. In a case like this, of faithlessness, let it happen to man or to woman, the wounding of the self-esteem is not the least evil that must be borne. Lucy Tempest was, in Lionel's estimation, little more than a child, yet it was singular how he grew to love to talk with

her. Not for love of *her*—do not fancy that—but for the opportunity it gave him of talking of Sibylla. You may deem this an anomaly; I know that it was natural; and, like oil poured upon a wound, so did it bring balm to Lionel's troubled spirit.

He never spoke of her save at the dusk hour. During the broad, gariash light of day, his lips were sealed. In the soft twilight of the evening, if it happened that Lucy was alone with him, then he would pour out his heart, would tell of his past tribulation. As *past* he spoke of it; had he not regarded it as *past*, he never would have spoken. Lucy listened, mostly in silence, returning him her earnest sympathy. Had Lucy Tempest been a little older in ideas, or had she been by nature and rearing less entirely single-minded, she might not have sat unrestrainedly with him, going into the room at any moment, and stopping there, as she would had he been her brother. Lucy was getting to covet the companionship of Lionel very much—too much, taking all things into consideration. It never occurred to her that, for that very reason, she might do well to keep away from it. She was not sufficiently experienced to define her own sensations; and she did not surmise there was anything inexpedient or not perfectly orthodox in her being so much with Lionel. She liked to be with him, and she freely indulged the liking upon any occasion that offered.

"Oh, Lucy, I loved her! I did love her!" he would say, having repeated the same words perhaps fifty times before in other interviews; and he would lean back in his easy-chair, and cover his eyes with his hand, as if willing to shut out all sight save that of the past. "Heaven knows what she was to me! Heaven only knows what her faithlessness has cost!"

"Did you dream of her last night, Lionel?" answered Lucy, from her low seat where she generally sat, near to Lionel, but with her face mostly turned from him.

And it may as well be mentioned that Miss Lucy never thought of such a thing as *discouraging* Lionel's love and remembrance of Sibylla. Her whole business in the matter seemed to be to listen to him and help him to remember her.

"Ay," said Lionel, in answer to the question. "Do you suppose I should dream of anything else?"

Whatever Lucy may or may not have supposed, it was a positive fact, known well to Lionel—known to him, and remembered by him to this hour,—that he constantly dreamt of Sibylla. Night after night, since the unhappy time when he learnt that she had left him for Frederick Massingbird, had she formed the prominent subject of his dreams. It is the strict truth: and it will prove to you how powerful a hold she must have possessed over his imagination. This he had not failed to make an item in his revelations to Lucy.

"What was your dream last night, Lionel?"

"It was only a confused one: or seemed to be when I awoke. It was full of trouble. Sibylla appeared to have done something wrong, and I was defending her, and she was angry with me for

it. Unusually confused it was. Generally my dreams are too clear and vivid."

"I wonder how long you will dream of her, Lionel? For a year, do you think?"

"I hope not," heartily responded Lionel. "Lucy, I wish I could forget her!"

"I wish you could—if you do wish to do it," simply replied Lucy.

"Wish! I wish I could have swallowed a draught of old Lethe's stream last February, and never recalled her again!" He spoke vehemently: and yet there was a little under-current of suppressed consciousness down deep in his heart, whispering that his greatest solace was to remember her, and to talk of her as he was doing now. To talk of her as he would to his own soul: and that, he had now learnt to do with Lucy Tempest. Not to any one else in the whole world could Lionel have breathed the name of Sibylla.

"Do you suppose she will soon be coming home?" asked Lucy, after a silence.

"Of course she will. The news of his inheritance went out shortly after they started, and must have got to Melbourne nearly as soon as they did. There's little doubt they are on their road home now. Massingbird would not care to stop to look after what was left by John, when he knows himself to be the owner of Verner's Pride."

"I wish Verner's Pride had not been left to Frederick Massingbird!" exclaimed Lucy.

"Frankly speaking, so do I," confessed Lionel. "It ought to be mine by all good right. And, putting myself entirely out of consideration, I judge Frederick Massingbird unworthy to be its master. That's between ourselves, mind, Lucy."

"It is all between ourselves," returned Lucy.

"Ay. What should I have done without you, my dear little friend?"

"I am glad you have not had to do without me," simply answered Lucy. "I hope you will let me be your friend always!"

"That I will. Now Sibylla's gone, there's nobody in the whole world I care for, but you."

He spoke it without any double meaning: he might have used the same words, been actuated by precisely the same feelings, to his mother or his sister. His all-absorbing love for Sibylla barred even the idea of any other love to his mind, yet awhile.

"Lionel!" cried Lucy, turning her face full upon him in her earnestness, "*how* could she choose Frederick Massingbird, when you had chosen her?"

"Tastes differ," said Lionel, speaking lightly, a thing he rarely did when with Lucy. "There's no accounting for them. Some time or other, Lucy, you may be marrying an ugly fellow with a wooden leg and red beard; and people will say, 'How could Lucy Tempest have chosen him?'"

Lucy coloured. "I do not like you to speak in that joking way, if you please," she gravely said.

"Heigh ho, Lucy!" sighed he. "Sometimes I fancy a joke may cheat me out of a minute's care. I wish I was well, and away from this place. In London I shall have my hands full,

and can rub off the rust of old grievances with hard work."

"You will not like London better than Deerham."

"I shall like it ten thousand times better," impulsively answered Lionel. "I have no longer a place in Deerham, Lucy. That is gone."

"You allude to Verner's Pride?"

"Everything's gone that I valued in Deerham," cried Lionel, with the same impulse—"Verner's Pride amongst the rest. I would never stop here to see the rule of Fred Massingbird. Better that John had lived to take it, than that it had come to him."

"Was John better than his brother?"

"He would have made a better master. He was, I believe, a better man. Not but that John had his faults. As we all have."

"All!" echoed Lucy. "What are your faults?"

Lionel could not help laughing. She asked the question, as she did all her questions, in the most genuine, earnest manner: really seeking the information. "I think for some time back, Lucy, my chief fault has been grumbling. I am sure you must find it so. Better days may be in store for us both."

Lucy rose. "I think it must be time for me to go and make Lady Verner's tea. Decima will not be home for it."

"Where is Decima this evening?"

"She is gone her round to the cottages. She does not find time for it in the day, since you were ill. Is there anything I can do for you before I go down?"

"Yes," he answered, taking her hand. "You can let me thank you for your patience and kindness. You have borne with me bravely, Lucy. God bless you, my dear child."

She neither went away, nor drew her hand away. She stood there—as he had phrased it—patiently, until he should release it. He soon did so, with a weary movement: all he did was wearisome to him then, save the thinking and talking of the theme which ought to have been a barred one—Sibylla.

"Will you please to come down to tea this evening?" asked Lucy.

"I don't care for tea; I'd rather be alone."

"Then I will bring you some up."

"No, no; you shall not be at the trouble. I'll come down, then, presently."

Lucy Tempest disappeared. Lionel leaned against the window, looking out on the night landscape, and lost himself in thoughts of his faithless love. He aroused himself from them with a stamp of impatience.

"I must shake it off," he cried to himself; "I will shake it off. None, save myself or a fool, but would have done it months ago. And yet, Heaven alone knows how I have tried and battled, and how vain the battle has been."

The cottages down Clay Lane were ill-drained. It might be nearer the truth to say, they were not drained at all. As is the case with many another fine estate besides Verner's Pride, while the agricultural land was well drained, no expense spared upon it, the poor dwellings had been neglected. Not only in

the matter of draining, but in other respects, were these habitations deficient: but that strong terms are apt to grate unpleasantly upon the ear, one might say shamefully deficient. The consequence was, that no autumn ever went over, scarcely any spring, but somebody would be down with ague, with low fever; and it was reckoned a fortunate season if a good many were not down.

The first time that Lionel took a walk down Clay Lane after his illness, was a fine day in October. He had been out before in other directions, but not down Clay Lane. He had not yet recovered his full strength; he looked ill and emaciated. Had he been strong as he used to be, he would not have found himself nearly losing his equilibrium, at being run violently against by a woman, who turned swiftly out of her own door.

"Take care, Mrs. Grind! Is your house on fire?"

"It's begging a thousand pardons, sir! I hadn't no idea you was there," returned Mrs. Grind, in lamentable confusion, when she saw whom she had all but knocked down. "Grind, he catches sight o' one o' the brick men going by, and he tells me to run and fetch him in; but I had got my hands in the soap-suds, and couldn't take 'em convenient out of it at the minute, and I was hasting lest he'd gone too far to be caught up. He have now."

"Is Grind better?"

"He ain't no worse, sir. There he is," she added, flinging the door open.

On the side of the kitchen opposite to the door was a pallet-bed stretched against the wall, and on it lay the woman's husband, Grind, dressed. It was a small room, and it appeared literally full of children, of encumbrances of all sorts. A string extended from one side of the fire-place to the other, and on this hung some wet coloured pinafores, the steam ascending from them in clouds, drawn out by the heat of the fire. The children were in various stages of *un-dress*, these coloured pinafores doubtlessly constituting their sole outer garment. But that Grind's eye had caught his, Lionel might have hesitated to enter so uncomfortable a place. His natural kindness of heart—nay, his innate regard for the feelings of others, let them be ever so low in station—prevented his turning back when the man had seen him.

"Grind, don't move, don't get off the bed," Lionel said hastily. But Grind was already up. The ague fit was upon him then, and he shook the bed as he sat down upon it. His face wore that blue, pallid appearance, which you may have seen in aguish patients.

"You don't seem much better, Grind."

"Thank ye, sir, I be baddish just now again, but I ain't worse on the whole," was the man's reply. A civil, quiet, hardworking man as any on the estate; nothing against him but his large flock of children, and his difficulty of getting along any way. The mouths to feed were many—ravenous young mouths, too, and the wife, though civil and well-meaning, was not the most thrifty in the world. She liked gossiping better than thrift; but gossip was the most prevalent complaint of Clay Lane, so far as its female population was concerned.

"How long is it that you have been ill?" asked Lionel, leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece, and looking down on Grind, Mrs. Grind having whisked away the pinafores.

"It's going along of four weeks, sir, now. It's a illness, sir, I takes it, as must have its course."

"All illnesses must have that, as I believe," said Lionel. "Mine has taken its own time pretty well, has it not?"

Grind shook his head.

"You don't look none the better for your bout, sir. And it's a long time you must have been a getting strong. Mr. Jan, he said, just a month ago, when he first come to see me, as you was well, so to say, then. Ah! it's only them, as have tried it, knows what the pulling through up to strength again is, when the illness itself seems gone."

Lionel's conscience was rather suggestive at that moment. He might have been stronger than he was, by this time, had he "pulled through" with a better will, and given way less. "I am sorry not to see you better, Grind," he kindly said.

"You see me at the worst, sir, to-day," said the man, in a tone of apology, as if seeking to excuse his own sickness. "I be getting better, and that's a thing to be thankful for. I only gets the fever once in three days now. Yesterday, sir, I got down to the field, and earned what'll come to eighteenpence. I did indeed, sir, though you'd not think it, looking at me to-day."

"I should not," said Lionel. "Do you mean to say you went to work in your present state?"

"I didn't seem a bit ill yesterday, sir, except for the weakness. The fever it keeps me down all one day, as may be to-day; then the morrow I be quite prostrate with the weakness it leaves; and the third day I be, so to speak, well. But I can't do a full day's work, sir; no, nor hardly half of a one, and by evening I be so done over I can scarce crawl to my place here. It ain't much, sir, part of a day's work in three; but I be thankful for that improvement. A week ago, I couldn't do as much as that."

More suggestive thoughts for Lionel.

"He'd a get better quicker, sir, if he could do his work regular," put in the woman. "What's one day's work out o' three—even if 'twas a full day's—to find us all victuals? In course he can't fare better nor we; and Peckaby's, they don't give much trust to us. He gets a pot o' gruel, or a saucer o' porridge, or a hunch o' bread with a mite o' cheese."

Lionel looked at the man. "You cannot eat plain bread now, can you, Grind?"

"All this day, sir, I shan't eat nothing; I couldn't swallow it," he answered. "After the fever and the shaking's gone, then I could eat, but not bread; it seems too dry for the throat, and it sticks in it. I get a dish o' tea, or something in that way. The next day—my well day, as I calls it—I can eat all afore me."

"You ought to have more strengthening food."

"It's not for us to say, sir, as we ought to have this here food, or that there food, unless we earns it," replied Grind, in a meek spirit of contented resignation that many a rich man might

have taken a pattern from. "Mr. Jan, he says, 'Grind,' says he, 'you should have some meat to eat, and some good beef-tea, and a drop o' wine wouldn't do you no harm,' says he. And it makes me smile, sir, to think where the like o' poor folks is to get such things. Lucky to be able to get a bit o' bread and a drain o' tea without sugar, them as is off their work, just to rub on and keep themselves out o' the workhouse. I know I'm thankful to do it. Jim, he have got a place, sir."

"Jim, which is Jim?" asked Lionel, turning his eyes on the group of children, supposing one must be meant.

"He ain't here, sir," cried the woman. "It's the one with the black hair, and he was six year old yesterday. He's gone to Farmer Johnson's to take care o' the pigs in the field. He's to get a shilling a week."

Lionel moved from his position. "Grind," he said, "don't you think it would be better if you gave yourself complete rest, not attempting to go out to work until you are stronger?"

"I couldn't afford it, sir. And, as to its being better for me, I don't see that. If I can work, sir, I'm better at work. I know it tires me, but I believe I get stronger the sooner for it. Mr. Jan, he says to me, says he, 'Don't lie by never, Grind, unless you be obliged to it: it only rusts the limbs.' And he ain't far out, sir. Folks gets more harm from idleness nor they do from work."

"Well, good day, Grind," said Lionel, "and I heartily hope you'll soon be on your legs again. Lady Verner shall send you something more nourishing than bread, while you are still suffering."

"Thank ye kindly, sir," replied Grind. "My humble duty to my lady."

Lionel went out. "What a lesson for me!" he involuntarily exclaimed. "This poor half-starved man struggling patiently onward, through his sickness; while I, who had every luxury about me, spent my time in repining. What a lesson! Heaven help me to take it to my heart!"

He lifted his hat as he spoke, his feeling at the moment full of reverence; and went on to Frost's. "Where's Robin?" he asked of the wife.

"He's in the back room, sir," was the answer. "He's getting better fast. The old father, he have gone out a bit, a warming of himself in the sun."

She opened the door of a small back room as she spoke. But it proved to be empty. Robin was discerned in a garden, sitting on a bench: possibly to give himself a warming in the sun—as Mrs. Frost expressed it. He sat in a still attitude: his arms folded, his head bowed. Since the miserable occurrence touching Rachel, Robin Frost was a fearfully changed man: never, from the hour that the coroner's inquest was held and certain evidence had come out, had he been seen to smile. He had now been ill with ague, like Grind. Hearing the approach of footsteps, he turned his head, and rose when he saw it was Lionel.

"Well, Robin, how fares it? You are better, I hear. Sit yourself down: you are not strong

enough to stand. What an enemy this low fever is! I wish we could root it out!"

"Many might be all the healthier for it, sir, if it could be done," was Robin's answer, spoken indifferently—as he nearly always spoke now. "As for me, I'm not far off being well again."

"They said in the village you were going to die, Robin, did they not?" continued Lionel. "You have cheated them, you see."

"They said it, some of 'em, sir, and thought it, too. Old father thought it. I'm not sure but Mr. Jan thought it. I didn't, bad as I was," continued Robin, in a significant tone. "I had my oath to keep."

"Robin!"

"Sir, I have sworn—and you know I have sworn it—to have my revenge upon him that worked ill to Rachel. I can't die till that oath has been kept."

"There's a certain sentence, Robin, given us for our guide, amid many other such sentences, which runs somewhat after this fashion: 'Vengeance is mine,' quietly spoke Lionel. "Have you forgotten who it is says that?"

"Why did he—the villain—forget them sentences? Why did he forget 'em and harm her?" retorted Robin. "Sir, it's of no good for you to look at me in that way. I'll never be baulked in this matter. Old father, now and again, *he'll* talk about forgiveness: and when I say 'weren't you her father?' 'Ay,' he'll answer, 'but I've got one foot in the grave, Robin, and anger will not bring her back to life.' No it won't," doggedly went on Robin. "It won't undo what was done, neither; but I'll keep my oath—so far as it is in my power to keep it. Dead though he is, he shall be exposed to the world."

The words "dead though he is" aroused the attention of Lionel. "To whom do you allude, Robin?" he asked. "Have you obtained any fresh clue?"

"Not much of a fresh one," answered the man, with a stress upon the word "fresh." "I have had it this six or seven months. When they heard he was dead, then they could speak out and tell me their suspicions of him."

"Who could? What mystery are you talking?" reiterated Lionel.

"Never mind who, sir. It was one that kept his mouth shut, as long as there was any good in his opening it. 'Not to make ill-blood,' was the excuse he gave me after. If I had but known at the time," added the man, clenching his fist. "I'd have went out and killed him, if he had been double as far off!"

"Robin, what have you heard?"

"Well, sir, I'll tell you. But I have not opened my lips to a living soul, not even to old father. The villain that did the harm to Rachel was John Massingbird!"

Lionel remained silent from surprise.

"I don't believe it," he presently said, speaking emphatically. "Who has accused him?"

"Sir, I have said that I can't tell you. I passed my word not to do it. It was one that had cause to suspect him at the time. And he never told me—*never told me*—until John Massingbird was dead!"

Robin's voice rose to a sound of wailing pain, and he raised his hands with a gesture of despair.

"Did your informant *know* that it was John Massingbird?" Lionel gravely asked.

"He had not got what is called positive proof, such as might avail in a court of justice; but he was morally certain," replied Robin. "And so am I. I am only waiting for one thing, sir, to tell it out to all the world."

"And what's that?"

"The returning home of Luke Roy. There's not much doubt that he knows all about it; I have my reasons for saying so, and I'd like to be quite sure before I tell out the tale. Old Roy says Luke may be expected home by any ship as comes: he don't think he'll stop there, now John Massingbird's dead."

"Then, Robin, listen to me," returned Lionel. "I have no positive proof, any more than it appears your informant has; but I am perfectly convinced in my own mind that the guilty man was *not* John Massingbird. Understand me," he emphatically continued, "I have good and sufficient reason for saying this. Rely upon it, whoever it may have been, John Massingbird it was not."

Robin lifted his eyes to the face of Lionel.

"You say you don't know this, sir?"

"Not of actual proof. But so sure am I that it was not he, that I could stake all I possess upon it."

"Then, sir, you'd lose it," doggedly answered Robin. "When the time comes that I choose to speak out—"

"What are you doing there?" burst forth Lionel, in a severely haughty tone.

It caused Robin to start from his seat.

In a gap of the hedge behind them, Lionel had caught sight of a human face, its stealthy ears complacently taking in every word. It was that of Roy the bailiff.

CHAPTER XVIII. THE PACKET IN THE SHIRT-DRAWER.

MRS. TYNN, the housekeeper at Verner's Pride, was holding one of those periodical visitations that she was pleased to call, when in familiar colloquy with her female assistants, a "rout out." It appeared to consist of turning a room and its contents topsy-turvy, and then putting them straight again. The chamber, this time subjected to the ordeal, was that of her late master, Mr. Verner. His drawers, closets, and other places consecrated to clothes, had not been meddled with since his death. Mrs. Verner, in some moment unusually (for her) given to sentiment, had told Tynn she should like to "go over his dear clothes" herself. Therefore Tynn left them alone for that purpose. Mrs. Verner, however, who loved her personal ease better than any earthly thing, and was more given to dropping off to sleep in her chair than ever, not only after dinner but all day long, never yet had ventured upon the task. Tynn suggested that she had better do it herself after all; and Mrs. Verner replied, perhaps she had. So Tynn set about it.

Look at Mrs. Tynn over that deep, open drawer full of shirts. She calls it "Master's

shirt-drawer." Have the shirts scared away her senses? She has sat herself down on the floor—almost fallen back as it seems—in some shock of alarm, and her mottled face has turned as white as her master's was, when she last saw him lying on that bed at her elbow.

"Go down-stairs, Nancy, and stop there till I call you up again," she suddenly cried out to her helpmate.

And the girl left the room.

Between two of the shirts, in the very middle of the stack, Mrs. Tynn had come upon a parcel, or letter. Not a small letter—if it was a letter—but one of very large size, thick, looking not unlike a government despatch. It was sealed with Mr. Verner's own seal, and addressed in his own handwriting—"For my nephew, Lionel Verner. To be opened after my death."

Mrs. Tynn entertained not the slightest doubt that she had come upon the lost codicil. That it—the parcel—must have been lying quietly in the drawer since her master's death, was certain. The key of the drawer had remained in her own possession. When the search after the codicil took place, this drawer was opened—as a matter of form more than anything else—and Mrs. Tynn herself had lifted out the stack of shirts. There was no need to do it, she had assured those who were searching, for the drawer had been locked up at the time the codicil was made, and the deed could not have been put into it. They accepted her assurance, and did not look between the shirts. It puzzled Mrs. Tynn, now, to think how it could have got in.

"I'll not tell Tynn," she soliloquised—she and Tynn being somewhat inclined to take opposite sides of a question, in social intercourse—"and I'll not say a word to my mistress. I'll go straight off now and give it into the hands of Mr. Lionel. What a blessed thing!—If he should be come into his own!"

The enclosed paved court before Lady Verner's residence had a broad flower-bed round it. It was private from the outer world, save for the iron gates, and here Decima and Lucy Tempest were fond of lingering on a fine day. On this afternoon of Mary Tynn's discovery, they were there with Lionel. Decima went in-doors for some string to tie up a fuchsia plant, just as she, Tynn, appeared at the iron gates. She stopped on seeing Lionel.

"I was going round to the other entrance, sir, to ask to speak to you," she said. "Something very strange has happened."

"Come in," answered Lionel. "Will you speak here, or go in-doors? What is it?"

Too excitedly eager to wait to go in-doors, or to care for the presence of Lucy Tempest, Mrs. Tynn told her tale, and handed the paper to Lionel. "It's the missing codicil, as sure as that we are here, sir."

He saw the official-looking nature of the document, its great seal, and the superscription in his uncle's handwriting. Lionel did not doubt that it was the codicil, and a streak of scarlet emotion arose to his pale cheek.

"You don't open it, sir!" said the woman, as

feverishly impatient as if the good-fortune were her own.

No. Lionel did not open it. In his high honour, he deemed that, before opening, it should be laid before Mrs. Verner. It had been found in her house; it concerned her son. "I think it will be better that Mrs. Verner should open this, Tynn," he quietly said.

"You won't get me into a mess, sir, for bringing it out to you first?"

Lionel turned his honest eyes upon her, smiling then. "Can't you trust me better than that? You have known me long enough."

"So I have, Mr. Lionel. The mystery is, how it could ever have got into that shirt-drawer!" she continued. "I can declare that for a good week before my master died, up to the very day that the codicil was looked for, the shirt-drawer was never unlocked, nor the key of it out of my pocket."

She turned to go back to Verner's Pride, Lionel intending to follow her at once. He was going out at the gate when he caught the pleased eyes of Lucy Tempest fixed on him.

"I am so glad," she simply said. "Do you remember my telling you that you did not look like one who would have to starve on bread-and-cheese?"

Lionel laughed in the joy of his heart. "I am glad also, Lucy. The place is mine by right, and it is just that I should have it."

"I have thought it very unfair, all along, that Verner's Pride should belong to her husband, and not to you, after—after what she did to you," continued Lucy, dropping her voice to a whisper.

"Things don't go by fairness, Lucy, in this world," cried he; and he went through the gate. "Stay," he said, turning back from it, as a thought crossed his mind. "Lucy, oblige me by not mentioning this to my mother or Decima. It may be as well to be sure that we are right, before exciting their hopes."

Lucy's countenance fell. "I will not speak of it. But, is it not sure to be the codicil?"

"I hope it is," cordially answered Lionel, as he finally walked away.

Mrs. Tynn had got back before him. She came forward and encountered him in the hall, her bonnet still on.

"I have told my mistress, sir, that I had found what I believed to be the codicil, and had took it off straight to you. She was not a bit angry: she says she hopes it is it."

Lionel entered. Mrs. Verner, who was in a semi-sleepy state, having been roused up by Mary Tynn from a long nap after a plentiful luncheon, received Lionel graciously. First of all asking him what he would take—it was generally her chief question—and then inquiring what the codicil said.

"I have not opened it," replied Lionel.

"No!" said she, in surprise. "Why did you wait?"

He laid it on the table beside her. "Have I your cordial approval to open it, Mrs. Verner?"

"You are ceremonious, Lionel. Open it at once. Verner's Pride belongs to you, more than to Fred; and you know I have always said so."

Lionel took up the deed. His finger was upon the seal when a thought crossed him : ought he to open it without further witnesses ? He spoke his doubt aloud to Mrs. Verner.

"Ring the bell and have in Tynn," said she. "His wife also : she found it."

Lionel rang. Tynn and his wife both came in, in obedience to the request. Tynn looked at it curiously : and began rehearsing mentally a private lecture for his wife, for acting upon her own responsibility.

The seal was broken. The stiff writing-paper of the outer cover revealed a second cover of stiff writing-paper precisely similar to the first : but on this last there was no superscription. It was tied round with fine white twine. Lionel cut it. Tynn and Mrs. Tynn waited with the utmost eagerness : even Mrs. Verner's eyes were opened wider than usual.

Alas for the hopes of Lionel ! The parcel contained nothing but a glove, and a small piece of writing paper, folded once. Lionel unfolded it, and read the following lines :

"This glove has come into my possession. When I tell you that I know where it was found and how you lost it, you will not wonder at the shock the discovery has been to me. I hush it up, Lionel, for your late father's sake, as much as for that of the name of Verner. I am about to seal it up that it may be given to you after my death : and you will then know why I disinherit you. S. V."

Lionel gazed on the lines like one in a dream. They were in the handwriting of his uncle. Understand them, he could not. He took up the glove, a thick, fawn-coloured riding-glove, and remembered it for one of his own. When he had lost it, or where he had lost it, he knew no more than did the table he was standing by. He had worn dozens of these gloves in the years gone by : up to the period when he had gone in mourning for John Massingbird, and, subsequently, for his uncle.

"What is it, Lionel ?"

Lionel put the lines in his pocket, and pushed the glove towards Mrs. Verner. "I do not understand it in the least," he said. "My uncle appears to have found the glove somewhere, and he writes to say that he returns it to me. The chief matter that concerns us is"—turning his eyes on the servants—"that it is not the codicil !"

Mrs. Tynn lifted her hands. "How one may be deceived !" she uttered. "Mr. Lionel, I'd freely have laid my life upon it."

"It was not exactly my place to speak, sir ; to give my opinion beforehand," interposed Tynn, "but I was sure that was not the lost codicil, by the very look of it. The codicil might have been about that size, and it had a big seal like that ; but it was different in appearance."

"All that puzzled me was, how it could have got into the shirt-drawer," cried Mrs. Tynn. "As it has turned out not to be the codicil, of course there's no mystery about that. It may have been lying there weeks and weeks before the master died."

Lionel signed to them to leave the room : there

was nothing to call for their remaining in it. Mrs. Verner asked him what the glove meant.

"I assure you I do not know," was his reply. And he took it up, and examined it well again. One of his riding gloves, scarcely worn, with a tear near the thumb : but there was nothing upon it, not so much as a trace, a spot, to afford any information. He rolled it up mechanically in the two papers, and placed them in his pocket, lost in thought.

"Do you know that I have heard from Australia ?" asked Mrs. Verner.

The words aroused him thoroughly. "Have you ? I did not know it."

"I wonder Mary Tynn did not tell you. The letters came this morning. If you look about"—turning her eyes on the tables and places—"you will find them somewhere."

Lionel knew that Mary Tynn had been too much absorbed in his business, to find room in her thoughts for letters from Australia. "Are these the letters ?" he asked, taking up two from a side table.

"You'll know them by the post-marks. Do sit down and read them to me, Lionel. My sight is not good for letters now, and I couldn't read half that was in them. The ink's as pale as water. If it was the ink Fred took out, the sea must have washed into it. Yes, yes, you must read both to me, and I shall not let you go away before dinner."

He did not like, in his good-nature, to refuse her. And he sat there and read the long letters. Read Sibylla's. Before the last one was fully accomplished, Lionel's cheeks wore their scarlet hectic.

They had made a very quick and excellent passage. But Sibylla found Melbourne *hateful*. And Fred was ill ; ill with fever. A fever was raging in a part of the crowded town, and he had caught it. She did not think it was a catching fever either, she added ; people said it arose from the over-population. They could not as yet hear of John, or his money, or anything about him : but Fred would see into it when he got better. They were at a part of Melbourne called Canvas Town, and she, Sibylla, was sick of it, and Fred drank heaps of brandy. If it were all laid between her and home, she should set off at once on foot, and toil her way back again. She *wished* she had never come ! Everything she cared for, except Fred, seemed to be left behind in England.

Such was her letter. Fred's was gloomy also, in a different way. He said nothing about any fever ; he mentioned, casually as it appeared, that he was not well, but that was all. He had not learnt tidings of John, but had not had time yet to make inquiries. The worst piece of news he mentioned was the loss of his desk : which had contained the chief portion of his money. It had disappeared in a mysterious manner immediately after being taken off the ship—he concluded by the light-fingers of some crimp, or thief, shoals of whom crowded on the quay. He was in hopes yet to find it, and had not told Sibylla. That was all he had to say at present, but would write again by the next packet.

"It is not very cheering news on the whole,

is it?" said Mrs. Verner, as Lionel folded the letters.

"No. They had evidently not received the tidings of my uncle's death. Or we should have heard that they were already coming back again."

"I don't know that," replied Mrs. Verner.

"Fred worships money, and he would not suffer what was left by poor John to slip through his fingers. He will stay till he has realised it. I hope they will think to bring me back some memento of my lost boy! If it was only the handkerchief he used last, I should value it."

The tears filled her eyes. Lionel respected her grief, and remained silent. Presently she resumed, in a musing tone:

"I knew Sibylla would only prove an encumbrance to Fred, out there; and I told him so. If Fred thought he was taking out a wife who would make shift, and put up pleasantly with annoyances, he was mistaken. Sibylla in Canvas Town! Poor girl! I wonder she married him. Don't you?"

"Rather so," answered Lionel, his scarlet blush deepening.

"I do: especially to go to that place. Sibylla's a pretty flower to sport in the sunshine; but she never was constituted for a rough life, or to get pricked by thorns."

Lionel's heart beat. It echoed to every word. Would that she could have been sheltered from the thorns, the rough usages of life, as he would have sheltered her!

Lionel dined with Mrs. Verner, but quitted her soon afterwards. When he got back to Deerham Court, the stars were peeping out in the clear summer sky. Lucy Tempest was lingering in the court-yard, no doubt waiting for him, and she ran to meet him as soon as he appeared at the gate.

"How long you have been!" was her greeting, her glad eyes shining forth hopefully. "And is it all yours?"

Lionel drew her arm within his own in silence, and walked with her in silence till they reached the pillared entrance of the house. Then he spoke:

"You have not mentioned it, Lucy?"

"Of course I have not."

"Thank you. Let us both forget it. It was not the codicil. And Verner's Pride is not mine."

(To be continued.)

AN ADVENTURE IN SPAIN.

HAVING spent some time in Cadiz, I made up my mind to pay Gibraltar a visit, intending to return and take one more peep at the ancient city before coming back to England. Unfortunately I had put off my journey until the rainy season, so could not anticipate much comfort *en route*. Though since the establishment of the Civil Guard (a sort of organised police) travellers not only find greater attention paid to their wants and wishes, but, as is proved by the incident I am going to relate, that their property is perfectly safe, even (as an Irishman might say) when lost.

Leaving Cadiz in the last week of December, we went by rail to Chiclano, situated a few miles from Cadiz, like the generality of Spanish towns consisting of narrow, badly-paved streets, flat-roofed houses, and an alameda, which latter is

every Sunday thronged with the fashionables of Cadiz, who, finding attractions that escaped my penetration, seem to make it the height of their happiness to have a country house in Chiclano. After engaging horses and guides, we started again for Gibraltar, and for the first ten miles all went so well with us that we were beginning to make light of our anticipated difficulties, when we were forcibly reminded that it was imprudent to holloa until "out of the wood" by reaching the bank of a deep river, the waters of which were swollen to a perfect torrent.

We waited some hours with what patience we might, until, seeing no visible change, we gave up all hope of crossing that night, and turned our horse's heads back towards Chiclano. At this juncture a shepherd volunteered, for a *consideration*, to show us another ford, which, however, proved almost as formidable as the first, though from the nature of the stream, and character of the banks, swimming across was barely possible.

After a great deal of persuasion, backed by the promise of a dollar, the man mounted one of the horses, swam him across and back again, thus proving the possibility of the feat, and gaining his reward, which, judging by the demonstrations of delight he evinced, was a rare coin in his possession. All of our party, saving a couple of Spanish officers who preferred going back to Chiclano, crossed in safety. But, alas! our troubles were only beginning. As the rain increased, so did our annoyances; and we had ample opportunity to grumble, and feel rheumatic twinges as we jogged slowly through a wild dreary waste, where neither houses nor trees broke the monotony. At last, after toiling up the steep and difficult approach to Vejen, we found as little consolation, having scarcely a roof to keep out the rain.

At Vejen we fell in with the mail bags, in charge of two men on horseback, who had attempted the road that day, but had been obliged to return, and wait until the change of tide at midnight, all the streams at this point being tidal.

Thinking there was safety in numbers, we joined the escort, proposing to accompany it to Tarbilla, and accordingly started at twelve o'clock, in a perfect deluge of rain, and a pitch dark night—so dark, indeed, that we could only follow by the sound of the bells upon the post-horses. Here, of course, we saw nothing of the scenery, which is however grand, but gloomy, and uninhabited.

At five o'clock we reached Tarbilla, which proved a mere stable, for the sole accommodation of changing the post-horses; not a mouthful of food or even a fire was to be had for love or money; so, wet and miserable as we were, we sat and smoked until nine o'clock, when we got under way for Ojen. Here, again, the floods barred our speedy progress, and the road being naturally of a muddy character, by no means improved our locomotive powers; at one place my poor horse floundered into a deep hole, and in struggling to extricate himself fell, giving me one of the most unpleasant baths I ever remember—one, too, out of which I came off considerably the loser, as I found, on reaching what by comparison may be called *terra firma*, that I had lost my watch. I was particularly disgusted, as I valued it very

much; but, as looking for it was out of the question, there remained nothing for me but to put the best face I could upon the matter, determining, as a forlorn hope, to give notice of my loss to the corporal of the Civil Guard on reaching the station for that district at Facina. This I eventually did, offering at the same time a reward of five hundred reals for its recovery. From Lecinas our road to Algeciras seemed only to grow worse and worse; in fact, in some places it disappeared altogether; and for five days (the longest I ever spent) lay through a wild and magnificent, but uninhabited country, veined with fierce torrents, the crossing of which was a constant scene of difficulty, and even danger. A better idea of our difficulties may be gathered from the fact that though we took five days to accomplish the journey, it is practicable in two, during summer, being only ninety miles in point of distance.

The last part of our journey lay in the great forest through which the Guadalquivir boils and tumbles headlong on its way. Enormous cork trees, with their stripped and bleeding branches, fringed with delicate ferns, abound on every side, and altogether there is a depth of colour, a gloom, and savage grandeur about the whole worthy of *Salvator Rosa*; and it is a common saying with the French, "that Poussin could not paint it, or *M. Joinville* take it." Yet with all its beauty, the discomfort under which I first saw it has connected it with so many unpleasant impressions on my mind, that I doubt much whether I shall ever be able to think of it without a shudder.

After staying a short time at Gibraltar, and being kept in continual remembrance of my misfortunes on the way by the want of my watch, I returned to Cadiz, and there casually informed the consul of my loss, and the reward I had offered, receiving, however, very little comfort.

Months passed by, when to my surprise and joy I received intimation that my watch was found, and actually in the hands of a friend of the British consul at Cadiz, the latter having received it from the corporal, *Ramero Fernandez* (I record his name for the benefit of fellow travellers), of Facina, to whom I had reported my having lost it. After diligent inquiries had been made, for a long time ineffectually, a young peasant, a native of Tarafa, brought the watch and claimed the reward. It was detained until the fact was made known to the commander of the Civil Guard, thence through him to the consul at Cadiz, from whom I received it.

Thus, after lying several weeks under water, my watch was restored to me, and as it ticks contentedly in my pocket reminds me that time does not stand still, even in Spain, since it has seen the establishment of the Civil Guard. C. R.

THE TRIALS OF AN INVENTOR, WILHELM BAUER, THE GERMAN ENGINEER.

PART II.

BAUER next determined, as a last resource, to try if fortune was more favourable in the north, and proceeded to Russia. His plans immediately awakened the interest of Prince Constantine, and after exhibiting his model and drawings before a marine commission, appointed by the influence of

the Prince to consider them, he received orders to commence a hyponautical apparatus, to be 52 ft. long, 12 ft. 6 in. high, 11 ft. broad, to be built of iron plates $\frac{1}{2}$ in. thick, supported by $3\frac{1}{4}$ in. iron ribs; thus securing strength sufficient to support the weight of a column of water 150 ft. high. He consented to keep the method of construction secret, to superintend all the expenses incurred, and, when the vessel had realised his promises, to accept 20,000 rubles as his reward. The works were begun the 3rd of May, 1855. The vessel to be provided with three large and two small cylinders, the larger to contain 45,000 lbs. of water, which would immediately cause her to sink. The angle of her descent, to 49° , was determined by interior iron ballast, to be moved in a groove as required; her speed of descent, regulated by the two smaller cylinders, containing 620 lbs. of water. Bauer had found the admission of 10 lbs. only would be sufficient to sink her 1 foot in five minutes, and maintain the same rate of fall; 40 lbs. carried her $2\frac{1}{4}$ ft. in one minute. Force-pumps secured the ejection of the ballast water from the cylinders, and enabled those in charge, as a greater or less quantity was thrown out, to keep the vessel at any given level. A screw worked by treadwheels moved her back or forwards, her rudder to the left or right, and a screw fixed in the centre of the keel enabled her to turn as on a pivot. Except in very thick water artificial light was rendered unnecessary by her being provided with eighteen windows. A jointed iron arm-case, with an elastic glove, enabled those within to unship the moveable ballast hung below; two other arm-cases in her head gave the means for securing the grenades; these arm-cases could all three be drawn within the vessel, though remaining hermetically fastened to her. He found means could be arranged for an explorer to leave and return to the vessel, when she had reached the bottom, without allowing any water to enter, and that the man could take with him a sufficient amount of air, without any connection with the interior. Thus the use of the hyponaut in pearl-fishing, scientific purposes, recovery of wrecks, and war operations would be much enhanced. The funds at his disposal did not, however, allow him to provide the diving chamber; and, indeed, the work was considered a merely experimental one, and he could not have carried out his proposed application of atmospheric power on so small a scale.

The great men of science at St. Petersburg had declared officially that "if Herr Bauer's plan for submarine navigation did not succeed, they believed no other would ever solve the problem." And now, November 2nd, 1855, the Russian admiralty entered into possession of the completed "Hyponaut." But all these last months a great entanglement of very dirty red tape had been gathering round the hands of our inventor. Prince Constantine and Baron Mangle, Minister of Marine, had in vain given all their influence to forward the work; the Admiralty had always found new hindrances in the way, and now the vessel was at last finished, the ice had set in, and there was no resource but to remove it from St. Petersburg to Cronstadt, to test its powers.

The Admiralty appointed 200 or 300 men for the purpose, but they never succeeded in getting it more than 1000 yards in a day. Behold! in the accounts submitted by his manufacturers Bauer had discovered a little error of 16,700 rubles! And instead of discreetly ignoring the national peculiarity—oh, cruel insult to the institutions of Holy Russia!—he denounced it as a fraud! Then, in his long supervision, he had exposed a hundred others of the same character. So he had raised up an army of martyrs against him, ready to go any length to avenge their wrongs.

A report was sent in to Prince Constantine (as Lord High Admiral), by the Marine Technical Department, representing the new hyponaut as "quite incapable of floating; that as soon as she touched the water she would sink to rise no more, and that every part of her mechanism was designed on incorrect principles." The Prince inspected her, was convinced of the untruth of the accusation, and immediately gave to her inventor full power to order her plan of transport himself, placing 200 sailors and their officers under his command for the work. In twenty-four hours Bauer brought her triumphantly into Cronstadt harbour, May 26th, 1856, accomplishing a far greater distance in a day and a night than the whole Admiralty of all the Russias had managed in many months. He immediately set to work for her first experiment; took in the 45,000 lbs. of water for sinking her, and to obtain any specific gravity more easily, fixed the cast-iron ballast at various points along the vessel's bottom. The arrangements were just concluding when Prince Constantine arrived, not a little surprised at what Bauer had done since yesterday, and heartily congratulating him on bringing "all the evil prophecies to naught." As soon as the specific gravity with the displaced water was obtained, an additional 5 lbs. ballast immediately secured an equable descent; double that weight pumped from the vessel she would rise in the same ratio. An officer, ten sailors, and a smith went down with Bauer. He says he never saw men cross themselves with such unction as his sailors, when, after their first dip, they again got above water, crying "Staba Bochu!" (Thank God!) and meaning it too.

Daily trials at different rates of speed succeeded this first satisfactory experiment. The hyponaut's horizontal locomotive power, both back and forward, her immobility when wished, and capability of descending either direct or at any given angle, were proved satisfactorily. Four men to work the treadwheels and pumps were found sufficient for short experiments. As the machine could contain but a small amount of air, it was not found practicable to make more than about three versts in one descent. The men were obliged to rest at intervals from the treadwheel, as sharp work under water as above, and Bauer was convinced that for deep sea investigations, it would be necessary to apply the motive power he had invented.

June 12th, 1856.—Bauer, fixing his vessel in midwater, wrote a letter of thanks to Prince Constantine, to King Max, of Bavaria (who, though unable to employ, had been interested in

the invention, and assisted the inventor once with 200 florins), and a few lines to his parents. He begged his companion, Lieutenant Fedorowitch, to add his signature, but he would only do so for the first letter, declaring "the invention must be held as a state secret."

The kindness of Prince Constantine enabled Bauer to secure the help of two learned academicians for several under-water voyages. Among many experiments they carried out, we may mention those of the 2nd July, 1856.

Bauer descended with eight sailors and a smith; as soon as the vessel was under the surface she was made to roll and pitch like an intoxicated porpoise; the exercise discontinued now and then to take observations on the temperature. Of course such "sea-legs" practice had caused an abnormal consumption of air. The temperature on earth stood at 35° Reau., and was at first 40° within the hyponaut, then gradually sunk to, and remained at, 18° or 20°. The burning power of tallow and stearine candles were tested; the first showed a diminution of light after two hours, and after four hours ten minutes went out; the flame of the wax candle began to fail at the same moment, and expired after five hours and five minutes; the stearine held out for six hours, twenty-five minutes, and went out at last, leaving the wick quite black, quenched by the excessive moisture from the respiration. To the repeated inquiries as to "how they felt," the sailors constantly answered, "Quite well."

When lucifers were struck they only fizzed and sputtered, would not burn. German tinder succeeded better; for the exhausted atmosphere, hungering for oxygen, uniting with the atoms of saltpetre in the process of ignition, the tinder, instead of its usual dull glow, threw out a long bright flame, made as it were of electric sparks.

Though the eighteen windows of the hyponaut gave light enough for ordinary purposes, yet in the peaty water of Cronstadt they were insufficient to allow close inspection of the bottom at sixteen or eighteen feet. A reflecting lamp placed at one of the windows allowed an observer from another to perfectly well investigate the ground. The success of the attempt was slightly compromised by the fishes, who insisted upon swarming round the lighted windows to investigate in their turn this monstrous crustacea and its inhabitants. In such numbers came the fish sometimes, nothing but their close-packed heads could be seen behind the glass! And they followed their visitors in crowds as long as the vessel remained under water.

Bauer was not allowed to take a professional photographer with him, but mastering the art indifferently well, he actually succeeded in getting a *carte de visite* from the natives below. Unhappily the vessel was not maintained quite still, and the windows were badly placed for the purpose, but Bauer at least proved that the mysteries of the deep may be made to yield up their shadows to satisfy men's curiosity. He ascertained he should be able to prolong the stay under water to any given period by furnishing his machine with two tubes four inches in diameter communicating with the upper air, merely worked by a small force-pump within the vessel; they would indeed

entirely renew its 6000 cubic feet of atmosphere in sixteen seconds.

A kind of perpetual slight shower of salt water supplied from the hold, and arranged at the stern by bringing a supply of oxygen, was found to enable the divers to remain two hours and a half longer without air from above.

The Admiralty had not been sleeping all this time: they now sent in a report to Prince Constantine, stating that "Bauer could not fasten his ventilating tubes from within, but had to send out a sailor through the hatch to fix them when already under water." Had he done so the vessel must have been at once swamped. They followed this charge with various ingenious inventions of the same sort, till they went too far, and the Prince became suspicious,—had the report translated and sent to Bauer, who answered it in a letter of such energetic indignation and uncompromising truth, as might have caused a stroke of apoplexy to a prince of weaker nerves.

Constantine immediately consented to Bauer's demand for a new commission of investigation. Eighteen persons, military and scientific, were appointed to it. They ate, drank, and made observations for five hours under water, isolated from the upper atmosphere, tested the vessel's action in every way, and finding her day after day equally docile to command, they officially declared all doubts of her success entirely destroyed.

The coronation of the present Emperor, September 6th, 1856, was celebrated by Bauer and his men as no king's or kaiser's had ever been before. He went down with Lieutenant Fedorowitch, his sailors, and four musicians. After singing the "Native Hymn" above water, as soon as the first salute was fired down sank the hyponaut. Each baring his head, they then sang to the music, "God preserve our Emperor." Toasts and triumph-marches followed, and loud cheers, the tranquil fish looking in all the time, wondering what new madness had seized their visitors. The trumpets sounded strangely softened, as though they were played some way outside the vessel, and the trumpeters found under water practice far easier than on terra firma. The music and cheers were heard 400 feet off on the surface.

The Commission prohibited any intelligence being sent to the Emperor or Prince of these novel celebrations, though the latter had left orders that all news of interest should be immediately telegraphed.

About this time, Admiral Napier arriving in Cronstadt, the authorities had the hyponaut hidden away behind a large ship whenever he came into the harbour.

Bauer had found Lieutenant Fedorowitch was in league with his enemies, and had always, when possible, contrived his absence in his voyages. But he now (October 2nd) received orders to blow up a large ship under the inspection of the new Commission, and take the Lieutenant with him. The ship had been placed in an almost unattainable position, three and a half versts from Cronstadt. Bauer started for the work with the hyponaut sinking at a considerable angle. But the Lieutenant was steering, and suddenly they found the stern fast aground in a sand-bank, and

the screw tangled in weeds and rubbish. They were forty feet distant from the ship, but could neither advance nor retire. The ballast water was then pumped out, and the head immediately rose, but the stern remained fixed. Bauer began to throw off the iron ballast provided for emergencies, and at last the sand and seaweed began slowly to yield to the vessel's efforts, and she was fast safely regaining a horizontal position, when her commander was horror-struck by a great rush of water through the hatchway: he and the men rushed to close it, and found the Lieutenant had left it open as he furtively crept out on to the head now quite above water. It was in vain to attempt to shut out the water now; the trap could not be pulled down, and Bauer and the sailors were obliged to follow the Lieutenant, and leave the hyponaut to fill and settle down.

When Prince Constantine arrived in Cronstadt an official report awaited him, representing the Lieutenant's conduct as a performance of his duty in so saving his own valuable life. The Prince thought otherwise, and removed him from his office on the Commission, assuring Bauer he "knew no accident would have happened had not Fedorowitch been present." The hyponaut was swamped on the 2nd October, 1856, on her 134th (!) trial under water.

Bauer now received orders to build a submarine corvette of 24 guns, with steam power for surface navigation, and his atmospheric invention to act under water. She was to be provided with sufficient air to remain six hours below water with 75 men. To be about 150 feet long, 12 feet high, and 20 feet broad. The cannons to be closed by a self-acting valve when under water, but to be fired from above the level by allowing the vessel to rise when at the right distance from the enemy. She was to be fish-shaped, and capable of rigging with sails if required; and Bauer to immediately furnish a model 16 feet long. He was appointed a salary of 130 rubles a month, with a uniform,—an important matter in Russia,—and the official title of "Submarine Engineer."

The hyponaut was recovered again after four weeks, but parts of the machinery required repair; and, in spite of the repeated orders of the Lord High Admiral, remained uncompleted from November, 1856, till 1858.

When Bauer commenced arrangements for building the submarine corvette and model,—though Prince Constantine had given strict orders he should be supplied with everything requisite for the purpose within the estimated sum,—he was informed that he must take the whole value of that sum in *equal sized metal plates*, though he had applied but for a small number of various proportions. He could besides get no wages for his seven workmen, nor the necessary money for requisite castings. Had he taken the plates offered, and disposed of the surplus number, his enemies would have involved him in the tortures of a law suit. He was forced to bring the works to a close: he had no private means to carry them on, and for this delay the Admiralty stopped his salary! Again Prince Constantine came to his relief; indignantly ordered his arrears to be paid up, and his appointments in future to be on no pretence detained.

But his enemies were getting reckless, and, as a last resource, to drive him from the country in disgust, they threatened to seize his model, then almost completed. The threat had its effect. Bauer sent in his resignation of official rank and duties, and begged leave to quit the country. No notice was taken of this nor of two subsequent applications,—instead came an order for him to raise the *Le Fort*, a vessel which had sunk with crew and cargo.

One-sixth of the value saved he was to receive as disbursement for expense and labour. He was now paid 10,000 roubles, one-half of the stipulated sum, for the hyponaut; the other half was refused, as the vessel had not attained the speed he had anticipated. With this sum he at once went on with the model of the corvette; but could come to no arrangement with the Minister of Marine regarding the *Le Fort*. No one seemed to know clearly where she had foundered. Then the Government would not allow any one appointed by Bauer to meddle in the valuation of the salvage. Besides, he was now told, that the Church, having burnt so many yards of candles, and chaunted no end of prayers for the drowned men in the ship, claimed for thus settling them in the other world, to be their sole executors and legatees in this. So he must get his problematical sixth in the teeth of all the popes of Muscovy.

In the meantime he had determined on a new apparatus for raising the wreck, adopting the main principles of the hyponaut to a diving-bell; he would have given it a sinking power of 500 feet, and capability of resisting sixteen times the weight of our atmosphere,—an impossibility to the open diving-bell. The men descended in it to take down the exhausted balloons which, when securely fastened to the wreck, were to be inflated by connecting tubes from above water, and then commence their ascent, unassisted, to the surface.

The Academy of Science (St. Petersburg) gave the inventor a mighty complimentary testimonial for his last application of atmospheric power; and, in fact, Bauer did not want for compliments, but an honest man thoroughly in earnest and determined to do his work, finds but poor comfort in them for intrigue, corruption, and falsehood awaiting his every step.

He could not proceed with the corvette—it was hopeless to attempt the *Le Fort*. He had escaped his civil and military enemies; but if the Church joined them, what hope had he?

He was offered the honorary rank of major, but he had not laboured and thought all these years to be paid with a tag of gold lace; and feeling he was too powerless, despite the generous aid of the Imperial Prince, to contend against the full strength of "system," he obtained leave to return to his fatherland.

When he would have entered the army in Bavaria, he was informed he could not be admitted in any higher rank than that of sergeant! And this he declined.

Some time after he was engaged to raise a sunken steamer in the Lake Constance. He succeeded in raising her, though from very deep water, but his machinery, instead of the prepared linen and india-rubber balloons he had designed

for the *Le Fort*, was now represented by small beer-barrels, which burst as they rose with their burden to the surface. Indeed, the funds placed at his disposal had been miserably insufficient, and obliged him to have recourse to this expedient. Had a vessel been near, the wreck might still have been saved; but before one could be brought it had sunk again.

We must not suppose Bauer's whole ingenuity was occupied in the works we have particularised. The failure of the great Atlantic Telegraph especially directed his thoughts to some means for carrying out its objects with greater success. His plan would have hung the wire in mid-water, saving it from excessive pressure and any abrasion from the bottom, and held in its position by air-suspendants. He thought greater firmness would be given to the coil by applying a coating of mixed caoutchouc and gutta-percha to the wire, when heated, to prevent peeling by closer amalgamation, and by an increased firmness, diminishing the evils of friction.

He designed folding-boats for easy stowage on ship board, to be always ready for immediate use; these boats to be provided with compass and rudder, and furnished with a screw. The material to be employed for them remains their inventor's secret, until a company, with a capital of 40,000 to 50,000 thalers undertakes to adopt the invention after he has proved to them its success.

As almost every mechanician has had his dream of aerial navigation, we cannot be surprised to find the designer of the hyponaut planned a machine to make us alike independent of land and water travel; but we must pass from this, the poetry of air-pumps and levers, to the stern prose to an invention, the prototypes of which furnish rhetoric to the "Times," and subject of discourse of every one.

Here we will give Wilhelm Bauer's own words: we quote from a private letter written from Lindau, Nov., 1859:

From observations I have made in England, France, and Russia, I would construct revolving batteries, which should unite all the principal advantages of floating and land defences, without, I believe, the disadvantages of the latter. Here I can give you but a rough sketch of my idea. I would have an iron, shot-proof, revolving battery, with from nine to twenty-four guns, anchored close to the shore, where the hull, scarce rising above water, would offer no mark to the enemy's fire. For inland fortifications, these batteries, requiring as they would, no great depth of water, could be placed, in any given number, in moats, surrounding an inner citadel, which would supply room for stores and shelter for the men when required. * * *

In a subsequent letter from Berlin, Jan., 1860, he mentions having submitted this plan to Prince Adalbat of Prussia (head of the Marine Department), who, with other technical men who had considered it, expressed the highest approval of its principle.

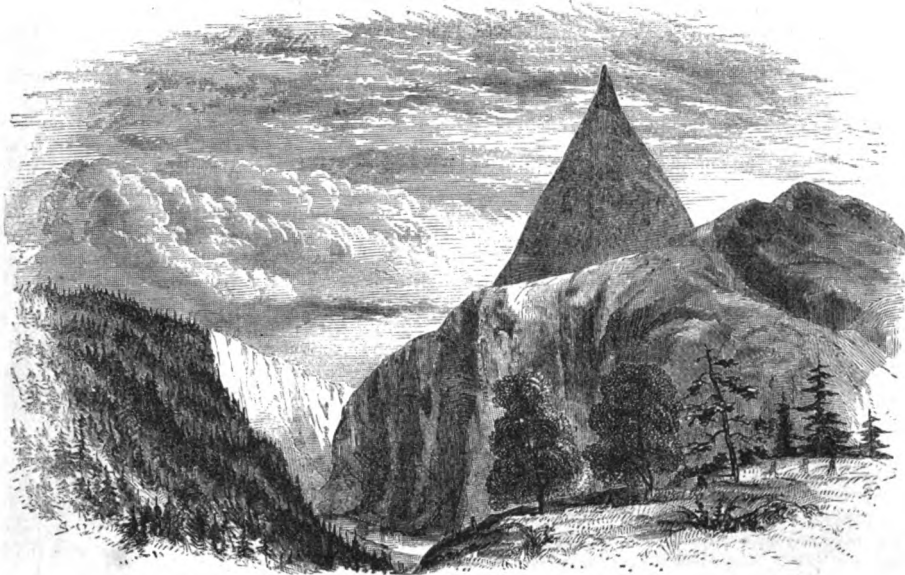
That ultimate success will reward Wilhelm Bauer, we may yet hope. The press throughout Germany is at last energetically advocating his claims to the respect and attention of his countrymen. Meetings have been held, and societies are forming to carry out his ideas with all the necessary means to their full realisation.

With this augury for better days awaiting him, we must conclude our faint outline of an inventor's trials. Time alone can verify the worth of his thoughts and endeavours. Had he had a more liberal education, or a kindlier vantage-ground for his start in life, than that given in the ranks of an army to scientific talent, he might have been

spared some of the cramping hindrances of poverty and bitterness of delayed hope.

He appeared poor, an adventurer, before high official dignitaries too ready at any word of innovation to protect their routine-dulled eyes with the blue spectacles of mistrust, before venturing to look on the unhallowed thing.

THE RUIKAN FOSS.



Valley of the Gousta Fjeld.

On the 9th of July we made our excursion to the Ruikan Foss. It was a splendid morning; the great heavy rain clouds that had hung over the valley for several days had all passed away, and the mountains seemed bathed in sunlight. At the foot of the Gousta Fjeld, the highest mountain in Southern Norway, lies the little village of Dalé, where we had taken up our quarters. Down the valley runs the Maan river, which connects two of the great inland seas of Thellemarken, the Mjös Vand, and the Tind Sjö : these two lakes are about fourteen miles apart, in which distance the river falls 1275 feet. The Maan river is therefore very rapid and clear as crystal ; shut in by lofty mountain ranges, it rushes down the narrow valley, now foaming among the rocks, and now "storming and streaming" among its well-wooded islands.

But the great attraction of this district is the celebrated Ruikan Foss, or "Reeking Fall," perhaps one of the grandest waterfalls in the world, and second only to one other in Norway, namely, the Voring Foss. At a short distance from the Mjös Vand—the upper of the two lakes—the entire body of the river falls over an awful precipice, seven or eight hundred feet, into a fathomless abyss below.

Of this magnificent fall we had read much, and perhaps imagined more, and it was one of the objects which had attracted us into Thellemarken.

Breakfast was soon over, and preparations made for the start. Bread and cheese was pocketed, flasks filled, pipes lighted, and with sketch-books and sticks in hand we turned our faces up the valley bound for the Ruikan Foss.

For the first three or four miles the road lay beside the bed of the river, which ran on our left, at times through avenues of overhanging birches, which formed a pleasant shade from the great heat of the morning sun. By the roadside the monkshood grows most plentifully—in fact, this poisonous plant is one of the commonest in Norway. After walking about an hour we began to ascend, and, crossing the bed of a torrent, had a most splendid view down the valley of the Gousta Fjeld. The summit of this mountain consists of a long ridge covered with eternal snow. "The edge of the ridge," says a traveller, "is so narrow that one might sit astride the top, each leg hanging over a descent of upwards of 5000 feet." From Dalé we had merely seen the flat *side*, but now, owing to the curve of the valley, we had a view of the *end* of the ridge; it was certainly very magnificent, like a sharp-pointed cone, or pinnacle. Far above the valley, the summit stood out against the clear blue sky.

From this point we kept gradually ascending, the river roaring several hundred feet below in a rocky narrow channel. Here there were none of those runs where the great trout lie ; the entire

river was one mass of foam, as from time to time we caught glimpses of it far below, between the birches and firs which covered the mountain side. At last, on turning a corner, we saw, far up the valley, a light floating cloud resting on the hill-side; this is the spray from the fall.

Soon after this point we left the road, and followed a foot-track; now across a few pine logs over a rushing stream; now up a rugged water-course, still ascending to the higher table-land. The weather was intensely hot, and many were the halts we made to rest and drink the cold spring water. At last we reached a small *søeter*, or *châlet*, not far from the fall, the roar of which was becoming more audible every minute—a loud deep booming sound, then a slight cessation, and then the heavy booming sound again. Here we rested a few minutes, and had some milk and wild strawberries, which grow so plentifully in Norway. The rudeness of the log hut and the roughness of its inmates seemed somewhat in harmony with the stern and savage grandeur of the scenery. A few yards further on, and we stood on the edge of the chasm into which the river falls: words are but a weak medium to convey any notion of the magnificent sight before us.

The first object the eye rests upon, or rather is fascinated by, in the very centre of the picture is the fall itself, before which are two enormous barriers



The Ruika Foss.

of steep, jagged, black rocks, forming a natural gateway to the fall. Over these, centuries ago, the

water must have come; gradually, little by little, year after year, the irresistible rushing water has worn away those iron rocks into their present form. All the lower part of the fall is completely hidden in rolling clouds of spray, which rise far above the top. From this circumstance it is impossible to estimate its exact height, for who shall penetrate the recesses of that fearful chasm? Seven, eight, and nine hundred feet have been stated as the height by different writers, and some have even fancied that the height might be ascertained from the pulsations which the water makes in its descent. Far above the fall there is a cloud of spray from another fall, which the river makes before its grand and final plunge; this first fall is invisible from below. It was quite fascinating to watch the actual fall of the water; there is no grand rush or tremendous leap, it seems rather to slide over the edge of the precipice; all idea of weight is lost; it seems to be water spiritualised, and falls over in light and airy wreaths of snow, the edges of which break away into lighter and airier wreaths of foam. Ever varying is the play of the sunlight on those fairy foam-wreaths as, one after another, they break off and roll up again in clouds of spray. All round the scenery is very grand; so much so, that it somewhat dwarfs the fall. Right above on one side towered almost perpendicularly one of the *Fjelds*, presenting a surface of bare rock, while far behind stretched the lovely valley, clothed with the birch, the alder, and the fir; far above on the right was the pinnacle of the *Gousta*, while here and there down the valley might be traced the river like a line of light. It was a scene long to be remembered, the roaring waterfall, the jagged rocks, and the light and shadow in the valley, and on the distant hills. I have often thought of it since, while sitting beside an English fire-side; what a contrast it must be in its winter dress, all the hills covered with snow, icicles clinging to those black rocks, but the mighty river still rushing on!

Nearly the whole of Thellemarken is one vast pine forest; and those who have once been in a real pine forest will never forget the rich fragrance of the cones, and the luxurious undergrowth of ferns. The full force is at once felt of the poet's lines:

This is the forest primeval, the murmuring pines
and the hemlocks
Bearded with moss,

which here really hangs down from the boughs like

Harpers' beards that rest on their bosoms.

And when views of the distant country are obtained, it is still the same eternal forest stretching for miles, now dark and black, with here and there silver lakes, like diamonds sparkling in the sun, and the dark shades gradually dying away soft and hazy into the distance.

Rude desolations wild and bare,
Kissed into colours by the wandering air.

We disposed of our lunch and tried, *vanitas vanitatum!* to sketch the fall, and then, casting many a "lingering look behind," turned homewards down the valley.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE," &c.



CHAPTER II.

I DID not again meet Madame Rabenfels. She did not make her appearance the following week at Madame de L——'s. I was restless and unhappy. A longing I could not control would take me to the door of her house, and then when I came in sight of it, a recoil equally strong would oblige me to leave it. I resolutely avoided Auguste. I did not confess to myself that I was in love. I only acknowledged the interest we all feel in one we have wronged and misjudged. I had besides a mystic feeling that our acquaintance would not terminate thus, that our fates were in some way connected. In many ways the name of Madame Rabenfels reached me, and generally with some disparaging remark. Sometimes, however, with enthusiastic praise. Some persons denied indignantly the truth of the reports about her, others in the most unqualified manner classed her with the many unfortunate women placed in an equivocal position from the mere fact of being separated from their husbands. Strangely enough, however, these allusions were

to the past life: the present seemed ignored by all but Auguste.

I knew she continued her visits to the Rue du Puits. I often waited for her near her own house, or rather near the garden entrance. I felt happier when I had seen the door close upon her. She was safe. Yet was it torture to me. The hours I spent thus waiting for her were the bitterest of my life. Regret, jealousy, sorrow, compassion, agitated me by turns. I had also a sense through all of my own impotence to throw off the yoke which I bore, though it galled my very heart-strings, or to be of the slightest use or consolation to her whatever the grief she endured—and this was very hard to bear.

A week or two passed, and I began to realise through all this suffering the hold this affection had upon me.

One night, or rather morning, I was standing a few yards from her door. I saw her advancing with a slower step than usual. She paused for a moment and leaned against the door before opening it, as if giving herself time for thought, or to

recover herself after some overpowering emotion. She clasped her hands together with a gesture of passionate sorrow, and then entered. After the door had closed I was moving onwards when my attention was attracted by something glittering on the ground. I picked it up. It was a bracelet. I went to one of the lamps and held it up to the light. It was an old-fashioned silver chain. It was clasped by a cross, anchor, and heart entwined together. On these was written in large letters,—“Volere,” “Sapere,” “Ardire.” On the anchor, in pearls, “Volere;” on the cross, in sapphires, “Sapere;” on the heart, in carbuncles, “Ardire.” “To know, to will, to dare.” “I will dare,” I said to myself, and went to the door. Before I could look about for a bell to ring, or a fastening to undo, it suddenly opened, and Madame Rabenfels stood before me.

“My bracelet!” she exclaimed.

I put it into her hand.

“You do not know how you have served me,” she said. “This is a talisman; but how did you know it was mine?”

I felt that I crimsoned to the very temples.

“I have observed it on your arm—I was passing—”

We were standing near the door of the garden. At that moment a quick step ran up the path, and a woman servant rushed up to us and spoke to her mistress in Italian. She was evidently the bearer of some important and unpleasant news, for she was crying and in the greatest agitation. Though I understand Italian perfectly, she spoke so low and so rapidly that I could only hear that some one had arrived.

“My brother!” exclaimed Madame Rabenfels, and put out her hand as if for support.

She trembled from head to foot. I placed her arm in mine, and she moved on almost unconsciously, as it seemed to me, towards the house.

My presentiments were true. We were in what seemed the crisis of her fate—together! The dark sky stooped low over us, and held a pall as it were over both; the thick trees waved their branches around us, and united us in their embrace; the weeds over which we trod, and which continually impeded our progress, grasped at us as they would have linked us in one chain.

She did not speak. We soon reached the house. She still leant upon my arm, and I accompanied her up-stairs. The landing-place of the stairs was a gallery into which several doors opened. One of these doors was suddenly and violently opened, and a man in the dress of a Roman ecclesiastic met us.

“I have come, Santa,” he said, but stopped when he saw me. He took her from me, looked at me from head to foot, re-entered the room he had left, and would have shut the door in my face I believe, but she recovered herself with an effort, and almost drew me in after her. Alas! she instinctively clung to the presence which was friendly to her.

“Santa—” he again exclaimed, and then paused.

“When did you arrive, Giovanni?”

“Shortly after midnight. I sent for Annunziata, and after a thousand subterfuges and lies, discovered you were out, and—”

“Here I am; but what has caused this sudden journey, and why did you wait for me? They would have prepared a room for you in a moment.”

“Your husband has sent for you—he has been dangerously ill—he is willing—” but he interrupted himself almost fiercely—“I do not think it necessary to include a stranger in our conversation. Is this Rupert Rabenfels? If so, I have a message for him also.”

“It is not Rupert Rabenfels; this is a friend. But I agree with you he should be spared this miserable scene which I foresee.”

She bade me farewell—her hand lingered in mine for a moment, it was as cold as ice.

As I slowly descended the stairs, I saw a woman seated on one of the steps, apparently in a convulsion of grief. It was the maid Annunziata. She started up as I approached her.

“My good sir, why did you leave them? He will kill her with his violence: she is so good—an angel—and to be *tribolata così—un vero martirio*—they are all devils, all of them—husband, brother, Rupert, all of them.”

A question rose within me—who is Rupert? but I suppressed it.

“Now that her husband is ill, he wants her.” And she sobbed with childish impetuosity.

I tried to console her. She suddenly started up.

“I will not let you go, till he has left her.”

She seized my hand and dragged me after her, before I could prevent her, through a corridor, up and down various passages, till she brought me into a small, dark room. To my surprise she closed the door, locked it, and put the key into her pocket.

“There,” she said in a breathless undertone, and moved slightly a heavy curtain which masked a door; the door was open, and to my horror—for playing the eaves-dropper was not my vocation—I found myself next to the room in which were Madame Rabenfels and her brother.

I turned away: Annunziata had seated herself on the ground, covered her face with her apron to stifle her sobs, and was rocking herself to and fro. If I tried to pass her she would be sure to make a disturbance, and thus create the difficulty I would have laid down my life to avoid. Yet it was terrible to become the secret witness of this scene, although there was a kind of fatal fascination in it, I confess. Two human beings of such strong passions and energies, struggling in what seemed a storm of fate, so much sorrow and beauty in one, so much anger and reproach in the other, and both giving free scope to their feelings with Italian eloquence and demonstrativeness, would have interested the most indifferent spectator. What must it have been to me, who felt my love (I had at last acknowledged to myself that it was love) was being tried there, as before a tribunal, to be dismissed as guilty, or acquitted as innocent? Was she married? Had she been divorced? Was she free? Their voices reached me distinctly as if I had been in the same room.

“Ferdinand will forgive the past.”

“Forgive—grant me patience;—do not mistake me for a moment, Giovanni; I stand where the condemnation or absolution of Ferdinand cannot

reach me. I throw from me that word forgiveness as a reproach."

I saw her erect, superb, defiant; she stood before him like a flame, thrilling with an indignation which words seemed powerless to express.

"Santa, you are mad."

"Not yet, Giovanni; I shall be driven so perhaps."

"A woman owes submission, obedience, humility to her husband."

"Her husband owes protection, love, fidelity to her. There is no tampering with these reciprocal duties. Think not I would make his broken faith an excuse, had I broken mine. Thank God, the evil of others has not produced evil in me—but how could I yield when I was commanded to sin? how could I obey, when guilt was enforced upon me? how could I humble myself when my husband had sunk into such an abyss of moral inferiority? Even in your tame interpretation of conjugal duties, there is a flaw here. Who was it exposed me to a perilous temptation, when I would have fled from it? Who sought to force me back to endure it? And because I would not swerve from my duties, abandoned me in the bloom and inexperience of my youth, to solitude, calumny, sorrow? Hear me, Giovanni, I will return with you, I will put a veil over the past—but do not talk of forgiveness."

"And Rupert Rabenfels?"

I saw her shrink back as if a weapon had reached her.

"Does your conscience speak there?"

My heart bled for her (writhing as I was with a sense of bitter impotent jealousy) when I saw her burst into a flood of tears and sink helpless into a chair.

"Did not your own words condemn you there? And since then, what has been your life? Instead of penance, mortification, self-denial, have you not led a worldly life, incessantly occupied with all which feeds the pride of the eye, the vain glory of the intellect, and the corrupt enjoyment of the senses?"

He looked round the room: it was sumptuously furnished, and bore striking evidence in its pictures, its statues, its books, its flowers, of the artistic and costly tastes of its mistress. "I have striven," she said, "humbly to fill up the void of my existence by the cultivation of tastes and powers for which I must render an account, and which you, Giovanni, in our young days, (have you forgotten them?) encouraged and cherished."

"It is no longer to my sister I speak," said the priest, brutally. "I have no ties with the world; I am of those who have forsaken father and mother, sisters and brethren, for God."

She started up (beautiful in her anger)—"Hypocrite! the God for whom you have forsaken your human ties, is ambition! Had I consented to gratify you and my husband by sinning against my own soul, you would not have broken your ties with your sister,—he, his obligations towards his wife; but," and her voice sank into an inexpressible mournfulness, "recrimination is of no use; you and I have drifted too far apart to be able to understand each other, but, after all, let us not

forget we are brother and sister." How did the tender, warm heart subdue the fiery spirit! I felt the moisture rise in my own eyes as I listened.

"You are prepared, then, to accompany me to Rome to-morrow?"

"To-morrow? No."

"Why not?"

"No matter" (faintly): "a day or two I must have—"

"You have partings, I suppose?" (contemptuously).

"Giovanni," said she, gravely, "you have insulted me long enough. Had not the same mother borne us, you should repent the longest day you live the words you have said to-night."

"Will you deny that Rupert Rabenfels is in Paris, and that you must see him before you go?"

Again she sank down on her seat, overcome, vanquished by that fatal name. "Oh!" she murmured, "to think that one human being can so torture another." There was a pause, then she spoke in a hollow, broken voice—"I must end this, I feel it is killing me. Yes, Rupert is in Paris—I must see him once more."

"Shameless, and yet you have denied!"

"I deny everything," she said, passionately.

"Yet you must see him again—and you said there was no love between you."

"I swear," she said, wildly, "by this sacred representation of our faith," she touched what looked like a casket upon the table, "that Rupert hates me even more than my husband does, even more than you do." There was such a piercing grief in her tone that her brother was silenced. "Now let us part," she said, "I need repose." She pointed to the door opposite to where I stood, and crest-fallen and subdued, the haughty priest left the room.

I waited only till the door had closed upon him, and lifting the curtain, had entered the room, and was at her feet almost before she was conscious of my presence. I poured out before her apologies, protestations, excuses for having overheard so unintentionally the scene between her brother and herself, offers of service, assurances of my admiration, reverence, and of my most respectful love. I could have said with Balzac's hero—"Je sens en moi le désir d'occuper ma vie à vous faire oublier vos chagrins, à vous aimer pour tous ceux qui vous ont fait ou blessé." I pleaded too earnestly not to be believed. Passion gave me eloquence—impulse—fire! My soul spoke to her soul and was understood.

I thought not of myself. May I not lay claim to a certain heroism in thus entirely ignoring, absorbed as I was in the impulse of chivalric devotion which stirred through my whole being and cast me at her feet, that the words I had heard that night cut up by the roots all the fond dreams of my love—Santa was married! my love, my suffering, my passion were vain. But, alas! not vain, if it were to be my privilege to serve her.

Annunziata had rushed in behind me, and with rapid words and more rapid exclamations, accused herself and praised herself in one breath, for the precaution she had taken of keeping me. Gradually I saw Madame Rabenfels' countenance soften and

relax from the set, stern expression it had assumed on my entrance. She gave me her hand.

"I thank you," she said, "from my heart for these kind words. I feel you are my friend. I am only sorry that this poor woman's unthinking affection for me should have detained you so long. I will now say farewell; but I owe to you, I owe to myself, some explanations of this scene; you shall have it. I will write to you. All women when accused assert they are more sinned against than sinning. God knows I am aware of sins which have merited and found their punishment; but the accusations which have been made against me are false, and the particular misconduct which has been attributed to me is the last of which I could be guilty. To sin is always to suffer; but, alas! to suffer is not always to sin."

Her eyes fell on the casket on the table: it was a small triptych. On the left-hand leaf was the Virgin and Child; on the right hand the Virgin by the Cross; in the centre an Assumption. There was a vague resemblance in the figure of the Virgin to the woman beside me. I was to be reminded of this still more a little later.

I left her. I had a fierce longing to carry on the struggle which was warring in my heart of hearts, in solitude. If it were defeat, if it were victory, I was best alone.

I am one of those natures to whom pain is an excitement. In battle I could have continued fighting, insensible to wounds, till, riddled through and through with shot, I at last dropped down dead. The very anguish I suffered as I looked on this woman whom I had so loved, and who I must love no more, made me brave. My words were no vain, false cant. I would have literally died to make Santa happy. The self in me was destroyed as a worm is crushed beneath an iron heel.

There was that about Santa which repelled at once and for ever the thought of a sinful love. No evil could enter precincts hallowed by her presence. Goodness and a kind of crystalline passionlessness were the atmosphere of her being, and influenced all who approached her. Santa might love tenderly, fervently, deeply; but passionately—in the usual meaning of the word—never. Looking at her, the union of virgin purity and a warm, all-embracing motherhood was intelligible.

From the moment her grave eyes had met mine, and she had said, "I feel you are my friend," there was no appeal possible. With the word "friend" she barred, as with a sword, the entrance into the Eden of Love.

CHAPTER III.

The next evening, as I sat alone in my room in a tumult of feeling, I suddenly took the resolution of going to the Rue du Puits. I feared she might need protection, that the priest might follow her, that she herself, exhausted as she appeared, might require assistance; but under all these good reasons I gave myself for going, the real motive was the passionate longing I had to see her once again. Must it all end thus? Had her eyes met mine, had my hand touched hers, for the last time? Would that presence which had fulfilled

life for me never rise before me again? And yet what did it all avail? In a few brief days we should be separated, and perhaps for ever. The clocks, as they told the hour, had a mournful, funereal sound, and each time they struck my nerves I felt an acute physical pain. At midnight I went out. I reached the house. I rang: the porter admitted me, and I found myself in a small paved court. I walked boldly on. The faint glimmer of a lamp which swung across from wall to wall showed me where the stairs began. I ascended one or two and looked up. As well as I could pierce the darkness, I could make out that the stairs were in short flights, divided by landing-places on which opened the doors of the rooms of the several floors.

"I will wait," I thought; "if she be not yet arrived, I shall see her as she passes up-stairs, if not, I will wait till she comes down. If I have not courage to speak to her, her dress may touch me for a moment; in short, I shall be near her once more."

The house was a very noisy one. I heard a voice just above me, singing in a hoarse falsetto shrill tone a gay love song. It was a woman's voice, and grated on the ears; the words were so mirthful, the tone so despairing. I heard loud talking, and a noise of plates and glasses as of persons supping, in some other room. In one quite near me I could hear a child's sobs, evidently crying from pain or illness, every now and then stifled, as if some manual check had been administered to it.

My sense of hearing became at last painfully on the stretch. I think I should have heard the lightest sound on the topmost stair.

I had thus waited about an hour, when suddenly I heard a step slowly descending the stairs in a faltering, hesitating manner. I felt my heart beat. There was a pause on each landing-place as if there was a difficulty in getting further. Suddenly, there was a longer one. I thought I had been mistaken in my apprehension, deceived in my yearning. I then heard a fall. I rushed up two flights, and there, at my feet, I saw a woman had fallen. It was Santa. She had fainted. I carried her down stairs, and knocked gently at the porter's door. Grumblingly he opened it; a bribe stopped his questions. I sent him for a fiacre and placed Madame Rabenfels on a miserable chair, the only one in the room. We were alone. I chafed her hands, loosened her bonnet, unfastened her mantle—but all seemed useless. She was as if dead. I was alarmed. I did not dare to send for a doctor, secrecy being evidently of importance to her. The time passed, I waited breathlessly—she had been insensible for hours—so long that the day was already dawning with a sickly light. The porter had returned with the fiacre, but had merely put his head in to announce it, and, muttering words I did not hear, had ascended the stairs and had not returned. The house was more quiet, but at times a bell had sounded and I had performed the office of porter, and pulled the string which opened the door. At last, with a few tremulous shivers, she shuddered back to life; the grey shadow passed from her face, and she opened her eyes with a forlorn, wandering, woful

look which I shall never forget. She did not move or speak, while I, as well as I could, put on her cloak and bonnet, but when I was preparing to lift her into the carriage, she asked in a faint, broken voice, the hour.

"Six," I answered.

She put out her hand. "It must be all over. I must go upstairs," she said.

"Impossible: you cannot stand."

"With you," she said faintly.

I could not oppose the pleading of that voice. Alas! what right had I to oppose it? We ascended the stairs. On the fourth landing-place she left my arm, and opened the door resolutely. It was a poor room, and I was surprised at first to see it full of light. Only for a moment. I could see, as I stood on the threshold, reflected fanwise on the ceiling, the seven luminous spots of light that shone from the seven lights below round the bed. On it was a corpse. I saw the outline of a figure, but a sheet covered it. A priest in the corner of the room was reading some prayers.

Madame Rabenfels had fallen on her knees beside the bed. After a while, she rose and uncovered the face. She stooped over it with a gesture and expression which would have convinced me at once and for ever, had I had a doubt left, that whatever mysterious tie might subsist between her and that poor clay, it was not the tie of guilty love.

At that supreme moment of sorrow there could be no feigning. No sister ever kissed her brother, no mother ever pressed her lips to the pale brow of her son, with more pure or more holy affection. She then looked round the room once more, and left it without a word.

I supported her in silence into the carriage. She sank back, and I could hear her weeping convulsively. I have never witnessed such tears: they were mingled with such sobs, such faint cries, such deep sad sighs. The heart must have been well nigh broken from which such a manifestation of grief could proceed.

The carriage stopped at some little distance from her usual entrance into her house. I dismissed it. She would not let me accompany her farther than the door. She wrung my hand in silence, and entered.

Two days afterwards a servant brought me a packet and a letter. His mistress had left Paris. This, then, was her farewell; that farewell is shrined in my soul. With the letter were enclosed some closely-written sheets which contained her history. I will transcribe it.

(To be continued.)

OUR ENGLISH WORLD-WINNERS.

AN earnest artist named William Walker, not being wholly absorbed in the pursuit of gain, but working with enthusiasm on his own perceptions of what is great in humanity and fitting in a nation, has for many years devoted himself to the task of gathering and grouping together the great men who were living in the early part of the present century when the great man-preyer, Napoleon Bonaparte, was in the zenith of his power,—the man-preyer who cared for no arts but those con-

ducive nearly or remotely to his war-trade, and who called Englishmen shop-keepers, because he could not plunder their shops at his pleasure,—the man-preyer who would have slain the whole human race, in order to sit on an universal throne.

While he was doing, and trying to do more of these things, the English nation withstood him; and with all that labour upon them, leisure was found amongst them to follow up the peaceful processes by which the world has gradually been won from a wilderness. The works of war they wrought at, unceasingly, in self-defence; but the works of peace went on notwithstanding, to pay the cost of war, and yet heap up a constantly accumulating capital of which the world had never before an example.

When our progenitor Adam left Eden behind him, changing the spontaneous growth of food for that grown by labour, then began the processes by which the brain of man, labouring on from year to year, had to win from nature her hoarded knowledge, and convert her physical forces into the servants of man and the substitutes for his physical strength. And these processes will go on enlarging and improving till the whole habitable world shall become an Eden by the operations of art; and then the drudgery of mere labour shall cease, and that labour only which is exercise of the mental and physical nerves and muscles shall remain. Our chemists and our machinists are the pro-creators of these latter days, destined to achieve the art-creation that shall remove the primal curse, making happiness the normal condition of mankind, and misery only an accident. Before us, by dint of the loving energy and enthusiasm of Mr. Walker, is a picture, not painted for the few, but engraved for the many, of some fifty of the pioneers of this our land, who have led the way in winning from the wilderness this portion of the earth, and setting the fashion to those of other lands to go and do likewise.

This is of a verity a picture of great men—men whose instinct it was to work for the world and fight against misery: some of them wealthy and some of them poor; with visions perchance of wealth to come, but still working for the world's welfare as the only path through which to ensure their own,—the race of path-finders who are ever setting copies for the English nation to work by, and thus gain more results by the development of national energy.

Accompanying the picture, which contains upwards of fifty portraits, some full figures, and some more or less hidden, but all admirably grouped, there is a volume, by Mr. Walker's son, giving a brief memoir of the salient points of each individual history; this also is well executed, and it forms a useful book of reference for those who would know more than the picture can tell.

Philosophers, astronomers, naturalists, and physicians, are put in the group; then follow the chemists, and, lastly, the engineers: this is as it should be,—they who gather knowledge from the stores of Nature build up the groundwork whereon true art is based, and whereby empiricism is corrected.

Prominent in the first group is Herschel, with a

globe by his side, a paper in his hand, and thought in his face, which the keen eye of Maskelyne is watching. Then comes the benevolent face of Jenner; more than benevolent—beneficent, for benevolence is a very easy virtue. Sir Joseph Banks is looking over his shoulder—a starred and belted baronet, genial and pleasant, showing all outward reasons why he was popular at the court of Queen Oherea,—an enterprising man, making voyages to hard and wintry lands, in the pursuit of nature, though rich enough to live at home in quiet, and this, too, in days when ships were veritable “prisons, with a chance”—and more than a chance—“of being drowned,” and not the sea-palaces of our modern yachts, in which our modern lords make voyages to Greenland and elsewhere, albeit with none of the ancient valour of our race decreased—as daring as ever—but with the scurvy vanquished by pleasanter food than “saur kraut,” and many other confections than the “rob of oranges and lemons.”* Brave old Sir Joseph, he was indeed Nature’s wild huntsman on untrodden ground, and no carpet knight, cynical Peter Pindar and George the Third notwithstanding.

Seated on a low chair, a volume of large size poised edgewise on his knee, and with his hand resting on it, and his fine abstract face bent down in thought, is Cavendish, the descendant of a long line of nobility, yet so earnest in his chemic art as to be unconscious of any class distinction. Heeding not money or power, or any worldly reward, he was the man who would have pursued his experiment with the last remaining drop of water while the rest of the world was ablaze,—a special agent of Providence to unfold the secrets of nature in furtherance of the process that substitutes the sweat of heated water for the sweat of man’s heated muscles.

With spectacles on nose sits Dalton, the man who reduced the world to “atoms,” the philosopher of quantities and proportions, but whom rich, and wealthy, and ambitious Manchester—to which he emigrated from Cumberland—left to penury, because his theory could not build up a patent for the better production or dyeing of cotton cloth, or some other visible or tangible article of sale. They are firm brows above his spectacles, but withal the face is stamped with a “Dominie” expression, the result of too early work as teacher in a school ere his mental muscles had acquired distinctive form. It is not good for man to live too much with inferiors or subordinates. Dionysius in his kingdom or his school was equally a precision. But precision is a needful quality of the Quantitative Philosopher dealing in balances of materials, yet needing a balance of another kind when dealing with humanity. The indomitable bearing of the man who lives hard and works hard, seeking no patronage in the process of rising from Weavermaster to Masterdom in chemistry, is a goodly contemplation. But is there no process by which a man can make sure of being rewarded for a lifelong work till he attains to sixty-seven years, and then of obtaining something better than 150*l.* per annum?

Behind Dalton is Sir Humphry Davy, the great

* See “Cook’s Voyages.”

Cornish man, and greater chemist, with the advantage that his pursuit was not abstract, but capable of material demonstration, such as people could understand by vision. The face is small and gentle, but not strong. It may be that he was too early dandled, too early popular, or it may be too material (which is one source of popularity), though his book on “Salmon Fishing” shows a strong love of natural science. The material philosopher must ever be more popular with the crowd than the abstract or moral philosopher—for the more palpable a thing, the greater is the number of the recipients: this may be the reason why Cuvier held his art and science inferior to his title, and why Davy thought a knighthood at the hands of George, Prince Regent, a greater thing than the unfolding of nature’s mysteries.

Close to Davy stand Hatchett and Wollaston, the latter famous for his resolving small things into great—a tea-tray into a laboratory; a genial man withal, a philosopher as well as a chemist, and a man of business also, making 30,000*l.* (a huge sum in those days) by teaching how platinum might be forged into bars, though it could not be cast into ingots.

The father of Hatchett was a coach-maker royal, who built vehicles for George the Third. He was a man of shrewdness and of some inventive faculties, but rather curious than useful. He was the first inventor of a suspension wheel, a very different affair from what are now called suspension wheels. The spokes were subtracted, and their place supplied with leathern straps stretching diagonally between the nave and the periphery. These straps were intended to serve as springs. The result was, as might have been expected, a very erratic movement of the peripheries, followed by a break-down.

Mr. Hatchett had also a perception that the lower the centre of gravity in a carriage, the less likely it was to upset. This was a mechanical truth, and he acted on it. The result was a vehicle which obtained the name of a “Spider” from its general configuration. A small body, something like a sedan chair, was hung between four large wheels, the floor being within a foot of the ground. Permission was granted for the inventor to exhibit it to his Majesty George the Third, at Windsor; so down he went thither behind four post-horses. But in those days ruts were very deep and mud was very plentiful, and by the time he arrived at Windsor, the “Spider” was stained and covered with the variation of each soil ‘twixt that and Long Acre. The busy king, punctual as ever to an appointment, was there in waiting, and ere Hatchett could get the mop to work, just as he emerged from his muddy cage, there was the well-known repetitive voice, immortalised by Peter Pindar, at work.

“What, Hatchett, Hatchett! all mud, all mud, Hatchett!”

And so the “Spider” was never repeated, though the joke was, as often as the king and the coach-maker met. The “Spider” was stowed away in a corner for its namesakes to build upon.

But Mr. Hatchett throve notwithstanding. He was a tradesman of the time and for the time. He lived over his shop, guiltless of a suburban villa,

and his wife took care that the chips were not wasted in their early career: she was witty in her way, too, as well as thrifty, for when the future chemist, apprenticed to his father's trade, and up betimes at the bench, was wanted to breakfast, she would put her head out of the back window, and call:

"Now, young Chopstick," a playful paraphrase on the family surname. And he might chop sticks, but like the smith in the nursery tale, who could only make a "hiss out of his hot iron," so the labour of the small Hatchett was nought—no king, or prince, or duke, ever rode behind his unhandy work.

But his father was born before him, and of the thriving class. When he grew rich he built himself a new house, still over his great front shop, with such taste as was in him. A wooden palm-tree supported the breastsummer* below, and there was a square court on the leads of the first floor, with mock windows whitened, to give light to his back front, and to shut out the shops where his men plied their tools. The house itself was a curiosity. There was a breakfast parlour, a complete oval in plan, with door and window to match. And there was a large front room, canvassed and painted all over with classic scenery in dark colours, the doors all concealed, and the spring-door handle made in imitation of an ivy leaf. We believe that the place still exists, looking down into Long Acre, and that it is in the occupation of a bookseller, or bookstorer.

The ruling passion is strong in most men, and the ruling passion of Mr. Hatchett was carriage building. Thus, he built his house like a carriage, without any fixed staircase. While it was building he went in and out by the ladders and folding steps; and when it was finished he found that a staircase was needed, and that there was no space to make it. So he bought a small house in an adjoining back street, and made an unsightly stair, with an entrance door very like that of a watchhouse.

But he had turned the luxury of the wealthy into a save-all for himself, and had accumulated a large fortune, which he left to his only son Charles, who was a chemist, partly from taste and partly that it was a popular and fashionable pursuit. Yet he worked hard at it, and rendered good service, having leisure thereto, and not being driven (like Dalton) to seek a livelihood by his labour. He was not an originator, but a plodding worker, with a rich man's laboratory, in some of the many paths that had been struck out by others.

At the central table opposite to Dalton sits James Watt, worthily representing Chemistry and Mechanism. Midway is Matthew Boulton, a veritable gentleman of the old English stamp, a man of clear perception, without whom Watt would perchance have been doomed to blossom unseen. It is no light thing to conceive a mechanical idea, and to bring that idea forth and cultivate it, and to cause it to grow up into healthy existence. But not the less needful is it to have appreciators of ideas. All the mechanism, all the chemistry of the world would be practically valueless were it not that there is a multitude to perceive and applaud, and to profit

* Probably from the French, *apprêt-sous-mur*.

by them. All the buttons in the world could not prevent Matthew Boulton from having "a soul above buttons," or from perceiving and hailing greatness wheresoever it might be found. So Watt and Boulton were the Pylades and Orestes of early mechanism, and they needed no Jason to lead them forth on a golden quest. Coal mining and water pumping was the great work of their day, and mechanism and machine mills followed. In both these men is to be seen that union of Celt and Saxon, or Dane, which constitutes an Englishman,—the faculties of perception to generate and perseverance and daring to accomplish.

Close to Boulton sits Marc Isambard Brunel, a Celt full of contrivance at a time when contrivance was not so common as it is now, when the public mind has become cultivated by the wide spread of mechanism. He was a fortunate man, for he fell in with Sir Samuel Bentham, and through him obtained Government employment. The judgment of the man was not equal to his imagination. He was not of the stuff of which Watt was made; but he was of the class of whom it has been said that they can no more help contriving than hens can help laying eggs.

On one occasion, when he had been laid up for several months with some defect in his lower limbs, John Farey called on him. "Take a seat, Mr. Farey," said the invalid. A large chair stood before him, looking as if two men could scarcely lift it, so Mr. Farey put two hands to it with all his strength, when suddenly it went up to his head, and Brunel burst into a violent laugh, prolonged for some time. The chair was a cheat. He had amused himself with pasting strips of paper round an ordinary stick chair, then cutting it off with his penknife and gluing it together, and thickening it till it became a mass of hollow papier maché. Sir Samuel Bentham, had originated this tubular idea many years before, and had all his fire-irons made of thin tubular steel.

Behind Brunel, when he should have been in front as the master mind, stands the mechanist, and more, the ideal and constructive engineer, Sir Samuel Bentham, to whom nothing came amiss, and whose patent specification to this day marks the character of his mind—a specification without drawings, so clear is the wording. A lawyer's son, he had no taste for the law, but, like Peter the Great, went to the Royal Dockyards to study shipbuilding; and so he went on, his moral sense and perception guiding the course of his physical inventions, now machines, now a school, now a prison, and then a factory. He went to Russia, and there executed much military and other work. When he found his light guns kick, and his round shot hop off from stone walls, he backed them up with timber against the cascades, converted all recoil into added force on the shot, and soon made lime and stone fly. And when he came back from Russia to his brother Jeremy's house, in Queen Square, he began to make machinery for all kinds of wood-work before unknown, and planned and built ships for the Admiralty, in which for the first time powder magazines were made safe. The Portsmouth block machinery, called Brunel's, was in reality Bentham's, whose mind took the same logical form in mechanism that the mind of

his brother Jeremy took in law. But Brunel reaped the pecuniary benefit, such as it was; and Bentham was shelved by the usual Governmental process, going to France, on the return of peace in 1814, in order to bring up his family economically. Pleasant is the modest face of Sir Samuel, in the background, with almost a winning gentleness, like that of his brother Jeremy, who when returning to his home through Tothill Street, dressed in a suit of grey, of ancient cut, and with long grey hair falling over his shoulders, sat down, tired, on a door-step. A lady passing, struck with his appearance, and taking him for a poor man, gave him a penny. He took it, enjoying the jest, and ever after kept it in his writing-desk.

Near Sir Samuel Bentham stands Maudslay, the original Maudslay, who founded the famous firm. He was a huge man, broad and stout, of whom it could not well be said that his mechanical talent lay in a nutshell. On one occasion, while they were busy on the building of the "London Engineer," the first steamer that crossed the Channel, some experiments were making, and Maudslay was wanted. "Go for him," said John Farey to the clerk; "pick out the best coach on the stand,"—there were hackney coaches in those days—"and be sure to load him equally between the four springs, or there will be a break-down." When Maudslay came, and the consultation was over, John Farey was wickedly slow in taking the draught of water. When asked why, he said, "I am waiting till Maudslay steps ashore, she'll rise half a streak then."

Prominently next to Watt stands Rennie, the mechanic, the engineer, the bridge builder, the canal maker, the lighthouse constructor; and earnestly looking up into his face is Telford, his peer, one of the same calibre, a man who could have invented all that Brindley and Smeaton did, had it not been done before. They were men of strength and faculties, who worked with brain and hand, and not by jobbing in shares. Affectionate is the face of Telford; rugged that of Rennie—a strong man, with a large body to match a large head.

In the background stand Count Rumford (such was his Swedish title), and William Murdoch, the economiser of heat for domestic purposes, and the constructor of the first steam locomotive, although only in a model; both have beneficence marked in their faces.

Cartwright and Crompton follow next, the inventors of the power-loom and spinning-mule, which called into so large an existence an exotic trade, removing it from its native India to Lancashire, and furnishing a large portion of the wealth that enabled England to resist the despotism that would otherwise have overwhelmed the Continent, a trade now at the culmination which will again lead it back to India.

Cartwright is an example of the inventor in his highest phase,—the discoverer by forethought, and not the mere contriver by afterthought,—the poet, the minister of religion, and inductive physician, who lived till forty years of age unknowing of mechanism, till the problem was accidentally proposed to him, how to supply weaving hands to answer the demand of the yarn plethora which

machinery had induced, in answer to the previous yarn famine, balancing supply and demand.

And so Cartwright—a minister of the church, and not the first or the last with a similar aptitude—set himself to work to produce a machine loom, and gradually completed it in all its parts; and as the customs of society forbade him becoming a manufacturer, some of his friends established a factory at Doncaster, and failed in it, probably from want of business aptitude. Another of his mills was burnt down by the mob at Manchester, who feared loss of employment; and finally Parliament awarded the man who thus marvellously had aided England's prosperity, with a less sum than it had cost him to bring his invention to use. Ere his death he had practically given to his country machine labour equal to 200,000 men. In that thoughtful, earnest face, set before us by Mr. Walker, there are the aspect and lineaments of the philosophic poet stamped by Nature as a benefactor of mankind, a creator and distributor of wealth, too earnest to reserve his own share of it.

Close by him sits Crompton, the farmer-weaver, who learned to work and play in the quaint old building called the Hall-i-the-Wood, who loved music better than weaving, but was constrained to the latter by the necessities of life. With the eight-spindled jenny of Hargreaves he spun his yarn for his own weaving; and, after five years of thought, he produced his spinning-mule with forty-eight spindles, multiplying the power by six, and the excellence of the quality many fold. And all this he had done when only twenty-seven years of age.

Then came his trouble. The manufacturing men who had not the inventive brains, besieged him, and bargained with him to buy his machine, and then cheated him of the payment, giving him little more than sufficient to construct a new machine. Very similar to this was the process which dispossessed Eli Whitney, the inventor of the cotton-gin, of his reward in the United States. The planters broke into his house by night, and stole and published his invention, thus precluding him from obtaining his patent.

The face of Crompton is that of a thoughtful student unused to worldly ways, and rendered cautious by being practised upon. An honest worker, desirous of using his own invention in peace, he was unfitted to struggle with the competitive world about him. After all his struggles, a miserable pittance was awarded to him, by the charity of pitying neighbours, enough to save him from hunger in his old age.

Lord Stanhope is not omitted: he is a man of the Cavendish stamp, but a mechanist instead of a chemist; yet with a mental warp that could not recognise greatness in other things than mechanism—a workman, with an hereditary fortune provided him, a man ill-fitted to the aristocratic sphere of his birth; one like King Louis of France—a good locksmith spoiled to make a weak king. Had Lord Stanhope been born in the sphere of a Brindley, he would probably have achieved far greater things.

In the face of Richard Trevithick there is an expression of the same kind of energy and ambi-

tion that is seen in the portraits of the elder Napoleon. With a genius for mechanics he had also a genius for many other things. The very versatility of his powers precluded his success in life: he was a valiant and gifted Cornishman, with imagination of a high order, but with little self-control.

Like the skeleton at the Egyptian feast stands Joseph Bramah; with his back towards us, his portrait never having been painted, and his bust, modelled by Chantrey, having been destroyed, for what reason appears not, by Lady Chantrey, after the sculptor's death.

Whence came that name, sounding so like Braham? Was it also in its origin an Abraham, and did it come from the Hebrew tribes in York, with its accompanying artist cunning? He, too, was a many-sided mechanist, one who did the world large service, and who, aided by a good business faculty in buying and selling, did himself and his heirs service also. Very like to his nephew, John Joseph Bramah, is that head in shape, ingeniously devised by the artist from the memory of his kindred. John Joseph inherited the business faculty of his uncle, and his love for mechanism, if not his inventive skill. He it was who gathered together in Pimlico a huge business in railway plant, with the aid and help of the two Stephensons, George and Robert, and subsequently transferred it to Smethwick, near Birmingham, as the "London Works," joining with himself Charles Fox and John Henderson as his partners; and out of their works finally grew up the Crystal Palace, the Non-such of its time, which faded away also like the other Non-such in the days of old.

Much did these great men invent, unfolding principles that left to others little else but contrivances to follow in the same track. In these days the growth of machine tools has made possible the construction of great machines which were not before dreamed of. There is no longer any merit in workmanship, for the machine does it all, and imagination comes into play only in design. But the existence of the tools tends also to cramp design, for the design is made subservient to the capacity of the tool. There is another evil, too, now strongly experienced by originators. The race of men with brain, and eye, and skilled hand all in combination, needful to original things, is disappearing, and a wide-spread complaint exists that few skilled workmen are to be had: men are only attendants on automata.

But we are yet far from the ultimate victories of invention,—the fish in the sea are more in number than those taken out of it;—and it is to the small number of model-makers that we must look for the cultivated culmination of their cunning of hand. A long list might be made of things yet to do, in which skilled craftsmen will be needed to set the patterns; and in good time they will come.

Some future artist will yet give us the pictured aspect of more benefactors to society at large, including those rare men who, though not conspicuous by large apparent results, yet do as Hampden did in the cause of freedom—men not great in acts or speech, but prophets constantly suggesting to others the true paths of progress, giving the ideas and planning those processes by which others achieve what is called success—success I mean in

the eyes of the multitude, which measures men and their results by the stir and noise which they excite.

Grateful are we to men like Mr. Walker, who has thus gathered together in groups the world's workers, with their images and superscriptions, that men may know their benefactors and render to their memory that justice which was too rarely accorded in their lives.

So, all honour to the work of both the father and the son, the picture and the book, in teaching the men of the present what they owe to men of the past.

W. BRIDGES ADAMS.

FOUND TWENTY YEARS AFTER.

I.

It may be after years have passed away,
'Mid faded relics of a time gone by,
These lines, in some far-off and distant day,
May chance to fall beneath your careless eye!

II.

If then the hand that penn'd them long ago
Lies nerveless in the grave,—if then the heart
From whence this stream of fancy once could flow
Is cold in death!—it may be you will start,

III.

When dwelling in the changes time has seen,
'Mid hopes deluded, 'mid accomplished fears,
When naught is left of all that once has been,
Save the pale memories of happier years!

IV.

If at that hour a shade of sorrow creeps
O'er your poor spirit—weary on its way!
If one who could have cheer'd for ever sleeps—
Lean on the love of a forgotten day!

V.

May be, rank grass will choke a rotting grave,
Where cruel rains beat down, where winds moan past—
Yet feel that love,—that life you scorn'd to save
Was true to death,—was faithful to the last!

GILBERT A. BECKETT.

USEFUL MONSTROSITIES.

MANY of our most succulent culinary vegetables, our most delicious fruits, our most valuable edible roots, and our most important varieties of grain, are, in the strictest sense of the term, monstrosities. They are, in each case, deformed aberrations from the natural habit of the respective plants in their original states. Horticultural skill has found the means of perpetuating such aberrations, either by cuttings from the deformed plant, in which case the malformation always remains of the same degree; or, otherwise, by seed from the aberrating plant, in which last case new varieties of deformity are often obtained. For instance, a certain portion of the seeds, actuated by the peculiar vital principle of the parent plant, will, in most instances, produce plants exhibiting in a greater or lesser degree the same kind of departure from their typical habit of growth, as that exhibited by their immediate parents. The greater number of seeds will, however, in all probability show a ten-

dency to return to the precise forms of the original type.

The earliest botanists had not failed to notice the tendency to aberration in plants of almost every class, under certain disturbing influences. They no doubt observed at the same time, that some kinds of plants were much more prone than others to sport into singular monstrosity of growth under such influences. They were not, however, sufficiently accomplished physiologists to perceive the general principles by means of which these changes took place; yet, nevertheless, hit upon methods of perpetuating such monstrosities of growth as promised to be of advantage, in rendering certain plants better adapted for particular uses. In consequence, however, of having but a superficial notion of the causes of such changes, their attempts to produce them arbitrarily, by artificial means, in the first instance, were often extremely puerile in their character. For instance, in the case of certain plants, the colours of which are apt to vary under the influence of ordinary garden culture, while such changes of hue are of extremely rare occurrence in their natural state, they sought to govern the changes of colour by the influence of ordinary dyes. I find it stated in a popular work, not a century old, that silks of various colours drawn through the bulb of a tulip, and there allowed to remain, would cause stripes of colour to appear in the flowers produced from a bulb so treated—the stripes being of the colours of the silks inserted in the bulb. It is well known that the *Tulipa gesneriana*, the origin of nearly all the garden varieties, is, in its natural state, of a monotonous purplish pink colour, unvaried by stripings or markings of any kind. When, however, it finds itself in a rich garden soil, with plenty of room, instead of being crowded with other plants, as in its wild state, the flower breaks into various changes of colour, with a natural disposition to striping; so that an amateur of the eighteenth century performing the operation described above upon a bulb of the common *Tulipa gesneriana*, in its original state, would be very likely to fancy that the pink or purple stripes which he saw produced by the legitimate influences of soil and situation, were the effects of his inserted silks.

I know of a recent instance in which an amateur of dahlias, naturally wishing to produce dahlia flowers of a blue colour, hitherto found impossible, placed half a pound of French ultramarine about the tubers of a white dahlia when he planted them, in full confidence that a plant bearing flowers of a resplendent azure would be the necessary result. It is, I presume, useless to record the occurrence of a bitter disappointment to the ingenious amateur. Certain plants are, however, strikingly influenced in the colour of their flowers by the nature of the soil in which they are grown. But, then, it is not by the process of dyeing. Especial properties are chemically eliminated by the vital principle of certain plants, which produce particular colours in their flowers; but, in most cases, their colours are of almost an opposite kind to those which would be expected from the practitioners in silk and ultramarine for such pur-

poses. For instance, a rich orange-coloured liquid, produced from the rust of iron, will change the colour of the flowers of the *Hydrangea hortensis* from a pale light pink or lilac to a beautiful azure, but not to a fulvous orange, which the gentleman practising in ultramarine would naturally have expected.

But variations in mere colour, though they must be regarded as monstrosities (inasmuch as, if a child were born with the entire skin of a bright sky-blue, it would necessarily be placed in the category of monstrous aberrations), are not precisely the kind of vegetable monstrosities of which I am more particularly treating, though they serve to illustrate the general principle of aberration from typical characteristics. The especial vegetable monstrosities, the nature of which I am about to attempt an explanation, are those which, by a skillfully conducted series of developments, have furnished us with essential articles of food, and which may therefore be fairly termed "useful monstrosities."

The deformities of plants, which, through the medium of horticultural skill, have become not only table-delicacies, but, in some instances, almost necessities of life, may be divided into five distinct classes—first, of root; secondly, of leaf; thirdly, of inflorescence; fourthly, of the seed-vessel; and fifthly of the seed itself.

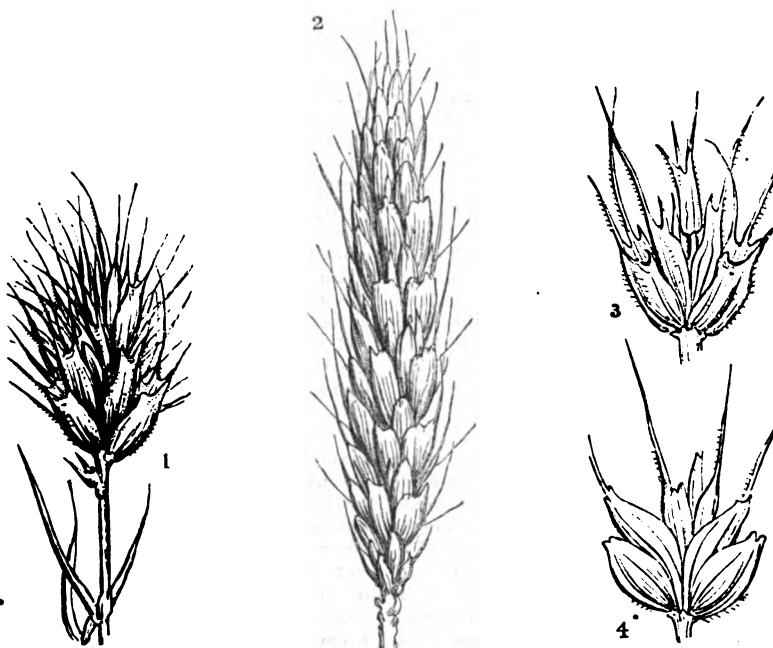
Of the monstrosities of root, that of the *Daucus carota*, or wild carrot, may serve as a very striking example. This plant belongs to the natural order, termed *Umbelliferae*, in consequence of the plants belonging to it producing their flowers in umbels or spreading flattened clusters, which, while the flowers are in bud, are often depressed in the centre of the flat cluster, which gives it somewhat the form of a shallow circular basket without a handle. Many of the plants belonging to this tribe are poisonous, among which the well-known hemlock (*Conium maculatum*) may be cited. Even the *Daucus* itself is far from pleasant tasted in its natural state, in which it is only used in medicine; the name *Daucus* (from the Greek *δαλω*, to make hot) having reference to its hot and pungent taste. This small, tough, and pungent root, however, when the plant is transferred from its native woods to a deep, rich soil, and having sufficient space given to it, soon exhibits a tendency to rapid development. The first crop, however, raised from wild seeds sown in prepared garden-soil, does not exhibit an enlargement of root which would at once tempt the gardener to proceed with its culture; but the rich orange colour of the root, which at once becomes brighter by culture, may, without reference to size, or increased tenderness of texture, have tempted an inquisitive cultivator to test its flavour. That its bright colour *did* attract early attention, we know from its popular name, which is derived from the Celtic word *kar*, which means red. If tasted, the decreased medicinal qualities of hotness and pungency, which disappear with the increasing size of the root, would naturally be observed, especially as the flavour, deprived of its hotness, becomes sweet and pleasant.

A second sowing, with seeds gathered from those plants which displayed the most marked tendency

to enlargement of the root, would produce a certain number of specimens with still larger roots; and, by pursuing this system of selection through several generations, a race of plants producing, in a favourable soil, roots of truly enormous dimensions would, with certainty, be produced. It was, by such a process, that our well-known esculent, the common carrot, was produced. An experimental botanist, in the south of France, tested the truth of this theory a few years since. The original transition, no doubt, occurred long ages ago,—in times when essays and books were not very commonly written upon such subjects, so that there is no record of the occurrence. The esculent carrot was, however, in all probability, well known to ancient nations, along with many other similar vegetable monstrosities which have fallen out of culture and been forgotten during the temporary supremacy of

the barbarians who overrun the Roman empire. However, this may be, the cultivated carrot appears to have been introduced into England about the reign of Henry the Eighth, being imported from Flanders, the source of many other of our most valuable garden vegetables.

The experimental botanist above alluded to, in order to carry out his experiments concerning the origin of the garden carrot from the weed *Daucus carota*, gathered seed of the wild plant, and, treating it as above described, found that it required only seven seasons to transform the hard woody root into a tolerably good carrot. This positive result at once silenced the outcry of those who did not believe in such transitions, and proclaimed the garden carrot a separate and distinct species. Scepticism, in such a case, is very excusable, for the degree to which herbaceous



plants may be diverted from their natural forms of growth by watchful culture, would scarcely be believed, unless every step in the gradual departure from the original type could be proved. The steps by which plants, now in the most abundant cultivation in their present forms, have gradually diverged from their wild types has recently been proved to demonstration by botanical physiologists, in other cases than that of the carrot; and may be proved over and over again by any student willing to devote a few days—once or twice a year—for a sufficient number of seasons, to put the theory to the test of actual trial; that is to say, if the right plant be selected for the experiment.

These changes, however, are not to be made in any ordinary plant, either by stimulating manures or any other kind of artificial culture; but can only be produced by observing a tendency to aberrations of growth in certain individuals of a genus, and

carefully selecting the seed from those plants most inclined to exhibit such unusual or monstrous kind of growth. These selected seeds will produce plants, most of which will revert to the original wild type, but, in nearly all cases, a few will be developed into plants having a more or less tendency to aberration of the same kind as that of the immediate parent. A few, possibly, may exhibit the same kind of monstrosity in a more exaggerated form, and the seed produced by these will, in all probability, produce a much larger proportion of plants exhibiting the desirable monstrosity.

The turnip, the radish, and many other plants whose radical monstrosities have been perpetuated and increased by culture, might be described, along with the precise character of their irregular growth; but my space does not permit of my saying more on root monstrosities.

It will be well to remember, however, that the turnip, the parsnip, the beetroot, and all kinds of "radishes," are large rooted, or rather monstrous-rooted varieties of wild plants, all of which are common in the British islands; and it may also be stated, that the tubers of the cultivated potatoe are monstrous variations from the type of the original tuber of the American plant.

Among those plants whose monstrosities of leaf-growth have been rendered subservient to the ordinary purposes of life, none exhibit such striking examples as the *Brassica oleracea*, or common rock-cabbage. The etymology of the word *Brassica* has been explained with elaborate ingenuity by Vossius and others, but the true origin of the word need not be sought further than the Celtic word *bresic*, which actually signifies a cabbage. To any one who had gathered specimens of the wild cabbage on the cliffs of Dover, and observed its straggling growth, and its ragged stem of sparse yellow flowers, without knowing its horticultural history, the assertion that the great white sugar-loaf cabbage of our gardens, the red cabbage, the curly Savoy cabbage, and the hundred-headed variety known as Brussels sprouts, were all nothing more than different monstrosities of growth of that little wild plant of the cliffs, would naturally appear unworthy of belief; and yet to botanists it is a well-known fact. The exuberance of growth which induces so rapid a development of leaves, that the external set have not time to expand themselves, so as to allow of their successors to develop themselves in due order, produces what is called the heart, the whiteness of which is caused by the exclusion of light by the outer layer of foliage, while the compactness is caused by the continuous formation of inner leaves, which sometimes becomes so rapid, if any extra stimulation takes place, in consequence of abundant rain, or some other cause, that the external leaves, which cannot expand with sufficient rapidity to give room to the inner growth, are violently burst, and the individual cabbage is spoilt as a kitchen vegetable. The curly leaves of the Savoy cabbage, as it is termed, the numerous miniature "hearts" forming themselves at every joint, as in Brussels sprouts, as they are termed, and the still more curious variety of cabbage which has the foliage of a deep purple, are all monstrosities of the straggling rock plant, the wild *Brassica oleracea*.

The same *Brassica oleracea* affords us the most striking varieties of floral monstrosity. The vast profusion of blossom which occurs in a monstrous variation of the usual flower-growth, produces, in the bud state, a sponge-like* mass, which forms one of the most delicious of our culinary vegetables, distinguished by the names of broccoli, or cauliflower.† Of all the *Brassica* tribe, including cauliflowers and broccoli, it may be said that they only flourish luxuriantly in a temperate climate.

* That is to say sponge-like, in external appearance.

† Cauliflower is said to be so called from its resemblance to a bald head within the great leaves with which it is surrounded. If the term be derived from the Italian *calvo*, and the Latin *calvus*, bald, we might Anglicise the name, as the Baldflower or Baldhead flower.

The cauliflower, however, succeeds well in the south of France and in Italy, in the cold months of the year, especially if supplied abundantly with water. In the colder region of Tarragona, in Spain, the cauliflower treated in this manner attains, occasionally, an enormous size, single heads weighing commonly from thirty to forty pounds.

Of useful monstrosities in seed-vessels, one may cite the fleshy shells of the so-called French-bean, and the Scarlet-runner. The seed-vessels of these plants in their wild state are thin, stringy, and tough in comparison with the garden varieties which have been produced by watching for unusual development of the seed-vessels, and selecting the seed from the most fleshy. This process, carried on for many years, is sure to result in the production of varieties, the seed-vessels of which would be of the desired thickness and tenderness of fibre. From established garden varieties produced in this way, our nurserymen are each season producing new sub-varieties, to which the most tempting names are given, such as the "Tender-green-marrow," the "soft-butter-pod," or the "Royal Osborne House green-fat." The botanical name of the genus is *Phaseolus*, from *phaselus*, a little boat, the form of which the pods are supposed to resemble. *Phaseolus multiflorus*, the scarlet-runner, is not a British plant, but was introduced from South America, about 1663. The dwarf, or French-bean, is a garden variety of the climbing species. There is a singular monstrosity in one of the pea tribe, the shell of which ranks as a good culinary vegetable. The inner film being absent in the pod of the sugar-pea, it is boiled entire with the pod, and eaten in the same way as kidney beans.

Of monstrosities in seed, used as a green vegetable, the common green-pea will serve as an example. The original plant, from which so many hundreds of varieties have been obtained by careful culture, is supposed to be the wild pea bearing the botanical name of *Pisum sativum*. Like many domestic plants which were very early cultivated by the ancients, its native country is not known; but botanists appear inclined to place its original home in the south of Europe. From the length of time, however, which the plant has been in cultivation, it is difficult to state precisely which plant of the wild-pea tribe is the true parent; but it is certain that in its wild state the seeds were small and hard in comparison to the fine garden varieties known as "marrow-fats," &c.; the seeds in that exaggerated form being no other than "cultivated monstrosities."

In the curtailed space of the present paper I have not space to trace the apple, the apricot, the peach, &c., to their worthless wild forms, nor to trace back the large kernelled Kentish filbert to the wretched wild hazel nut; but must at once come to monstrosities in ripened seed, especially the monstrous variety of a grass seed which we now only know as the corn which furnishes our daily bread—the common wheat of our harvest fields.

All the varieties of wheat have been recently traced to a wild grass of the genus *Egilops*, which

is common in the south of Europe, and in parts of Asia. Only very few years ago, all our varieties of wheat were comprised in two or more species of *Triticum*, and treated as original species of that genus. Now *Triticum* is a genus belonging to an entirely different order of plants to *Egilops*, the last being placed in the Linnæan order *Polygamia monœcia*, the former in *Triandria digynia*. The ancient name *Egilops* is derived from *aix* (αἶξ), a goat, and *ops* (ὤψ), the eye; the first term having reference to the beard of this kind of grass, and the second to the belief that it was useful in certain diseases of the eye. The *Egilops* is common in Sicily, and from time immemorial has been used as an article of food. Its grain, however, in its wild state, is so small, as to appear worthless to those who are acquainted with the grain of cultivated wheat. It is, nevertheless, still gathered in some districts, where ancient custom still prevails, and after being tied up in bunches and dried in the sun, it is set fire to, and the light chaff burns so rapidly, that the grains are quickly freed from it, and only browned by the process, and when thus slightly roasted, it is considered a very agreeable food. M. Fabre, a French naturalist, residing at Agde, in the south of France, conceived the idea that it was from this Sicilian grass, and not from any of the wild *Triticums*, that our cultivated wheats originated. To put his theory to the proof he procured (some twenty years ago), seeds of the wild *Egilops*, and the results of the very first crop, sown in rich ground, produced a remarkable difference in the lessening of the husks, and the enlargement of the grain. Seeds from the improved plants produced again an improved variety, and after about eight years' careful culture of each successive generation in direct descent from the original *Egilops*, good wheat was produced, presenting all those features which has caused the wheat to be classed as a *Triticum*, and placed in the same genus as *Triticum repens*, the common squitch or couch grass, which plant, or one closely allied, some had fancied to be the actual, though remote parent of wheat.

Between 1855 and 1859, the same experiment was repeated by Professor Buckman, at the Royal Agricultural College, with precisely the same results, the specimens produced in 1859 having made a very close approach in general appearance to an ear of bearded wheat. Thus the origin of wheat in the Sicilian and oriental grass *Egilops*, which had been frequently suggested before, but always scouted as a chimerical idea by the prejudices of the elder botanists, was finally established as a proven fact.

That the original transformation by culture took place at a very remote period, we have evidence in the fact, that the Greeks and Romans attributed the gift of wheat to Ceres, its origin being more ancient than any records then existing, even in that distant age; and the ancient superstition concerning its divine origin in a supernatural manner, yet clings to our various kinds of corn in the term "cereals," which is still applied to them, though the more expressive commercial term, "bread-stuffs," is rapidly superseding it.

A knowledge of the origin of many other domesticated plants now lost, may be eventually recovered by similar methods to those described above. It has been shown of the grain of the cultivated wheat, that like the useful portions of many other plants, it is a monstrosity, but a most useful and important one. To prove that it is really a monstrosity, we have only to consider that the seed is more than ten times its natural bulk, while the husk is reduced to proportions far inferior to those of the typical plant.

The *Avena sativa*, a troublesome grass-weed, is the parent of our cultivated oat, which has been long well known; as on poor land, and with poor cultivation, the useful monstrosity of its enlarged seed soon degenerates, and the cultivated plant, in a few receding generations, reverts to its original form.

Rye is the cultivated form of *Secale cereale*. As is well known, it is a very inferior grain to wheat, and no amount of artificial treatment would ever improve it far beyond its present cultivated form. Its sole advantage is its hardness, as it will grow well where wheat would perish. This is accounted for by the elevated situations in which it is found. The traveller Karl Koch informs us that it is found wild on the Crimean mountains at an elevation of 6000 feet.

Barley is a grass of the genus *Hordeum*, but which precise species is its wild parent, is at present unproved; Professor Lindley deeming our field barley to be, very probably, an improved and considerably changed form of *Hordeum distichum*.

It may be urged with some force that the artificial enlargement of the seed constitutes an improved development, and not a monstrosity; but do we not come to such a conclusion, biassed by the influence of the increased usefulness and value acquired? I think it must be allowed that such is the case, or else the enlarged livers of the Strasbourg geese, with which those delicious pies are made, must also be considered in the light of beautiful developments, instead of "useful monstrosities."

H. NOEL HUMPHREYS.

A WORD UPON CRUTCHES.—Besides our people upon crutches, we have our "Crutched Friars," reminding us of the head-quarters of those good-brethren who carried the symbolic cross [crux] to the bed of suffering, instead of being themselves supported by anything of the same shape in solid wood-work. The cross of the friars was not of the Greek, Latin, or St. Andrew's type, but one that was, like a crutch, without any vertical prolongation above the transom. It is said to have been handed down amongst Christians from the time when it was adopted by St. Anthony, the solitary of the Thebaid. Whether he took it from the Egyptian symbol of life or from the Asiatic instrument of death will perhaps never be known. The position of the "title" on the Cross of Calvary seems to stand in the way of its having been a model for that of the hermit, if he used it. So there is something in the look and name of a crutch for antiquarians as well as for cripples.

THE DEATH OF KING WARWOLF.

A NORSE LEGEND. BY WALTER THORNBURY.



THE great King Warwolf waxing old,
 And feeling that death was nigh at hand,
 Resolved to die as a hero should—
 Not pent in a bed, and then hid in the sand ;
 So he clad him brave in his golden mail,
 And took his axe and his massiest shield,
 And his spear, and his bow, and his two-edged sword—
 That no one else but himself could wield.
 And he bade them drag his galley forth,
 And load it with trunks of the driest pine,
 And store it with oak-butto knotty and ringed,
 And pile it with fir-cones line on line.
 So they set the gold-cloth sails all fair,
 And they tied the well-worn helm due north,
 And they bore him down on their brazen shields
 To the barque that was destined to bear him forth.

Sitting erect on his fir-tree throne,
 In his royal robe and glittering crown,
 As the fateful galley bore away
 Slowly out of sight of the town,
 Singing to Odin hymns of praise,
 Cheerily, though with a failing breath,
 He went in splendour and bold of heart,
 In a kingly way to meet King Death.

They watched till they saw the ship go down
 Below the long grey line of sea ;
 And then there arose a great red glare,
 That seemed to crimson fitfully
 The whole broad heaven, and melt the waves
 Into one caldron of blood-red light,
 And soon all suddenly there fell
 A pitchy gloom, and then came NIGHT.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XIX. DR. WEST'S SANCTUM.

FOR some little time past, certain rumours had arisen in Deerham somewhat to the prejudice of Dr. West. Rumours of the same nature had circulated once or twice before during the progress of the last half dozen years; but they had died away again, or been hushed up, never coming to anything tangible. For one thing, their reputed scene had not lain at the immediate spot, but at Heartburg: and distance is a great discouragement to ill-natured tattle. This fresh scandal, however, was nearer: it touched the very heart of Deerham, and people made themselves remarkably busy over it. None the less busy because its accusations were vague. Tales never lose anything in carrying, and the most outrageous things were whispered of Dr. West.

A year or two previous to this, a widow lady named Baynton with two daughters, no longer very young, had come to live at a pretty cottage in Deerham. Nothing was known of who they were, or where they came from. They appeared to be very reserved, and made no acquaintance whatever. Under these circumstances, of course their history was supplied for them. If you or I went and established ourselves in a fresh place to-morrow, saying nothing of who we were, or what we were, it would only be the signal for some busy-body in that place to coin a story for us, and all the rest of the busy-bodies would immediately circulate it. It was said of Mrs. Baynton that she had been left in reduced means; had fallen from some high pedestal of wealth, through the death of her husband; that she lived in a perpetual state of mortification in consequence of her present poverty, and would not admit a single inhabitant of Deerham within her doors to witness it. It may have had as much truth in it as the greatest *canard* that ever flew: but Deerham promulgated it, Deerham believed in it, and the Bayntons never contradicted it. The best of all reasons, for this, may have been, that they never heard of it. They lived quietly on alone, interfering with nobody, and going out rarely. In appearance and manners they were gentlewomen, and rather haughty gentlewomen, too; but they kept no servant. How their work was done, Deerham could not conceive: it was next to impossible to fancy one of those ladies scrubbing a floor or making a bed. The butcher called for orders, and took in the meat, which was nearly always mutton-chops; the baker left his bread at the door, and the laundress was admitted inside the passage once a week.

The only other person admitted inside, was Dr. West. He had been called in, on their first arrival, to the invalid daughter—a delicate-looking lady who, when she did walk out, leaned on her sister's arm. Dr. West's visits grew frequent; they had continued frequent up to within a short period of the present time. Once or twice a week he called in, professionally; he would occasionally drop in for an hour in the evening. Some

passers by Chalk Cottage (it was what it was named) had contrived to stretch their necks over the high privet hedge which hid the lower part of the dwelling from the road, and were immensely gratified by the fact of seeing Dr. West in the parlour, seated at tea with the family. How the doctor was questioned, especially in the earlier period of their residence, he alone could tell. Who were they? Were they well connected, or ill connected, or not connected at all? Were they known to fashion? How much was really, their income? What was the matter with the one whom he attended, the sickly daughter, and what was her name? The questions would have gone on till now, but that the doctor stopped them. He had not made impertinent inquiries himself, he said, and had nothing at all to tell. The younger lady's complaint arose from disordered liver; he had no objection to tell them that: she had been so long a sufferer from it that the malady had become chronic: and her name was Kitty.

Now, it was touching this very family that the scandal had arisen. *How* it arose, was the puzzle: since the ladies themselves never spoke to anybody, and Dr. West would not be likely to invent or to spread stories affecting himself. Its precise nature was buried in uncertainty, also its precise object: some said one thing, some another. The scandal, on the whole, tended to the point that Dr. West had misbehaved himself. In what way? What had he done? Had he personally ill-treated them—sworn at them—done anything else unbecoming a gentleman? And which had been the sufferer? The old lady in her widow's cap? or the sickly daughter? or the other one? Could he have carelessly supplied wrong medicine; sent to them some arsenic instead of Epsom Salts, and so thrown them into fright, and danger, and anger? Had he scaled the privet hedge in the night, and robbed the garden of its cabbages? What, in short, was it that he had done? Deerham spoke out pretty broadly, as to the main facts, although the rumoured details were varied and obscure. It declared that some of Dr. West's doings at Chalk Cottage had not been orthodox, and that discovery had supervened.

There are two classes of professional men upon whom not a taint should rest; who ought, in familiar phrase, to keep their hands clean: the parson of the parish, and the family doctor. Other people may dye themselves in Warren's jet, if they like; but, let as much as a spot get on him who stands in the pulpit to preach to us, or on him who is admitted to familiar intercourse with our wives and children, and the spot grows into a dark thunder cloud. What's the old saying? "One man may walk in at the gate, while another must not look over the hedge." It runs something after that fashion. Had Dr. West not been a family doctor, the scandal might have been allowed to die out: as it was, Deerham kept up the ball, and rolled it. One chief motive, in this, may have influenced Deerham above all other

motives : unsatisfied curiosity. Could Deerham have gratified this to the full, it had been content to subside into quietness.

Whether it was true, or whether it was false, there was no denying that it had happened at an unfortunate moment for Dr. West. A man always in debt—and what he did with his money Deerham could not make out, for his practice was a lucrative one—he had latterly become actually embarrassed. Deerham was goodnatured enough to say that a handsome sum had found its way to Chalk Cottage, in the shape of silence money, or something of the sort ; but Deerham did not know. Dr. West was at his wife's and where to turn to for a shilling—had been so, for some weeks past ; so that he had no particular need of anything worse coming down upon him. Perhaps, what gave a greater colour to the scandal than anything else, was the fact, that, simultaneously with its rise, Dr. West's visits to Chalk Cottage had suddenly ceased.

Only one had been bold enough to speak upon the subject personally to Dr. West. And that was the proud old baronet, Sir Rufus Hautley. He rode down to the doctor's house one day ; and, leaving his horse with his groom, had a private interview with the doctor. That Dr. West must have contrived to satisfy him in some way, was undoubted. Rigidly severe and honourable, Sir Rufus would no more have countenanced wrong doing, than he would have admitted Dr. West again to his house, whether as doctor or as anything else, had he been guilty of it. But when Sir Rufus went away, Dr. West attended him to the door, and they parted cordially, Sir Rufus saying something to the effect that he was glad his visit had dispelled the doubt arising from these unpleasant rumours, and he would recommend Dr. West to inquire into their source, with a view of bringing their authors to punishment. Dr. West replied that he should make it his business to do so. Dr. West, however, did nothing of the sort : or if he did do it, it was in strict privacy.

Jan sat one day astride on the counter in his frequent abiding place, the surgery. Jan had got a brass vessel before him, and was mixing certain powders in it, preparatory to some experiment in chemistry, Master Cheese performing the part of looker-on, his elbows, as usual, on the counter.

"I say, we had such a start here this morning," began young Cheese, as if the recollection had suddenly occurred to him. "It was while you had gone your round."

"What start was that?" asked Jan.

"Some fellow came here, and—I say, Jan," broke off young Cheese, "did you ever know that room had got a second entrance to it?"

He pointed to the door of the back room : a room which was used exclusively by Dr. West. He had been known to see patients there on rare occasions, but neither Jan nor young Cheese was ever admitted into it. It opened with a latch-key only.

"There is another door leading into it from the garden," replied Jan. "It's never opened. It has got all those lean-to boards piled against it."

"Is it never opened, then?" retorted Master Cheese. "You just hear. A fellow came poking

his nose into the premises this morning, staring up at the house, staring round about him, and at last he walks in here. A queer looking fellow he was, with a beard, and appeared as if he had come a thousand miles, or two, on foot. 'Is Dr. West at home?' he asked. I told him the doctor was not at home : for, you see, Jan, it wasn't ten minutes since the doctor had gone out. So he said he'd wait. And he went peering about and handling the bottles, and once he took the scales up, as if he'd like to test their weight. I kept my eye on him : I thought a queer fellow, like that, might be going to walk off with some physic, like Miss Amilly walks off the castor oil. Presently he comes to that door. 'Where does this lead to?' said he. 'A private room,' said I, 'and please to keep your hands off it.' Not he. He lays hold of the false knob, and shakes it, and turns it, and pushes the door, trying to open it. It was fast. Old West had come out of there before going out ; and catch him ever leaving that door open ! I say, Jan, one would think he kept skeletons there."

"Is that all?" asked Jan, alluding to the story.

"Wait a bit. The fellow put his big fist upon the latch key-hole—I think he must have been a feller of trees, I do—and his knee to the door, and he burst it open. Burst it open, Jan ! you never saw such strength."

"I could burst any door open that I had a mind to," was the response of Jan.

"He burst it open," continued young Cheese, "and burst it against old West. You should have seen 'em stare ! They both stared. I stared. I think the chap did not mean to do it ; that he was only trying his strength for pastime. But now, Jan, the odd part of the business is, how did West get in ? If there's not another door, he must have got down the chimney."

Jan went on with his compounding, and made no response.

"And if there is a door, he must have been mortal sly over it," resumed the young gentleman. "He must have gone right out from here, and in at the side gate of the garden, and got in that way. I wonder what he did it for?"

"It isn't any business of ours," said Jan.

"Then I think it is," retorted Master Cheese. "I'd like to know how many times he has been in there, listening to us, when we thought him a mile off. It's a shame !"

"It's nothing to me who listens," said Jan, equably. "I don't say things behind people's backs, that I'd not say before their faces."

"I do," acknowledged young Cheese. "Wasn't there a row ! Didn't he and the man go on at each other ! They shut themselves up in that room, and had it out."

"What did the man want?" asked Jan.

"I'd like to know. He and old West had it out together, I say, but they didn't admit me to the conference. Goodness knows where he had come from. West seemed to know him. Jan, I heard something about him and the Chalk Cottage folks yesterday."

"You had better take yourself to a safe distance," advised Jan. "If this goes off with a bang, your face will come in for the benefit."

"I say, though, it's you that must take care and not let it go off," returned Master Cheese, edging nevertheless a little away. "But, about that room—If old West—"

The words were interrupted. The door of the room in question was pushed open, and Dr. West came out of it. Had Master Cheese witnessed the arrival of an inhabitant from the other world, introduced by the most privileged medium extant, he could not have experienced more intense astonishment. He had truly believed, as he had just expressed it, that Dr. West was at that moment a good mile away.

"Put your hat on, Cheese," said Dr. West.

Cheese put it on, going into a perspiration at the same time. He thought nothing less but that he was about to be dismissed.

"Take this note up to Sir Rufus Hautley's."

It was a great relief, and Master Cheese took the note in his hand, and went off whistling.

"Step in here, Mr. Jan," said the doctor.

Jan took one of his long legs over the counter, jumped off, and stepped in: into the doctor's sanctum. Had Jan been given to speculation, he might have wondered what was coming: but it was Jan's mode to take things cool and easy, as they came, and not anticipate them.

"My health has been bad of late," began the doctor.

"Law!" cried Jan. "What has been the matter?"

"A general disarrangement of the system altogether, I fancy," returned Dr. West. "I believe that the best thing to restore me will be change of scene—travelling; and an opportunity to embrace it has presented itself. I am solicited by an old friend of mine, in practice in London, to take charge of a nobleman's son for some months: to go abroad with him."

"Is he ill?" asked literal Jan, to whom it never occurred to ask whether Dr. West had first of all applied to his old friend to seek after such a post for him.

"His health is delicate, both mentally and bodily," replied Dr. West. "I should like to undertake it: the chief difficulty is, the leaving you here alone."

"I dare say I can do it all," said Jan. "My legs get over the ground quick. I can take to your horse."

"If you find you cannot do it, you might engage an assistant," suggested Dr. West.

"So I might," said Jan.

"I should see no difficulty at all in the matter, if you were my partner. It would be the same as leaving myself, and the patients could not grumble. But, it is not altogether the thing to leave only an assistant, as you are, Mr. Jan."

"Make me your partner, if you like," said cool Jan. "I don't mind. What'll it cost?"

"Ah, Mr. Jan, it will cost more than you have got. At least, it ought to cost it."

"I have got five hundred pounds," said Jan.

"I wanted Lionel to have it, but he won't. Is that of any use?"

Dr. West coughed.

"Well, under the circumstances—But it is very little! I am sure you must know that it is

Perhaps, Mr. Jan, we can come to some arrangement by which I take the larger share for the present. Say that, for this year, you forward me—"

"Why, how long do you mean to be away?" interrupted Jan.

"I can't say. One year, two years, three years,—it may be even more than that. I expect this will be a long and a lucrative engagement. Suppose, I say, that for the first year you transmit to me the one-half of the net profits, and, beyond that, hand over to Deborah a certain sum, as shall be agreed upon, towards housekeeping."

"I don't mind how it is," said easy Jan.

"They'll stop here, then?"

"Of course they will. My dear Mr. Jan, everything, I hope, will go on just as it goes on now, save that I shall be absent. You and Cheese—whom I hope you'll keep in order—and the errand boy: it will all be just as it has been. As to the assistant, that will be a future consideration."

"I'd rather be without one, if I can do it," cried Jan, "and Cheese will be coming on. Am I to live with 'em?"

"With Deb and Amilly? Why not? Poor, unprotected old things, what would they do without you? And now, Mr. Jan, as that is settled so far, we will sit down, and go further into details. I know I can depend upon your not mentioning this abroad."

"If you don't want me to mention it, you can. But where's the harm?"

"It is always well to keep these little arrangements private," said the doctor. "Matias will draw up the deed, and I will take you round and introduce you as my partner. But there need not be anything said beforehand. Neither need there be anything said at all about my going away, until I actually go. You will oblige me in this, Mr. Jan."

"It's all the same to me," said accommodating Jan. "Whose will be this room, then?"

"Yours to do as you please with, of course, so long as I am away."

"I'll have a turn-up bedstead put in it and sleep here, then," quoth Jan. "When folks come in the night, and ring me up, I shall be handy. It'll be better than disturbing the house, as is the case now."

The doctor appeared struck with the proposition.

"I think it would be a very good plan, indeed," he said. "I don't fancy the room's damp."

"Not it," said Jan. "If it were damp, it wouldn't hurt me. I have no time to be ill, I haven't. Damp—Who's that?"

It was a visitor to the surgery—a patient of Dr. West's. And, for the time, the conference was broken up.

Not to be renewed until evening. Dr. West and Jan were both fully occupied all the afternoon. When business was over—as much so as a doctor's business ever can be over—Jan knocked at the door of this room, where Dr. West again was.

It was opened about an inch, and the face of the doctor appeared in the aperture, peering out to ascertain who it might be disturbing him. The

same aperture which enabled him to see out, enabled Jan to see in.

"Why! what's up?" cried uncereceremonious Jan.

Jan might well ask it. The room contained a table, a desk or two,—some sets of drawers, and other receptacles for the custody of papers. All these were turned out, desks and drawers alike stood open, and their contents, a mass of papers, were scattered everywhere.

The doctor could not, in good manners, shut the door right in his proposed new partner's face. He opened it an inch or two more. His own face was purple: it wore a startled, perplexed look, and the drops of moisture had gathered on his forehead. That he was not in the most easy frame of mind, was evident. Jan put one foot into the room: he could not put two, unless he had stepped upon the papers.

"What's the matter?" asked Jan, perceiving the signs of perturbation on the doctor's countenance.

"I have had a loss," said the doctor. "It's the most extraordinary thing, but a—paper, which was here this morning, I cannot find anywhere. I must find it!" he added, in ill-suppressed agitation. "I'd rather lose everything I possess, than lose that."

"Where did you put it? Where did you have it?" cried Jan, casting his eyes around.

"I kept it in a certain drawer," replied Dr. West, too much disturbed to be anything but straightforward. "I have not had it in my hand for—oh I cannot tell how long—months and months, until this morning. I wanted to refer to it then, and got it out. I was looking it over when a rough, ill-bred fellow burst the door open—"

"I heard of that," interrupted Jan. "Cheese told me."

"He burst the door open, and I put the paper back in its place before I spoke to him," continued Dr. West. "Half an hour ago I went to take it out again, and I found it had disappeared."

"The fellow must have walked it off," cried Jan. Not an unnatural conclusion.

"He could not," said Dr. West; "it is quite an impossibility. I went back there,"—pointing to a bureau of drawers behind him—"and put the paper hastily in, and locked it in, returning the keys to my pocket. The man had not stepped over the threshold of the door then; he was a little taken to, I fancy, at his having burst the door, and he stood there staring."

"Could he have got at it afterwards?" asked Jan.

"It is, I say, an impossibility. He never was within a yard or two of the bureau; and, if he had been, the place was firmly locked. That man it certainly was not. Nobody has been in the room since, save myself, and you for a few minutes to-day when I called you in. And yet the paper is gone!"

"Could anybody have come into the room by the other door?" asked Jan.

"No. It opens with a latchkey only, as this does. And the key was safe in my pocket."

"Well, this beats everything," cried Jan. "It's like the codicil at Verner's Pride."

"The very thing it put me in mind of," said Dr. West. "I'd rather—I'd rather have lost that codicil, had it been mine, than lose this, Mr. Jan."

Jan opened his eyes. Jan had a knack of opening his eyes when anything surprised him: tolerably wide, too. "What paper was it, then?" he cried.

"It was a prescription, Mr. Jan."

"A prescription!" returned Jan, the answer not lessening his wonder. "That's not much. Isn't it in the book?"

"No, it is not in the book," said Dr. West. "It was too valuable to be in the book. You may look, Mr. Jan, but I mean what I say. This was a private prescription of inestimable value, a secret prescription, I may say. I would not have lost it for the whole world."

The doctor wiped the dew from his perplexed forehead: the doctor strove, unsuccessfully, to control his agitated voice to calmness. Jan could only stare. All this fuss about a prescription!

"Did it contain the secret for compounding Life's Elixir?" asked he.

"It contained what was more to me than that," said Dr. West. "But you can't help me, Mr. Jan. I would rather be left to the search alone."

"I hope you'll find it yet," returned Jan, taking the hint and retreating to the surgery. "You must have overlooked it amongst some of these papers."

"I hope I shall," replied the doctor.

And he shut himself up to the search, and turned over the papers. But he never found what he had lost, although he was still turning and turning them at morning light.

CHAPTER XX. AN INTERCEPTED JOURNEY.

ONE dark morning, the beginning of November: in fact, it was the first morning of that gloomy month, Jan was busy in the surgery. Jan was arranging things there according to his own pleasure; for Dr. West had departed that morning early, and Jan was master of the field.

Jan had risen betimes. Never a sluggard, he had been up now for some hours, and had effected so great a metamorphosis in the surgery that the doctor himself would hardly have known it again: things in it previously never having been arranged to Jan's satisfaction. And now he was looking at his watch to see whether breakfast time was coming on, Jan's hunger reminding him that it might be acceptable. He had not yet been into the house; his bedroom now being the room you have heard of, the scene of Dr. West's lost prescription. The doctor had gone by the six o'clock train, after a cordial farewell to Jan; he had gone—as it was soon to turn out—without having previously informed his daughters. But of this Jan knew nothing.

"Twenty minutes past eight," quoth Jan, consulting his watch, a silver one, the size of a turnip. Jan had bought it when he was poor: had given about two pounds for it, second-hand. It never occurred to Jan to buy a better one while that legacy of his was lying idle. Why should he? Jan's turnip kept time to a moment, and Jan did

not understand buying things for show. "Ten minutes yet! I shall eat a double share of bacon this morning.—Good morning, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb was stealing into the surgery with a scared look and a white face. Miss Deb wore her usual winter morning costume, a huge brown cape. She was of a shivery nature at the best of times, but she shivered palpably now.

"Mr. Jan, have you got a drop of ether?" asked she, her poor teeth chattering together. Jan was too goodnatureed to tell Deerham those teeth were false, though Dr. West had betrayed the secret to Jan.

"Who's it for?" asked Jan. "For you? Aren't you well, Miss Deb? Eat some breakfast: that's the best thing."

"I have had a dreadful shock, Mr. Jan. I have had bad news. That is—what has been done to the surgery?" she broke off, casting her eyes around it in wonder.

"Not much," said Jan. "I have been making some odds and ends of alterations. Is the news from Australia?" he continued, the open letter in her hand helping him to the suggestion. "A mail's due."

Miss Deborah shook her head. "It is from my father, Mr. Jan. The first thing I saw, upon going into the breakfast parlour, was this note for me, propped against the vase on the mantel-piece. Mr. Jan,"—dropping her voice to confidence—"it says he is gone! That he is gone away for an indefinite period."

"You don't mean to say he never told you of it before!" exclaimed Jan.

"I never heard a syllable from him," cried poor Deborah. "He says you'll explain to us as much as is necessary. You can read the note. Mr. Jan, where's he gone?"

Jan ran his eyes over the note: feeling himself probably in somewhat of a dilemma, as to how much or how little it might be expedient to explain. "He thought some travelling might be beneficial to his health," said Jan. "He has got a rare good post as travelling doctor to some young chap of quality."

Miss Deborah was looking very hard at Jan. Something seemed to be on her mind; some great fear. "He says he may not be back for ever so long to come, Mr. Jan."

"So he told me," said Jan.

"And is that the reason he took you into partnership, Mr. Jan?"

"Yes," said Jan. "Couldn't leave an assistant for an indefinite period."

"You will never be able to do it all yourself. I little thought, when all this bustle and changing of bed-rooms was going on, what was up. You might have told me, Mr. Jan," she added, in a reproachful tone.

"It wasn't my place to tell you," returned Jan. "It was the doctor's, if anybody's."

Miss Deborah looked timidly round, and then sunk her voice to a lower whisper. "Mr. Jan, why has he gone away?"

"For his health," persisted Jan.

"They are saying—they are saying—Mr. Jan, what is it that they are saying, about papa and those ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan laid hold of the pestle and mortar, popped in a big lump of some hard looking white substance, and began pounding away at it. "How should I know anything about the ladies at Chalk Cottage?" asked he. "I never was inside their door; I never spoke to any one of 'em."

"But you know that things are being said," urged Miss Deborah, with almost feverish eagerness. "Don't you?"

"Who told you anything was being said?" asked Jan.

"It was Master Cheese. Mr. Jan, folks have seemed queer lately. The servants have whispered together, and then have glanced at me and at Amilly, and I knew there was something wrong, but I could not get at it. This morning, when I picked up this note—it's not five minutes ago, Mr. Jan—in my fright and perplexity I shrieked out; and Master Cheese, he said something about Chalk Cottage."

"What did he say?" asked Jan.

Miss Deborah's pale face turned to crimson. "I can't tell," she said. "I did not hear the words rightly. Master Cheese caught them up again. Mr. Jan, I have come to you to tell me."

Jan answered nothing. He was pounding very fiercely.

"Mr. Jan, I ought to know it," she went on. "I am not a child. If you please I must request you to tell me."

"What are you shivering for?" asked Jan.

"I can't help it. Is—is it anything that—that he can be taken up for?"

"Taken up!" replied Jan, ceasing from his pounding, and fixing his wide-open eyes on Miss Deborah. "Can I be taken up for doing this?"—and he brought down the pestle with such force as to threaten the destruction of the mortar.

"You'll tell me, please," she shivered.

"Well," said Jan, "if you must know it, the doctor had a misfortune."

"A misfortune! He! What misfortune? A misfortune at Chalk Cottage?"

Jan gravely nodded. "And they were in an awful rage with him, and said he should pay expenses, and all that. And he wouldn't pay expenses: the chimney-glass alone was twelve pound fifteen; and there was a regular quarrel, and they turned him out."

"But what was the nature of the misfortune?"

"He set the parlour chimney on fire."

Miss Deborah's lips parted with amazement; she appeared to find some difficulty in closing them again.

"Set the parlour chimney on fire, Mr. Jan!"

"Very careless of him," continued Jan, with composure. "He had no business to carry gunpowder about with him. Of course they won't believe but he flung it in purposely."

Miss Deborah could not gather her senses.

"Who won't?—the ladies at Chalk Cottage?"

"The ladies at Chalk Cottage," assented Jan. "If I saw all these bottles go to smithereens, through Cheese carrying about gunpowder in his trousers' pockets, I might go into a passion too, Miss Deb."

"But, Mr. Jan—this is not what's being said in Deerham?"

"Law, if you go by all that's said in Deerham, you'll have enough to do," cried Jan. "Onesays one thing and one says another. No two are ever in the same tale. When that codicil was lost at Verner's Pride, ten different people were accused by Deerham of stealing it."

"Were they?" responded Miss Deborah, abstractedly.

"Did you never hear it? You just ask Deerham about the row between the doctor and Chalk Cottage, and you'll hear ten versions, all different. What else could be expected. As if he'd take the trouble to explain the rights of it to them! Not that I should advise you to ask," concluded Jan, pointedly. "Miss Deborah, do you know the time?"

"It must be half-past eight," she repeated mechanically, her thoughts buried in a reverie.

"And turned," said Jan. "I'd be glad of breakfast. I shall have the gratis patients here."

"It shall be ready in two minutes," said Miss Deborah, meekly. And she went out of the surgery.

Presently young Cheese came leaping into it.

"The breakfast's ready," cried he.

Jan stretched out his long arm, and pinned Master Cheese.

"What have you been saying to Miss Deb?" he asked. "Look here: who is your master now?"

"You are, I suppose," said the young gentleman.

"Very well. You just bear that in mind; and don't go carrying tales indoors of what Deerham says. Attend to your own business and leave Dr. West's alone."

Master Cheese was considerably astonished. He had never heard such speech from easy Jan.

"I say, though, are you going to turn out a bashaw with three tails?" asked he.

"Yes," replied Jan. "I have promised Dr. West to keep you in order, and I shall do it."

Dr. West's was not the only departure from Deerham that was projected for that day. The other was that of Lionel Verner. Fully recovered, he had deemed it well to waste no more time. Lady Verner suggested that he should remain in Deerham until the completion of the year: Lionel replied that he had remained in it rather too long already; that he must be up and doing. He was eager to be "up and doing," and his first step towards it was the proceeding to London and engaging chambers. He fixed upon the first day of November for his departure, unconscious that that day had also been fixed upon by Dr. West for his. However, the doctor was off long before Lionel was out of bed.

Lionel rose all excitement, all impulse, to begin his journey, to be away from Deerham. Somebody else rose with feelings less pleasurable: and that was Lucy Tempest. Now that the real time of separation had come, Lucy awoke to the state of her own feelings; to the fact, that the whole world contained but one beloved face for her—that of Lionel Verner.

She awoke with no start, she saw nothing wrong

in it, she did not ask herself how it was to end, what the future was to be; any vision of marrying Lionel, which might have flashed across the active brain of a more sophisticated young lady, never occurred to Lucy. All she knew was, that she had somehow glided into a state of existence different from anything she had ever experienced before; that her days were all brightness, the world an Eden, and that it was the presence of Lionel that made the sunshine.

She stood before the glass, twisting her soft brown hair, her cheeks crimson with excitement, her eyes bright. The morrow morning would be listless enough; but *this*, the last on which she would see him, was gay with rose hues of love. Stay! not gay. That is a wrong expression: it would have been gay but for that under current of feeling, which was whispering that a short hour or two and all would change to the darkest shade.

"He says it may be a twelvemonth before he shall come home again," she said to herself her white fingers trembling as she fastened her pretty morning dress. "How lonely it will be! What shall we do all that while without him? Oh, dear, what's the matter with me this morning?"

In her perturbed haste, she had fastened her dress all awry, and had to undo it again. The thought that she might be keeping them waiting breakfast—which was to be taken that morning a quarter of an hour earlier than usual—did not tend to expedite her. Lucy thought of the old proverb: "The more haste, the less speed."

"How I wish I dare ask him to come sooner than that to see us! But he might think it strange. I wonder he should not come! there's Christmas, there's Easter, and he must have holiday then. A whole year, perhaps more; and not to see him!"

She passed out of the room and descended, her soft skirts of pink-shaded cashmere sweeping the staircase. You saw her in it the evening she first came to Lady Verner's. It had lain by almost ever since, and was now converted into a morning dress. The breakfast-room was empty. Instead of being behind her time, Lucy found she was before it. Lady Verner had not risen: she rarely did rise to breakfast: and Decima was in Lionel's room, busy over some of his things.

Lionel himself was the next to enter. His features broke into a glad smile when he saw Lucy. A fairer picture, she, Mr. Lionel Verner, than even that other vision of loveliness which your mind has been pleased to make its ideal—Sibylla!

"Down first, Lucy!" he cried, shaking hands with her. "You wish me somewhere, I dare say, getting you up before your time."

"By how much—a few minutes!" she answered, laughing. "It wants twenty minutes to nine. What would they have said to me at the rectory, had I come down so late as that?"

"Ah, well, you won't have me here to torment you to-morrow. I have been a trouble to you, Lucy, take it altogether. You will be glad to see my back turned."

Lucy shook her head. She looked shyly up at him in her timidity; but she answered truthfully still:

"I shall be sorry; not glad."

"Sorry! Why should you be sorry, Lucy?" and his voice insensibly assumed a tone of gentleness. "You cannot have cared for me; for the companionship of a half dead fellow, like myself!"

Lucy rallied her courage. "Perhaps it was because you were half dead that I cared for you," she answered.

"I suppose it was," mused Lionel, aloud, his thoughts cast back to the past. "I will bid you good-by now, Lucy, while we are alone. Believe me that I part from you with regret; that I do heartily thank you for all you have been to me."

Lucy looked up at him, a yearning, regretful sort of look, and her eyelashes grew wet. Lionel had her hand in his, and was looking down at her.

"Lucy, I do think you are sorry to part with me!" he exclaimed.

"Just a little," she answered.

If you, good, grave sir, had been stoical enough to resist the up-turned face, Lionel was not. He bent his lips and left a kiss upon it.

"Keep it until we meet again," he whispered.

Jan came in while they were at breakfast.

"I can't stop a minute," were his words when Decima asked him why he did not sit down. "I thought I'd run up and say good-by to Lionel, but I am wanted in all directions. Mrs. Verner has sent for me, and there are the regular patients."

"Dr. West attends Mrs. Verner, Jan," said Decima.

"He did," replied Jan. "It is to be myself, now. West is gone."

"Gone!" was the universal echo. And Jan gave an explanation.

It was received in silence. The rumours affecting Dr. West had reached Deerham Court.

"What is the matter with Mrs. Verner?" asked Lionel. "She appeared as well as usual when I quitted her last night."

"I don't know that there's anything more the matter with her than usual," returned Jan, sitting down on a side-table. "She has been going in some time for apoplexy."

"Oh, Jan!" uttered Lucy.

"So she has, Miss Lucy,—as Dr. West has said. I have not attended her."

"Has she been told it, Jan?"

"Where's the good of telling her?" asked Jan.

"She knows it fast enough. She'd not forego a meal, if she saw the fit coming on before night. Tynn came round to me, just now, and said his mistress felt poorly. The Australian mail is in," continued Jan, passing to another subject.

"Is it?" cried Decima.

Jan nodded.

"I met the postman as I was coming out, and he told me. I suppose there'll be news from Fred and Sibylla."

After this little item of information, which called the colour into Lucy's cheek—she best knew why—but which Lionel appeared to listen to impassively, Jan got off the table:

"Good-by, Lionel," said he, holding out his hand.

"What's your hurry, Jan?" asked Lionel.

"Ask my patients," responded Jan. "I am off the first thing to Mrs. Verner, and then shall take my round. I wish you luck, Lionel."

"Thank you, Jan," said Lionel. "Nothing less than the woolsack, of course."

"My gracious!" said literal Jan. "I say, Lionel, I'd not count upon that. If only one in a thousand gets to the woolsack, and all the lot expect it, what an amount of heart-burning must be wasted."

"Right, Jan. Only let me lead my circuit, and I shall deem myself lucky."

"How long will it take you before you can accomplish that?" asked Jan. "Twenty years?"

A shade crossed Lionel's countenance. That he was beginning late in life, none knew better than he. Jan bade him farewell, and departed for Verner's Pride.

Lady Verner was down before Lionel went. He intended to take the quarter past ten o'clock train.

"When are we to meet again?" she asked, holding her hand in his.

"I will come home to see you soon, mother."

"Soon! I don't like the vague word," returned Lady Verner. "Why cannot you come for Christmas?"

"Christmas! I shall scarcely have gone."

"You will come, Lionel?"

"Very well, mother. As you wish it, I will."

A crimson flush—a flush of joy—rose to Lucy's countenance. Lionel happened to have glanced at her. I wonder what he thought of it!

His luggage had gone on, and he walked with a hasty step to the station. The train came in two minutes after he reached it. Lionel took his ticket and stepped into a first-class carriage.

All was ready. The whistle sounded, and the guard had one foot on his van-step, when a shouting and commotion was heard. "Stop! Stop!" Lionel, like others, looked out, and beheld the long legs of his brother Jan come flying along the platform. Before Lionel had well known what was the matter, or had gathered in the hasty news, Jan had pulled him out of the carriage, and the train went shrieking on without him.

"There goes my luggage, and here am I and my ticket!" cried Lionel. "You have done a pretty thing, Jan. What do you say?"

"It's all true, Lionel. She was crying over the letters when I got there. And pretty well I have raced back to stop your journey. Of course you will not go away now. He's dead."

"I don't understand yet," gasped Lionel, feeling, however, that he did understand.

"Not understand," repeated Jan. "It's easy enough. Fred Massingbird's dead, poor fellow; he died of fever three weeks after they landed: and you are master of Verner's Pride."

(To be continued.)

THE VATICAN MANUFACTORY.

FROM the opposite side of the Piazza, the Vatican is not unlikely to suggest the idea of a huge carpet manufactory, built by some rich but disaffected parishioner, to damage the effect of the façade of the adjoining basilica, by the unseemly protrusion of its own contrasting utilitarianism. To be sure, when you approach the staircases and become aware that the parti-coloured object which caught your eye a little way off is a live "Svizzero" on duty, with a real shining halberd, and having near him perhaps one of the unique tamburini of the corps, the suspicion about the carpets or the looms begins to be dispelled. Yet it may so happen that the visitor has the particular object of seeing what is being made in the old palace, rather than, for the nonce, those far-famed treasures of ancient art, which have found their way ready-made into its galleries. He may become painfully aware, as he passes up-stairs along the corridors, once glowing with matchless arabesques upon their roofs, that many an artist and workman is required to bring out their faded glories, or make "a clean job" of sundry places where the plaster has fallen off, and denuded entirely those skeleton laths which nobody particularly wants to see. But when he reaches what is by the irreversible text of "Murray" pronounced a "manufactory," he will find beehive activity exerted in producing some of the most lasting, and withal most delicate and beautiful, works possible. We allude to the Mosaics, which, although they are brought to their perfection under "professors" and in a "studio," are still included under the generic term of *Musive Work*, and belong to a class of structural decorations which have ranged from the vast cupola of St. Peter's down to the "Cave Canem" of Pompeii, and the non-structural brooches and ornaments which form such attractive objects in the shop windows of the Via Condotti. Whatever may be said of the Popes in the position they have assumed ecclesiastically, spiritually or politically, it is unreasonable to refuse them the fullest credit for having consistently done their very best to foster the pursuit of excellence in the art now so successfully practised in the "studio." A love for Mosaics has been traditional with them since the days of early Christianity, when it was often handed down as something exemplary in the lives of many of the Bishops of Rome, that they set up or restored that kind of "image."

Furietti has shown, by a long list of results, that although the old Empress of the World was not the inventress of the process of imitating and immortalising pictures, yet that she continued under more or less favourable circumstances to work at the sort of thing longer than any other city.

Antiquarians generally begin with the description in the Book of Esther of the "pavement of red and blue and white and black marble," as affording evidence of an advanced state of that sort of inlaid work in Persia, whence they suppose the taste to have spread into Assyria and Greece. Mosaics a century older than the Christian era were known to writers two hundred years after-

wards as still existing in a temple near Rome, at what is now called Palestrina, but was the classical Præneste. If the famous Barberini Mosaic from that place really represents, as is said, the visit of the Emperor Hadrian to Egypt, it shows that temples received a large share of what became almost a "rage" under the patronage of the Cæsars. It was some time before the style of ornament rose in the world from floors to spaces nearer the eye or above it, and Furietti is obliged to contend stoutly against the opinion of some writers that while "pavement" work was properly called "lithostrotum," or "asaroton," pictures or representations on walls and coved ceilings alone deserved the name of "*Musive*," a word which looks like a clumsy adaptation of a Greek derivation by the Latins, as a welcome exchange for the other longer ones. However this may be, the art of adorning the "*camara*" or other curved spaces with a variegated tessellation of marble or glass, which had been adopted in the imperial times of the old Rome of the Tiber, was carried out to greater perfection and magnificence at the new Rome of the Hellespont. Greeks were required in the Middle Ages to execute those unrivalled works of their kind which may still be admired at Ravenna, Venice, and Milan. It was perhaps chiefly owing to her political and social miseries and complications, that Italy lost ground in the rivalry; but she did not give up the race, and now may be said to have it almost to herself. So long as choice pieces of rich and rare marbles formed the chief materials for mosaics, she stood at great disadvantage, owing to the necessity of procuring them, if at all, from distant countries; and it is almost bewildering to read of the various quarries here and there in the world which could alone be depended upon to afford the right tint in their products. Now the case is altered, for marbles are seldom used for the finer kinds of work, and everything is done by means of enamels, and of these the repertory at the Vatican is computed to contain no less than 17,000, the value of which is set roundly at 100,000 crowns. It appears that really good enamels have hardly been known for more than about a hundred years, during which their use has been much interrupted by political catastrophes, and, in fact, if present circumstances bear their legitimate fruits, we may only have now to begin our admiration of the exquisite solid pictures which may come from the "manufactory," or, we beg its pardon, the "studio." The present Pope has more than followed the example of his predecessors in extending to it his patronage, and he has taken advantage of the needed restoration of the vast basilica of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, to have substitutes for the mosaic portraits of the Popes, which were destroyed there at the fire, made forthwith in the Vatican. His brief to that effect was dated in 1847, and already a number of very striking pictures, if not rigid likenesses, are deposited on the shelves, and others are in hand.

It was a happy thought of Pope Sixtus V. to identify with his residence a school for this valuable and ancient art, and his object has been carried out with laudable perseverance under

considerable difficulties, for the establishment has sometimes needed to be removed bodily out of doors, or to be shifted from place to place amongst the 4000 and odd rooms of the immense palace of the "Servus Servorum." It has been in the "Foundry," it has been in the chamber of the Inquisition, but it is now, we will hope, quite settled in a noble room, well lighted and fitted with every convenience. Judging from the ease and rapidity with which the little pieces of enamel are inserted and cemented, it might be supposed that mosaic work was not so very protracted after all, and perhaps it is so chiefly in special pieces. Those who wish to notice carefully the process, will find themselves courteously welcomed to do so, by the different grades of "professor" in the art that may chance to be at work, and, before they leave, it is very likely they will be shown a finished specimen of Raphael's *Mad. della Seggiola*, or some other popular favourite, and hardly know the enamel from the canvas copy. The small mosaics in the shops, of which some are so pretty, and of which all the good ones are so expensive, seem only to have become common articles of manufacture within recent times. They must have been always suggesting themselves, at least since the discovery of that sweet piece of old "vermicated" work at Hadrian's villa, that is now called "Pliny's doves," and, strange to say, is darkly shelved in the Museum of the Capitol, while its Pergamean history and its real beauty deserve for it a glass-case in the best room of the Vatican.

TWO REGICIDES.

SOME months ago, an aspirant to martyrdom "*pro aris et focis*" was extinguished by a Prussian tribunal in a simple but most effectual manner. An ignominious sentence divested his antecedents of every spark of romance, blighted his hopes of immortality, stripped him of all claim to sympathy, and degraded him to the status of a common malefactor.

A century has elapsed since Damiens sought a niche in the Temple of Fame by similar means. It is curious to note the different treatment of the two criminals, and the different sentiments their memory consequently evokes. They were both guilty of the same crime—both had raised a sacrilegious hand against one of those who, "by the grace of God," rule over this earth; but the historian will contemptuously record the name of Oscar Becker as that of a cowardly assassin, whilst he will overlook the heinous nature of Damiens' offence in detestation of his cruel judges.

"Whenever," says an eminent historian, "the offence inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigor of penal law should give way to the common feelings of mankind." The Supreme Court of Berlin has practically acknowledged the truth of this aphorism; but it would seem that the French legal luminaries of the eighteenth century held a different opinion. The sentence they passed upon Damiens, for conspiring to assassinate Louis the Fifteenth, was—death by torture.

In order to carry it out the more effec-

tually, learned physicians held long and frequent consultations as to the amount of agony, and the kind of agony the human frame could longest support before death released it from suffering. Grave dissertations were published on the subject. Public executioners compared notes with the learned, the former contributing their experience—the latter, scientific theories. It was at length determined to begin with the torture of the boot.

The decision of this sanguinary Areopagus was promptly acted upon. At twelve o'clock on the ensuing night the criminal was conducted to the torture-chamber of the Bastille, and the first act of the bloody drama began. Those gloomy walls that had looked down upon so many dark deeds, never witnessed a sadder scene of human suffering. The dim light of an iron lamp, suspended from the vaulted roof, fell upon the stalwart forms of the executioners, and a dark group of bronze-visaged men who silently watched their proceedings. Wedge after wedge was driven in with a sickening crash of human flesh and bone. The perspiration poured from the brows of the executioners as the dull blow of their sledge-hammers echoed through the dungeon, but not a sigh escaped the lips of the tortured wretch. At length the physician, who stood by with a hand on his fainting pulse, signed to them to pause. Nature could bear no more. The pale morning light, struggling through the grated windows, fell on a mangled but still breathing mass of humanity.

Weeks rolled on, and under the sedulous care of physicians and nurses Damiens gradually regained his strength. The time approached for the completion of the sentence.

It was a cold, bleak morning in February. Snow had fallen during the night and still covered the Place de Grève; but, nevertheless, every available spot was occupied. The Faubourg St. Antoine had disgorged its sans-culottic population. A sea of human heads surged to and fro in unwieldy mass,—clinging to chimneys, clustered on the trees, hanging on the roofs, they formed a brutal assemblage—fit spectators of a brutal drama. But in the balconies and windows overlooking the "Place" were hundreds of high-born ladies, many of them youthful and beautiful. They smiled and coquetted with their cavaliers, diamonds sparkled, and plumes waved in the winter wind. They were come to enjoy a new sensation, and to evince their loyal devotion to an outraged king. Some of the prices paid for places were fabulous. For days previous to the execution nothing else was talked of in the good city of Paris.

A scaffold, erected at the north eastern extremity of the "Place," rose in stern black lines above the shifty multitude. In the centre was a chair firmly fixed to the boards, and at one end a large stove. Iron vessels containing resin, pitch, oil, wax, sulphur and lead bubbled and boiled on the furnace, whilst the flames cast a lurid glow on the cruel, swarthy countenances of the executioners as they completed the preparations, or watched over the seething caldrons.

The hoarse murmur of the crowd was now suddenly hushed. A general movement and flutter

pervaded the fair occupants of the windows and balconies. Damiens appeared, slowly mounting the steps of the scaffold.

The executioners spent some minutes in firmly binding him to the chair, from the back of which extended a horizontal piece of wood about two feet in length. To this his right arm was securely strapped, his hand protruding just beyond it. Executioner No. 1 now advanced, and held under it a brazier filled with sulphur. A horrible cry burst from the wretched man, a cry that seemed to issue from his very vitals, and that for months afterwards rang in the ears of the spectators. The ladies shuddered: some nearly fainted, and retired a little way from the windows. Soon they returned, refreshing themselves with their smelling-bottles, and levelled their glasses once more at the scaffold. There was no fire visible. The sun had just burst through the clouds, and effaced the pale flame, in which his hand was slowly and invisibly burning. But a nameless stench filled the air, and a thick fetid smoke rose over the scaffold, gradually spreading itself out, and hanging like a pall over criminal and spectators, as if it would shut out the pitying heavens from this scene of cruelty.

Damiens cried out no more. He sat quietly looking at the blackened bones fast withering in the flame.

Meanwhile the horrible caldrons were bubbling and hissing, and the pincers of the Provost's Court of Paris were heating in the furnace. The worst was yet to come. A gigantic executioner now advanced and tore the criminal's flesh with the red-hot irons in six different places. His assistants followed carrying spoonsful of resin, oil, lead, pitch, sulphur and wax, which they poured into the gaping incisions. Soon the breast, the arms, the thighs were one awful wound. All this time Faubourg St. Antoine and Faubourg St. Germain looked on alike unsated; and the high-born dames of Louis the Fifteenth's court smiled and chatted with their cavaliers, and looked and shrank back, and looked again.

All was not yet over. Damiens still breathed, still suffered, and occasionally cried out. Four horses were now led forward. The noble animals were almost ungovernable. All the morning they had struggled to escape from this dreadful spot; from the cries and groans, the thick smoke and sickening smell that filled the air. It was their turn now to take the place of the executioner, who could not find a fresh spot on the victim's body to torment.

Damiens was carried down the steps of the scaffold; the horses were backed towards him as he lay on the ground, and the nimble executioners made fast the traces. The grooms loosed their heads, and with a terrified snort, they sprang forwards. But human thews and sinews were too strong for them. They were thrown on their haunches, and with a dull, heavy thud, the body struck the ground. Again and again they started. Urged on by blows and shouts, they pulled, and pulled in vain. A quarter of an hour passed away. Damiens still lived—still breathed. At intervals he even raised his head, and looked at the animals.

"Oh! those poor horses!" exclaimed Made-moiselle de Priandeau, the young and beautiful niece of the Financier Bouret.

Evening was approaching. The commissioners appointed to preside over the execution were embarrassed. It was necessary to carry it out according to the strict letter of the sentence, which directed the criminal to be quartered. The crowd, too, was waxing indignant, and clamorously demanded the *coup-de-grace*. They consulted together, and at length ordered the muscles and tendons of the legs and arms to be severed. Once more the horses plunged wildly forward—and this time all was over.

One of Bentham's discoveries in morals was that the pleasures of malignity were only to be branded as evil because they were *less* than the pain given in indulging them. In like manner *all infliction of punishment which gave more pain than it prevented from being given*, was, in Benthamite philosophy, to be regarded as leaving a balance of evil. Without going so far as this, it is still indisputable, that the great end of all punishment, viz., *prevention*, is never attained by excessive severity. On the contrary, the very notoriety which such punishment obtains, exercises an extraordinary morbid influence over some minds, and actually incites them to incur the same penalty. The excesses of the French Revolution were the result of such scenes as those here described. The thirst for blood that courtly lords and ladies nurtured in the populace, required ere long to be slaked with theirs, and exacted a terrible retribution.

FROM GRAY'S INN TO GORHAMBURY.

"THIS Doll Tear-Sheet should be some road!" is an exclamation familiar to the readers of every edition of Shakspeare,—from the first folio of 1623, price one hundred and twenty-three pounds, (shades of Heminge and Condell!), down to the Penny Acting Edition of the great poet, published in numbers, and on Dickinson paper, price one hundred and twenty-three pence. And what is the equally familiar reply? It is much to our point, "Aye, as common as the road from London to St. Alban's."

Scotch trampers, and Hobson, your twice-a-week carrier, of course, excluded, who is now familiar with the road from London to the land of Lord Bacon? Here, in this disfranchised borough in which I write, two-thirds of the residents under twenty years of age are ignorant of the road—new or old, Roman or macadamised—from the town of the Sainted Alban of Cologne to William Cobbett's Wen. Neither a Palmer's mail nor a Saracen's Head coach runs, in the year 1862, to or from London and St. Alban's. We have a single line of rail, it is true—a bit of an off-shoot of a thing—from Watford-on-the-Main, just enough to remind the inhabitants what fools they were in resisting the construction of a directer road from London to St. Alban's.

When the large-browed Lord of Verulam himself rolled in his high and strong-built chariot from London to St. Alban's, what road did he take?

Let us "call him up" as Milton would have called him up,

who left untold
The story of Cambuscan bold.

Without Dr. Dee's stone, or Simon Forman's cap, we have him photographed before us. We see him lolling, in *sic sedebat* fashion, in what we should now call a cumbrous and un-Long-Acre-like coach, with four stout, punchy, corn-and-grass-fed Flemish mares, a full-bottomed beans-and-bacon Jehu on the box, flanked by a hammer-cloth richly wrought with the Bacon crest—a boar—and his servants in the Gorhambury livery, each wearing a silver boar on his left arm. Thus travelled in woollack ease—his seals and his mace before him—the great Lord Chancellor of Human Nature, Queen Elizabeth's Attorney-General, King James's Lord High Chancellor, "the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind" of the undying satire of Alexander Pope. He, the great poet of modern philosophy, makes his customary journey in this wise. He has twenty-two miles of road to travel before he reaches his fish-ponds and oaks, or drinks his favourite ales in the manor-house of his own building, on what were the lands of Abbot de Gorham—a mitred abbot, let us bear in mind, and one of three entitled to sit so mitred in the Parliament of England.

My lord's horses are better than the road, for each takes kindly to his collar, and paws and curvets as if proud to carry the great dignitary of England's law over or through ruts of long standing and ruts but half repaired. The well-fed Jehu laughs with his fellow servants at the Horns at Highgate, dedicated to cuckolds, has his tankard of ale at my Lord Arundel's Arms, and, while wiping his lips, somewhat sarcastically contrasts the deep draught he has taken with the kilderkin he has left at Gray's Inn, and the kilderkin he is to taste at Gorhambury. His master, the great Bacon, is differently employed.

One memorable winter—and England's philosopher will be at work, and at Highgate, with the cold snow and living flesh and blood, putting theory to the test of truth. He will rue the delay: England is to lose one of her greatest men by this experiment, for the snow sinks to and chills the blood of six-and-sixty years. This is to be Francis Bacon's last practical experiment—Francis Bacon's last journey from Gray's Inn to Gorhambury, or from Gorhambury to Gray's Inn:

The glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things:
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on Kings.

Who does not wish for Bacon to have foreseen that the writer of these noble lines* was then an ill-paid tutor, and unknown in his little borough of St. Alban?

At other times his thoughts will be indifferently with his experiments, or with the Howards, Earls of Arundel, at Barnet, or at London-Colney with the red and white roses of York and Lancaster. The woods of North Mimms remind him of Lord Chancellor Sir Thomas More, of the scaffold and

* Shirley, the dramatist.

the axe; the trees of Tittenhanger, of Lord Chancellor Wolsey and the dying words of the great cardinal.

The whip, the spur, and the cloak, those attendant Jehus of the road, bring him at length in sight of his beloved abbey and of his own woods. He sees before him the rough, huge, and square-built tower of the mitred abbey of St. Alban's; the clock-tower, with its fabled and poetic origin; the ruins of the suppressed nunnery of Sopwell (now at the distance marked by nine tall poplars), with its fish-ponds, not, as now, dried up, but full of carp and tench, fit food for fasting nuns on Fridays and in Lent. Here the historian of Henry VII. could not fail to remember that Anna Boleyn, the mother of England's Elizabeth, and his own royal mistress, was married to King Henry VIII.; that here, as a nun, lived Lady Juliana Berners, whose taste and skill gave us a volume so much coveted by collectors, that "Boke of St. Albans" on hunting and hawking, on hounds and scents, on tarsels and lures, which gold cannot buy, so scarce has it become, that it is now only to be seen in a few of our noblest libraries.

He is now at home, in his own manor, in a house of his own design, and among his own books. He can walk under the shadow of his own oaks, and gain health anew, in his own broad acres. Suitors in Chancery may murmur at delays—his thoughts are not now in law, or of law. Here he will receive Ben Jonson on his foot-pilgrimage towards Scotland, and, in parting, tell Ben pleasantly (Jacobuses not forgotten), that he did not care to see poetry go on any other feet than dactyls and spondees. Here he can walk and talk with Master Thomas Hobbes of Malmesbury, who then, young as he was, was most skilled in catching the thoughts that breathe and words that burn—falling at every second step from a head so wise and lips so ready. Here, playing with the strings of his band all the while (as was his wont), he can fathom the instability of human greatness, and think little, and care less, for what posterity may say about him.

He who visits St. Alban's to see Lord Bacon, as it were, in the flesh, must bring a well-filled mind with him. Let us see, then, how far a residence in the place, and no lack of reading or diligence will accomplish in furnishing others with what we know ourselves touching the man Bacon, when at home. Of his habits of life, his biographers, in the penury of their knowledge, have told literally nothing. What there is remaining that he must have seen and saw are these. First and foremost, the mute unchanging glory of the eternal hills; then the site and ruins of Roman Verulam, rich in Roman tiles and Roman coins. Then his own house, now a ruin, not from the hands of Time, but from the hands of a Grimston; one who bore the title of England's great Lord Chancellor, by another creation and from another king; one whose descendants—the Grimstons, Earls of Verulam—sold the "materials" of Bacon's Gorhambury and live on a different site in the larger Gorhambury House of the reign of George III., which Bacon, of course, never saw, and would have cared so little to have seen.

For a general view of the land in which Lord Bacon lived and died, it is best to ascend the great tower of St. Alban's Abbey and look around. A goodly prospect lies before one of hill and dale, and wood and lawn, fields of waving corn, rich pasturage for sheep, wild and waste lands, threaded by a narrow stream, the Ver, which winds its way, at its own sweet will, into the river Colne, and by the Colne into the Thames, and so by the Thames into that world of waters, not the German sea alone, but the wide ocean itself. Here, at your feet, lie two of the foundation-stones of the exquisite Cross, where rested the body of Queen Eleanor, wife of Edward I., on its way to Waltham and Westminster Abbey. It was one of twelve crosses so erected, the most touching memorials ever set up by any widower of any wife. In the distant glades, now chequered with sunshine and shade, ran the stately *hart* of Hertfordshire. Here Peter the Wild-boy ran wild in woods, a savage of the human species; here, at our feet, is the scene of the first battle of St. Alban's; there, and not far off, the scene of the second; further south lies the field of Barnet; here then, as in a ring fence, were fought three of the decisive battles of the long Lancastrian "jars" of heroic England. Here we have Queen Margaret of Anjou; there the King-maker, Earl of Warwick. Hitchin-wards, was born George Chapman the poet, the learned shepherd of fair Hitchin Hill, and the earliest translator of Homer into English. At Berkhamstead, to the west, was born William Cowper, the poet of "The Task," and of other noble works, not for an age, but for all time. To your right lies Ware, with its great bed of honour (ask Shakespeare and George Farquhar) and Ware Park, memorable as the residence of King Charles I.'s Sir Richard Fanshaw, the earliest translator of Camoens; whose more than charming wife—a Harrison by birth—lived at Balls, a little to the east of Ware. Who knows not Argente and Curan, in Percy's ballads? Its author, William Warner, is buried at Amwell, to the south of Ware—the very Amwell which the Quaker John Scott has celebrated in one of the very best of our local poems. Look this way—at King's Langley lies buried Edmund of Langley, one of the sons of Edward III.; yon New River, finding water for a third of London proper (of which a glimpse may be caught by a Galileo-Dollond), was the work of Sir Hugh Middleton in the reign of King James I.; those Moor Park trees were planted, not a few of them, when Lucy Harrington, Countess of Bedford, the patroness of Ben Jonson and of Dean Donne, was a child. Those pollarded trees were *beheaded* by Anne Scott, Duchess of Monmouth and Buccleuch, when the head of her husband James, Duke of Monmouth, was taken off by his half-uncle King James II. Those apricots from Moor Park which your imagination may see on their way to St. Alban's, "with Lord Ebury's compliments to the Countess of Verulam," were gathered from trees planted and made famous by George Lord Anson, the famous circumnavigator, and are known and coveted as the Moor Park apricots beyond the fruit shops of Covent Garden, and the dessert tables of the choicest givers of dinners in Epicurean London. Such was and is the land

of Francis Bacon; and there at our feet stands the only Christian church actually within the walls of Roman Verulam—the little church of *St. Michael*, in which Bacon is buried:—

Fond fool! six feet shall serve for all thy store;
And he that cares for most shall find no more.

So says, or rather sings good satiric Bishop Hall, a name not unknown to my Lord Chancellor Bacon; and with this couplet on our tongue and ringing in our ears, we descend on a pilgrimage to the untapered shrine of Sir Francis of St. Alban's.

It is not far off. What is not far off? The burial-place of Lord Bacon. Here is the church, and here—as luck will have it—is the sexton with the keys of the church. We make friends with the holder of the holy spade. We will enter reverentially, by the west door. The dead man was carried this way by human hands to his last home. We cannot enter by the chancel and rush unprepared into *his* presence. The sexton looks surprised, for we are mute—our thoughts are not with him. One minute more and *he* is before us—as he sat. There cannot be a doubt that this was he, such as he was in the flesh, and that we are standing, as far as is possible, before him.

A little time, and our lips are muttering, "This, then, is FRANCIS BACON, son to the Great Lord Keeper of the Great Seal in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Her Majesty's Solicitor-General, Attorney-General, Bench of Gray's Inn, Essayist, and Sir Francis Bacon, knight; in the days of King James (when Scotland 'condescended' to accept of England), *Baron Verulam, Viscount St. Alban and Lord High Chancellor*; in our time, (and for all time) 'something more and better,'" the Prophet of Arts which Newton is to reveal a century later. Beneath the recess in which this impressive statue is placed rest the remains of Francis Bacon—buried here by his own desire, by the side of his mother, a woman of note in her day, of a remarkable race—a Cooke of Gidea Hill, in Essex, connected by marriage and inter-marriage with the truly great of the Court of Queen Elizabeth—

The mighty man
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
To be the chancellor of both their laws

sleeps here—all that could or can die of the man Francis Bacon is entombed here.

The *Sic sedebat* of the inscription marks it for a portrait statue—if, indeed, proof were wanting of what it is. Look, and you see at a glance a great man among great men:—

With reverence look on his majestic face,
Proud to be less, but of his godlike race.

Again look, and you have before you the thoughtful figure, as he "sat," of the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind, the incorrupt servant of Queen Elizabeth, the corrupt Lord Chancellor of King James, the man Bacon, whose name gives an enduring, and if possible an increasing interest to the once corrupt borough from which he thought fit to take his peerage. Ask the sexton how many shillings he receives a year from pilgrims to the grave of Bacon—ask mine hosts of the "Peaehen" and the

"George" how many pounds a year they are in pocket by catering good dinners, and the very best of their wines, to hungry enthusiasts from the four quarters of the world, who wisely deem it a duty as well as a pleasure to see the statue and the land of Bacon—to stand reverentially and thoughtfully by the grave of so great a man.

Wotton wrote the epitaph—that Wotton

Who had so many languages in store,
That only fame shall speak of him in more.

Admirable as it is, it has but one fault (shade of Samuel Johnson, we humbly ask your pardon), the language in which it is written is not the language of Lord Bacon—"words which wise Bacon and brave Raleigh spake" might surely have been found to have pointed the "here lies," or "hic jacet," if you will, of Francis Bacon.

The name of the sculptor of the statue is unknown. Who could have cut and fashioned this once rude block of Italian marble into life? Was it *Gerard Johnson*, of the parish of St. Thomas the Apostle in Southwark, who carved the bust of Shakspeare over the poet's grave at Stratford-upon-Avon? Was it *Cornelius Cure*, who made the monumental tomb of Mary Queen of Scots in Westminster Abbey? Was it *William Cure*, the king's mason (son and successor to Cornelius), who made the painted and gilded tomb "set up" at Cranford, in Middlesex, to the memory of Sir Roger Aston, Master of the Great Wardrobe to King James I.? Was it *Gerard* or *Garrett Christmas*, citizen of London, and carver, who made the effigy of Archbishop Abbot, at Guildford, in Surrey? or was it *John* or *Mathias Christmas*—or both together? They were the sons of Garrett, of whose skill



Remains of Lord Bacon's House, Gorhambury Park.

with the chisel the marble busts of Ralph Hawtrey and his wife, at Riselip, in Middlesex, are favourable examples? Was it *Fanelli*, the Florentine, who made the busts in metal of Lady Cottington, Lady Venetia Digby, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and of Sir Robert Ayton? Was it the unknown sculptor of the fine monument of Sir Francis Vere, so much admired by no less a sculptor than Roubiliac? Was it *Nicholas Stone*, William Cure's successor as master-mason, towards the end of the reign of James I., "esteemed," as his epitaph informs us, "for his knowledge in sculpture and architecture, which his works in many parts do testify." Hardly, for there is no mention of it in his pocket-book, preserved by Vertue and printed by Walpole? Was it *Mr. Jansen*, in Southwark, who worked jointly with *Nicholas Stone* on the monument of Sutton, the founder of the Charter House? Was it *Mr.*

Marshall, the stone-cutter, who made the monumental bust which Anne, Countess of Pembroke, Dorset, and Montgomery set up in Westminster Abbey to the memory of Michael Drayton?

There is no telling. Of the sculptors we have named, the best claim would seem to lie with *Nicholas Stone*; and the following entry, made by Stone in his pocket-book, would seem to justify our belief that Stone was the man. That he worked for the Bacons, the following entry is proof unmistakable:—

1620. In Suffolke I made a tomb for *Sir Edmund Bacon's* lady, and in the same church of Redgrave I made another for his sister Lady (Gawdy), and was very well payed for them. And in the same place I made two pictors of white marbell of *Sir N. Bacon* and his lady, and they were layed upon the tomb that Bernard Janson had made there, for the which two pictors I was payed by Sir Edmund Bacon, £200.

This looks like coming near to the name of the statuary; the more so as Stone made monuments to Edmund Spenser, the author of the "Faerie Queene," and to Donne, the Dean of St. Paul's; but the silence of the pocket-book is, we unwillingly repeat, fatal to his claim.

Who then made this far-famed *Sic sedebat* statue of the great Lord Chancellor Bacon? We have a fancy of our own, and it is this—the sculptor was no less a person than Sir Nathaniel Bacon of Culford in Suffolk. And who was Sir Nathaniel Bacon of Culford? We will answer the question.

Sir Nathaniel was a son of the Lord Keeper, Sir Nicholas Bacon, by his second wife, and was consequently half-brother to Lord Chancellor Bacon. At Gorhambury, the last hold in broad acres of the Bacon family, there is a fine life-size full length of him seated with his dog. He also wears a *Sic sedebat* look on canvas: sits *ad vivum* with the air of an ambassador. In his right hand he holds his hat and plume; in his left, a sheet of paper; his sword hangs on a cabinet by his side; he has before him his palette, his brushes, his compasses, and his square; and what Walpole calls (conjecturally, no doubt) a half-length portrait of his mother. At Culford, in Suffolk, where he is buried, is his bust, with his palette and pencils. Dallaway (the editor of Walpole), who has a right to be heard on such a point, thinks that the Culford monument was "probably after his own design." Nor are we disinclined to agree with him. Sir Nathaniel died in 1627. His will is to be seen in the Prerogative Will Office of the Archbishop of Canterbury, but unhappily art is nowhere mentioned in it.

No one has informed us when the custom was introduced, and by whom it was introduced, of affixing the name and *fecit* of the sculptor above the *hic jacet* of the poor inhabitant below. We have seen some early tombs in Hertfordshire, carrying the names of sculptors unrecorded in Walpole. In Westminster Abbey, that historical gallery of our English school of sculpture, the earliest monument bearing the name of its artist belongs to the reign of Charles I. On the monument at Guildford, of Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1633, the curious eye will find what local historians fail to tell us, the name of the sculptor—not an unknown name—Gerard, or Garrett Christmas, "citizen of London and carver:—"an exquisite master in his art, and a performer above his promises.*

The Guildford monument is an unusual instance of an early sculptor marking the marble with his name. Bird, and Scheemaker, and Roubiliac invariably placed their names conspicuously on their works; so did, nearer our own time, Wilton, Banks, Bacon, Nollekens, Flaxman, Westmacott, and Chantrey. The "Chantry fecit," on a monument in St. Paul's, gave rise to a rather equivocal witticism from the lips of a learned Canon, the Reverend Sydney Smith.

It is an evening in autumn, and I am in the chancel of the church of St. Michael's, alone, and

* Thomas Heywood, the dramatist, describes him in the above terms.

lost in thought. A numbness and fear creep over me. I would fain be outside, but feel a fascination in trying to unsphere the soul of the great man who lies below. I cannot move. What fell? The wing of an angel from a stone corbel in the nave. I find relief in murmuring to myself Bacon's own thoughts told in verse, by Bacon himself.

The world's a bubble, and the life of man
Less than a span,
In his conception, wretched from the womb;—
So to the tomb;
Curst from his cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who, then, to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns on water, or but writes in dust?

Yet, whilst with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools:
The rural part is turned into a den
Of savage men:
And where's a city from foul vice so free
But may be termed the worst of all the three?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head;
Those that live single take it for a curse,
Or do things worse:
These would have children, those that have them
moan,
Or wish them gone:
What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thralldom or a double strife?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease:
To cross the seas to any foreign soil,
Peril and toil:

Wars with their noise affright us: when they cease
We're worse in peace:
What then remains, but that we still should cry
For being born, and being born—to die?

This intensely thoughtful poem was found among the papers of the writer of Bacon's epitaph, and is by him ascribed to the great Lord Chancellor. It is much in Cowley's manner; aye, and in Cowley's best manner. Nor is other evidence of its paternity wanting. It is given to Bacon in 1629 by Farnaby in his "Florilegium," and referred to as his by Aubrey in his instructive and often-quoted "Anecdotes" compiled for the use of Anthony à Wood.

But see "dun night has veiled the solemn view;" farewell to mitred abbots; good night to monk Matthew Paris; good night, Duke Humphrey; good night, Lady Juliana; battle-fields and hawking-fields, farewell—farewell to Bacons, and Jermyns, and Grimstons; my Lord Lovat and Tom Jones, good night. Thanks to James Watt and George Stephenson, we are once more in London, and at Gray's Inn, with a bottle of '20 port before us, and with thoughts reverting to the fine old ale for which Gorhambury, under the Grimstons, is still famous, and (less pleasantly) to "the small beer of Grays Inn," which Aubrey assures us was in no way to the "liking" of the palate of Francis Bacon.

PETER CUNNINGHAM.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE," &c.



CHAPTER IV.

"I WILL tell you my history," she began, "and you shall judge me. You will find that—

Toute ma philosophie

N'est qu'un désespoir accepté.

"Till the age of sixteen I was as happy as a human being could be. I was an only daughter, and from some delicacy of constitution which required constant care, I was not sent, as usual, to a convent, but received a kind of rambling, desultory education at home. My father taught me to read, my mother to embroider, my brother to sing. I was much loved, and the indulgence I met with may perhaps have fostered my natural self-will; and yet, in the expansion which is so easy to a nature developed under genial circumstances, there is an advantage which outweighs all evils.

"I was sheltered, fostered, cherished, and I grew up to love, to confide, and to trust. I was proud, passionate, and impatient, but I was affectionate, truthful, and generous. I loved all around with the fervour of a warm heart and innocent nature.

"When I was sixteen there occurred a great misfortune in our happy home. My brother is ten years older than I am, and a circumstance I was then ignorant of caused a change in his fate. He met with a love disappointment. A beautiful girl whom he passionately loved married another man. That woman has been, directly or indirectly, the bane of my life. I never saw her, and it is strange to think of the evil I owe to her. She married a Sicilian named Serrano, and went with him to Vienna. This grief entirely changed my brother's nature. He became stern, morose,

severe, even to me. A total disbelief in the goodness and in the principles of women took the place of his former indulgence and kindness. He took orders as a priest, and in a few months his great talents, his fiery enthusiasm, and indomitable will made him recognised as one of the most promising young ecclesiastics of the Court of Rome. He became absorbed in politics. One of his favourite dreams was, to make use of the influence of Austria to deepen and extend the Papal power. He became personally ambitious; he seemed pleased at the promise of my beauty, and would talk a good deal of the necessity of a Colonna making a great alliance. It was about this time that his intercourse with political characters introduced him to the Austrian minister at Rome, the Count Rabenfels. He brought him to our house. Count Rabenfels was struck with my appearance, and, though thirty years my senior, did not hesitate to make proposals for me to my parents. My father and mother were pleased with my brilliant prospects. However unworldly for themselves, parents are often worldly for their children; but they left the decision to me. To me it seemed impossible, for the simple reason that to make any change in the life I had led hitherto, appeared out of the question. No other objection entered my head.

"I was free and light-hearted as a child. The manners, the appearance, the conversation of Count Rabenfels were all in his favour. He was so much in love that he entirely waived the question of dowry. He was so enormously rich that the few thousand scudi of a Roman girl's portion was immaterial to him. I do not know how far these advantages would have influenced my father alone, but when backed by my brother they became irresistible. His strong and pertinacious support of the alliance imposed it on my parents as a duty. He assured them that I myself would be grateful for having it enforced upon me. He said that my ignorance and inexperience were the only motives of my opposition. He talked to me, and as, after all, my objections were to the marriage and not to the bridegroom, it was not difficult to overrule them. I consented with some girlish reluctance and some girlish pleasure in the very natural gratification of giving pleasure to others. All were delighted; and I received as my reward the most submissive and flattering homage from the stately and dignified man, who was certainly then the most powerful personage at Rome. All my young friends envied me, and vied with each other in assuring me I was the happiest girl in the world. I was bewildered by the rapidity of the preparations for my marriage, and kept in a constant state of excitement. My brother never left me; he was kinder to me than ever. There was but one dissentient voice—that of an aunt—a sister of my father's, the abbess of the Convent of 'Le Vive Sepolte' in Rome.

"I was taken to receive her blessing, as was usual once a year, but the time was anticipated for this purpose on account of my marriage. She saw me alone. For some time she was silent. She looked at me fixedly.

"'What capacities for enjoyment,' she said,

'are here! and also what capacities for suffering! Child! is it too late to retract?'

"'I am to be married the day after to-morrow, dear aunt,' I replied; 'but why retract? Every-one is pleased, and I am happy.'

"'Are you happy only because they are pleased?'

"'Yes.'

"'Then you marry a man you do not love—poor, poor Santa!'

"I do not know what there was in her voice and in her look, but I felt the blood rise slowly to my forehead and a suffocating sensation swelled at my heart. In that oratory, vowed to penance, mortification and prayer, and by that austere woman, emaciated and worn down by fasts and vigils, the first veil was lifted which, till then, had concealed the mysteries of my being. The great needs of my nature rose apparent. I was psychologised as it were. I saw unutterable things—I heard unspeakable words; dimly the beatitude of love was made manifest. It was but for a moment. I was still kneeling on the cushion at my aunt's feet. She leant forward in her high carved oak chair, holding my hands and looking into my face. Deep under her brows gleamed her dark eyes, piercing yet sad. The story of a repressed life could be read there. A restless eagerness lay coiled in their depths; but round the pale, discoloured lips there was a great sweetness and repose, and the forehead though very wan was majestic in its calm. There might still be struggle and regret, but she had overcome. I did not at once analyse all this, but the impression made on me I shall never forget. I afterwards learnt, by a bitter experience, to account for and understand, the fierce, unsatisfied longing which was the Promethean torture of this wasted life,—that hunger and thirst for human love to which some are condemned.

"'Poor child,' she at last said, 'what a fate!'

"'But indeed I shall be happy,' I replied; and I looked round the room as if I would have said, 'You can scarcely judge here.'

"She smiled mournfully.

"'Santa! there are "Vive Sepolte" in the world as well as in the cloister. My youth, womanhood and age have been passed here. What I have suffered, God alone knows; and yet, at the very time when I suffered most, I knew there were griefs I should have found harder to bear. I have thought so much on this very subject—a woman's destiny. I have written many pages on it. When I am dead they shall be sent to you.'*

"'But now, my dear child, I must give you my gift, too.' She went to a small carved cabinet, and took out of it an old-fashioned ornament. It was a cross, anchor, and heart; but instead of the hackneyed motto of Love, Faith and Hope, inscribed on it in pearls, sapphires,

* I received a packet some years afterwards. I showed it to a celebrated French author, and it was published. It contains the most masterly and lucid exposition of woman's nature, position, and mission, considered physiologically, morally, and intellectually. There was too much boldness in it, in some respects,—too much hardness and severity in others. Still it was admirable; but written in too dry a style to become popular.—I. B.

and carbuncles, were the words—*Volere, Sapere, Ardire*. To will, to know, to dare. She clasped it on my arm, and then kissed my forehead and lips. 'I bless you, my child; remember my one counsel to you, is—*Be true*. All else is scarcely in our power—passions, temptations, circumstances, may overcome us; but there is one thing in the power of all—Truth.' She again looked me steadfastly in the face, and murmured: 'Both the shadow and the light—both the curse and the blessing are there. What a sensitive mouth, what a firm forehead! the eyes, too, are of that royal shape which contain so many tears.*' I never saw her again.

"I married. I had not been married three months, and was still surprised and confused by my new duties, when I lost my mother. She died happily, with her hand in mine, thinking she left me safely sheltered and protected. My father survived her but a week; they had been married thirty years. Her life was the mainspring of his; without her the machine stopped.

"It was while suffering from the sorrow of these bereavements that I began to awake to the cold, selfish character of my husband. At first he was politely sympathetic, but soon my continued dejection bored him. My brother was appealed to. He would come occasionally and preach resignation to me. I was disappointed in him also. I began to realise the hardness of his character. His views of life and the world jarred upon me. He and my husband talked in a manner that was entirely incomprehensible to me. All private ties or duties were ignored. Life was to be used for public and political purposes only; state intrigues were the aim of existence—expediency its principle. A dreadful loneliness seemed to grow around me. I began to feel like the child whose fairy gifts all withered in her grasp. A husband, a brother, a gay and brilliant circle of which I was the centre,—and yet I was alone.

"We went to Vienna about eighteen months after my marriage. I was nearly nineteen and in the bloom of such beauty as I possessed. My Italian face pleased. My manners were more impulsive and animated than was the conventional mode at Court, and I became the fashion. My husband was enchanted at the admiration I received, childish so, as it seemed to me. It mortified me that he should seem to value me more, because others appreciated his choice. How much I had to learn!

"I used to rise early, and till our late breakfast read with avidity all which fell into my way. Music I was a proficient in, but books were a new treasure. I rarely saw my husband alone. He was engaged with his letters and despatches, and our conversation was usually monosyllabic. There was something arid and monotonous in this way of life. Sometimes a poem, a song, a picture would rouse me from my lethargy, and I had a brief vision of what life might be—but it was transitory. I would look at my bracelet and wonder at its signification.

"How can women will, know, and dare?' I would ask myself.

"I was as bandaged in mind as our Italian babes

* Chateaubrian I.

are in body; my perceptions were left free—but all my other faculties were dormant.

"I was a great favourite in the circle in which I moved. The highest personage in it looked upon me with a favour which placed me high in the admiration of all.

"One day, my husband informed me he was obliged to return to Rome. To my infinite surprise he said I was to remain at Vienna with his sister.

"Impossible, Ferdinand! I beseech you to let me go with you.' (I had still a childish regard and confidence in him.)

"It is impossible, *mon enfant*,' he said. 'I go for a very short time—it will be more convenient for me to live *en garçon* while at Rome. There, there, never mind; you must amuse yourself as much as you can here. Your poor husband has the cares of life, you see, but he leaves you its joys.'

"I looked steadfastly in my husband's face.

"There was an expression of irony he could not control! I must say he had not much of the hypocrite about him. I do not know whether he read incipient rebellion in my eyes; for he assumed a stern look, and said:

"It is my wish, Santa, that you remain,' and left the room.

"I was too timid to follow him, but my heart swelled as if it would burst. I had a vague sense of wrong, and yet what had I to complain of? I felt I must appear unreasonable and exacting.

"I did not again see my husband till that evening at Court. The Emperor was even more gracious than usual. He spoke to me of Rome, mentioned his intention of going to Venice and Milan, in short I saw I was more than usually distinguished by him this evening. I read it in the countenances around. I read it still more distinctly in my husband's face, as our eyes met, after a pause in my conversation with my sovereign. His eyes flashed with conscious pride, and rested on me, with a delight he could not conceal. Still when we retired, and he led me to the carriage, there was the same expression of irony on his face, that I had seen in the morning. The clever man of the world was, however, too clever. He did not understand the innocence and guilelessness of my nature. He thought my womanly vanity had been pleased at the homage I had received, and that I had already forgotten my wish of the morning. When we reached home, he said:

"I will now take leave of you. I go so early to-morrow that I should not like to disturb you.'

"Ferdinand, I entreat you to take me with you. I do not like being left alone.'

"Alone, when you are surrounded by friends and admirers! You had quite a triumph to-night.'

"I care for no triumph, but to please you. Let me go with you.'

"How beautiful you are!' he said admiringly, 'there is a power of expression in your countenance I have seen in no other—but you must be very prudent.'

"He took my arm: on it I wore my aunt's bracelet.

"'This is your motto,' he said. '*Volere, Sapere, Ardere*. It is a wise one, act upon it.'

"I threw myself at his feet.

"'Ferdinand,' I said, 'I beseech you, let me go with you.'

"'This is madness. Scenes are my aversion. I do not understand all this pertinacity and passion. It is my will that you should stay.'

"He raised me, placed me on the sofa, touched my forehead with his lips, and was gone.

"I was deeply wounded. I felt the indifference such conduct showed.

"Two months passed. I led the same life as hitherto, I was not unhappy. I enjoyed the diversions usual to my age; but there were times when I asked myself, 'Will this go on for ever? Does life afford nothing higher, greater, more absorbing?'

"My success at Court increased daily. I was more and more drawn into its most intimate circle. My husband's sister accompanied me everywhere; but accidentally, or from design, I was always left alone, the centre of some charmed line of demarcation at all Court festivities, which set me apart from all but one. That one showed me a kindness which I had the folly to mistake for a real honest regard. My inexperience, however, delayed the catastrophe.

"I was not one of those women who can play with love, and accept it from any man who offers it; who take possession of a life as they would of a jewel, to wear or cast aside, and as long as they preserve a personal fidelity to their husband, fancy they do no wrong. I had dreams of something different from the calm sentiment of affection which hitherto was all I had experienced or inspired; and hoped that my husband would some day see in me more than the inexperienced child he had married for her beauty, and would learn to love me as I felt I could love him; but I sought nothing else. The love now offered me had no characteristic by which I could recognise it as the passionate emotion of which I had dreamed. It was simply pleasant. A sentiment, not a feeling. My tastes were sympathised with and understood, my opinions consulted, and I had that delightful consciousness that the best construction was put upon all I did and said, which gives a woman so much security, and doubles whatever power of charming she may have. I said to myself, 'It is sweet to have a friend.' The exalted position of this friend mingled my gratitude with a feeling of reverence (I had been educated in the most old-fashioned notions of loyalty), which gave an exaltation to my manner which was at last misunderstood.

"It was one evening at a masked ball to which I went as Night, crescent on head and bow in hand, that the declaration, which had been probably predicted by Court gossips for more than a month past, was made. A mask hovered about me for some time, and then drew me to a conservatory which opened from the ball-room. It was the Emperor. He threw aside the careless light tone he had hitherto accustomed me to, and confessed a passion which had enough of truth in it to knock loudly at my heart. I had never till then heard that voice. Yes, I felt I was

loved, though I did not love. It was bitter-sweet!

"'Why do you look at me so searchingly?' he said; 'I ask for nothing but the simple assurance that I am not indifferent to you—my great love will sooner or later win a return. Beautiful and beloved, answer me.'

"I started. I felt I had forgotten myself in a strange musing to have allowed this to go so far; and to his infinite surprise, for I saw it in his face, I neither blushed nor faltered, but knelt in my turn, I gravely kissed his hand, and laid it on my forehead (such was the custom at this Court at an audience of farewell), and then I rose, and without a word left the room. He had understood me, and sprang after me.

"'Where are you going?'

"'To my husband.' And then, seeing the mortification and pain of his countenance, I added, 'Forget, as I have already forgotten.'

"The next morning by sunrise I was on my way to Rome. I travelled day and night. At length the great Dome rose before me in the purple sky. O Patria! It all seemed like a dream.

"The carriage drove to a house in the Corso, where my husband had an apartment. It was evening; through the half-closed windows I could see lights. He was at home. I went upstairs. In the ante-room I met and recognised the German valet who was always in his service. He started back as if he had seen an apparition.

"'Immediately,' he said, 'his Excellency should be informed of my arrival. But will the Countess come this way; my master is at dinner with some friends, but he will be at liberty immediately—will your ladyship come into this room and rest.'

"He showed me into a very sumptuous bedroom. Through the open doors I saw the drawing-room brilliantly lighted up, beyond was the dining-room. I threw myself on a chair and waited. Why did not my husband join me? A sound of loud gay conversation, tinkling glasses, and quick exclamations reached me through the closed doors. It was a convivial meeting evidently, and not one of the most refined character.

"At last Ferdinand entered, he looked annoyed.

"'Santa, what is the meaning of this?'

"I did not care for his coldness. In my youth and innocence I felt a sense of protection and confidence in my husband's presence, and in his home. I threw myself into his arms, I told him all. He started up, walked up and down the room with impatient exclamations in German, and at last drew me to the light, and looked at me from head to foot. His face cleared up.

"'Listen to me,' he said, gravely. 'I will forgive you, on condition that you return home to-morrow;—home, then, was not with him.—'I will accompany you as far as the frontier.'

"'But—'

"'Do not answer me,' he said, imperiously. 'Take some refreshment and repose, and be ready to start at six.'

"'Ferdinand,' I said, passionately, 'have you understood me?'

"Pahaw!"

"I looked into my husband's face; it was flushed. He had evidently taken a great deal of wine. He would not have spoken with so little caution under other circumstances. He was excited, and my sudden arrival perplexed him. I was so inexperienced that the shock of finding my grave distinguished husband one of a bacchanalian circle dispelled my illusions about him at once. He was cast down from his pedestal for ever. The reaction from almost childlike respect to almost profound contempt was so great, that I was more indignant, more impetuous than I should otherwise have been.

"I wrung my hands.

"Nonsense, I abhor scenes; you must, you shall return."

"Never."

"Are you mad?"

"I will not return."

"Your vanity has turned your head; you speak treason, and you think treason—return, you shall."

"You shall not force me back where my honour is perilled."

"Your honour is my honour."

"At these words the door was opened gently, and a woman with fair face, and blonde hair streaming in ringlets over her uncovered shoulders, small and light as a fairy, glided in. I knew her face. She was an actress whose name had been often coupled with my husband's, before his marriage.

"What is all this, Ferdinand?" she said; "the coffee is cold. Excuse me," turning to me, "I did not see you;" and turning to him, asked in a low voice who I was.

"Before my husband could recover the vexation into which this apparition had thrown him, I was gone.

"I understand him now," I said, and drawing my mantle round me, was down-stairs and half-way to the old Palazzo on the Palatine Hill before I again drew breath. The storm of passionate indignation with which I rushed through the moonlit streets of Rome had no grief in it. It is a sad awaking to real life, when an uncontrollable sense of wrong gives us the measure of our being. Like all persons of strong imagination, however, I somewhat exaggerated the wrong, and gave it a premeditation which was false. I imagined I had been left in Vienna purposely to free my husband from his conjugal duties, and that this woman was the cause. The truth was, I was left in Vienna because it was foreseen that my influence with the Emperor would become paramount. The Emperor himself had wished it—for I was too much in the habit of clinging to my husband for him to find it possible to make any impression on me, while the one I was always watching and thinking of, stayed beside me.

"My husband had not the deliberate villany of wishing me to be the Emperor's mistress. He had a certain faith in my principles, but he hoped there was enough of a coquette's instinct in my nature, to lead me to encourage, flatter, and profit by the feeling I had excited, without succumbing to it. How many women do this daily! It was

friendship. And in the name of friendship a married woman can give herself so large a margin, she can take so much and give so little, if she be virtuous (virtuous, God help me!), that he anticipated the realisation of his most ambitious dreams through the Imperial favour bestowed on me. He was more contented, however, to be absent during this comedy, though it was to be performed '*en tout bien et en tout honneur*.' On returning to Rome he met with a former love, and had compensated to himself for his enforced celibacy by enjoying a great deal of the society of his bachelor friends and connections. I was not, however, jealous in the common acceptance of the word. I cared nothing for that blue-eyed little fairy. I would not have wronged her for worlds; but the door of my heart was closed against my husband for ever!

"My brother's astonishment, when he saw me enter the room in which he was writing was extreme. I trembled from head to foot as I related to him what had happened. He listened to me thoughtfully. He saw that my pride, my sense of right, my self-respect had been outraged; but that this was not a grief which had cut at my heart-strings. He knew—he knew, alas!

"He was kind. A room was prepared for me, my own old girlish room, and I was left to repose.

"What emotions of regret, tenderness, foreboding overcame me as I recognised the old familiar objects, the simple furniture, the faded tapestries. Eager, ardent, and impulsive as when I had last slept in that bed, what a world of thought, and what a difference of position separated me from the girl who had knelt before yonder image of the Virgin, and slept on this couch. I sobbed myself to sleep.

"I heard afterwards that my brother had sought my husband, and remonstrated strongly with him—on what? That he had not remained with me at Vienna, till my favour had been consolidated, my savage prudery softened, my girlish straight-lacedness corrected. Both the Churchman and the Ambassador, the brother and the husband, were prepared to take advantage, in the furtherance of their own selfish aims, of the magic wand which the poor beauty of the wife and the sister was to have proved.

"The next morning they both sought me. I was calmer, but I was steadfast; to Vienna I would not return without my husband.

"You must remain here, then."

"Never!" I said.

"Never, Santa?"

"Never. I should be disgraced—slandered—betrayed."

"He bit his lip.

"You will not return to Vienna—you will not stay here?"

"I will return to Vienna with you."

"After this escapade I should be disgraced, I think. Listen to me," he said, and he talked fast and eagerly for him; "your vanity and inexperience have led you to make mountains of mole-hills. The Emperor admires you, so do many, why should they not? Why should I grudge your smiles to others, when your heart is mine? The influence you would have obtained by a

simple and innocent acceptance of the homage offered to you (I say homage, nothing more), would have served us all; a feather's weight has often turned the balance in which the destinies of nations have been weighed, a smile from you might have consolidated a line of policy which we statesmen have worked years to initiate.'

"Again that look of irony passed over his face.

"There was something dreadful to me in these cold-blooded allusions to all I held sacred.

"Then you do not love me, or care for my love?"

"You have a great deal to learn. This is not a question of love. I leave you at Vienna with my sister, and you make us all ridiculous by this flight to Rome. Your conduct will give rise to all sorts of suspicions and scandalous interpretations. You must return, or we shall be the laughing-stock of the whole world.'

"The world! Is there nothing else?' I answered, as I looked in his face, with a last appeal, 'must the world be always between us? do you aspire to nothing higher than court favour and influence? Is love nothing?'

"His countenance changed.

"Child!' he said, sadly, 'I should have known you twenty years ago. It is too late now.'

"You must decide,' interrupted my brother.

"I have decided.'

"For two hours they combated my resolve; I was firm. At last my husband's anger rose beyond all bounds.

"Be it so,' he said, 'you will not stay here, you will not return to Vienna—there is only one other alternative. I have an aunt, the Chanoinesse Landsberg, who lives at Schloss-stein, eighty leagues from Vienna. She will receive you gladly. You shall pass the summer there. When you are tired of the retirement, write to me that you are willing to obey my wishes, and all shall be forgotten.'

"My brother approved. Defiance rose within me, but I was silent. In a few hours the carriage came; my husband handed me in, and bade me farewell. I have never seen him since."

(To be continued.)

THE NATIONAL LOAF AND PURSE IN 1863.

In writing of the seedtime and the prospect of the harvest last May, I spoke of the season as a time of trembling. It can now be spoken of only as a season of adversity—it is not too much to say—of calamity. The dislike of trembling, and of confronting calamity, has never been more plainly shown than during the whole course of this summer, in which we have not manifested the cool, clear-sighted courage which is one of the prominent characteristics of the English temper. This must be in no small degree owing to the uncertainty in which we always live in regard to the agricultural produce of the country. If we lived under a system of statistics in agriculture at all comparable to that which regulates our commerce, we should be wiser, braver, and richer than we can ever be without it. As it is, our "agricultural interest" lies under a disadvantage which affects

every class of the community, and which the manufacturing and commercial interests would not submit to for a single year, after the remedy had once become apparent. By means of the Board of Trade returns, it is constantly known how the British supply of manufactured commodities and the markets of the world stand related to each other; and the producers regulate their proceedings accordingly, relaxing, stimulating or diversifying their production according to the facts of the time.

The food department, though more important than those of clothing, convenience and luxury, is always in the dark,—voluntarily and needlessly. Our farmers have surmounted many prejudices in their generation, and their art of food-manufacture has advanced most strikingly since the repeal of the Corn Laws: but they have not yet got over the mischievous and unreasonable prejudice which makes them refuse to allow returns to be made of the use and productiveness of their land. To the rest of the world this looks very strange, because their industry is pursued in the open air, and under the broad sky, so that it is not in their power to conceal the state of any one field or any one farm, from end to end of the kingdom. We may all remember how, twenty years ago, the Anti-Corn Law League sent its agents into the agricultural districts, to report of the condition and management of the farms belonging to large landed-proprietors. There was furious wrath among those proprietors, as those reports became more and more numerous, and more systematically produced; but the answer given to their complaints by the League satisfied everybody but themselves. When it was found that certain of these lords and gentry were dismissing labourers who had been interrogated by any stranger, and insisting that all hospitality should be refused in their villages to any traveller who asked questions, the League agents published the fact that they had ceased to speak to any labourer, and to make inquiries of anybody connected with any estate: but they published reports more and more full and precise, from their own observation. No power on earth could prevent their looking over the hedge on each side of the high road, and noting the state of the crops, the disposition of the land, and the condition and arrangement of the farm-buildings. If the manufacturers had had the same repugnance to observation, they could have baffled it, because they could keep their books and their warehouse stocks under lock and key: but they early perceived and valued the advantage of knowing what was doing in their branch of industry, and what was likely to be required. The farmers meanwhile, though their production was going on before all men's eyes, were incessantly trying to make a secret of their procedure and its results. The consequence, in the days of the Corn Laws, was that the corn-trade was the most gambling business going. It was such a lottery that none but men of large capital were considered justified in engaging in it, because almost every year was one of vast gains or dead losses. And, now that free-trade in corn has removed some of the elements of vicissitude in prices, the corn-merchant still suffers much from

the perverse reserve of the corn-growers at home, which keeps him in the dark about how to conduct his transactions abroad; and society suffers from the constant and universal uncertainty about the supply of food. I believe and trust that the prejudice is giving way. Year by year we read of one or other parish or district in which the farmers consult on the subject of a system of agricultural statistics, and in which there is a growing majority of tenant farmers who declare that they have no objection to a note being made, by duly authorised persons, of the acreage which they devote to different crops, or to pasture, and of the number of their live stock: but there are still so many who object that no general scheme can yet be established. We still go on explaining that nobody wishes to pry into the affairs of A., B., or C. Nobody cares to know whether the wheat grown, and the cattle reared, belong to A., B., or C. The names of the men and their abodes, and the precise locality and extent of the farms, are of no consequence. What society wants is to learn, year by year, how much of the land of the kingdom is devoted to wheat growing, and barley, and oats, and roots, and what live stock we have to depend on for animal food. These facts could be learned, in spite of all opposition, as the League agents learned the agricultural condition of particular districts: but it would cost too much to do it without the co-operation of the farmers. The thing is actually achieved in Ireland, with the best results; and, for a time, it was done to a considerable extent in Scotland, without injury or offence to anybody; but the whole virtue of such a procedure is in its completeness; and there is no near prospect yet of such an agreement among the agricultural interest as will admit of any regular and constant estimate of the food-supply of the country, or as may make the trade in food as sound, and safe, and economical as the trade in other commodities. While this wilful obscurity is maintained, there must be a great deal of risk and of loss on all hands: the corn-trade must remain the most speculative of all the branches of commerce: farmers must be still liable to grow the crops which will be least wanted, and which will pay them worst: good seasons will ruin some while enriching others, and bad seasons will be more disastrous than they need be. It is abundantly plain that if the food-manufacturer saw his way as plainly as the manufacturer of clothing, or the importer of exotic productions, he would be less liable to loss than now, when all calculation as to demand is impossible; and more clear-sighted as to profit, in proportion to his certainty of what the national demand would be, and how it was likely to be met. The thing will be done. After all that has been effected towards making the English farmer a man-of-business, and his art one of precision, grounded on a scientific basis, the remaining step, of making his appropriation of his land a matter of calculation also, must surely be taken before long: but meantime there is no year in which the agricultural interest does not incur risks, and the nation at large suffer anxiety and loss, from the absence of a sound system of Agricultural Statistics.

The effect this year has been so remarkable as

to attract much notice. It has exposed us to the charge of cowardice and folly, from the way in which we have been talking about the harvest for the last six months. I have watched the process very closely, and with ever-increasing wonder,—as I know that others have done. From my mountain perch I have, in a manner, overlooked the country as it lies between the four seas, and listened to the speculations which the people were calling out to each other. There is no other subject on which so many people are always saying something as that of the Weather and the Crops; and never, within my experience, were the sayings so strange and so instructive.

In the absence of all authentic record of what the soil is intended to produce of various kinds of food, everybody is afraid of doing mischief by uttering unfavourable anticipations in regard to any one article. It is still considered a matter of religious trust, on the one hand, and of social duty and good manners, on the other, to assume that the harvest will be good. This year, the strenuousness of the effort has been remarkable. Almost everybody has been eager to be deceived, and to help to deceive others, from the dread of doing something ungrateful and mischievous in apprehending that the harvest would be bad, when it might turn out a good one after all—a habit of mind formed and fostered by the obscurity belonging to a defective organisation of agricultural industry. When the warm and beautiful month of February was over, and the rainy spring set in, it could be no secret that a worse seed-time had never been known: but it was a long way to harvest; and fine weather in the interval would set all right. Week after week, month after month passed on, and the fine weather did not come; yet, it seemed to me, there was more avowed confidence of a good harvest, the shorter the time became in which such a thing was possible; and the most sanguine paragraphs in the newspapers, all over the country, have been since a good harvest had become clearly impossible. In each particular place there was a wet soil, never warmed by any natural summer sunshine: in each particular place there were swarms of insects of every mischievous kind: they blighted the cereals, they arrested the growth of roots, they devoured the blossom and the fruit of orchard and garden. Everywhere there were fields ploughed up and resown; and everywhere there were blustering winds, when a calm atmosphere was needed for the blooming and fruiting of the corn, and cold weather when summer heat was wanted for the ripening of the grain. Yet, everywhere there were people talking of a harvest above the average. It might not be so in each person's particular parish; but three hundred miles off everything was very promising, if the newspapers were to be trusted;—yet the authors of the newspaper reports were such sanguine people as these,—each emulating every other in giving cheerful pictures of the season. When a few real summer days came at last, the reporters were well pleased with themselves for having taken and given no alarm, though they should have admitted that it was then too late for any considerable retrieval of the crops. Such an admission would have been a matter of

course under a method of estimate, and a habit of seeking the truth, such as prevails in other departments of business.

On the disclosure of the truth I need not dwell. We shall none of us forget what the crops were found to be like, when they were looked into. The "Agricultural Gazette" of August 16th brought us face to face with our calamity. "There can be no doubt," said that trusty Journal, after summing up the evidence it had obtained from all parts of the country, "that the wheat harvest crop of 1862 is one of the worst we have had for many years." The estimate is, in fact, unequalled for badness; for, though there are always some among the two hundred reporters to that Journal who are wont to see things *couleur de rose*, there is this year only one of the whole 188 of that week (and he writes from an Irish county) who reports the wheat crop to be "very good." Only thirty-seven declare an average crop; and 160 pronounce it a very inferior one. There is nothing under other heads to compensate in any degree for this misfortune. Barley is hardly an average, and oats not above it, pulse about an average; and roots, it is to be feared, very much below it. I need not remind my readers how the hay-crop has disappointed expectation,—how much difficulty there has been in saving it, such as it was; nor how the weather has spoiled thousands of acres of pasture and tillage by flood, and then soaked the swaths and sheaves which were cut in the few days of sunshine. Of potatoes the accounts are still uncertain, as they usually are till the middle of autumn, unless the quality is unquestionably good: but the reports do not grow more encouraging as the weeks pass on. The plain truth is that, after a very indifferent harvest in 1859, a deplorably bad one in 1860, and a barely average one in 1861, we now find ourselves in the midst of "one of the worst we have had for many years."

It ought not to be a question with Britons whether to face a great misfortune frankly, or to tamper with it, and try to disguise it. I will not make it a question, but assume that, as Englishmen, we do not flinch from any necessary pain, but rather feel our spirit rise to meet and bear it.

What we have to consider, therefore, is this. We are already, though the most blest of the nations of the earth, in adversity. The mere money loss of the cotton failure,—of the suspension of the industry,—is computed at many millions. I have seen forty-eight millions assigned as the probable loss from the suspension of the cotton manufacture, up to last month. I have no means of judging how far this is correct. But we all know that our chief manufacture *has* nearly stopped; and that we have to sustain four or five millions of persons connected with the manufacture for many months to come, at best. The bad harvest, in addition, will cost us twenty or thirty millions more. As I have said on a former occasion, we usually spend twenty millions in the purchase of food. The bad harvest of 1860 cost us sixty millions, from first to last. This shows us what to expect for 1863. Instead of floating pleasantly along the tide of our national life, with no heavy care on our minds, and no stringent difficulty on

our hands, we must now, for some months to come, endure to see and hear of much that is painful, and be ready to give up our indulgences, and our leisure, and our repose of mind and complacency of national feelings, if by such sacrifices we may hope to mitigate in the slightest degree the general adversity. We should begin now by thinking about what we may expect, and what we can do.

We hear from two quarters accounts which at first sight appear to be contradictory. We are told that New York is shipping vast quantities of grain to Europe, and particularly to England: and, again, that there is a great rise in the price of food in Jamaica, because the troubled state of America prevents the present unusual demand of Jamaica from being met as on former occasions. It is good news for us that so much grain and flour are coming; and we may account for it by a great mass of American securities having changed hands, and being paid for in wheat, as more convenient than gold—a species of demand which does not exist in the case of Jamaica.

Next to the United States, Russia has hitherto been our main dependence for corn: but Russia has never, perhaps, had so little corn to sell as this year. Not only is the labour-system broken up, and the tillage of much soil neglected, but there has been so much drought that Southern Russia is in a comparatively barren state. So we are told; and we shall soon know whether it is true or not. At the moment when we are threatened with the stoppage of this source of supply, we are invited to rejoice at the first shipment of wheat and flour to London from the colony of Victoria. It is not much; but it is a beginning,—a new resource for future years. We may hope that the Turkish and Baltic provinces may send us as much as we shall ask for. If Hungary were but through her troubles, we should want nothing more than she could give us. She might be the granary of Europe, if her industry were freed and restored.

On the whole, there can be no fear of our being disappointed of any supply that we may be able and willing to pay for, at the price that the circumstances of the year will determine. Since the corn trade of the world has been thrown open, there has been an end of all apprehension of famine, in a country like England. There is always enough to be had by those who have ports to receive it, roads for its transit, and money to pay the price that it may bear.

Next comes the consideration,—how much more than usual we shall want to buy, and how it is to be brought within the reach of the largest and poorest classes. Before we can ascertain these conditions, we must know more than we yet do of the quality of our own grain. Some, grown in the best way on the best soils, is sound and good: much more, it is to be feared, will turn out ill,—blighted, damp, shrunken,—needing a large admixture of hard old wheat, if it can be made into flour at all. Now, what can we do in such a case?

The common idea is that we can only let things take their course,—pay our poor-rates, pay high for our flour, give away more money in alms than usual, and wait for better times,—that easy waiting, which means for some of us no more

than spending somewhat more in food and in charity, and somewhat less in fancy ways! I, however, am old-fashioned as well as old; and there is nothing in political economy, even in its most pedantic purity, which alters, to my eyes, the old view that every pound of flour spared from the dinner table of the rich is so much left in the market to which the poor resort. To me it seems plain, after all that can be said, that every pound of flour saved from my pastry is available for somebody else's loaf. Therefore it is that, while anxious to avoid all censure of my neighbours, and all shallow asceticism in the ordering of my household, I do feel sympathy with certain friends of mine who, with the first tidings of a bad harvest, open their extra flour-bin to receive, week by week, what they save from their ordinary consumption of flour, so that, when the time of pressure comes, they may keep out of the market, or, better still, sell at cost price to some needy neighbour the store they have accumulated. To me it seems that it is a very small sacrifice, when flour is scarce, to banish pastry from the table, and substitute rice, and fruit, and foreign macaroni, and cheese, and other good things into the making of which domestic flour does not enter. This is, however, a resource generally considered appropriate to times of dearth: and we have no reason to dread actual dearth, as if the season had been as unfavourable everywhere as in England. All I want is that we should steadily confront the fact that the coming year must be one of considerable trial, and that we should prepare ourselves to do, bear, and sacrifice anything that may be found desirable, in aid of the classes by which the main pressure must be felt. Let us see the truth, face the truth, and match ourselves stoutly against this one of the many troubles to which nations, as well as men, are born.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

UNDER THE LEMONS.

I DOUBT if it be in the power of the untravelled British mind to conceive the intense, intolerable heat we have been enduring ever since we left England, here at B——, in the Province of Brescia, Italy. It is only since last week, when we had a noble thunderstorm, that I have been able to hold up my head, or to guide a pen. Until then I was one *fra quegli sciagurati, ch' hanno perduti il ben dell' intelletto*, and a letter, had I had the strength to write one, could only have afflicted my friends by revealing the hopeless state of dripping imbecility into which I had sunk. The journey from London to Milan was performed in sixty-three hours of dusty horror, in company with a Milanese nobleman, who informed us at the end thereof that he had not washed himself once during all that time: *peretie nov valeva la pena* (it was not worth the trouble). The observation was, however, gratuitous, as the fact spoke loudly for itself to several of our senses at once.

We could not breathe in Milan; even the natives faintly gasped that the heat was truly *stravagante*; so feeling that our only chance of ever returning to England as solid bodies was to get

to the mountains at once, on one fatal night we jumped—per train—out of the frying-pan of Milan, into the fire of Brescia; a city which, whatever the Chronicles may say to the contrary, must in fact have been founded by the distinguished firm of Shadrach, Abednego, and Co., and the present inhabitants must be the worthy descendants of those respectable old “parties.” But as they were “no kind a relation of ours,” as the Yorkshire farmer said of George IV., when expected to go into mourning for him, we had made arrangements for flying from the fiery furnace at three in the morning, and were sitting at past midnight with the friend who was to drive us on an exploring expedition to the Lago d’Idro, when, to our astonishment, a waiter, with a very disturbed countenance, opened the door and announced—*La Polizia!* In strutted an ugly little Commissioner of Police, followed by two satellites, who stationed themselves in what they evidently considered an imposing manner, at the door. The commissioner demanded, in a very haughty and insolent tone, to see my husband's papers, and on being shown his commission, and the certificate of his having resigned it himself, both signed by the Minister of War, he appeared really annoyed to find everything perfectly *en règle*, and somewhat embarrassed as to what to do next. He therefore thought proper to relieve his mind and beguile the time by asking an infinity of impertinent questions, first of C——, and then, by way of variety, of me; amongst others, whether I was really C——'s wife, or only “his companion.”

Hereupon, however, my husband grew very angry, and the small Commissioner, not liking the expression of his countenance, retreated in a nervous manner to the door, and said to his satellites, “*Pronti coi revolvers*” (Be ready with your revolvers). This proceeding to an unarmed man and a woman is a pleasing instance of what Constitutional Government is under the Piedmontese system. To the unenlightened British mind, it looks strangely like despotism. After stopping two mortal hours, wearying us with useless and insolent questions, the Commissioner would not go away without exacting a promise from C—— that he would present himself the next morning before the *Questore*. This he did, and found the said *Questore* a very insolent personage, too. He desired C—— to start at once for Turin to obtain a passport (highly constitutional this, a passport for an Italian in Italy!). C—— refused, of course, and demanded to see the Governor of Brescia.

The Governor of Brescia sang the same song in a still louder key, and said that the police had acted in entire pursuance of an express order *dall' alto*. C——, however, stoutly refused to go back to Turin, saying he would not be treated like a criminal in his own country, that if there were any charge against him he had a right to know of what he was accused, and that unless they sent gendarmes to conduct us by force to Turin, to Turin he would not go. The governor replied that if we did not start that night, he would send us by force. Meanwhile, however, our friend had gone about the town talking of this fresh instance of governmental oppression of the

emigration, and angry groups began to collect around the police-office, and the ugly commissioner was hissed and hustled "when he took his walks abroad," and grew uneasy in his small mind. So the next morning he re-appeared in a very conciliatory and deferential mood, saying he had merely called as a friend to request C—— to go quietly to Turin, so as not to create a *scandalo*. C——, however, replied that the *scandalo* was not of his making, and repeated, that unless he were dragged to Turin by force, he would not stir a step. An hour after there came a polite message from the Questore, who would be obliged if C—— would "favour" him with a call. The Questore was meek and amiable this time, and asked where we wanted to go. C—— replied, "wherever we liked;" and on his adding that we intended to start that night for the *Val*, the Questore politely handed him a *carta di permanenza buona per la Val*, and we departed with flying colours, having triumphed over these bullies. I should tell you, however, that the Governor of Brescia sent a *Segretissima* circular to the Sindaco of the first town we stayed at, desiring him to watch over all our doings, and contrive to find out, *through our correspondence*, what we did, and with whom we were in communication, as we were "personal friends of Mazzini." The Sindaco, being an honest man, was disgusted: he sent a message to the governor that he was not accustomed to play the spy, and then despatched the *Segretissima* circular to us, to warn us what we might expect in other places with less conscientious officials than himself.

But enough of the paltry doings of these paltry souls. We left them behind that night, and after visiting the lovely Lago d'Ildro, we came here, to this queer village of B——, on the Lake of Garda. As we arrived in our friend's open carriage with two horses, we produced a prodigious excitement in the place. The population did their very best to immolate themselves before the Juggernaut in which we travelled; and even the most aged women and smallest babies followed in the wondering procession that accompanied us to the door of a friend of C——'s, by whom we were "to be taken in and done for" while we looked about for a local habitation. Our friend, Signor C——u, told us that this would be a very difficult thing to find, unless indeed we could persuade the proprietor of a dilapidated palace formerly belonging to the great G—— family, to allow us to fit up two or three rooms therein. This palace was, they told us, uninhabited—that is to say, *non v'era che il Sordo* (there was no one in it but the deaf man), who appeared to be considered of no more importance than if he had been one of the numerous bats we disturbed on our first entry. Having obtained the proprietor's permission to inhabit any of the rooms we chose, I confess to a moment of blank despair when first the shutters were opened and the blinding sunlight produced a rush among whole armies of bats, scorpions, beetles, and spiders. After seeing the whole palace, the only three rooms in which it appeared to me possible, even by dint of scrubbing and whitewashing, ever to encamp, were precisely those inhabited by *il Sordo*. Oh! that was of no

consequence: the Sordo should be told to turn out, and fix himself in another wing. In spite of my protestations at this singular and somewhat unjust proposal, Madame C——u, who alone in all B—— appears to have the privilege of making the Sordo hear, descended at once into a gloomy kitchen where he was supposed to be cooking his humble dinner of polenta, and while she was gone her husband explained to us the mystery of the poor Sordo's presence here.

It appears that this Casa G—— passed from the possession of the G—— family into the hands of a rich family named B——, to whom it had belonged for upwards of a hundred years; and, indeed, there is a plate in the wall commemorating the restoration of the house by one F. B., in the year 1736.

The B—— family were very rich and very pious, and there is still a chapel in the house wherein mass was said every day when the Sordo, who is the last of the B——s, was a boy. But the family fell into trouble, and, like Dogberry, "had losses;" yet, though they sank lower and lower, the last relic of their grandeur, the daily mass in their own chapel, was still celebrated, even when they had to dine on bare polenta, like the peasants round them, in order to pay the priests. Finally, the Sordo's mother was compelled to sell the house and its lemon-garden to a wealthy *parvenu* relation, as fat and vulgar as a *parvenu* relation, under such circumstances, is bound, for the credit of the story, to be. And what did that foolish mother do with the money thus obtained but leave it all, except mille zwanzigers (about £35), to a daughter who had married a rich man and did not want it? The mother even seems, like everyone else, to have considered that her son was "only *il Sordo*;" and so mille zwanzigers were his portion, and on the interest of that noble sum he contrives to exist. No wonder he cooks his own wretched dinner alone in the dark kitchen of the mansion where he was born, and where, on sufferance, he is allowed to remain until his rich relation, who is now pulling down and improving the out-buildings, shall want to do the same with the house itself. It cannot be a cheerful sight to him to see F——, the fat proprietor, lording it over the masons and workmen who are knocking the place about his deaf ears, poor soul!

We had scarcely heard this mournful little story when Madame C——u reappeared, accompanied by the very leanest specimen of a Sordo I ever beheld, dressed in a suit of such very thread-bare black, and of so very antique a cut, with so short a waist to his coat, and such very tight trousers over his long thin legs, that he looked as if one of a larger species than usual of the spider tribe had been brushed down from the walls. Nevertheless, he took off his hat with the air of a gentleman, and stood bending down his grey head in a polite manner, while Madame C——u screamed forth the agreeable information that he was to take up his bed and walk into a still more decayed wing of the house. I could not help declaring that I would not consent to this, and on my protest being screamed into his ear, he made me a grateful bow, but declared that all the

rooms were alike to him, and that it was always a pleasure to oblige a foreigner and a lady, with a flourish of his arm that was meant to be extremely elegant, but revealed a sad rent in his garment. We, however, still objected; but Madame C——u said we should only set the proprietor against him by refusing, and suggested that as we could not offer the Sordo a present, we might yet make the matter advantageous to him by offering to hire of him some wretched chairs and tables he possessed, and paying for them about five times more than they were worth. And so we did, and all parties were satisfied, and the Sordo returned to his eternal silence in the dark kitchen, and we set some stalwart peasants to scrub and whitewash our strange abode. This done, we also scrubbed the Sordo's furniture, a proceeding which he regarded with the air of a man too polite to interfere even with mad people.

So here we have dwelt for two whole months, during which time I have grown quite attached to our tumble-down dwelling, which is on the edge of the lake, having a lovely view over to the Monte Baldo, on the opposite Tyrolese shore, and a terrace behind, looking over the lemon gardens that cover the mountains nearly halfway up. The male population of B—— are nearly all gardeners or fishermen. I say *gardeners*, because the wealth of the place consists almost entirely of its lemon gardens. The lemons are grown for exportation, and require great care and skill in their cultivation. The plants, or rather trees, rise to the immense height of eight *metri* (the metro here is a little longer than our yard) in about forty or fifty years, and there are some here said to be two centuries old.

They blossom all the year round, but most luxuriantly in May, and the lemons are gathered every month, for every month some portion of the golden store is ripe. The gardeners dig carefully round, and manure the trees twice a year, and they are abundantly watered every fortnight during the summer months. This is a very picturesque and laborious performance. To the gardens that can be so reached, the water is carried in queer shaped carts, such as they use here for wine, resembling an immense barrel set upon wheels, and drawn by the magnificent oxen of these parts. Where the gardens are only to be reached by narrow, precipitous footpaths, two men carry the water barrels along between two poles, the ends of which they take upon their shoulders, and it is a painful sight to see them staggering, with bare feet, over the sharp stones and rocky pathways, under their heavy loads.

Huge square stone pillars are built at intervals of from six to eight feet along the terraced lemon gardens; into these are driven strong iron fastenings, to which are attached immense wooden shutters, by which the plants are closed in during the short winter. The majority of these shutters are of wood, so that the gardens are quite dark when they are closed; but a few of the richer lemon growers are now using glass. The gardens are closed towards the end of November, and opened again in the beginning of May; but there are very few days during the winter when they

are not partially open from sun-rise to sun down. In very cold nights, which are exceedingly rare on this shore, they light fires inside these temporary greenhouses, made of the small, well-dried wood of the olive. The simple thermometer used in these gardens is a cup of water placed near the tree roots; the gardeners watch this water, and if they see symptoms of freezing, they at once light their fires. This primitive method has the disadvantage of being very dangerous; the greatest care is required to prevent the trees themselves catching, and in spite of the watchfulness of the gardeners, who sit up all night on these occasions, some fearful catastrophes do occur; and a few strong-minded proprietors are beginning to introduce stoves, against which the gardeners entertain a very strong and, as it appears, unfounded prejudice.

They have even fancied, though I believe without reason, that these stoves have been the cause of a disease, similar to the vine disease, which during the last four or five years has caused a fearful destruction of property among the lemon gardens. The disease first shows itself in the roots, and no certain remedy has as yet been found, though many believe that sulphur, already successful in some few instances, may prove such when universally applied.

The lemons from the Lake of Garda are considered the best in Italy for purposes of exportation, as they can bear even the longest voyage without injury. The best are sent to Germany and Russia, and are sold at from seven to eight francs a hundred; the second class lemons are sold in Lombardy and Venetia; and the third class (those which fall from the tree) have always been regarded as the lawful property of the women of the families, who sell them at the low price of fifty or sixty centerimi a hundred, and consider the profits their pin-money. The lemons that are packed for exportation are wrapped one by one in clean paper, before being put in the cases prepared to receive them.

It is a pretty sight to see the women doing this: sometimes twenty or thirty together, sitting on low chairs in large rooms with myriads of lemons forming a golden carpet all round them. They wrap them completely and effectually with a clever twist of the soft paper in an instant, and sing in chorus as they sit at work. Garibaldi's Hymn was always the favourite tune; one heard it from every house when packing was going on. I used to wonder how they could sing, for the smell of the fresh lemons, so delightful in a small quantity, is dreadfully oppressive when they are gathered together by thousands, in hot weather. Each case, packed for exportation, generally contains about 4500; they are sent across the lake to the Tyrol, to proceed, *viâ* Austria, to their destination.

Since the emancipation of Lombardy from Austrian rule, all lemons passing through Austria pay a duty of two Austrian lire (one franc, ninety centimes) a hundred, even those which are only in transit. Hence they are sometimes smuggled, but not very generally, for the smugglers find they gain far more by smuggling sugar and coffee; and the large cases in which

the lemons are packed are inconvenient to stow away in an emergency, as all squeezing destroys the value of their contents.

The so-called fishermen, whose trade in fish is not very large or lucrative, are the smugglers. Their boats are large and heavy, as they are obliged to be built to resist the sudden and violent storms to which the lake is subject. A good boat's load is about 1440 kilos (metrical measure), and four strong men generally man the boat on these occasions. The transport to the opposite shore takes place by night, and they reckon their ordinary rowing in such cases at four geographical miles an hour. When seen and followed by the Austrian coast guards, who have better boats and more men, the smugglers put out all their strength, and row at the astonishing rate of eight geographical miles an hour. They very rarely attempt to return the Austrian fire; worse armed than their enemies, and always fewer in number, such a course would be fatal: they trust entirely to their herculean sinews, and almost always with success.

On the Austrian shore they have troops of spies and friends who have a perfect telegraphic system of torches and fires, of which the key (constantly changed) is known only to the initiated, to give warning of danger, and indicate safe spots for unloading. As soon as the boat touches the Austrian shore, those who lighted the signal fires appear by miracle as if out of the ground, in numerous, strong and active groups; each man seizes as much as he can carry of the cargo on his own shoulders, and often without a word spoken on either side, it disappears up the rocky paths or in caverns known only to the smugglers, as if by enchantment. The boatmen instantly put off again, often giving themselves no concern as to the disposition of the cargo, for that matter has all been arranged before in safety. Moreover the smugglers are seldom the proprietors of the goods, but are employed by the merchants themselves, who pay them so much a hundred-weight for their risk and labour. When surprised, for without a surprise they may be said to be never overtaken by the coast guard, the smugglers instantly abandon their boat, and fling themselves into the lake, and swim for their lives beneath a rain of rifle balls. On these occasions the loss of the boat is always made good to the smugglers by the owners of the cargo, and such confidence have they in the indomitable strength and courage of these fine fellows, that it hardly ever happens that such a claim is disputed.

The female population appear to have but one sole absorbing occupation, the eternal washing of everything washable; children, clothes, plates, dishes, silk-worm cocoons, beds, and even chairs and tables, in the lake. Indeed, the lake is the soul of the place, and every transaction of life among the peasants appears to take place on its sloping shore. When we first came, everybody bathed in it, some few in the perfectly unsophisticated and unembarrassed costume of our first parents, but the majority in night-gowns, petticoats, old dressing-gowns, sheets, or anything else that came to hand; while many sat in the lake, like the Great Mogul, "for company's sake, under

a huge umbrella." But the funniest thing was to see ancient peasant crones, when work was done, calmly gather up their scanty garments above their venerable knees, and walk into the lake, chair or stool in hand, to a convenient distance, and there, after planting their chairs firmly in the stones at the bottom, sit to gossip and cool down for the night. The first old party I saw perform this feat I believed to be insane; but when others followed, I grew calmer, and now that I know it to be "their custom always of an afternoon," I regard the proceeding with as much indifference as the natives themselves.

I have no doubt that if you were to look in Murray, you would find it stated that the chief productions of B—— are lemons, olives, and, of late years, silk; but that is only Mr. Murray's *gammon*. Believe the statement of a sufferer that the chief products of B—— are scorpions, musquitoes, ants, beetles, and spiders,—the black beetles especially being of an uncommonly fine race, remarkable for having a passion for sleeping in boots, and being gifted with extraordinary swiftness of foot. The ants do not present themselves, as a rule, until either a beetle or a scorpion has been *squashed*, when they suddenly appear in thousands, by miracle, Heaven only knows how or from whence, and endeavour, by labouring together with an *organisation du travail* which would delight Louis Blanc, to possess themselves of the corpse. The scorpions walk into one's bed-room with the air of persons who "know their rights, and knowing dare maintain," and having selected a sunny spot favourable to slumber, they curl themselves up into a mysterious black mass, which when touched with a cautious stick, unfolds into an attitude of menace calculated to appal the stoutest heart.

Our first trouble here was the search after a servant, but Madame C—— brought to us a bare-legged maiden built like a female Hercules, who professed to be able to wash, draw water, cut wood, and cook polenta, besides being willing to learn to do more. This being the case, C——, who like most soldiers can do a little of everything, and is a very respectable cook, undertook to teach Barelegs her duties. We make our kitchen, by the way, in the old reception hall, in which there is such an enormously tall, wide fireplace, that our small fire, and smaller cooking (achieved in one corner on the ground thereof), looks as if some elfin people had stolen in to cook their tiny meals in some old giant's castle. When C—— went into this improvised kitchen to instruct Barelegs in the noble arts of boiling and roasting, she found the proceeding dull, and left him to cook while she retreated to the window, where, lolling comfortably out, she conversed with her numerous acquaintance in the square beneath, and pelted some of them with potato peelings, &c. Remonstrance proved useless, and one day, when the potato peelings began to be answered by pebbles from the piazza below, C—— lost all patience, and dismissed her then and there; whereupon, far from being abashed, she joined her friends outside, and laughed at us! This, you will admit, was irritating, and we were so exasperated that we declared we would do without

a servant altogether. C—— was to be the cook, and I the housemaid; a worthy old lady, with a yellow pocket handkerchief on her head, a red jacket of no particular shape, and a fabulously short blue gown, came every morning to wash up; and a friendly smuggler occupied his leisure moments in drawing water and cutting wood for us, which occupation he began at four in the morning, whistling Garibaldi's hymn all the while with distracting shrillness, and marvellous power of lungs, the sound being cheerful no doubt, but by no means conducive to slumber. We were, however, thoroughly tired of this primitive mode of life before a week was over: C—— had grown excessively red in the face in the performance of his functions, and I was very nearly bent double by the imperfect execution of mine. So we have ventured on another Barelegs, who has the additional attraction of a *goltre*, and who appears as careful and willing a body as well can be. She calls us *poveri forestieri*, with an air of encouraging patronage highly gratifying to our feelings.

I wish I could give you an idea how utterly different everything is here to our life in England. From the break of day, when we rise to shut the shutters and exclude the blinding sun, to the last moment at night, when, having set all doors and windows open, we cautiously creep within our mosquito curtains, everything is un-English and strange. Some things, such as the appearance of C——'s gardener with a huge basket of golden figs on his head, the fresh sound of the lake, which behaves like a small sea, and foams up in a most refreshing manner on the shingly shore, the delicious smell of the lemons that are being shipped away from the port, the pleasant rows on the lake in the moonlight, &c., are very delightful; but there are other things which are, to say the least of it, *trying*.

It is trying to see one's well-known shirts, nightgowns, &c., being washed in the lake close in front of one's own door, and handled and carefully examined by the entire population of B——, while they make audible comments on the cut and colour of those garments. It is trying to be obliged to buy meat for all the week on Saturday, which is killing day, or to go without; trying to live in a land that looks fertility itself, and know that all vegetables have been burned up by the heat, so that even an occasional potato is a marvel and a treat; and to have to accept as a luxury a poor flabby little fresh-water fishling, who might as well have remained for ever in his native element for any sustenance to be obtained from his small body; trying, when one has ordered a fowl for dinner, to see the said fowl shortly after, sitting in a very nervous attitude with one leg tied to the table in the *reception hall*, alias *kitchen*, with his head cocked excessively on one side, as he watches the movements of Barelegs in an anxious manner, as if he had a horrid prevision of his coming fate. It is trying to live in a place not lighted at night, so that if one attempt a cheerful evening walk, one is certain to walk into heaps of nameless filth always thrown in the very centre of the narrow streets, or to stumble over the aged

inhabitants who are cooling unseen on their doorsteps.

We have no books except the "Siege de la Rochelle," by way of the last novelty; and our chief excitement is the arrival of the daily papers from Milan, for the first reading of which we quarrel in an unseemly manner every morning; and the coming, on three nights of the week, of the diligence from Brescia, which brings our letters.

The last three or four miles of road between Brescia and B—— are a rather rapid descent: part of the road is very narrow, between the high walls of lemon gardens on each hand; and at distances of about a quarter of a mile there are little openings, into which mule carts and, at night, even foot passengers are obliged to retire, to prevent being *squashed*. The diligence always starts off at the beginning of the descent in a fast trot, which soon becomes a gallop, and a great whip-cracking is maintained the whole time, to warn the unwary that they must run for it. Now, as B—— is even of smaller importance than G—— (the *Capo luogo* of the district), the people of B—— have to endure the ignominy of seeing their friends, parcels, and letters rush by them to G——, where the village magnates descend, and waste a great deal of time in getting out their luggage and quarrelling about the fare, and the *buona manu* to the conductor, during which time the B——ites have to sit in patient anguish, and are then rewarded by being humbly re-conducted to B—— by the slow efforts of one horse. We find the excitement of awaiting this return so very bad for our digestions and tempers, that we generally go forth about a mile on the road, and stand on a rock above the road, in a menacing attitude, waving our mantles, like Gray's Bard, denouncing "ruin on the ruthless king." The driver knows what the wild-looking performance means, and as he gallops by he shouts out our fate. "Nothing for you, Signori miei!" or "Si Signori! letters for you!" as the case may be.

A little while ago C—— had to go to Brescia on business, and I took the opportunity of having our one sitting-room whitewashed, for the broken and battered old frescoes afforded a lurking-place for many an unsightly insect. The operation of whitewashing was performed by an exceedingly aged and profoundly deaf old gentleman, with a very short ladder, a tiny pot of whitewash about the size of the domestic jam-pot of the period, and a brush such as one might use to wash in the sky in a moderate-sized water-colour drawing. As the jam-pot stood on the ground, and the respectable old gentleman had to descend to it, breathing very hard all the while, every time his small brush was dry, you can easily understand why the performance was of very long duration.

I wished to suggest various simple improvements, but finding that it was impossible to make the old gentleman hear, and that I had to poke at him with a stick every time I wanted to converse, I soon gave up the attempt in despair. One day—one fatal day—it occurred to me that I would give renewed vigour

to his aged arm, so I carried in a tumbler of a nameless acid they called wine in these parts, and poked vigorously at the ancient Muratore till I made him understand that the said tumbler of acid was for his private and particular drinking. He descended with unusual alacrity, and his eye brightened so much after quaffing the noble beverage, that I returned to my room delighted with my success. I am sorry to say that, on going back in about an hour to see how the charm had worked, I found my old friend curled up in a corner, slumbering peacefully, and with such an expression of beatitude on his wrinkled face that I had not the heart to disturb him.

Barelegs and I have since been occupied in cleaning the scanty furniture, mercilessly bespattered with whitewash during the Muratore's labours, and while so employed, Barelegs made me this painful confidence :

"I don't know what ails that old man down there" (meaning the unfortunate Sordo in the dark kitchen), "but, when I go in the kitchen, I continually find him crying, and when I ask him what is the matter, he says he has a cold !"

She appeared exceedingly outraged at the pity I evinced, and concluded, in a hard tone of voice :

"Ma Signora !—a man to cry ! He may have his troubles ; but anyhow it is a great weakness !"

Poor old Sordo ! if this be the measure of sympathy he generally meets, no wonder he says he has a cold. No doubt it is "a great weakness" to cry by himself in the dark, but it is a dreary weakness to think of, and it casts a very considerable shadow over the sun-light of my terrace above him, when I do so.

When we first came, the Sordo had two companions who used to sit with him by the side of the huge fireplace in the dark kitchen, taking a languid interest in the boiling of his little pot of polenta. These two companions were a very limp and exhausted kitten, and an exceedingly dejected fowl, guiltless of eggs. By dint of carrying him up on to our sunny terrace, and giving him first milk, and then stronger food, we have transformed the exhausted kitten into an excessively vulgar and forward cat ; and, I grieve to say, the very first use he made of his increase of vigour was to make a savage onslaught on his former ally, the dejected fowl, whom he deprived entirely of a flabby tail he had, before Barelegs came to the rescue. Only yesterday he was guilty of a worse crime still. Some one had presented the Sordo with a piece of liver, which he had stowed away on a high shelf, to be eaten this day. Alas ! this morning early, while the Sordo was at mass, the vulgar cat not only climbed up and demolished the liver, but added insult to injury by going to sleep in the dish.

Thus have we, by the rash introduction of the luxuries of city life, demoralised the primitive innocence of at least one of the natives of the village of B——, in the district of G——, in the province of Brescia, Lombardy, Italy.

AVE, CÆSAR !

[SEE the painting by Gérôme, in the International Exhibition, Foreign Gallery, No. 122. It was the custom, during the times of the Empire, for each successive troop of gladiators, before beginning their conflict, to advance to the Imperial box when the Emperor was present, and to salute him with the words, "Ave, Cæsar Imperator ; morituri te salutant."]

I.

When the Emperor lay a-dying
And an unresisted spell,
Like a cloud across his eyelids
From the land of darkness fell ;
"Ave, Cæsar !"
Sounded o'er him like a knell—
"Ave, Cæsar !"
From the borderland of hell.

II.

For a vision rose upon him,
In the dimness of the night,
Dark at first, but clear and clearer
Ere he died at morning light—
Musing, musing,
All too late, on Wrong and Right ;
("Ave, Cæsar !")
'Twas a vision of affright.

III.

Lo ! the storied Coliseum,
All a-blaze with green and red ;
Lo ! the elephant and panther
On the canopy overhead ;
Sand is strewing
Where the fighting-men have bled ;
("Ave, Cæsar !")
Men are dragging off the dead.

IV.

Now a myriad ranks are silent,
Watching what may next befall ;
And another troop advances,
Buckler'd Thracian, sinewy Gaul ; *
Them the trainer—
Loud, uncaring, daring, all—
Unto Cæsar
Brings, to greet him ere they fall.

V.

"Ave, Cæsar Imperator !"
Thus they used to shout of old ;
"Dying men salute thee, Cæsar !"
Thus the horrid greeting rolled
In the vision,
Round and round his bed of gold,
("Ave, Cæsar !")
While his limbs were growing cold.

VI.

And they waved their arms before him ;
Touched the purple one by one ;
Said, "The dying greet thee, Cæsar,
From another world begun,
(Ave, Cæsar !),
Where our servitude is done ;
(Ave, Cæsar !)
Emperor and slave are one."

HORACE MOULE.

* Most of the gladiators were called by the names of the nations whose arms they adopted.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XXI. NEWS FROM AUSTRALIA.

LIONEL VERNER could scarcely believe in his own identity. The train, which was to have contained him, was whirling towards London, he, a poor aspirant for future fortune, ought to have been in it; he had counted most certainly to be in it; but here was he, while the steam of that train yet snorted in his ears, walking out of the station a wealthy man, come into a proud inheritance, the inheritance of his fathers. In the first moment of tumultuous thought, Lionel almost felt as if some fairy must have been at work with a magic wand.

It was all true. He linked his arm within Jan's, and listened to the recital in detail. Jan had found Mrs. Verner, on his arrival at Verner's Pride, weeping over letters from Australia: one

from a Captain Cannonby, one from Sibylla. They contained the tidings that Frederick Massingbird had died of fever, and that Sibylla was anxious to come home again.

"Who is Captain Cannonby?" asked Lionel of Jan.

"Have you forgotten the name?" returned Jan. "That friend of Fred Massingbird's, who sold out, and was knocking about London: Fred went up once or twice to see him. He went out to the diggings last autumn, and it seems Fred and Sibylla lighted on him at Melbourne. He had laid poor Fred in the grave the day before he wrote, he says."

"I can scarcely believe it all now, Jan," said Lionel. "What a change!"

"Ay. You won't believe it for a day or two.

I say, Lionel, Uncle Stephen need not have left Verner's Pride to the Massingbirds: they have not lived to enjoy it. Neither need there have been all that bother about the codicil. I know what."

"What?" asked Lionel, looking at him: for Jan spoke significantly.

"That Madam Sibylla would give her two ears now, to have married you, instead of Fred Massingbird."

Lionel's face flushed, and he replied coldly, hauteur in his tone. "Nonsense, Jan! you are speaking most unwarrantably. When Sibylla chose Fred Massingbird, I was the heir to Verner's Pride."

"I know," said Jan. "Verner's Pride would be a great temptation to Sibylla; and I can but think she knew it was left to Fred when she married him."

Lionel did not condescend to retort. He would as soon believe himself capable of bowing down before the god of gold, in a mean spirit, as believe Sibylla capable of it. Indeed, though he was wont to charm himself with the flattering notion that his love for Sibylla had died out, or near upon it, he was very far off the point when he could think any ill of Sibylla.

"My patients will be foaming," remarked Jan, who continued his way to Verner's Pride with Lionel. "They will conclude I have gone off with Dr. West: and I have his list on my hands now, as well as my own. I say, Lionel, when I told you the letters from Australia were in, how little we guessed they would contain this news."

"Little, indeed!" said Lionel.

"I suppose you won't go to London now?"

"I suppose not," was the reply of Lionel. And a rush of gladness illumined his heart as he spoke it. No more toil over those dry old law books! The study had never been to his taste.

The servants were gathered in the hall when Lionel and Jan entered it. Decorously sorry, of course, for the tidings which had arrived, but unable to conceal the inward satisfaction which peeped out: not satisfaction at the death of Fred, but at the accession of Lionel. It is curious to observe how jealous the old retainers of a family are, upon all points which touch the honour or the well-being of the house. Fred Massingbird was an alien; Lionel was a Verner; and now, as Lionel entered, they formed into a double line that he might pass between them, their master from henceforth.

Mrs. Verner was in the old place, the study. Jan had seen her in bed that morning; but, since then, she had risen. Early as the hour yet was, recent as the sad news had been, Mrs. Verner had dropped asleep. She sat nodding in her chair, snoring heavily, breathing painfully, her neck and face all one colour—carmine red. That she looked—as Jan had observed—a very apoplectic subject, struck Lionel most particularly on this morning.

"Why don't you bleed her, Jan?" he whispered.

"She won't be bled," responded Jan. "She won't take physic; she won't do anything that she ought to do. You may as well talk to a post. She'll do nothing but eat and drink, and fall

asleep afterwards; and then wake up to eat and drink, and fall asleep again. Mrs. Verner"—exalting his voice—"here's Lionel."

Mrs. Verner partially woke up. Her eyes opened sufficiently to observe Jan; and her mind apparently grew awake to a confused remembrance of facts. "He's gone to London," said she to Jan. "You won't catch him:" and then she nodded again.

"I did catch him," shouted Jan. "Lionel's here."

Lionel sat down by her, and she woke up pretty fully.

"I am grieved at this news for your sake, Mrs. Verner," he said in a kind tone, as he took her hand. "I am sorry for Frederick."

"Both my boys gone before me, Lionel!" she cried, melting into tears. "John first; Fred next. Why did they go out there to die?"

"It is indeed sad for you," replied Lionel. "Jan says Fred died of fever."

"He has died of fever. Don't you remember when Sibylla wrote, she said he was ill with fever? He never got well. He never got well! I take it that it must have been a sort of intermittent fever—pretty well one day, down ill the next—he had started for the place where John died—I forget its name, but you'll find it written there. Only a few hours after quitting Melbourne, he grew worse and died."

"Was he alone?" asked Lionel.

"Captain Cannonby was with him. They were going together up to—I forget, I say, the name of the place—where John died, you know. It was nine or ten days' distance from Melbourne, and they had travelled but a day of it. And I suppose," added Mrs. Verner, with tears in her eyes, "that he'd be put into the ground like a dog!"

Lionel, on this score, could give no consolation. He knew not whether the fact might be so, or not. Jan hoisted himself on to the top of a high bureau, and sat in comfort.

"He'd be buried like a dog," repeated Mrs. Verner. "What do they know about parsons and consecrated ground out there? Cannonby buried him, he says, and then he went back to Melbourne to carry the tidings to Sibylla."

"Sibylla? was Sibylla not with him when he died?" exclaimed Lionel.

"It seems not. It's sure not, in fact, by the letters. You can read them, Lionel. There's one from her and one from Captain Cannonby."

"It's not likely they'd drag Sibylla up to the diggings," interposed Jan.

"And yet—almost as unlikely that her husband would leave her alone in such a place as Melbourne appears to be," dissented Lionel.

"She was not left alone," said Mrs. Verner. "If you'd read the letters, Lionel, you would see. She stayed in Melbourne with a family; friends, I think she says, of Captain Cannonby's. She has written for money to be sent out to her by the first ship, that she may pay her passage home again."

This item of intelligence astonished Lionel more than any other.

"Written for money to be sent out for her

passage home!" he reiterated. "*Has she no money?*"

Mrs. Verner looked at him.

"They accuse me of forgetting things in my sleep, Lionel; but I think you must be getting worse than I am. Poor Fred told us in his last letter that he had been robbed of his desk, and that it had got his money in it."

"But I did not suppose it contained all—that they were reduced so low as for his wife to have no money left for a passage. What will she do there, until some can be got out?"

"If she is with comfortable folks, they'd not turn her out," cried Jan.

Lionel took up the letters, and ran his eyes over them. They told him little else of the facts; though more of the details. It appeared to have taken place pretty much as Mrs. Verner said. The closing part of Sibylla's letter ran as follows:

"After we wrote to you, Fred met Captain Cannonby. You must remember, dear aunt, how often Fred would speak of him. Captain Cannonby has relatives out here, people in very good position—if people can be said to be in a position at all in such a horrid place. We knew Captain Cannonby had come over, but thought he was at the Bendigo diggings. However, Fred met him; and he was very civil and obliging. He got us apartments in the best hotel—one of the very places that had refused us, saying they were crowded. Fred seemed to grow a trifle better, and it was decided that they should go to the place where John died, and try and get particulars about his money, &c., which in Melbourne we could hear nothing of. Indeed, nobody seemed to know even John's name. Captain Cannonby (who has really made money here in some way; trading, he says; and expects to make a good deal more) agreed to go with Fred. Then Fred told me of the loss of his desk and money, his bills of credit, and that; whatever the term may be. It was stolen from the quay, the day we arrived, and he had never been able to hear of it; but, while there seemed a chance of finding it, he would not let me know the ill news. Of course, with this loss upon us, there was all the more necessity for our getting John's money as speedily as might be. Captain Cannonby introduced me to his relatives, the Eyres, told them my husband wanted to go up the country for a short while, and they invited me to stay with them. And here I am, and very kind they are to me in this dreadful trouble.

"Aunt Verner, I thought I should have died when, a day or two after they started, I saw Captain Cannonby come back alone, with a long sorrowful face. I seemed to know in a moment what had happened: I had thought at the time they started, that Fred was too ill to go. I said to him, 'my husband is dead!' and he confessed that it was so. He had been taken ill at the end of the first day, and did not live many hours.

"I can't tell you any more, dear Aunt Verner; I am too sick and ill. And if I filled ten sheets with the particulars, it would not alter the dreadful facts. I want to come home to you; I know you will receive me, and let me live with you

always. I have not any money. Please send me out sufficient to bring me home by the first ship that sails. I don't care for any of the things we brought out; they may stop here or be lost in the sea, for all the difference it will make to me: I only want to come home. Captain Cannonby says he will take upon himself now to look after John's money, and transmit it to us, if he can get it.

"Mrs. Eyre has just come in. She desires me to say that they are taking every care of me, and are all happy to have me with them: she says I am to tell you that her own daughters are about my age. It is all true, dear aunt, and they are exceedingly kind to me. They seem to have plenty of money, are intimate with the governor's family, and with what they call the good society of the colony. When I think what my position would have been now, had I not met with them, I grow quite frightened.

"I have to write to papa, and must close this. I have requested Captain Cannonby to write to you himself, and give you particulars about the last moments of Frederick. Send me the money without delay, dear aunt. The place is hateful to me now he is gone, and I'd rather be dead than stop in it.

"Your affectionate and afflicted niece,
"SIBYLLA MASSINGBIRD."

Lionel folded the letter musingly. "It would almost appear that they had not heard of your son's accession to Verner's Pride," he remarked to Mrs. Verner. "It is not alluded to, in any way."

"I think it is sure they had not heard of it," she answered. "I remarked so to Mary Tynn. The letters must have been delayed in their passage. Lionel, you will see to the sending out of the money for me."

"Immediately," replied Lionel.

"And when do you come home?"

"Do you mean—do you mean when do I come here?" returned Lionel.

"To be sure I mean it. It is your home. Verner's Pride is your home, Lionel, now; not mine. It has been yours this three or four months past, only we did not know it. You must come home to it at once, Lionel."

"I suppose it will be right that I should do so," he answered.

"And I shall be thankful," said Mrs. Verner. "There will be a master once more, and no need to bother me. I have been bothered, Lionel. Mr. Jan"—turning to the bureau—"it's that which has made me feel ill. One comes to me with some worry or other, and another comes to me: they *will* come to me. The complaints and tales of that Roy fidget my life out."

"I shall discharge Roy at once, Mrs. Verner."

Mrs. Verner made a deprecatory movement of the hands, as much as to say that it was no business of hers. "Lionel, I have only one request to make of you: never speak of the estate to me again, or of anything connected with its management. You are its sole master, and can do as you please. Shall you turn me out?"

Lionel's face flushed. "No, Mrs. Verner," he

almost passionately answered. "You could not think so."

"You have the right. Had Fred come home, he would have had the right. But I'd hardly reconcile myself to any other house now."

"It is a right which I should never exercise," said Lionel.

"I shall mostly keep my room," resumed Mrs. Verner. "Perhaps wholly keep it: and Mary Tynn will wait upon me. The servants will be yours, Lionel. In fact, they are yours: not mine. What a blessing! to know that I may be at peace from henceforth: that the care will be upon another's shoulders! My poor Fred! My dear sons! I little thought I was taking leave of them both for the last time."

Jan jumped off his bureau. Now that the brunt of the surprise was over, and plans began to be discussed, Jan bethought himself of his impatient sick list, who were doubtlessly wondering at the non-appearance of their doctor. Lionel rose to depart with him.

"But, you should not go," said Mrs. Verner. "In five minutes I vacate this study; resign it to you. This change will give you plenty to do, Lionel."

"I know it will, dear Mrs. Verner. I shall be back soon; but I must go and acquaint my mother."

"You will promise not to go away again, Lionel. It is your lawful home, remember."

"I shall not go away again," was Lionel's answer. And Mrs. Verner breathed freely. To be emancipated from what she had regarded as the great worry of life, was felt to be a relief. Now she could eat and sleep all day, and never need be asked a single question, or hear whether the outside world had stopped, or was going on still.

"You will just pen a few words for me to Sibylla, Lionel," she called out. "I am past much writing now."

"If it be necessary that I should," he coldly replied.

"And send them with the remittance," concluded Mrs. Verner. "You will know how much to send. Tell Sibylla that Verner's Pride is no longer mine, and I cannot invite her to it. It would hardly be the—the thing for a young girl, and she's little better, to be living here with you all day long, and I always shut up in my room. Would it, Lionel?"

Lionel somewhat haughtily shrugged his shoulders. "Scarcely," he answered.

"She must go to her sisters, of course. Poor girl! what a thing it seems, to have to return to her old house again!"

Jan put in his head. "I thought you said you were coming, Lionel?"

"So I am; this instant." And they departed together: encountering Mr. Bitterworth in the road.

He grasped hold of Lionel in much excitement. "Is it true—what people are saying? That you have come into Verner's Pride?"

"Quite true," replied Lionel. And he gave Mr. Bitterworth a summary of the facts.

"Now look there!" cried Mr. Bitterworth, who was evidently deeply impressed, "it's of no

use to try to go against honest right: sooner or later it will triumph. In your case, it has come wonderfully soon. I told my old friend that the Massingbirds had no claim to Verner's Pride; that if they were exalted to it, over your head, it would not prosper them. Not, poor fellows, that I thought of their death. May you remain in undisturbed possession of it, Lionel! May your children succeed to it after you!"

Lionel and Jan continued their road. But they soon parted company, for Jan turned off to his patients. Lionel made the best of his way to Deerham Court. In the room he entered, steadily practising, was Lucy Tempest, alone. She turned her head to see who it was, and at the sight of Lionel started up in alarm.

"What is it? Why are you back?" she exclaimed. "Has the train broken down?"

Lionel smiled at her vehemence; at her crimsoned countenance; at her unbounded astonishment altogether.

"The train has not broken down, I trust, Lucy. I did not go with it. Do you know where my mother is?"

"She is gone out with Decima."

He felt a temporary disappointment: the news, he was aware, would be so deeply welcome to Lady Verner. Lucy stood regarding him, waiting the solution of the mystery.

"What should you say, Lucy, if I tell you Deerham is not going to get rid of me at all?"

"I do not understand you," replied Lucy, colouring with surprise and emotion. "Do you mean that you are going to remain here?"

"Not here—in this house. That would be a calamity for you."

Lucy looked as if it would be anything but a calamity.

"You are as bad as our French mistress at the rectory," she said. "She would never tell us anything: she used to make us guess."

Her words were interrupted by the breaking out of the church bells; a loud peal, telling of joy. A misgiving crossed Lionel that the news had got wind, and that some officious person had been setting on the bells to ring for him, because of his succession. The exceeding bad taste of the proceeding—should it prove so—called a flush of anger to his brow. His inheritance had cost Mrs. Verner her son.

The suspicion was confirmed. One of the servants, who had been to the village came running in at this juncture with open mouth, calling out that Mr. Lionel had come into his own, and that the bells were ringing for it. Lucy Tempest heard the words, and turned to Lionel.

"It is so, Lucy," he said, answering the look. "Verner's Pride is at last mine. But—"

She grew strangely excited. Lionel could see her heart beat,—could see the tears of emotion gather in her eyes.

"I am so glad!" she said, in a low, heart-felt tone. "I thought it would be so, sometime. Have you found the codicil?"

"Hush, Lucy! Before you express your gladness, you must learn that sad circumstances are mixed with it. The codicil has not been found: but Frederick Massingbird has died."

Lucy shook her head. "He had no right to Verner's Pride, and I did not like him. I am sorry, though, for himself, that he is dead. And—Lionel—you will never go away now?"

"I suppose not: to live."

"I am so glad! I may tell you that I am glad, may I not?"

She half timidly held out her hand as she spoke. Lionel took it between both of his, toying with it as tenderly as he had ever toyed with Sibylla's. And his low voice took a tone which was certainly not that of hatred, as he bent towards her.

"I am glad also, Lucy. The least pleasant part of my recent projected departure was the constantly remembered fact that I was about to put a distance of many miles between myself and you. It grew all too palpable towards the last."

Lucy laughed and drew away her hand, her radiant countenance falling before the gaze of Lionel.

"So you will be troubled with me yet, you see, Miss Lucy," he added in a lighter tone, as he left her and strode off with a step that might have matched Jan's, on his way to ask the bells whether they were not ashamed of themselves.

CHAPTER XXII. "IT'S APPLEPLEXY."

And so the laws of right and justice had eventually triumphed, and Lionel Verner took possession of his own. Mrs. Verner took possession of her own—her chamber; all she was ever again likely to take possession of at Verner's Pride. She had no particular ailment, unless heaviness could be called an ailment, and steadily refused any suggestion of Jan's.

"You'll go off in a fit," said plain Jan to her.

"Then I must go," replied Mrs. Verner. "I can't submit to be made wretched with your medical and surgical remedies, Mr. Jan. Old people should be let alone, to doze away their days in peace."

"As good give some old people poison outright, as let them always doze," remonstrated Jan.

"You'd like me to live sparingly—to starve myself, in short—and you'd like me to take exercise!" returned Mrs. Verner. "Wouldn't you, now?"

"It would add ten years to your life," said Jan.

"I daresay! It's of no use your coming preaching to me, Mr. Jan. Go and try your eloquence upon others. I always have had enough to eat, and I hope I always shall. And as to my getting about, or walking, I can't. When folks come to be my size, it's cruel to want them to do it."

Mrs. Verner was nodding before she had well spoken the last words, and Jan said no more. You may have met with some such case in your own experience.

When the news of Lionel Verner's succession fell upon Roy, the bailiff, he could have gnashed his teeth in very vexation. Had he foreseen what was to happen he would have played his cards so differently. It had not entered into the head-piece of Roy, to reflect that Frederick Massingbird

might die. Scarcely, had it, that he *could* die. A man, young and strong, what was likely to take off him? John had died, it was true; but John's death had been a violent one. Had Roy argued the point at all—which he did not, for it had never occurred to his mind—he might have assumed that because John had died, Fred was the more likely to live. It is a somewhat rare case for two brothers to be cut down in their youth and prime, one closely following upon the other.

Roy lived in a cottage standing by itself, a little beyond Clay Lane, but not so far off as the game-keeper's. On the morning when the bells had rung out—to the surprise and vexation of Lionel—Roy happened to be at home. Roy never grudged himself holiday when it could be devoted to the benefit of his wife. A negative benefit she may have thought it, since it invariably consisted in what Roy called "a blowing of her up."

Mrs. Roy had heard that the Australian mail was in. But the postman had not been to their door, therefore no letter could have arrived for them from Luke. A great many mails, as it appeared to Mrs. Roy, had come in with the like result. That Luke had been murdered, as his master John Massingbird had been before him, was the least she feared. Her fears and troubles touching Luke, were great; they were never at rest; and her tears fell frequently. All of which excited the ire of Roy.

She sat in a rocking-chair in the kitchen—a chair which had been new when the absent Luke was a baby, and which was sure to be the seat chosen by Mrs. Roy since, when she was in a mood to indulge any passing tribulation. The kitchen opened to the road, as the kitchens of many of the dwellings did open to it; a parlour was on the right, which was used only on the grand occasion of receiving visitors; and the stairs, leading to two rooms above, ascended from the kitchen. Here she sat, silently wiping away her dropping tears with a red cotton pocket-handkerchief. Roy was not in the sweetest possible temper himself that morning, so of course he turned it upon her.

"There you be, a-snivelling as usual! I'd have a bucket always at my feet, if I was you. It might save the trouble of catching rain-water."

"If the letter-man had got anything for us, he'd have been round here a hour ago," responded Mrs. Roy, bursting into unrestrained sobs.

Now, this happened to be the very grievance that was affecting the gentleman's temper—the postman's not having gone there. They had heard that the Australian mail was in. Not that he was actuated by any strong paternal feelings—such sentiments did not prey upon Mr. Roy. The hearing or the not hearing from his son would not thus have disturbed his equanimity. He took it for granted that Luke was alive somewhere—probably getting on—and was content to wait until himself or a letter should turn up. The one whom he had been expecting to hear from, was his new master, Mr. Massingbird. He had fondly indulged the hope that credential letters would arrive for him, confirming him in his place of manager; he believed that this mail would inevitably bring them, as the last mails had not. Hence he had stayed at home to receive the postman. But the

postman had not come, and it gave Roy a pain in his temper.

"They be a-coming back, that's what it is," was the conclusion he arrived at, when his disappointment had a little subsided. "Perhaps they might have come by this very ship! I wonder if it brings folks as well as letters?"

"I know he must be dead!" sobbed Mrs. Roy.

"He's dead as much as you be," retorted Roy. "He's a-making his fortune, and he'll come home after it—that's what Luke's a-doing. For all you know he may be come, too."

The words appeared to startle Mrs. Roy; she looked up, and she saw that her face had gone white with terror.

"Why! what *does* ail you?" cried he, in wonder. "Be you took crazy?"

"I don't want him to come home," she replied in an awe-struck whisper. "Roy, I don't want him to."

"You don't want to be anything but a idiot," returned Roy with supreme contempt.

"But I'd like to hear from him," she wailed, swaying herself to and fro. "I'm always a-dreaming of it."

"You'll just dream a bit about getting the dinner ready," commanded Roy, morosely; "that's what you'll dream about now. I said I'd have biled pork and turnips, and nicely you be a-getting on with it. Hark ye! I'm a-going now, but I shall be in at twelve, and if it ain't ready, mind your skin!"

He swung open the kitchen door just in time to hear the church bells burst out with a loud and joyous peal. It surprised Roy. In quiet Deerham, such sounds were not very frequent.

"What's up now?" cried Roy, savagely. Not that the abstract fact of the bells ringing was of any moment to him, but he was in a mood to be angry with everything. "Here, you!" continued he, seizing hold of a boy who was running by, "what be them bells a-clattering out for?"

Thus brought to summarily, the boy had no resource but to stop. It was a young gentleman whom you have had the pleasure of meeting before—Master Dan Duff. So fast had he been flying, that a moment or two elapsed ere he could get breath to speak.

The delay did not tend to soothe his capturer; and he administered a slight shake. "Can't you speak, Dan Duff? Don't you see who it is that's a asking of you? What be them bells a working for?"

"Please, sir, it's for Mr. Lionel Verner."

The answer took Roy somewhat aback. He knew—as everybody else knew—that Mr. Lionel Verner's departure from Deerham was fixed for that day; but to believe that the bells would ring out a peal of joy on that account was a staggerer even to Roy's ears. Dan Duff found himself treated to another shake, together with a sharp reprimand.

"So they be a ringing for him!" panted he. "There ain't no call to shake my inside out of me for saying so. Mr. Lionel have got Verner's Pride at last, and he ain't a going away at all, and the bells be a ringing for it. Mother have

sent me to tell the gamekeeper. She said he'd sure to give me a penny, if I was the first to tell him."

Roy let go the boy. His arms and his mouth alike dropped. "Is that—that there codicil found?" gasped he.

Dan Duff shook his head. "I dun know nothink about codicals," said he. "Mr. Fred Massingbird's dead. He can't keep Mr. Lionel out of his own any longer, and the bells is a ringing for it."

Unrestrained now, he sped away. Roy was not altogether in a state to stop him. He had turned of a glowing heat, and was asking himself whether the news could be true. Mrs. Roy stepped forward, her tears arrested.

"Law, Roy, whatever shall you do?" spoke she, deprecatingly. "I said as you should have kept in with Mr. Lionel. You'll have to eat humble pie, for certain."

The humble pie would taste none the more palatable for his being reminded of it by his wife, and Roy drove her back with a shower of harsh words. He shut the door with a bang, and went out, a forlorn hope lighting him that the news might be false.

But the news, he found, was too true. Frederick Massingbird was really dead, and the true heir had come into his own.

Roy stood in much inward perturbation. The eating of humble pie—as Mrs. Roy had been kind enough to suggest—would not cost much to a man of his cringing nature; but he entertained a shrewd suspicion that no amount of humble pie would avail for him with Mr. Verner; that, in short, he should be discarded entirely. While thus standing, the centre of a knot of gossipers, for the news had caused Deerham to collect in groups, the bells ceased as suddenly as they had begun, and Lionel Verner himself was observed coming from the direction of the church. Roy stood out from the rest, and, as a preliminary slice of the humble pie, took off his hat, and stood bareheaded while Lionel passed by.

It did not avail him. On the following day Roy found himself summoned to Verner's Pride. He went up, and was shown to the old business room—the study.

Ah! things were changed now; changed from what they had been; and Roy was feeling it to his heart's core. It was no longer the feeble invalid, Stephen Verner, who sat there; to whom all business was unwelcome, and who shunned as much of it as he could shun, leaving it to Roy: it was no longer the ignorant and easy Mrs. Verner, to whom (as she herself had once expressed it) Roy could represent white as black, and black as white: but he who reigned now was essentially master—master of himself, and of all who were dependent on him.

Roy felt it the moment he entered: felt it keenly. Lionel stood before a table covered with papers. He appeared to have risen from his chair and to be searching for something. He lifted his head when Roy appeared, quitted the table and stood looking at the man, his figure drawn to its full height. The exceeding nobility of the face and form struck even Roy.

But Lionel greeted him in a quiet, courteous tone: to meet anyone, the poorest person on his estate otherwise than courteously, was next to an impossibility for Lionel Verner. "Sit down, Roy," he said. "You are at no loss, I imagine, to guess what my business is with you."

Roy did not accept the offered seat. He stood in discomfiture, saying something to the effect that he'd change his mode of dealing with the men, would do all he could to give satisfaction to his master, Mr. Verner, if the latter would consent to continue him on.

"You must know yourself that I am not likely to do it," returned Lionel, briefly. "But I do not wish to be harsh, Roy—I trust I never shall be harsh with any one—and if you choose to accept of work on the estate, you can do so."

"You'll not continue me in my post over the brickyard, sir—over the men generally?"

"No," replied Lionel. "Perhaps the less we go into those past matters the better. I have no objection to speak of them, Roy; but, if I do, you will hear some home truths that may not be palatable. You can have work if you wish for it; and good pay."

"As one of the men, sir?" asked Roy, a shade of grumbling in his tone.

"As one of the superior men."

Roy hesitated. The blow had fallen; but it was only what he feared. "Might I ask as you'd give me a day to consider it over, sir?" he presently said.

"A dozen days if you choose. The work is always to be had: it will not run away. If you prefer to spend time deliberating upon the point, it is your affair, not mine."

"Thank ye, sir. Then I'll think it over. It'll be hard lines, coming down to be a workman, where I've been, as may be said, a sort of master."

"Roy."

Roy turned back. He had been moving away. "Yes, sir."

"I shall expect you to pay rent for your cottage now, if you remain in it. Mr. Verner, I believe, threw it into your post; made it part of your perquisites. Mrs. Verner has, no doubt, done the same. But that is at an end. I can show no more favour to you than I do to others."

"I'll think it over, sir," concluded Roy, his tone as sullen a one as he dared let appear. And he departed.

Before a week had elapsed, he came again to Verner's Pride, and said he would accept the work, and pay rent for the cottage: but he hoped Mr. Verner would name a fair rent.

"I should not name an unfair one, Roy," was the reply of Lionel. "You will pay the same that others pay, whose dwellings are the same size as yours. Mr. Verner's scale of rents was not high, but low; as you know: I shall not alter it."

A short period elapsed. One night Jan Verner, upon getting into bed, found he need not have taken the trouble, for the night-bell rang, and Jan had to get up again. He opened his side window and called out to know who was there. A boy came round from the surgery door into

view, and Jan recognised him for the youngest son of his brother's gamekeeper, a youth of twelve. He said his mother was ill.

"What's the matter with her?" asked Jan.

"Please, sir, she's took bad in the stomach. She's a groaning awful. Father thinks she'll die."

Jan dressed himself and started off, carrying with him a dose of tincture of opium. When he arrived, however, he found the woman so violently sick and ill, that he suspected it did not arise simply from natural causes. "What had she been eating?" inquired Jan.

"Some late mushrooms out of the fields."

"Ah, that's just it," said Jan. And he knew the woman had been poisoned. He took a leaf from his pocket-book, wrote a rapid word on it, and ordered the boy to carry it to the house, and give it to Mr. Cheese.

"Now, look you, Jack," said he. "If you want your mother to get well, you'll go there and back as fast as ever your legs can carry you. I can do little till you bring me what I have sent for. Go past the willow pool, and straight across to my house."

The boy looked aghast at the injunction. "Past the willow pool!" echoed he. "I'd not go past there, sir, at night, for all the world."

"Why not?" questioned Jan.

"I'd see Rachel Frost's ghost, may be," returned Jack, his round eyes open with perplexity.

The conceit of seeing a ghost amused Jan beyond everything. He sat down on a high press that was in the kitchen, and grinned at the boy. "What would the ghost do to you?" cried he.

Jack Broom could not say. All he knew was, that neither he, nor a good many more, had gone near that pond at night, since the report had arisen (which of course it did, simultaneously with the death) that Rachel's ghost was to be seen there.

"Wouldn't you go, to save your mother?" cried Jan.

"I'd—I'd not go to be made winner of the leg of mutton atop of a greased pole," responded the boy, in mortal fright, lest Jan should send him.

"You are a nice son, Mr. Jack! A brave young man, truly!"

"Jim Hook, he was a going by the pond one night, and he seed it," cried the boy, earnestly. "It don't take two minutes longer to cut down Clay Lane, please, sir."

"Be off, then," said Jan, "and see how quick you can be. What has put such a thing in his head?" he presently asked of the gamekeeper, who was hard at work, preparing hot water.

"Little fools!" ejaculated the man. "I think the report first took its rise, sir, through Robin Frost's going to the pond of a moonlight night, and walking about on its brink."

"Robert Frost did!" cried Jan. "What did he do that for?"

"What indeed, sir! It did no good, as I told him, more than once, when I came upon him there. He has not been lately, I think. Folks get up a talk that Robin went there to meet his sister's spirit, and it put the youngsters into a fright."

Back came Mr. Jack in an incredibly short time. He could not have come much quicker, had he dashed right through the pool. Jan set himself to his work, and did not leave the woman till she was better. That was the best of Jan Verner. He paid every atom as much attention to the poor as he did to the rich. Jan never considered who or what his patients were, when he was attending on them: all his object was, to get them well.

His nearest way home lay past the pool, and he took it: he did not fear poor Rachel's ghost. It was a sharpish night, bright, somewhat of a frost. As Jan neared the pool, he turned his head towards it and half stopped, gazing on its still waters. He had been away when the catastrophe happened; but the circumstances had been detailed to him. "How it would startle Jack and a few of those timid ones," said he, aloud, "if some night—"

"Is that you, sir?"

Some persons, with nerves less serene than Jan's, might have started at the sudden interruption, there and then. Not so Jan. He turned round with composure, and saw Bennet, the footman from Verner's Pride. The man had come up hastily from behind the hedge.

"I have been to your house, sir, and they told me you were at the gamekeeper's, so I was hastening there. My mistress is taken ill, sir."

"Is it a fit?" cried Jan, remembering his fears and prognostications, with regard to Mrs. Verner.

"It's worse than that, sir: it's applepox. Leastways, sir, my master and Mrs. Tynn's afraid that it is. She looks like dead, sir, and there's froth on her mouth."

Jan waited for no more. He turned short round, and flew by the nearest path to Verner's Pride.

The evil had come. Apoplexy it indeed was, and all Jan's efforts to remedy it were of no avail.

"It was by the merest chance that I found it out, sir," Mrs. Tynn said to him. "I happened to wake up, sir, and I thought how quiet my mistress was lying: mostly she might be heard ever so far off when she was asleep. I got up, sir, and took the rushlight out of the shade, and looked at her. And then I saw what had happened, and went and called Mr. Lionel."

"Can you restore her, Jan?" whispered Lionel.

Jan made no reply. He had his own private opinion: but, whatever that may have been, he set himself to the task in right earnest.

She never rallied. She lived only till the dawn of the morning. Scarcely had the clock told eight, when the death-bell went booming over the village: the bell of that very church which had recently been so merry for the succession of Lionel. And when people came running from far and near to inquire for whom the passing bell was ringing out, they hushed their voices and their footsteps when informed that it was for Mrs. Verner.

Verily, within the last year, Death had made him self at home at Verner's Pride!

(To be continued.)

OUTSIDE THE WALLS.

GREAT cities have wisely decreed that their dead shall be carried outside the walls, and not pile up a mass of corruption in the heart of populous life. Every one has his wish for his grave, and many think of honouring a pretty churchyard by reposing in it, as great exiles have refused their bones to their ungrateful country. The noted noble duellist, who chose a lovely spot on the Continent, and desired to be conveyed there after death, was scarce more fanciful (*pace, Elia*) than the patriarch who would be buried with his fathers, and not in Egypt. And many dwellers in towns look forward to emigrating after death to a country churchyard, under the shadow of the old yew, with all the peace to be derived from quiet associations. What hope of undisturbed repose in the midst of noisy streets, with the press of business around you, and the car of Mammon thundering over your head? instead of this, the dweller in the city is now conveyed to his place without the walls, to a still, orderly cemetery. Not one of the dark, ghostly churchyards of straggling villages; no ghoulds haunt here to prey upon the dead, from no dark shadows are stretched white skinny arms to seize the bridle of the belated passenger. Cheerfulness and resignation reign there, and even sorrow goes away comforted. I would devote this paper to record some of these resting-places which I have visited to honour their great dead.

Undoubtedly the first for picturesqueness and interest of association to us is the Protestant cemetery at Rome, where repose Shelley, and Keats, and the only son of Goethe. All who have read Shelley will remember his description of it in the preface to *Adonais*. "The romantic and lonely cemetery of the Protestants in that city, under the pyramid of which is the tomb of Cestius, and the massy walls and towers, now mouldering and desolate, which formed the circuit of ancient Rome. The cemetery is an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Shelley himself lies close by the wall of the cemetery, in a little recessed nook under a crumbling tower, which you reach by winding walks up a slope, wandering among grassy mounds sweet with flowers and memorial stones. My remembrance of the spot is but faint, yet that tombstone survives.

Keats' grave is not so romantically situated as Shelley's. It is in another cemetery, more deserted, wilder looking. It does not bear his name, but only the famous inscription, which would always serve to identify it:—"Here lies one whose name was writ in water;" but the water was frozen while the name was being written. It is written on the ocean, and every wave bears his fame wider and wider, fame more durable than if carved on brass or stone, for water outlives them both. A deep moat runs round the graveyard, and Keats' tomb is on its very verge. You might fall into it while reading the epitaph, if you wished to add another testimony to his name.

It was on a gloomy day of November fog that I wandered out of Paris to the cemetery of Père la

Chaise. Such a day the Parisian assigns to London, and as I stood on the hill among the graves, and looked on the yellow city, seen as Alfieri must have seen it when he called it a sewer, and its streets ditches, it was difficult to think that I saw the sunny, joyous Paris, the capital of Europe, the city of the Boulevards. From the Place de la Bastille to Père la Chaise the road led along a neglected street, ill-paved, lined with stonemasons' shops, and little magazines of yellow wreaths, ready-made tributes of affection to excuse oblivion. Now that Paris has extended its limits, Père la Chaise is within the walls, but at the time of my visit it was only a step without. You call Pompeii the City of the Dead, but the Parisian cemetery seemed to me more worthy of the title. There stood the *concierge* at the gate, and under his guidance you threaded your way through streets of high tombs, almost like houses. You see a name written over one, and you are almost tempted to knock and ask if M. de Balzac lives there, and if he is shut up, as during his lifetime, on the composition of one of his immortal works. I have read how he retired to bed at six in the evening, after dinner, rose at midnight, and wrote incessantly till morning, made a slight interruption for breakfast, and resumed the pen, till afternoon called him to a walk before dinner, and dinner returned him to bed. Does he pursue these habits in his residence at Père la Chaise? Or has he furnished his long home in the quaint way he chose to furnish his earthly habitations, writing on the wall the place destined for each valuable article, and omitting meanwhile to make stairs inside the dwelling? I cannot answer these questions. I did not go to Père la Chaise to visit Balzac or Bellini; I went to the grave of Alfred de Musset.

I walked up the central avenue, and saw a weeping willow on my left which indicated to me the tomb. It needed not the fine head, the name, or the titles of his chief works engraved on the pedestal to tell who lay under the shade of his chosen tree.

The poet of the generation in France, a truer poet in the thinking of most judges than Lamartine or Hugo, he might be called the Tennyson of France; though the sudden early appreciation that greeted his promise, the unquestioning fame that was extended to his manhood, differ from the treatment accorded to Tennyson, and formed a very different character. It is not every one who has the patience to persevere, as he did, through poverty and neglect in a vocation often ungrateful in the doubts it suggests, and in the mental tortures it occasions.

After Paris, Vienna. But in some points Vienna is the first of capitals. What other town in Europe is so favoured in its situation? The proverbial philosopher remarks on the wonderful foresight of nature in placing great rivers by great cities; but how seldom has she displayed the additional foresight of planting beautiful scenery around great cities; mountains like the Leopoldsberg and Kahlenberg,—valleys like those of Mödling and Baden? Her scenery is not of artificial construction, like the Bois de Boulogne: and natural as are her beauties is the heart of music in the people. Mr. Chorley complains that

"the graves of the great men of South German music are neglected. The burying-places of Glück and Mozart are imperfectly known." Too true as regards Mozart, not true as regards Glück; he is buried in the Matzleindorfer churchyard, outside the gate of Vienna by the railway station, and a fine slab of red stone upright above his grave records him to have been a "right German man." His widow erected the gravestone to the Ritter Glöck, as he is called even now on German play-bills. I, who write this, heard an opera of his last night, and thought I could trace his manly simplicity in every note of it. The same graveyard holds the bones of Salieri, Glück's pupil, the successful rival of Mozart when both were alive, the composer of Beaumarchais' opera, *Tanare*. That is all we know of him now, and his revived gravestone tells nothing more. For Mozart himself you look in vain. Dying as he had lived, poor, and leaving a widow who married again, he was interred it is scarcely known where, without an inscription. Beethoven is more fortunate. He rests in the pretty little churchyard of the village of Währing, his tomb marked by an obelisk bearing a lyre, and surrounded by acacias. This is the best kept and prettiest of Viennese resting-places. Pleasant, on a warm sunny day, to wander among its lilac trees, with their hanging branches of odour, shading the neat, flower-decked graves. Schubert, the composer of so many well-known songs, is buried not far from Beethoven, with a fine bronze bust on his monument.

One more German musician, though he died in London, lies buried at Dresden, where he was born, and in whose neighbourhood he composed his greatest works, Carl Maria von Weber, of the Freischütz and Oberon. They show the small country house, some three or four miles out of Dresden, where the first of these operas was composed. I believe the labour of writing the second, coupled with the fatigue of temporary management of the opera, and of learning English, killed Weber at the age of thirty-six. An enemy of Meyerbeer had a theory that the composer of the "Huguenots" killed off his rivals unless they consented to be silent, accounting thus for Weber's death, and Rossini's retirement. Germans who cannot learn English say that language killed Weber. But we need only look at the ages of musicians to see the real cause. Mozart, Bellini, Pergolesi, Weber—all died before forty. The man who showed me Weber's grave, which is in a suburban churchyard, told me he had known the composer, and that he was a small man.

The graves of Goethe and Schiller I have already described in *ONCE A WEEK*.* Let me make one exception from the title of this article, to describe a grave within the walls, yet as far removed from the bustle of life as those without. Thorwaldsen lies in the centre of the quadrangle of the museum of his own labours at Copenhagen, a tombstone slightly raised from the ground, planted with herbs and flowers. No noise breaks his repose, save the light footfall of some visitor on the asphalt. Around, in wide halls and cabinets, are ranged the productions that have made him the first of modern sculptors, from the

* See Vol. III, p. 274.

glorious young life of his Grecian mythology to the settled calm repose of his Christ and the Apostles. A more appropriate tomb could hardly be found for one whose life was art, than to lie among his offspring. Can a man give a better account of his life than by pointing to his labours? They are connected with him now after his death, as he was with them in his life, and from the first work of manhood to the unfinished idea of age, you may trace him as it were through life to the tomb. He rests from his labours, and his works follow him.

E. WILBERFORCE.

"WHERE ARE HER FATHER'S BONES?"

CHAPTER I. TREATS OF THE INTRODUCTION.

'Twas a wild, dark night, and the wind howled tempestuously round the ivied turrets of the old Castle of Ghostenstein, and swept through the thick, gloomy forests of pine and fir, which encircled it, while the trees bent and rustled with a mighty sound as the wild blast came full upon them.

I will not tell you where Ghostenstein is, or rather *was*, for I do not choose to be convicted of geographical errors, or of ignorance of the proper forms and customs appertaining to such and such countries, nor will I mention the exact season at which the occurrences I am about to relate took place; suffice it to say, that it was some part of the period in which the chivalry of nearly all European nations thought that true religion consisted in knocking infidels on the head, burning Jews, torturing heretics, and then praying that eternal destruction might befall all who did not think precisely as they did. Of course we know that storms in the good old times were very shocking things, particularly near old castles; but never was a storm more awful than the one of which I now write, and so thought Sir Alphonso Albert Ferdinand, Comte de St. Ernancourt, as he rode through the narrow forest path leading up towards the castle, ever and anon bending his brow till the dark purple plumes of his steel casque almost tickled his nose, in the vain hope that he might somewhat shield his person from the wild deluge of rain which the storm king shed around in such weird profusion.

"By Saint Derby of Epsom," muttered the bewildered and half-drowned knight, "this beats all the storms in Palestine, and if thou, my trusty Deerfoot, dost not soon bear me on thy gallant back to yon haven of rest, I fear I shall be washed away; as it is, I shall not beseech me as a gallant knight should, when ushered in the presence of the fair and *highly-dowered* Lady Amandamine, for I have brought back no changes of raiment with me from Palestine, and only one clean shirt. I am only now freed from the vows I have kept for two years past to live in the *odour* of sanctity, abjure washing, shaving, clean linen, and matrimony, and thus my wardrobe is in a very poor condition, and I did not reckon on this storm spoiling the few things that are. Ten thousand plagues on Ephraim Manasses, for not giving me that maroon velvet suit, which would have just done for me at this critical juncture. Ah! let me once get Amandamine and this castle for mine own, and I will

pledge my word that the old scurvy rascal's thumbs and toes shall well pay for his daring to doubt my knightly honour."

As he spoke the knight clenched his fists, and dug his spurs with renewed vigour into the bleeding sides of his jaded steed.

While he is hurrying on towards the castle, we will leave him to obtain admittance there, while we penetrate at once into the sanctum sanctorum of Ghostenstein, even into the bower chamber of the Lady Amandamine de Valentin.

CHAPTER II. TREATS OF THE HEROINE.

SHE sat moodily near a window looking out on the storm; and her maidens finding their mistress disinclined for their society, and having, like all serving women of all times, a nervous horror of the lightning, had huddled together at the farther end of the apartment.

Our heroine, *of course*, was handsome, but now an expression of deep sadness sat on her brow. At times she muttered low, then sighed, and again whispered such words as these:

"Must I always be alone? Ah, Alphonso! I have not forgotten thee, though two weary years have sped their course since I beheld thee last; and now, though I am my own mistress, thy love is as impossible to me as ever. Oh, my father's bones! my father's bones! woe! woe!"

And thus she wailed on, while the storm rattled round the castle's turrets, and waved her long hair in the breeze as, regardless of influenza, she bent her lovely form towards the open casement.

She was here interrupted by her page who, bowing low, informed her that a knight of noble mien craved the shelter of the castle for that night.

"Most willingly," responded the lady. "Bid them prepare all in readiness for one guest, and let the supper be served forthwith in the great hall. Did he tell thee his name and condition, my pretty page?"

"No, my lady, the knight regretted having left his cardcase at home, but bade me bring up his gauntlet, saying that thou wouldst know to whom it belonged."

She languidly gazed on the gauntlet, and when she beheld engraved on it the device of two Turkey cocks rampant and a donkey couchant, the blessed truth broke on her mind, and she started up, ecstatically exclaiming:

"Tis he, my Alphonso! oh, joy! joy! Here Beatrice, Mary, Elfeda, all of ye, haste hither, bring me my gayest robe, and deck me as for a festival."

All traces of sorrow fled from her speaking countenance, and she was once more the bright, the sparkling Amandamine.

Shall I describe their meeting? No, there is something too sacred in such things for me to tell, or for you to hear. All was "love! joy! rapture! bliss! &c., &c.," and the young people were most uncommonly tender.

Old Father Eustace, who enacted the part of guardian to the youthful heiress, felt his old eyes water with tears of sympathy as he gazed on their happiness. At last they sat down to supper, a most cosy little party.

Alphonso (enchanted to hear from the seneschal on entering the castle that the Baron de Valentin, who had always opposed his suit, had died a year ago, so that now all obstacles seemed cleared from his path) was playing the agreeable to the best of his abilities, and being besides very hungry, he was exceedingly busy in disposing of the good things before him.

Having finished the first plateful, he turned to the priest, saying :

"Reverend father, I will trouble you for a little more of that pasty—there were nothing but bones—"

Here he was interrupted by a groan from Amandamine, who sank back in her chair.

"My love, my fair one, what is it?" asked the knight.

"I forgot, I forgot!" gasped she. "My father's bones. Oh, Alphonso, I can never be thine."

"Why not, my adored one?"

"Because—because," sobbed the maiden, "because of my father's bones."

"Because of your father's bones!" exclaimed the almost petrified knight. "Father Eustace, is that delicate mind tottering on the throne of reason? Is my beloved one distraught?"

The priest shook his grey head, and replied, "Alas! Sir Knight, she has good cause for all her sorrow."

"Yes," shrieked our heroine, "I have, I have. My father's bones—my father's—"

But here her feelings overpowered her, and she sank on the ground in strong convulsions. In vain the distracted lover bent over her; in vain the priest sprinkled water on her pure, pale brow. At last they summoned the maidens, and she was carried from the hall, leaving the knight alone, and in a most uncomfortable frame of mind.

Soon, however, they brought word to him that the Lady A. was better, and prayed that the noble Comte de St. Ernancourt would be easy about her, as she was almost recovered. Hubert, the old seneschal, who brought this message, asked if he might show him to his room.

"Yes—no, I would fain see Father Eustace," said St. Ernancourt, who was naturally anxious to find out the mystery.

"You cannot see him to-night," replied the old man, "his reverence has just been summoned to attend the dying bed of one of my lady's vassals, and will not be at home till the morn."

"Lead the way then," growled the comte; but when arrived in his room his curiosity overcame his dignity, and he asked, "Hubert, what is the matter—what is all this mystery?"

"Ask me not, my lord count," replied Hubert in a low, agonised tone; "I would fain neither speak nor even think of aught that happens here, my attachment to my young lady alone inducing me to stay in this—" But feeling that he had already said too much, he tried to leave the apartment.

"Stay, old man; tell me more!"

"I will not," firmly replied the old retainer.

"I pray heaven, Sir Knight, that you may rest in peace, and wish you a good-night." Then shaking his head ominously, Hubert left the

room, muttering, but so as the knight heard him, "Don't he wish he may get it."

CHAPTER III. TREATS OF THE KNIGHT.

"UNPLEASANT this,—very," thought the knight, when left to himself. "I expected opposition from the baron himself, but, somehow or other, when dead, he seems a far more formidable antagonist. What does it all mean? Is Amandamine always going to have these hysterical fits? if so I shall have a jolly life of it. That old dotard, too, seemed even to hint at my night's rest being disturbed, and did not even deign to say what by."

The knight proceeded to take a minute survey of his apartment, looked under the bed, peeped into the old oaken presses, probed with his sword any bits of the old tapestry which looked suggestive of concealed doors, and finally opened the case-mat and looked out on the night. It was a gloomy prospect, and almost startling at first: the window hung over a sheer precipice which went deep down some three or four hundred feet to the banks of the river beneath, so that even when the moon shone brightest you could scarce penetrate the black darkness beneath.

"Hum," muttered the knight, "no foe can assail me from without, and within I will take care to make all secure."

He closed the lattice, securely fastened and barricaded the doors, and slowly uncased himself from his heavy armour, his lighter garments having been so saturated with the heavy rain, that he had been compelled to sit down to supper without putting on the dress-coat of the period. By the way, what a nuisance dressing and undressing must have been in the good old days; instead of slipping off a Lincoln and Bennett at a moment's notice, it took a gentleman an age to doff his steel "tile," and heaven knows how long for his other clothes.

Our poor knight puffed and panted, when at last he was emancipated from his heavy attire, and then he addressed himself to his devotions, which were soon accomplished, for he did but take from his neck a golden chain, to which was suspended a small bag embroidered by the fair hands of Amandamine herself in former happy days, and which contained the pickled tip of St. Alphonso's nose. Then muttering a few prayers to this *holy* relic, he put out his light and jumped into bed. The expiring fire flickered and glanced most disagreeably, bringing out all sorts of queer shapes in the faded tapestry and on the blood-red hangings of the ancient—and truth to tell—*stuffy* bed. For long he could not sleep, and lay listening to the storm which raged with greater fury than ever. It was an awful night,—the frequent gusts of wind and the loud peals of thunder, while the vivid flashes of lightning, which, as the fire died down, played incessantly around the chamber, threw a lurid glare on all the surrounding objects, and served to make the after darkness more terrific,—the awful silence being, perchance, succeeded by the noise as of cataracts of water plashing against the walls, and then again the thunder, and so on.

The knight was very weary, and at last, despite the noise, was beginning to feel drowsy, when—lo! a sound—quite distinct from all the other sounds

—made itself heard; it was three distinct blows on the casement.

The knight shivered and drew the coverlet closer over him.

"'Tis but a bird flapping his wings against the lattice," he said, to comfort himself.

But again, amidst one of the solemn pauses of the tempest, was heard the three knocks, and then a groan. The knight groaned in concert, and you need not laugh at him for so doing. I doubt if any one of my readers would much relish hearing such

sounds at such a time, and in such a place, more especially as our poor hero had fully ascertained the fact that nothing human could touch that window from without.

"Oh! I do hope it is a bird," he muttered once.

The knocks were now renewed, not three only, but a perfect torrent of blows, and at last a voice wailed forth:

"Let me in. Let me in."

"I—I—daren't," gasped the count, now fairly covering his head with the sheet.



"You must."

"I can't."

"You shall."

"I shan't."

"Very well then," said the Voice. "I wanted to come in peaceably, and have no row, but it is all your fault, so here goes."

Then came a tremendous crash, the shutters were forced inwards, and by the electric glare of the lightning, the knight beheld a figure leaping in, and then all was black darkness.

CHAPTER IV. TREATS OF THE GHOST.

"Look at me," said the Voice.

"I can't see you, it is so dark," replied Alphonso, with a quavering voice.

"Very well, I will soon amend that," and in a trice, the light as of a burning torch was diffused through the room.

The figure had but seized one of the pine logs, and rubbing it slightly with his forefinger, it had instantly ignited, and now burned with a sulphurous smell.

"Now, look at me."

St. Ernancourt slowly raised his head, and almost shrieked at the spectacle before him. It was that of a tall, gaunt figure, on which hung loosely sundry garments of knightly armour in a very charred condition; the face was of the hue of the grave, the long tangled locks hanging round it, but the worst of all was the fierce glance of despair which gleamed from his dark eyes.

St. Ernancourt gazed with horror on that face and form, and as he looked the recollection flashed on him that he had seen those stern lineaments before, and starting up, he exclaimed:

"The Baron de Valentin!"

"Yes," replied the Spectre. "I was the Baron when on earth, and now I am worse than nobody. Listen to me Alphonso Albert Ferdinand, Comte de St. Ernancourt. I always opposed your union with my daughter on account of the ancient feud with your father's house, but now I will withdraw all opposition to your alliance, if you will do something for me."

"Say on," stammered the knight, as well as his terror would permit him, "anything consistent with my knightly honour, I will do for her sake."

"Give me my bones," said the Spectre.

"Your bones," said the knight. "I never had them; besides, you are in them now."

"No, I am not," replied the defunct baron, while the ghost of a smile flitted across his face. "They lent me these down below, but they don't fit at all comfortably. I will tell you all about it; and, if you please, will take a chair, for I am rather tired. You must know, that in consequence of my having killed five hundred Turks, roasted sixteen Jews, and given 15,000 lbs. of the best wax candles to the Convent of St. Joseph, which is close by, our Reverend Father, the Pope, sent me a letter promising me only a month's detention in purgatory. Soon after that I died of drinking, as you know, and my spirit went below, and endured, as patiently as it could, all the *désagréments* of my situation. Being a good Catholic, and conversant with our faith, you are doubtless aware that it is the custom of all suffering souls at the end of their purgatorial penance to return to their burial-place, clothe themselves in their fleshly garments, and then repairing to the regions below, they present themselves to the "Old Gentleman," who sets them at liberty if their credentials prove to be correct. At the end of my month I flew eagerly to our family vault, and lifted the lid of my coffin. To my horror I perceived it was empty, and I vainly searched the church and churchyard. I could not find my body anywhere. I should have fainted, only spirits can't forget themselves, even in that way. I can assure you, Sir Knight, that the impossibility of oblivion, either by sleep or fainting, is one of the greatest tortures of purgatory. Weary of my useless search, I at last returned to the infernal regions, and sought and obtained an interview with One I would rather not mention, for they say when you talk of him he is sure to appear."

[Here a faint chuckle came from the corner; but neither the Knight nor the Ghost heard it, so the Spectre went on with his story.]

"I told him that I could find neither my body nor the Pope's letter which was buried with me, but assured him over and over again that I spoke the truth, and begged him to let me go as my month was up. He either *did* not, or *would* not believe me; in fact, was not at all gentlemanly about the business, so most wrongfully I have been kept below now quite a twelvemonth, and I see no prospect of release till my bones are found. I assure you," said the Spectre, beginning to whimper, "I am very much to be pitied; you have no idea what unpleasant company I have to keep, and what a painful life it is. The only thing I am allowed to drink is *Eau de Brimstone*, and it is *not* nice. One privilege the dev—, *he*, I mean, allows me, is every now and then to revisit my former haunts in this borrowed set of bones. Of course, the first use I made of this liberty was to visit my daughter, who, I am sorry to say, has been subject to hysterics ever since; but she has behaved very well, and has promised never to marry till my bones are found. I knew in this lay my only hopes, for I remembered how you loved her, and the castle. So I determined to pay you this visit as soon as possible."

"What am I to do?" said the unhappy knight. "I would willingly help you, but I don't know anything about your bones."

"But I do," said a voice at his elbow, and turning his head, the count beheld the—don't start gentle readers—beheld the black gentleman in *propria persona*, horns, and tail, and all."

The Ghost stormed in a perfect rage of passion. "You old rascal! you villain!" thundered he; "so you have been cheating me all this time."

"Of course I have," grinned the Demon; "it is my sole business and pleasure to cheat you all. However, I mean to be kind for once, and will even give you your bones, which includes giving your daughter to this young gentleman, provided he will grant me one *little* thing."

"Name it," said the Ghost.

"'Tis but a little thing," said Old Nick; "on granting it the knight shall have all earthly blessings, and you the spiritual ones you covet."

"What is it?" asked the knight.

"Promise to come and stay with me, at my Château d'Enfers as soon as you are defunct, and bring your fair lady with you, I will give you both a *warm* reception." (The fiend chuckled at his own wit.) "Here, sign this paper, just one scratch of the pen, and all shall be as you wish."

"Oh, Alphonso, please do it," said the Ghost, who I am sorry to say followed the plan he had always adopted, and only thought of No. 1.

"No, by my knightly honour! No, by all my hopes of heaven!" swore the knight.

"Very well," replied the Old Gentleman, "I have plenty to do down below, and so must go; but you will think better of it by to-morrow, so I will call again, at this hour to-morrow, and get your final answer. Come along, Old Bones," said he, scoffingly, to the baron; "I can't part with you yet," and seizing him by the throat, the Demon and his protégé vanished, leaving the knight in a state of mind more easily imagined than described.

CHAPTER V. TREATS OF THE BLACK GENTLEMAN.

THE Demon was quite correct when he stated that he was exceedingly occupied just then. He was so much so, that he quite forgot his little appointment with the knight till within ten minutes of the hour, when, calling one of the minor imps to him, he commissioned him to get the knight to sign the document, impressing on him to be sure not to reveal the secret of the bones till the paper was signed. He added :

"He is such a foolish young fellow, you won't have much trouble."

The little imp put on his neatest brimstone suit, and set off on his upward journey. His master ought to have remembered "that there is nobody like oneself at one's own wedding;" he would have reconnoitred before he entered the knight's apartment; the imp, *au contraire*, who had only been 500 years in his employ, at once skipped into the room, and at once found out his mistake. The room was blazing with wax candles, and at the farther end stood the knight, but not alone, for there were Father Eustace, the Abbot, and twenty monks of the Convent of St. Joseph, in all their priestly vestments, with four-and-thirty little choristers all "clad in clean linen stoles," and all waving their censers to and fro. In front of this ecclesiastical array were at least one hundred gallons of holy water, in golden and silver vessels, while above them were suspended sundry holy relics, above all, the famous reliquary of St. Ursulus, containing a hair of his sacred eyebrow, and a paring of the nail of his sanctified great toe. No wonder the little fiend stood aghast, and though he strove to rush away, felt spell-bound.

"I am very cold," he shivered, "please let me go."

"You shall be colder presently, little devil," said the abbot, "if you don't immediately tell us where are the baron's bones."

"If the knight will sign this document, I will tell you at once," stammered the imp.

Not a word did the abbot say in reply, but he beckoned to the choristers, who with one accord raised the silver vessels, and showered at least twenty gallons of holy water on the poor little wretch.

"Oh, don't, don't, please don't—it hurts me so, and makes me so cold, and I am not accustomed to be cold. I'll tell anything, anything," the little devil gasped forth. "It was reputed that valuable jewels were buried with the baron, so two robbers, inspired by my master, determined to dig up the body; but while they were examining it outside the church, they heard noises, and escaped with the body into the forest, and—and—but I dare not tell, I shall catch it so from him," said the imp, gaining courage as the effects of the *eau bénite* began to go off.

"Repeat the dose," said the abbot, and again at least forty gallons were cast on the miserable little fiend, who, almost beside himself, sobbed forth, "They buried the baron beneath the largest oak in the forest. May I go now?"

"You may," said the priest, and the poor little fiend gladly vanished, though only, I fear, to get into very hot water below.

The whole of the saintly company repaired forthwith to the forest accompanied by the Lady Amandamine, and there beneath the oak tree lay the skeleton form of the baron, and clenched in his bony right hand was the Pope's letter. As soon as the body was disinterred another figure was added to the group. It was the Ghost, who could scarce contain his joy at seeing his own bones again.

"Bless you, my children," croaked he, turning to the young couple. "May you be very happy."

"Shall we often see you again, sir," asked his daughter, who, however she might have esteemed her father while living, certainly did not wish to see much more of him under the present circumstances.

"No, my dear," replied the baron, "I shan't come on earth again; and though I confess I should have liked to have quaffed at least one goblet to yours and Alphonso's health, I must give it up; I have now no reason for complaint, and am very well content, and much obliged to you all for the trouble you have had."

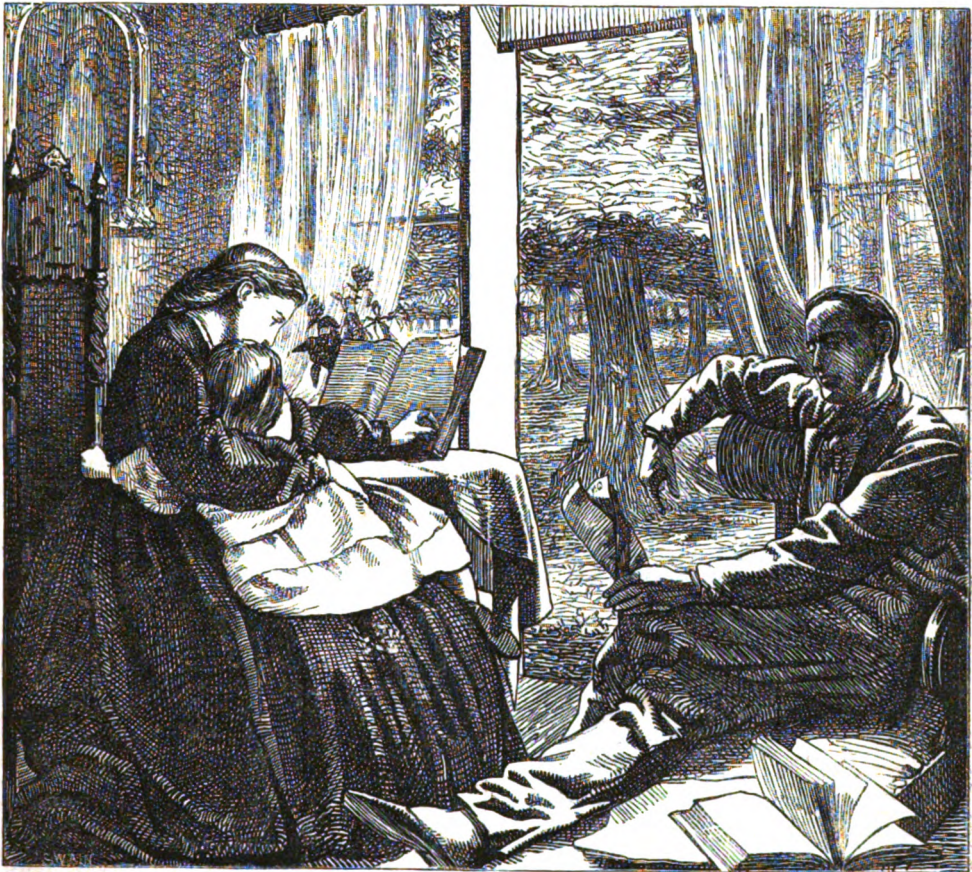
So saying the baron took up his bones, made a very polite bow to the whole company, and disappeared from the scene. And I, the author of this, cannot do better than follow the spectre's example, as I have finished my story, and have nothing more to say.

ANA.

OUR DUCAL HOUSES.—With the exception of those two ducal titles which have been won by a Churchill and a Wellesley respectively, and, to some extent, at least, a few others which owe their existence to King Charles II., the rest of the titles which stand in the highest rank of our nobility are mostly the result of the fusion of two, three, or more fortunes together by the marriage of heiresses. Thus the proud Dukedom of Norfolk has absorbed into itself the castle and broad acres of the Fitzalans, Earls of Arundel, and the Duke of Richmond has added a large Scottish rent-roll to his English estates, through his grandmother, the heiress of the Dukes of Gordon: thus, the noble house of Buckingham (we speak of half a century ago), had grown great in the same way, by the addition of the Temple to the Grenville property, and, subsequently, by absorbing the inheritance of the "princely" Chandos, and that of the old Earls Nugent; the Duke of Buccleuch has united in himself, by a similar process, the wealth of the Queensberrys, the Douglasses, and the Montagues; and thus, too, the Duke of Sutherland, of more recent times, has incorporated together with the ancient inheritances of the Levesons of Staffordshire and the Gowers of Yorkshire, the entire estates belonging to two Scottish heiresses, who brought as their marriage portions the lordship of nearly the whole of two northern counties, those of Sutherland and Cromarty. Indeed, so vast has been the absorbing process in the latter case, that, as if sated with its wealth, and unable to digest a further supply, the last-named ducal house has thrown off two younger cadet branches, each most amply endowed, in the persons of the Earl of Ellesmere and Earl Granville.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE," &c.



CHAPTER V.

"FOR ten years I lived with the Chanoinesse Landsberg. My life was as monotonous as could well be conceived. The Chanoinesse was infirm in health, and was obliged for weeks to be alone. Here was a melancholy page in the history of woman. Here, however, is not the place to relate it.

"Both pride and inclination prevented me from making any steps to return to my husband. I was immovable in my resolution. I would not return to Vienna without him, and I told him I considered our separation a final one. After a while he ceased to urge my return. My face was forgotten at court, and he remained in Rome. I gave myself up entirely to study; I read, I wrote, I improved myself in every way. I did not repine at my lot—but I felt there was a want—I passionately thirsted for happiness. I used to wake at night and find the tears rolling down my cheeks; some sweet, seductive dream had beguiled me in sleep. I had not found out that, after all, my sorrow, my joy, my life itself, was a selfish one.

"Matured in mind and body, I was still as inexperienced as a child. I could have discussed the deepest questions on the most recondite subjects, yet a peasant of twenty, who had loved and held a child on her knee, was more versed in the mysteries of the soul, and had more really developed her being than I, whom Rupert Rabenfels called a Muse.

"As I approach the most painful event of my life, a dread comes over me. I fear to disturb the memories of the past, lest I should come upon the calcined heart among the ashes. My greatest error and my greatest sorrow are here.

"Rupert Rabenfels was a great nephew of the Chanoinesse Landsberg, and a nephew of my husband's. The son of a brother who had died young. In the event of Count Rabenfels leaving no heirs, Rupert was his heir. An entire difference of education, tastes and opinions had divided uncle and nephew. I had never seen him at Vienna; but, during the first years of my residence at Schlostein, he came occasionally to visit us. He had married very young, and had lost his wife.

Three years after my arrival he brought his little motherless Ida, his only child, to stay with us. A most friendly feeling had always existed between Rupert and his 'aunt,' as he termed me, during these brief visits, but nothing more. During my first enjoyment of independence, I had occupied myself so entirely with studies, that books were the realities of my life, and persons took a very secondary position with me. But, after the first six or seven years, I became wearied, and, as I said before, I yearned to love and be loved. The arrival of this lovely little creature was a boon to me. How very happy it made me! How ceaselessly I watched over her and tended her in all her little childish ailments. She was a very delicate child. I have watched night after night beside her bed; I have held her in my arms for hours when no other place gave her repose; in short, I lived, moved, breathed but for her. When I rose in the morning I devised some service for her by which I could consecrate the day; when I closed my eyes at night, it was with the remembrance of her dear face asleep on its pillow, charming my last conscious thought.

"About this time I received a letter from my husband—a letter which should have touched and softened me. It prayed for my return; it expressed the most unqualified regret for the past, and offered love, devotion, happiness, for the future. I was inexorable. I said I could not and would not forgive. I said that with will, knowledge and courage, a woman could live alone. I should do so. Friendship would console me for the privation of love, and I had friends at Schlossstein whom I had elected and chosen for myself, with whom I had cast my lot, and I should abide by them. I do not think I should have been so hard, had it not been that I felt it impossible to leave Ida. The strongest feeling of my nature, a capacity for maternal love, was called out for the first time, and I was resolved to indulge it to its full extent.

"This was the turning-point of my life. Rupert was staying at the Schloss at the time. He saw me thoughtfully perusing the letter. The Chanoinesse told him my husband wished for my return.

"He looked eagerly up, and his dark face flushed.

"'You return?'

"'No.' I paused.

"'You are happier here?'

"'Yes, with Ida.'

"'But Ferdinand would allow you, I have no doubt, to take Ida back with you. He seems so sincerely anxious to make you happy,' said the Chanoinesse.

"'Excuse me,' interrupted Rupert, 'no child of mine shall ever live under the same roof as Count Ferdinand. Ida stays here.'

"Those words settled the question. I could not, would not part from Ida. I was as wrong in this resolve as I had been right in the determination of preferring a solitary, dull, but safe home at the Schloss to a luxurious, flattering, perilous one at Vienna. My sense of having been right there, blinded me to the wrong here. The retribution for this act of self-pleasing—this refusal to fulfil a

positive duty—was, as you will see, not long delayed.

"The Chanoinesse ridiculed me without ceasing for my love for Ida. She was one of those positive persons who would place limits to everything. As Ida was not my own child, my immoderate love for her seemed unnatural. What cared I? I let her talk, and held Ida only the closer to my heart. Ida had been with us two years when a few lines from Rupert told us that he was coming for a visit of greater length than usual. He had met with an accident, and thought he had lamed himself for life. He came for rest and to recruit his strength. The Chanoinesse was indignant. She suspected the most extraordinary motives for this visit, though she never approached the right one, but could not avoid receiving him. I was jealous for Ida's sake, lest he should withdraw some portion of her love for me; otherwise I looked forward with pleasure to the arrival of an inmate who would have more mental sympathy with me than I had hitherto met with.

"He arrived. My love for his child was a great tie between us. He and I were naturally thrown much together. We differed entirely in many opinions, but our tastes were alike. Personally, perhaps, no two persons—both handsome—could have pleased each other less; nevertheless, we were attracted to each other.

"It was a peculiarity in my fate that I was always thrown among ambitious people; my husband, my brother, and now this Rupert, who possessed more ambition than anyone I ever knew. At first, however, I was only aware of it as the aspiration of a noble nature. He studied me narrowly, and did me the honour to think I could be of considerable use to him. His keen eyes perused my face and watched my gestures. He listened to my conversation, he read to their depths both mind and heart, and saw exactly how he could 'exploiter' both. I must say, however, not from selfish motives entirely.

"He belonged to one of those secret societies which have so long existed in Germany, Italy, and France, who work together for the redemption of nations. His indomitable industry, his cool intellect, his powers of physical endurance, made him one of its most valuable members. It was in an expedition in its service that he had met with the accident which had lamed him. When he arrived he was almost helpless. There was something peculiarly touching to me in the equanimity with which he bore the pain and the privation which it imposed. A strong healthy man, in the bloom and pride of youth, condemned to months of inactivity, naturally appealed to my womanly compassion. During these months I devoted myself to him. Ida would play round the couch on which he lay, while I nursed him as I had nursed her; or she would sit on my knee with her soft cheek against mine while I read to him.

"For the first time I met with an intelligence which could direct, deepen, and stimulate my own. Rupert soon found that I possessed certain powers which would be useful to him, and he hesitated not to make use of them. A certain ruthlessness, I find, always takes possession of those engaged in secret plots and conspiracies. It is possible that the

inadequacy of the means to the great cause they propose to themselves, obliges them to be somewhat unscrupulous, in the use of them. In my lonely life I had cherished dreams such as all Italians cherish. The independence of Italy, its restoration to its place in the scale of nations, its social regenerations, were watch-words to me. I listened to him with avidity, and with an ardour which delighted him. I worked at his bidding for the cause to which he had devoted himself. I laboured in a manner which surprised him. We were always together. I confess, to my shame, that between the care of his child, ministering to his own helplessness, and assisting in the arduous correspondence, plans, designs, &c., which occupied him, I saw little or nothing of the Chanoinesse. I neglected a clear, plain duty for a Quixotic one imposed by myself; but the self-indulgence which thus veiled itself in an appearance of self-sacrifice, was punished as it deserved.

"Rupert had a dramatic facility in assuming any character which answered to the ideal formed in his own mind, of what he ought to be on any given occasion. This differed according to his mood or his purpose. He could be all that was gentle, refined, and tender, or all that was hard, cynical, I might almost say brutal; but the *griffe du tigre* was not at once perceived by me *sous la paille de velours*.

"Nothing at first, however, could be gentler, more like a brother in his relations with a loved and trusted sister. Such an influx of affection as I drew, first from Ida and then from her father, was a boon which to me, who had led hitherto so isolated and unloved a life, seemed inestimable. I was lifted at once into a region of warmth and light out of frozen darkness. The injudicious affections of women are often blamed. Blindness, and a moral perversity of choice, are imputed to us, when our love is fixed on an unworthy object. This may be true in the sense of love proper; there, a personal instinct ought to adjust the moral balance, but in a maternal or sisterly love the rule fails. We love the creatures God has placed near us, and the love itself is such a noble expansion of our whole being, that the merits of the being so loved are transfigured. As the poet says—

Who cares to see the fountain's very shape,
And whether it be a Triton's or a Nymph's
That pours the foam, makes rainbows all around!

So was it with me. My love for Ida seemed to be increased by my love for her father; my love for Rupert flowed into and exalted my love for his child. I was the companion of both, and towards both I felt a mother's yearning. It was the purest, sweetest, most unselfish feeling of my life. With what joy I found the gift in myself, the capacity for such a love. A man who possesses what he has supposed hitherto to be a barren estate, when he sees the first glimmering of the ore which proclaims a gold mine, may have a similar feeling. It seemed almost fabulous that such a felicity should be mine. I, who was childless, had a child—I, who was brotherless, had found a brother.

"Santa," said Rupert to me one day, 'if this

life could only continue, what great things we should do. Two such forces, (is not mind a force?) acting in union, might move a world.'

"Why should it not continue?' I asked.

"He scrutinised my countenance keenly.

"How totally unlike your sex you are in everything! Above it or below it?' He muttered the last question, but I heard it.

"Above it by all means," I answered, laughingly.

"Have you never loved, Santa? Has love never knocked at that self-sustained heart?"

"Love never knocks at a door which is closed. It must be open for him to seek to enter."

"My answer was a quotation from a favourite book.

"Never! Shall you never love?"

"I shrunk back.

"I would have loved my husband; as it is, I seek nothing henceforth in life, but a friend's hand to hold—a child's brow to kiss.' I stooped to Ida, who was standing near me, and clasped her in my arms.

"Another day he asked me if I did not regret my gay life in Vienna.

"Regret? when all my nature there was dormant, and here is developed. I have exchanged emptiness for fulness—barrenness for wealth. A friend, a child, whose love can fill my heart—a noble cause to serve—what need I more?"

"Again the same searching look met mine, and seemed to read my heart.

"What a golden friendship I dreamed of! so secure did I feel, that the insurmountable obstacles which divided us would give stability and security to our affection, and place it on a height above all the fever and transitoriness of passion. I dreamed of being the friend of Rupert here and hereafter;—of loving his wife, should he ever marry again, of cherishing Ida as mine, of following from my retirement his brilliant and successful career, of receiving occasional visits from him and his, in the far future years, which would be the Sabbaths of my life, and give him repose after the fatigues and labours of his. Fool, fool, that I was! His heart was too cold—his principles too wavering, to be capable of steadfast feeling or enduring affection.

"His nature ignored all affections but one. He could enjoy a kind of 'camaraderie' with many, but this was all inspired and enjoyed by the head, the heart was capable but of one sentiment. Madame Serrano, my brother's first love, whose beauty and witchery had increased with every year, had inspired him with the only emotion of which he was capable. A sentiment which she irritated in every way; fed, but did not satisfy; encouraged, but did not return. It was to be near her that he came to us. She had taken a house in our neighbourhood. She was the most accomplished coquette in the world, with a soft suggestive manner which every man could interpret as he liked best. She was not deceitful, but she had that sympathetic organisation, and that strong inherent love of pleasing, which gave her power to invest herself, at the moment, with the character which was most attractive to the one whom she wished

to please. I heard a great deal of her from Rupert; he and her husband were first cousins, and though I was directly opposed to her in character and manner, conceived a great admiration for her. I believe she was, in truth, a gentle and amiable person; that to seek to win the love and admiration of all, was as natural to her as for a flower to turn to the light, and I am quite certain she did not measure the wrong she did. She imagined that he could limit himself to the harmless feeling for her, which she entertained for him, and which their relationship sanctioned. She could not conceive the bitterness of the unsatisfied longing she excited. It was like a child playing with gunpowder, but the explosion did not injure herself. Had she only deprived me of Rupert, I could have joyfully forgiven her, but with Rupert I lost my Ida!

"I am speaking of all these things, however, with the lucidity which after-experience gave me. At the time—though I had a confused and mystic apprehension of evil—I had moments and hours of exquisite happiness. No human beings can develop themselves without being the happier for it. Growth is the most felicitous condition of humanity. 'Yes,' I thought, in my proud foolish heart, 'now my life is as it should be. I have linked it to a public aim, and I have scope for those energies and abilities, which equally belong to both men and women. My heart is rich in the affections I have chosen for it. If all women could know, will, and dare, they would be free and happy. Why abide by the fate chosen for us when we were too young to choose for ourselves? Development is the duty of all.' So it is, but not a one-sided development. With the mind, the soul should grow; and I had forgotten that the human soul can only develop in conformity with the will of God. For our mind's sake let us give free scope to the artistic tendencies we may possess; but side by side with this is the plain duty, to know mercy and walk humbly with God.

"There was, however, an under-current of discomfort and mortification in this life. I was continually receiving anonymous letters, in which I was, by turn, threatened, accused and warned. In these letters, I was told, I was considered in love with Rupert;—it was proved to me that all suspected it, and that he himself was careless who knew it. It was pointed out to me that however confidential and intimate our relations might be in private, in public he lost no opportunity of slighting me, and showing his want of respect and esteem for me,—that my husband was aware of my conduct, &c. I would tear up these letters, generally, with great indifference and contempt. Some, however, struck home. They were artfully managed, and with a knowledge of both Rupert's character and mine, and the arrows reached their aim.

"Like all persons who are much absorbed in themselves, Rupert was peculiarly neglectful of little courtesies and ordinary conventionalities. For any advantage to his secret pursuits he would not have hesitated to ask me to do the most extraordinary things. We often sat up all night in the library, writing, discussing, making out

accounts. I have ridden thirty miles from the Schloss at a late hour (I was a practised and intrepid rider) to bear some message or give some letter for emissaries, bound on various errands,—traversed Italy, France and Germany, in every direction. My pride—the greatest fault in my character—had certainly been offended by accidental neglects, which were probably unintentional on his part, but which cut not the less deep. Sometimes I would expostulate severely; he would answer carelessly, and that was all. Except, however, for these trifling vexations, my life was a paradise, for Ida was blooming into health and beauty at my side. Yet I was conscious that a few grains of dust had accumulated between the leaves of the book of friendship we held between us. The book itself was soon to be cast aside.

"The Chanoinesse was unsparing in her comments. She disliked her nephew, and was jealous of my affection for him. She did not understand it. She was not cognisant of the political secret which bound us together, and, judging from externals, thought I was losing myself from pure benevolence.

"'My dearest Santa,' she would say to me, 'I tell you, beware of Rupert! I know him; he will throw you aside when he has done with you.'

"'No, dear aunt, he has a true regard and affection for me; besides, what of him? Let him leave me, Ida—I ask for no more.'

"'True regard! true fiddlestick! He is not capable of friendship for a woman. He may deceive himself in thinking he has a friendship for a woman he loves, but he has no feeling whatever for a woman he cannot love; and you, Santa, are a woman he never could love—you are antipathetic to him, I can see.'

"I laughed.

"'Personally, perhaps; but I am quite sure we have strong mental sympathies, and what does it signify? I have no wish but to be his friend. Were it not for Ida, to whom as a woman I can be of more service than if I were a man, I should wish to be a man for Rupert's sake, I could help him more. I would rather be his brother than his sister, for instance. But, after all, it matters little, as affection like ours is sexless.'

"'Dear Santa, I feel sure that you are sexless in his eyes from his want of personal attraction towards you, and from the very uses to which he puts you, but I am not so sure seeing the strong affection for him which is impressed in all you do and say, that he conceives that he is sexless in yours.'

"I started up.

"'You are entirely, absolutely wrong. Under ordinary circumstances such a mistake might be made—men are vain and women are imprudent—but I cannot believe that any man of Rupert's experience would fall into such an error. If not error, it would be the excess of baseness. Listen to me,' I said, and I held both her hands and looked into her eyes, and made her look into mine; 'I do not pretend to much heart experience, my life has been a peculiar one, but I am quite sure that in love, properly so called, there is a timidity, a consciousness, a coquetry, as different as

possible from the frankness, the transparent unreserve, the careless ease of friendship. I should as soon have thought of adorning myself to look well in my own eyes or in Ida's, as in those of Rupert. Every woman in love is a coquette with the man she loves. And what is the sin of the coquette? That she wears this expression for several, and gives a promise she does not intend to fulfil. After such an intimacy as ours he must suppose me the worst, the most shameless, or the most foolish of women to imagine such a thing for a moment. He knows me too well.'

"You think so; he may appreciate the powers of your mind, he may be aware of your vehement, impatient disposition, he may like your cheerful temper, your demonstrative nature, which knows neither reticence nor art, but he will never understand your soul. Some men can never understand some women. They have no standing point from which they can measure them. I tell you—Beware, Santa!'

CHAPTER VI.

"A FEW days after this I heard a conversation which shocked me. We had a few guests staying at the Schloss; the Chanoinesse was ill; I had done my best for their entertainment. Rupert was absent on a visit to the Serranos. Now he had somewhat recovered, his absences were frequent, but Ida was usually left with me.

"They seem a very happy *ménage*,' said one lady to another who had a large family of daughters, and had been disappointed that one was not Rupert's wife.

"It is shameful of the Chanoinesse to permit it,' said another. 'A woman separated from her husband—quite a revolutionary, strong-minded woman—to occupy a young man like that, the heir of this magnificent property! She might obtain a divorce and marry him.'

"Their studies are of a kind—'

"And the silence was filled up, I imagine, with the most expressive gestures of disgust.

"She is handsome,' said a man, 'but is not a woman to my taste.'

"One of those women who wear *us* out or themselves. However, Rupert tells me—'

"They passed on, and I heard no more.

"I was shocked; not so much, God forgive me! at the accusation, as at the idea that Rupert had spoken about me to that man. I smiled at the notion of my being distasteful to him. I suppose no woman in the world has cared less for pleasing for pleasing's sake than I. Kindness I could give to all, but I was too pre-occupied to lay myself out for the sake of winning attention. The only beings one can please without seeking to please are children; their unconscious instinct always directs them unfailingly to those who really love them. All children liked me. Ida loved me with all the warmth of her little heart. My child! my child!—for so she was, if there be truth in love or devotion. How the wound of our separation bleeds still, and will bleed for ever!

"I was grave as I went home. My life had already borne fair blossoms never destined to ripen into fruit. I had seen how my filial, my

sisterly, my conjugal love had all perished: either they had fallen from the tree of my life, rudely torn down by the storm of death, or nipped by the frost of life, and I began to tremble for what remained; but here surely was fulfilment. These could not fail me. I was wrong. I was to be stripped bare of all, that I might expiate my folly and presumption, in choosing my own path, in neglecting the duties which belonged to me, to take others which were not mine. My heart was to be emptied, for I had poured away the bitter draught of isolation which God had given me to drink, and I had refilled it with a sweet but pernicious liquid, from an alien source. I had swerved from a positive duty, and presumptuously taken on myself others for which I was not fit. The alien path I had chosen was as full of briars and thorns as the one which had been allotted to me; moreover, it led to an abyss.

"I mentioned nothing to Rupert on his return. I felt a little chilled towards him. He may have thought me captious, but he was cuirassed against all impressions from me. I had not the power to pain him; besides the sponge was not squeezed dry, and could not yet be thrown aside. He had senses and a brain, he had a nervous irritability which gave him the appearance at times of intense sensibility, but there was a sterility in his heart. His whole career has borne the impress of this imperfection on it. All things find their level. Men may be successful, but if there be a want of heart in themselves, their very success wears the stamp of this failure. But alas! why do I talk of failures, whose whole life was a failure?

"Soon after this time I was made anxious and unhappy by the illness of the Chanoinesse. Always suffering and ill, the flickering flame was now about to expire. She increased in tenderness for me, and I felt pained to the heart in thinking how often I had neglected her. Rupert was continually absent now, and we were left much together.

"Oh, Santa!' she would say tenderly to me, 'I wish I could know you sheltered from the storm that I see coming. The shadows are drawing darkly over the sky, and my death will be the signal for the tempest to fall. You have given your gold for copper, your flowers for thorns—you have held out your hand to give support to another, and you will be cast away yourself.'

"I wondered afterwards if she had had any communication with Rupert. I soothed her as well as I could. She went on:

"I know you better than you do yourself. You enjoy little things intensely, you have such a vocation for happiness, that sorrow is more keenly felt by you than by most. You place yourself in antagonism with it—you wrestle with it as with a mortal foe—and you think you will overcome it; but even if you do so, you will remain wounded, maimed, mutilated.'

"I know I am not patient,' I said; 'it is right I should be taught patience.'

"God knows the tears of months were to teach me that lesson. I am delaying the catastrophe—my heart beats as I now write, with the dead, dull pain which came upon me then, and has never left me, since I knew I was to see Ida no more!

(To be concluded in our next.)

DOWN AMONG THE DEAD MEN.

THE western and southern portions of Continental Europe, in which the Latin race predominates, hardly contain a cemetery that can be called of gloomy aspect. The crypt of St. Denis could have never produced the unpleasant impression, which makes the flesh creep, that is felt on entering the Royal vault at Windsor, or "the heroes' vault" beneath St. Paul's. The recently exhumed sepulchres of Etruria look more like a fine art collection than anything else; and totally fail, if it ever was intended that they should have done otherwise, to impress the visitor with a sentiment of anything approaching either awe or disgust. The Roman urns in the Louvre and Campana Museum form a beautiful contrast to the Egyptian mummies and sarcophagi beside them. It may be said of the Latin family, whether in ancient Rome or grafted on the Gallic stock, that far from being repelled by death, they seemed rather to be attracted towards it. The French, who are descended from them, show no tendency to invest death with anything that is horrible. The ceremonies and pageants got up by the "Compagnie des Pompes Funèbres," are simply dingy. Far from the Latinised Gauls be anything approaching a Valhalla! In their notions of a "hereafter," they take entirely after their Roman ancestors, whose dead were provided with Elysian fields, and who cared no more about putting an end to their lives, than the Neapolitan brigand does to put an end to his neighbour's. What Frenchman can be frightened by a funeral or a funeral sermon into any fear of or belief in eternity of punishment? The very notion of such a thing is to him supremely ridiculous. He might as easily be frightened by a ghost-story. The Catholic Church hardly ventures to put mortality prominently forward in dealing with Voltaire's countrymen, not even when dealing with those who are not, in religious matters, greatly given to scepticism. If perchance any of them accept as an article of faith the terrors of the other world, the crowded Morgue contradicts them flatly, or accuses them of self-deception. The whole tendency of the *soi-disant* philosophy across the Channel is to prove death to be an inevitable crisis, for the purpose of effecting a certain modification of one's being. The tomb-stones and the grave-stones inculcate a similar belief, although nobody intended that they should have ever done so. Mrs. Stowe was more inclined to laugh and be satirical when visiting the vaults of the Pantheon, than to moralise or grow sad, and who ever felt sorry but for the living when visiting Père la Chaise? That vast graveyard is not the least gay looking of the many gay sights which strike the attention of the stranger during his first visit to the Imperial city. Montmartre is no less so; and avenues, shaded by yew and cypress, fail to give solemnity to the flat cemetery of Mount Parnassus. Even the absence of sunshine and the presence of subterranean gloom do not render the catacombs so awfully sepulchral, as they would certainly be in regions inhabited by the Scandinavian Slave, or Saxon. There is a geometrical precision, a scientific classification, an artistic design about the piles of skulls, thigh

bones, shin bones, and all the bones that form the human skeleton, ranged as they are, row above row, and forming the surface of endless galleries, that gives a very opposite impression to that occasioned by the disorder and decay in which we invariably invest mortality.

The yellow *immortelles*, beady circlets, and divers other devices of French fancy, hanging on crosses or lying at their bases, impart a certain liveliness to the provincial churchyards, into the precincts of which the bat and owl hardly venture, although the beetle is heard in them as frequently as the grasshopper. So striking is their cheerfulness of aspect that they give the lie to the *ci-git* upon the tombstones, and rather tend to bear out the theories of Lamennais or Père Enfantin than those of Calvin or the Trappists.

But this rule is not without its exceptions; and as exceptions are always more note-worthy than the tame things governed by rules, of them we shall henceforth deal. Clamart may be considered the representative one of France, as are, for very different reasons, the caves of Palermo in Sicily. Victor Hugo, in his "Last Days of a Condemned," has told the world how the first is exclusively reserved for those whose mortal bodies escape by a natural death from the jail or the penitentiary, or whose mutilated remains have found their way from the amphitheatre of medicine, after being sent to it from the hospital or the guillotine.

Long and wide strips of rank grass, running parallel to each other, and stretching across a wall enclosed hill-side, mark the common ditch into which the pauper, or the malefactor, are together tumbled. A gigantic wooden cross of ghastly white colour, and an equally ghastly whitewashed chapel, provided by the paternal care of a government solicitous for the welfare of the dead, that were, when living, left to perish, increase rather than diminish the dreary uniformity of this *Aceldama*. Strips of faded green again divide the bands of unpleasantly rank verdure which mark the common grave of the miserable outcasts of society. They are parched by the easterly winds that blow across the dreary plain, which this hill-side cemetery faces. So are a few stunted cypresses in the neighbourhood of the chapel. That building never held within its walls a Sunday congregation, or witnessed a wedding, or a christening. It is destitute of bell, or belfry; and its oblong quadrilateral door only opens at break of day, and closes before the rising sun has chased aside the grey mist of morning. During that short period a hurried prayer is said, and a mass mumbled in the presence of a few hard-faced men, dressed in semi-military livery, who look like sheriffs' officers, and stand beside clumsy deal boxes laid on wooden stretchers.

Yet this chapel has less frequently resounded to the sob, than to the echo of unfeeling laughter. Nobody, in all probability, ever yet shed a tear in it. But could tears recall the dead to life, to shed them would have been an act which the occupants of the boxes would, most likely, have resented. Still, if the *ci-git* on the huge white cross be no vain word, how miserable should they not be, lying on that hill-side of Clamart. An indescribable sense of oppression is aroused by a visit to it. The presence of gendarmes, soldiers, and police

round the gate immediately before the chapel, add greatly to this impression, and makes one imagine that death does not free the captive, and that the myrmidons of the law still hold him in their iron clutches.

But in these days of railway speed we can, dear reader, go from Paris to Palermo without almost feeling the transition too abrupt. We shall there find the other exception in the shape of a sepulchre on a vast scale, where the identity of each body deposited in it is not lost in a ditch into which all are promiscuously thrown. Individualism is a strong feature in it; and the living may, as often as they like, go to contemplate the features of their defunct friends, without having to pass through a file of armed soldiers. Let us enter then, warned, however, of what we are about to see, by the inscription which is placed above the principal entrance.

Still, you must not be either shocked or alarmed. The sepulchral caves of the Capuchins at Palermo, may be regarded as a sort of museum for the benefit of those who would preserve from the worms their bones for posterity. For about 4l. sterling, any one who pleases to do so can be deposited in them. The monks to which they belong are truly cosmopolite, and more than catholic. Provided the above mentioned sum be paid them, admittance is refused to nobody, whether from northern, or southern, eastern or western hemisphere—not even, we feel certain, to a Jew, Protestant, Turk, or Pagan. But few living outside the environs of Palermo covet this cheaply purchased privilege. And to this subterranean burying-place the Palermitans are finally carried, as the Parisians are carried finally to Père la Chaise. On entering, it does not strike the stranger as being what it really is; and one wonders to see during several hours, days, or months, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives, sisters, friends, or *fiancées*, coming to pray and weep in what might well pass for a dingy, underground, old curiosity shop, where, after they have ceased to lament, or forgotten, their defunct friends, they are laid by another set of mourners.

In Paris one possesses the key of the family vault at Père la Chaise. But in Palermo one unlocks a glazed, or unglazed, and press-like coffin to see a dead relation. Instead of crowning crosses with wreaths of flowers, in that Sicilian city, the mummies are treated to a new suit of clothes on the anniversary of their patron saint, or All Souls morning. But, as elsewhere, these mementos become rarer each year, and finally cease to show themselves.

The Capuchin Brothers are the overseers and guardians of this strange necropolis, and have as much the parched and shrivelled look of mummies, as any hung about the walls, or ranged along them in glazed cases. About one hundred and fifty live by officiating in that capacity. Their duty partly consists in saying a few short prayers. But their chief occupation is in receiving the living and the dead, labelling the latter, dusting the cases; and, above all, exhibiting them.

The different members of this confraternity seem the negation of everything living; and were it not that they speak and move, might easily

pass for what they are employed to mind. Pride is not a besetting sin among them, nor cleanliness a remarkable virtue. They are less intelligent than cicerones generally; far less talkative, and not so strongly tempted by the demon covetousness. They do not sell their services nor their prayers very dearly; and, for three or four half-pence, the simple fellows escort the visitor to his vehicle without, imploring all the saints in his behalf, and make a thousand promises to show any friend he should consign to their guidance every curiosity confided to their safe keeping, and to bring him all round their conventual necropolis.

That strange development of the spirit which in Egypt caused the Pyramids to be constructed was first consecrated as a burying-place in 1484. It is situated close to the principal gate of Palermo, and in one of its most fashionable outlets. Its aspect from without is dismal in the extreme; and vast buildings that would be horribly uniform, were they not falling into ruins, rise above it. In the walls are little loop-holes, which serve as windows for the monks. Extending the whole way beneath these buildings are the subterranean caves which are excavated and constructed something like the ordinary wine-vaults of wholesale wine-merchants, or a branch of the Custom-house vaults of London. A disagreeable, earthy smell, however, is the only one that makes itself felt, and a shrivelled monk in brown frock and cowl replaces the stout and red-nosed cooper. Instead of broaching a barrel of champagne, sherry, or St. Julien's claret, he points to a piece of defunct humanity; and dead men's names, with the dates of their death, replace the ages and the names of the different vintages which are most prized by the epicure.

On first entering, nothing is to be seen but the dead monks, the place of honour being awarded to them, and thus some compensation made for their forced humility when among the living. But the poor fellows have not been treated to glass-fronted cases nor to changes of raiment since the day they were brought there from the vault for drying corpses. Their habits—whenever dust does not thickly coat them—are from brown faded into foxy red, and only leave the skull, the feet and hands naked. A cord or a leather strap is passed round the neck of each, and by it he is nailed, hooked, or otherwise suspended from the walls.

Three long galleries are thus occupied. But, on gaining the fourth, one altogether falls into the company of laics, who are, when not in presses, hooked up along the wall in the same manner as the churchmen. In the lofty galleries, which sometimes measure sixteen feet in height, there are often, between floor and ceiling, three rows of corpses. The bare and fleshless—or occasionally well-shod feet—of the third and second clatter against the bare and fleshless skulls of those beneath; and sometimes a cranium, that is more thrown back than the others, supports the burthen of an entire foot which has dropped from the ancle of its original possessor.

The uniform equality displayed at Clamart cannot, therefore, be complained of at Palermo, where distinctive marks of caste, and relative inferiority and superiority of social position, cannot be even banished from among the tombs.

Of all the spectres to be met with there—the spectres of departed fashions are certainly the most startling to the visitor. None but respectably, or at least decently clad bodies are admitted to take up in the Capuchin caves a permanent abode. There, are orange-girls in their peculiar costume; fishermen and *bacheliers* in theirs; gentlemen in black cloth coats and trousers, patent leather boots, and white gloves,—just as they were in the habit of appearing at evening-parties or appeared on their own wedding-days. But they have, above all, the mourning dinginess of men got up to attend a funeral in a professional capacity; and those of inferior birth, who are ranged along the floor, are not less common-looking in their way than the famous Mr. Tittlebat Titmouse was in his. The dingy finery of the ladies is frightful to behold, and a grinning skeleton crowned with flowers, or a fleshless neck and arms surrounded with embroidery and laces, are not inviting objects.

Nor are the fashions of the year One, the sixty years after, or the three hundred years before, suggestive of grace and life when preserved in the charnel-house. Dante, would have turned away with loathing from his Beatrice, could he have seen her in such a place; and the ghostly guides tell how some excitable Sicilian sailors, returning from distant voyages and finding their loved ones in it, have, from visiting them, been taken raging lunatics to the prison, where madmen, banditti, and political offenders for ages past have been confined together.

Disorder is a feature that adds to the ghastliness of this spectacle. The Catacombs of Paris are for a contrary reason the reverse, and present no horrible feature, even when illuminated by electricity for photographic experiments. Were Disderi to transport his electric battery and photographic apparatus to the Caves of the Capuchins, what odious pictures would he not bring away? Anyone seeing them who has read “Frankenstein,” and accused Mrs. Shelley of exaggeration, would speedily retract the charge. The Sicilian monks, much as they are inclined to respect caste, are not so much inclined as the equality-loving Frenchman to classification. The former would break the hearts of naturalists, or set them momentarily in towering passions were they appointed the Curators of the great museums of the world. Their charges are very badly arranged, and quite at sixes and sevens. Somebody who was alive and flourishing when Garibaldi chased Bombalino, leans languidly on a skeleton that may have been covered with ruddy flesh and lusty sinew when Masaniello attempted to revolutionise Southern Italy. A woman may be found in the middle of a file of men; and a man heading a couple of dozen women. The children are not by themselves, but are placed here and there among the adults, and sometimes manage to turn themselves heels upwards, as if turning a summersault. And the whole spectacle is calculated to give humility to the monks who contemplate it daily.

No natural history museum, even though it were filled with the stuffed skins of all the venomous reptiles which Saint Patrick exiled from the Emerald Isle, or the monsters of the brute creation

to be found elsewhere, could present so much of what is hideous, as the collection which the Capuchins so piously watch over. Glass fills the eyeless holes in the heads of the occupants of zoological museums with as much success as dentistry stops the gaps that age, disease, or accidental causes make in the mouths of human beings. But false eyes are not always introduced into the Palermitan caves, and we shall presently see with what effect whenever they are. Ranges of heads, with pairs of round bottomless holes are therefore to be met at every turn. Noses do not either remain in a respectable state of preservation; and before they are three months in the caverns, when not subjected to the drying process in all its details, the under parts of them generally drop off, leaving behind ugly and abrupt excrescences, a thousand times more removed from beauty, than the remains of a nose which cancer leaves after carrying off the cartilaginous portion. The dead men's lips are endowed with greater tenacity; they stick to the gums long after the other features have disappeared. But they dry up quickly, and are pulled tightly across the face, sometimes making horribly visible mouthfuls of dazzlingly white teeth, sometimes teeth yellow and decayed; and often boneless or boney gums. Neither does the skin of the face quickly abdicate its place, although colour and softness disappear immediately after death. The former looks as though it were glued to the bones beneath. Sometimes it gets torn, and hangs about like leather binding on old and tattered books, or paper that damp has detached from a mouldy wall.

A fleshless skeleton is a beautiful object in the midst of skinny corpses; and a bare skull is loveliness itself when compared to one provided with a luxuriant head of hair. But fortunately, that fairest ornament of woman is, after her eyes, the first to desert her; and when nine or ten months are passed in the ordinary vaults, the heads of all who do so, become as bare as they can be, when caps, hats, and garlands of artificial flowers do not cover them. The hair does not fall by degrees; and baldness shows itself in a manner that would have made the unhappy *Bella Bellissima* cancel her last will had she visited the caves of Palermo. There it makes its attacks by main force, and in seizing the hair, pulls off, in the most wholesale manner, the scalp along with it.

The glossy forehead advancing high to the coronal region is not to be anywhere met by the visitor; but ragged skulls, sometimes grey, and sometimes of that reddish hue which is seen on a joint-bone divested of its grizzly substance. The scalp falls away in tattered masses, which the weight of tangled locks pulls into irregular forms, or drags down in flaps, over forehead, eyes, and face. Not unfrequently the rents are made from back to front across the centre of the head, and the hair tumbles heavily upon both shoulders, or strays in hideous confusion over breast and arms.

In this Necropolis colour deserts the hair in a very short time. The ebony-black, the fiery red, the sunny flaxen, or the nut-brown tresses, all fade or darken into dingy brown that looks like the faded brown of cast-off wigs which once pre-

tended to be dark. A few exceptions are sometimes to be found, for by subjecting the dead to a certain curative process—which costs about ten pounds sterling—the monks can preserve for a longer time the hair, eyes, and a semblance of the flesh which formerly clothed their mummies. Some wealthy *belles*, who died early, have had by this means their bodies preserved from hideous ugliness; and a few wealthy matrons can, owing to the same cause, pray before defunct babies who in some slight degree recal the faces and the forms which they bore when living. These objects are pointed out with considerable pride by the Capuchins. In them they evidently see so many *chefs d'œuvres* of art, and with the irresistible tendency of human beings to lavish favours on the well-conditioned, say twice, as many prayers for their eternal happiness as they do for their more numerous but less flourishing companions.

The proverb, "What's one man's meat is another man's poison," may thus be rendered in Palermo, "What's poison to the living is preservation to the dead." Among the Palermitans the arsenic, which in life would destroy, preserves them when dead from decomposition. They are, when able to afford it, carefully washed with soap of arsenic; and a strong preparation of salts of that mineral is injected into them previous to their being dried, and suspended from the walls. Glass eyes are, at considerable expense, stuck into the heads of these mummies. But of all the animal creation men, or women either, are the least becoming when they have departed from the land of the living. The hairy skin and ferocious character of the hyena or the tiger, exhibited in our museums of Natural History, do not allow their false optics to appear unnaturally glaring; but the glass eyes in the caves of Palermo glisten fearfully, and have in them all that wild and aimless stare which so alarmed Macbeth when Banquo's ghost rose up before him.

By some decree of distributive justice the old, when washed and filled with salts of arsenic, last much longer than the young, and are less revolting to the senses of the visitors. Those who die of age preserve for centuries; but the victims of fever, small-pox, and accidental injuries, consume quickly to mere skeletons if not subjected to every curative process of the monks, and from the difficulty there is in drying them rarely do honour to the fathers' skill. The same is said of children and of those who are carried off by consumption. The bones of the latter are also very perishable. They rarely last for more than twenty years, and frequently fall into dust in less than half that period.

The disorder already noticed should not be entirely thrown upon the shoulders of the unhappy monks who pass their lives in this Necropolis, the most dismal in the world. In Sicily, as elsewhere, there is a strong desire in the living to be placed when lifeless among their deceased progenitors and kindred. Relations have also their peculiar fancies about the most becoming attitude or posture for defunct friends. Some prefer to see them standing, others suspended, or perhaps sitting. It is therefore utterly impossible to make a general

classification according to position, age, sex, or date of entrance. That can only be effected in dealing with those for whom nobody cares, or whose descendants are so far removed by time as to forget all about them.

But there are in Palermo some monks in whose heads the bump of order dominates, and who have preserved in an orderly condition several cases where the occupants are as regularly classified and catalogued as are the pictures in the Louvre or Versailles. The three first galleries contained in them, and exclusively devoted to monks, are submitted to certain regulations never infringed on by the confraternity or any member of it. So are those exclusively set apart for women. The virgins' galleries are also very methodically arranged. They are well dusted, swept, and garnished, and hung round with walnut-cases, oblong and narrow, which remind one of an old-fashioned eight-day clock. The survivors of these maidens evidently thought that beauty was no vain thing, for in the cases alluded to, there is a curious display of the finery of the toilette. The widows are not in every instance very gaily attired, but the virgins invariably wear crowns of flowers which were once white, and carry palm branches in their hands. They are objects of peculiar veneration; and are prayed to as frequently as they were prayed for by their fellow citizens, although not one of them yet figures in the saintly calendar. White gowns are not the only ones they wear; some are clad in silks or satins or gauzes or tissues, flowered, watered, and brocaded in what were once the brightest colours. Their gauze veils are trimmed with the costliest embroidery, for Palermitan fathers and mothers are more particular about the funeral *trousseaux* of their children than they are about their wedding garments, and lovers whom death has deprived of their adored ones are allowed to spend their money in buying them handsome clothes. Ardent Sicilians are often to be found in floods of tears contemplating the faces of maidens along with whom they had hoped to have passed their lives, or not unfrequently apostrophising them in the most impassioned manner. A monk always accompanies them whenever they visit the virgins' gallery. Many are the touching stories which the Capuchins tell of the constancy or ardour of lovers. If they be all true, it would be difficult to say whether constancy or inconstancy is attended in this world with the worst effects, for there are as often among the mummified maidens those who came there because they were the victims of misplaced affection, as those who are followed by despairing men or youths, many of whom very quickly find consolation in the smiles of others, while some end by assuming the cowl and frock for the purpose of passing the rest of their lives in watching, in the quality of Capuchins, the remains of their deceased innamorates.

Traditions of a romantic tinge are associated with some Violettas, Julias, and Rosalies in walnut cases; but their charm is lost when told in the presence of those whose loveliness, faults, follies, or misfortunes, they hand down to posterity. A rude poem, through which runs the volcanic fire of the south of Europe, celebrates a

pair of rosy lips, and peculiarly beautiful eyes. But it is powerless to move, while a monk recites it in a sing-song voice, and points out the enormous holes, or glaring orbs of glass that replace those which tempted men to assassinate each other, and occasionally the possessors, for allowing them to shine too softly on some more favoured rival. A woman, whose lips are described as resembling rosebuds, and whose breath is compared to a south wind passing over groves of blossoming orange-trees and myrtles, bears the mark of a poignard on her breast-bone. Yet how far is she not removed from what tradition paints her? The ashes of an extinguished fire are not less capable of calling up an image of expired heat and flame than hers are of giving a notion of her bygone loveliness. The reader will, however, be spared a description of her as she now appears, just as the Capuchins should have spared the sight of her decomposing frame to their disgusted visitors.

She is the last of the modern remains exhibited immediately before passing into the vaults, where no Palermitan can be found who has not been staying in them for less than a couple of hundred years. There is in this antique department, a canon who died in the year 1500. The cicerone always leads the stranger to him on first entering the vaults appropriated to the bi- and tri-centenaries. The one who has by at least sixty-one years the precedence of the latter, is a mummy dry as a piece of parchment. His tongue sticks stiffly out of the middle of a widely opened mouth. It looks as though it had been as carefully smoked as any Yarmouth bloater. The guide makes all the visitors touch it, after touching it himself. He assures them that it was a tongue so eloquent that had not death early silenced it, all Sicily and Italy along with it, would have donned the frock and cowl.

In addition to the feeling of awe, disgust, and horror, is another very different one. The immense number of dead bodies ranged round the walls; their outlandish and dingy garments; their quaint and dusty finery; their strange attitudes; and the universal grin upon the faces of those preserved with arsenic, create a tendency to laugh, or to regard the whole thing as a hideous burlesque on the charnel house. One mummy has a mocking air, another sneers like a Voltaire, or a Mephistopheles; a third seems tired of the company in which he finds himself; and a fourth hangs his head upon his breast, as if in the act of sleeping. Not one among all the thousands in it, looks venerable, or even respectable; and when disgust does not prevent the stranger doing so, there is nothing more frequent than to see him inspecting and handling the dressed dead as one would a stuffed bat or owl in a museum.

We do well to hide our dead, to bury them out of our sight. But the ancients did better to burn them, before the hideous changes of mortality had time to make themselves visible. Their system is repugnant to modern ideas. But after a visit to Palermo, or to a grave-yard, while the sexton is at work, we would feel convinced that for the dead it is the most respectful, and for the living, the least unwholesome. Consigning a friend to the funeral pyre, could prejudice once be surmounted,

would certainly be found preferable to consigning him to the worm! and the fire would be less humiliating than the transformations from which mother earth cannot preserve us. In France, the substitution of the urn, instead of the cemetery, is warmly advocated by the majority of the enlightened; the ignorant and the clergy are ready to oppose it. But in doing so the churchmen are mistaken: for the skeleton and death's-head take little hold on French imaginations; and when they do, it is only to give rise to mocking outbursts, and attacks the reverse of reverent.

EMILY JOHNSTONE.

EARLY ENGLISH STATUTES.

A STUDY of the law is commonly accepted as the driest, dullest, most monotonous investigation the mind can make. The speculations of antiquaries concerning dented weapons, broken ware, or battered coins, are considered fascinating when compared to the dingy, heavy web of the law. No one takes up a law-book for leisure perusal: no one studies the law as a leisure pursuit. A curious quality, however, belongs to our theme: like architecture, the older it is the more picturesque it appears: like wine, the more remote its season the more mellow it proves. Modern law is a maze of verbiage; but law two centuries old is as clipped and trim as the trees in an old Dutch garden—not written in irritating black letter, but printed in plain, clear type, and its orthography only differs from our own in such minor points as old wine bottles do from new, affording just that conclusive evidence of age that is satisfactory. Ponderosity is not necessarily a feature of an old law-book, for a man may hold in his palm a volume before us, printed in 1679, containing abstracts of every statute then in force: neither is dryness an inevitable quality, for pictures of mediæval manners and customs flash up from the tawny pages as from the *lais* and lyrics of the troubadours.

We will quote the abstract of a statute made by King James the First:

"No innkeeper, victualler, or alehouse keeper, shall suffer any town-dwellers to sit tippling in his house, on pain of 10sh., nor sell less than a full alequart of the best ale or beer, or two quarts of the small, for one penny, in pain of 20sh. And here the view of one justice, or proof by two witnesses upon oath before one justice is sufficient conviction."

Is this not as Falstaffian as a page from the "Merry Wives of Windsor"? Who could the one justice be but Shallow? And do we not read of the "full ale-quart" as of a vast tankard chased and gilded at least? The thirsty "town-dweller" convicted of having sat "tippling in any inn" was to forfeit ten groats, and, says the abstract ambiguously, "being not found able to pay it shall remain in the stocks four hours."

There is scarcely a limit to the variety of information we may thus obtain. Henry VIII. in passing an Act forbidding any person who was not possessed of lands to the value of 100*l.* per annum from shooting with, or even keeping in his house, crossbow, hand-gun, hagbut, or demi-hake, has handed down a list of the beasts and birds

that inhabited Britain in his day, as well as an inventory of the small arms then in common use. Any subject who dwelt at a distance of two furlongs from a town might keep the weapons enumerated, and so might all those who lived within five miles of the sea coast; and the last-mentioned were further privileged to shoot "at any wild beast or fowl, save only deer, heron, shoveld, fasant, partridge, wild swan, or wild elke." The keenest sportsman would have some difficulty to come up with shovelds (pelicans), wild swans, or wild elks in these latter days; and from the prohibition just quoted we may conclude that they were getting scarce in King Harry's time. The "handgun," remote progenitor of our Enfield and Whitworth rifles, appears to have had to fight its way through several enactments against its use. Edward VI. decreed that no one under the degree of a baron should shoot with a handgun in any city or town, at any fowl or with any hailshot, in pain of a fine of 10*l.* and three months' imprisonment, with the exception of those persons privileged to shoot by Henry IV., who were not to be restricted, provided they forbore to use the objectionable hailshot. Bow staves and arrows, on the contrary, enjoyed royal patronage from very remote times. Henry IV. directed that arrow-heads should be well brazed and hardened at the points with steel, and that arrow makers failing to comply with this condition should forfeit their arrows, be thrown into prison, and be fined at his royal pleasure. Edward IV. enacted that every merchant-stranger should bring into the realm four bow-staves for every ton of merchandise, and specified that they should be brought from any place whence bow-staves had been formerly imported—thus marking a still earlier conformity with this practice. Richard III. decreed that ten bow-staves should be imported into his kingdom with every "but of Malmsey or Tyre, on pain of 13*s.* 4*d.* for every tun;" and Queen Elizabeth also dealt with this subject. She confirmed the statute of Edward IV., just mentioned, and made it especially binding upon merchants coming from the East parts, and from the twenty Hanse towns; and further enacted that every bowyer dwelling in London, or in the suburbs, should keep always ready fifty well-made bows of elm, witch hazel, or ash, on pain of a fine of 10*s.* for every bow failing that number—which penalty was to be divided between the queen and the prosecutor, who was to be either an armourer, fletcher, or bow-string maker. She also fixed a graduated scale of prices. A bow of the best sort, made of "outlandish elm," was to be sold for 6*s.* 8*d.*; of the second sort for 3*s.* 4*d.*; of the commonest kind for 2*s.* A bow of English elm was not to be charged more than 2*s.* under penalty of a 40*s.* fine. These regulations are all given in the abstracts of the statutes in force in the reign of Charles II.

The early charters relating to forests, chases, parks, and warrens are as enjoyable as a portfolio of sylvan sketches: the perusal of the different clauses opens out glade after glade, mellow with green and gold, purple and rich brown tints. Forest laws made by Henry III. held good after the Restoration.

"A peer of the realm, being sent for by the king, in coming and returning, may kill a deer or two in the forest through which he passeth: howbeit it must not be done privily, but by the view of the Forester, if present; but if absent, by causing one to blow a horn for him, lest he seem to steal the deer."

The ring of the horses' hoofs, the echo of the horn, the rustle of the brushwood, the shouts of the cavalcade break on the ear as we read. If any one caught a stray hawk he was to give it up to the sheriff, who would make proclamation in "the good towns" of the county, and so ascertain her rightful owner; if, however, no owner was found within four months, the hawk was to be restored to the person who found it, if he happened to be "a man of estate who might conveniently keep a hawk;" but if the finder was a "mean man," the sheriff was to retain the hawk, and make him some compensation for it. No one was to conceal a hawk: if they did so, they were to pay the value of it, and suffer two years' imprisonment; and if they were not able to pay the price of the hawk, they were to be detained in prison a longer time. Every freeman was to have his honey that was found in the forest, also his "ayries of hawks, eagles, and herons." The ministers of the forests have entailed among our surnames a great many variations of the terms of their respective offices. Forester, or, as it is frequently written, Foster, Parker, Warrener, and Ranger, are every day names with us: with Verdor, Regardor, Surcharger, and Agistor, we are scarcely so familiar. In these old times they had peculiar privileges, which we may congratulate ourselves are not also entailed upon this generation of their descendants.

"A forester, marker, or warrener shall not be questioned for killing a trespasser, who (after the peace cried unto him) will not yield himself, so that it be not done out of some other former malice."

These and other difficulties, such as trespass of greenhue (everything growing green in the forest) and hunting, were settled at the Swainmote, or Swanmote—a court held three times a year by the Verderours, or forest judges, for the determination of such matters. The denseness of the forests, their extent, and their spotted herds, would cause them to be regarded as excellent covers by many lawless persons besides Robin Hood and his merry men. Hence a certain stringency was doubtless requisite. This consideration may have contributed to the abhorrence in which gipsies were held. Henry VI. decreed that if any persons calling themselves Egyptians came into his realm they should forfeit all their goods, and be thrown into prison if they did not depart immediately they were commanded to do so. Philip and Mary took additional precautions to prevent the landing of the swarthy strangers:

"None shall transport any lewd people who call themselves Egyptians into this realm or Wales, in pain of 40*l.* And it shall be felony (without clergy) for them to remain above a month in England or Wales."

Elizabeth supplemented these regulations with additional severities, declaring that if any subject of hers consorted with Egyptians for the space of a month he should be adjudged a felon, without clergy.

There are two or three clues running through the labyrinth of ancient legislation, whose course can be clearly traced in successive centuries. One of these is a strong determination to maintain the commercial isolation of Britain: a second is an early recognition of the advantages of division of labour. The former of these we moderns have discarded: the second we have seized and elaborated. Numberless obstructions were placed in the way of import and export, and the goods of aliens were suspiciously examined for "deceit." No one was to convey out of the realm brass, copper, laton, bell-metal, pan-metal, gun-metal or shroof-metal. No gold or silver, enacted Henry VI., shall be exported in pain of forfeiting it, save only for the ransom of prisoners, the reasonable cost of soldiers passing beyond the sea, and money to be expended for certain Scotch commodities as are licensed. Although Henry III. decreed that merchant-strangers, except those of an enemy's country, should come and go, and buy and sell without exaction of excessive tolls, except in time of war, they were gradually harassed with restrictions as we have said. By the reign of Edward III., this comparative welcome had resolved itself into a permission to come to England with their goods and merchandise, to tarry and return if they paid the customs and subsidies. By the reign of Richard II. they were restricted from selling, by retail, wines and "great wares," such as cloth of gold and silver, silk, sandal, napery cloth and canvas, which were to be sold in whole pieces only. They were to sell their commodities within a quarter of a year after their landing, and employ the money received in exchange in purchasing English goods. Edward III. made it felony for an Englishman, Welshman, or Irishman to transport wool, leather, woollens or lead; or to transport either of these articles in a stranger's name, or to keep a servant beyond the sea "to survey the sale thereof, or to receive money for them."

Italian merchants laboured under distinct disabilities. They were to sell their merchandise at the port at which they landed them in the gross, and this within eight months after their arrival, and they were to purchase English commodities with the money taken in exchange. If they had not sold all their wares by the expiration of the eight months, they were to convey them out of the realm again or forfeit them. Richard III. enumerated a string of articles that were to be confiscated if brought into the kingdom by a foreigner, furnishing a catalogue of mediæval objects, specimens of which would furnish forth an antiquary's museum:—Girdles, harness for girdles, points, leather-laces, purses, pouches, pins, gloves, knives, hangers, tailor's sheers, scissors, andirons, cob-bards (irons on which spits turned), tongs, fire-forks, gridirons, stocklocks, keys, hinges and garnets; spurs, painted glasses, painted paper, painted images, painted cloths, beaten gold or silver wrought in paper for painters, saddles, saddle-trees, horse harness, boots, bits, stirrups, bucklers, chains, latton nails with iron shanks, turnels, hanging candlesticks, holy-water pots, chafing dishes, hanging lavers, curtain-rings, cards for wool, roan cards, sheers, bucklers for

shoes, spits, bells, hawkbells, tin and leaden spoons, wire of latton and iron, iron candlesticks, grates, and horns for lanterns.

Like all the statutes we have quoted, this was in force in the reign of Charles II.; but the popular monarch had given his own subjects leave to export iron, armour, bandeliers, bridle-bits, halbert-heads, fire-arms, pike-heads, rapier-blades, saddles, snaffles, stirrups, and all manufactures made of leather. He also permitted the export of gunpowder when it did not exceed in price 5*l.* the barrel. We learn the prices of various comestibles, immediately after the Restoration, in the same incidental way: It shall be lawful (on paying a certain tonnage) to export wheat, rye, peas, beans, barley, malt and oats: beef, pork, bacon, butter, cheese and candles, when they do not exceed at the port whence they are laden, these prices, viz., "wheat, the quarter, 40*s.*; rye, beans and peas, 24*s.*; barley and malt the quarter, 20*s.*; oats, 16*s.*; beef, 5*l.* the barrel; pork, 6*l.* 10*s.*; bacon, the pound, 6*d.*; butter, the barrel, 4*l.* 10*s.*; cheese, the hundred-and-one-pound, 10*s.*; candles, the dozen pounds, 5*s.*" Thus the ale-wife, wishing to purchase a pound of candles, would have given for them the price of five full ale-quarts of her strong beer. Candles were useful in another way besides for lighting. A sale "by inch of candle" was a common proceeding. When the goods of a merchant, or of a company, were sold in lots, the time of bidding for each lot was confined to the period in which a small piece of wax candle kept a-light; when it went out the lot was the purchase of the last bidder. Such a sale must have been a Rembrandtish sight,—the earnest faces of the merchants, in their settings of long locks and vandyked collars, alternately obscured and gariably revealed as the candle flickered in its socket.

The early statutes also show us the continuous efforts made to improve the geographical features of the country. It is somewhat the fashion in the nineteenth century to laud the works of its own time as being without precedent except in the history of the ancient world; but as we scan the mottled pages of the book of abstracts, we are struck with the magnitude of the engineering enterprises of the days to which it relates. There were mediæval coast-works, sea-defences, harbours and havens, locks, trenches and sewers, as well as illuminated missals and jewelled chalice. Henry VI. despatched a company of gentlemen, called a commission of sewers, into various parts of his realm to inquire into the condition of the existing sea-defences, and to superintend their repair. Edward IV., Henry VII. and Henry VIII., also granted commissions of sewers. The latter monarch declared that the sea-walls, ditches, banks, gutters, calcies, bridges and sewers by the sea-coast, and marshes, had suffered incalculable damage, as much by the rage of the sea as by the making, erecting, and enlarging streams, mills, bridges, ponds, fish-garths, mill-dams, locks, hebbing-wears, hecks, flood-gates; and they were then "dimpt, lacerate and broken." Both Henry VIII. and Elizabeth passed Acts for the drainage of Plumstead Marsh. Their Scottish kinsman and successor, James, appears to have been still more

energetic. He passed an Act for winning from inundation the drowned grounds and marshes of Lessness and Fants in Kent; another for draining the fens and low grounds in the Isle of Ely, containing about 6000 acres "compassed about with banks called the Ring of Waldersey and Coldham;" a third, to recover a great quantity of ground lately surrounded in Norfolk and Suffolk by the sea, "and to prevent the like for the future." He also decreed that, for the means to maintain a college he intended to build at Chelsea, a trench should be made to convey water from the River Lea to London; another trench was to bring water from "Cadwel and Anwel in a trunk or vault." Henry VIII. had previously enacted that no one was to pollute the Thames—an enactment which might have saved many lives if it had been enforced—and Elizabeth had further ensured the well-watering of London by making the River Lea navigable as far up as Ware. The 6000 acres of land recovered in the Isle of Ely were increased by 95,000 additional acres in the time of Charles II. Many Acts tell of structural operations—when bridges were built, when groups of decayed houses were repaired; when new houses were built on waste lands; others, again, relate to the maintenance of good highways, and of the paving of streets. These all show us mediæval England at work with spade and pickaxe, standing ankle-deep in mire, and splashed with clay—a different aspect to that presented in the royal progresses, the tournaments, the pageants, the rebellions, with subsequent display of heads on city-gates, with which it is habitually associated.

There were grades in commerce. Merchants, mercers, drapers, goldsmiths, ironmongers, embroiderers and clothiers dwelling in corporate towns, in Tudor times, were allowed to take no apprentices, except their own children, whose parents were not possessed of freehold property to the value of 40s. per annum; but artificers, smiths, wheelwrights, ploughwrights, millwrights, carpenters, rough masons, plasterers, sawyers, lime burners, bricklayers, tilers, salters, helyers, linen weavers, turners, coopers, millers, earthen potters, woollen weavers (of house-wives' cloths only), fullers, wood burners, thatchers and shinglers, might take apprentices whose parents had no land. No one might practise any "art or mystery" who had not properly served an apprenticeship to it. To maintain a requisite balance no one was allowed to keep more than three apprentices without employing a journeyman. All labourers and journeymen were to be hired by the year. These minute interferences extended to the materials used. Nothing was to be made of felt but hats; caps were to be made of knitted yarn and nothing else, and were only to be dyed two colours—either with copperas and gall, or woad and madder. Death did not put an end to the obligations of the law. "No corps shall be buried in any thing other than what is made of sheep's wool, on pain of the forfeiture of 5*l*." This edict, associated in most men's minds with Queen Anne's reign and Pope, was issued by Charles II. It further called upon all persons in Holy orders, or their substitutes, to keep a register of all persons buried in

the precincts over which they held charge, and to obtain from the representative of each deceased person, within eight days of the interment, an affidavit that the said deceased was buried in conformity with this regulation. As a proof of the integrity with which the statutes reflected the spirit of the times in which they were passed, we add another clause:—"No penalty shall be incurred by reason of any that die of the plague."

Mediæval rogues and vagabonds were a different class of persons to those that infest our streets. An Elizabethan statute gives us a category of the persons we might expect to meet on a highway, or skulking along the narrow streets under the shadows of the gabled houses. Her legislators speak of scholars (!) and seafaring men who beg; of wandering persons who either beg or use unlawful games and plays, or feign themselves to have skill in physiognomy, palmistry, or the like, or pretend to tell fortunes; of persons that are or pretend to be (undiscriminating legislators!) collectors for gaols, hospitals; of fencers, bearwards, common players and minstrels wandering abroad without a written licence from a nobleman to do so; of jugglers, tinkers, pedlars and petty chapmen; of persons "pretending to be Egyptians,"—all of whom when found begging, or wandering, or "misordering themselves," were to be half-stripped and openly whipped till they bled. Besides these rogues and vagabonds, we might expect to meet wandering soldiers and mariners, counterfeit and real, and wandering glassmen, who were permitted to wander provided they did not beg. We moderns think it more of a misdemeanor to stand still in the gutter or on the curb and beg; the Elizabethan vagabonds were all tramps.

In walled towns the gates were to be shut from sunset till sunrise; and no one might lodge without the town for the night unless his host would answer for him. Between Ascension Day and Michaelmas a night watch was to be kept at every gate, commencing at sunset: six men were to keep guard at each city gate: twelve men at a borough gate; and four or six men at a town gate, according to the number of the inhabitants. We close the book of abstracts of the early statutes, as the six men would close the city gate, knowing that we have but to open it again to stand in the midst of the flow of the quaint, earnest, picturesque life of the middle ages.

THE BROKEN VOW.

I.

DRING lies young Effie Logan
While the snowdrops spring :—
Tho' her lily hand, so wasted,
Wears no bridal ring,
Yet a babe unto her white breast
Tenderly doth cling !

II.

She is dreaming of the false one,
And the traitor's vow
That beguil'd her heart so trusting—
Trusting even now!
"He will come!" she softly murmurs—
Death dews on her brow !

III.

Lo, a Chief spurs o'er the heather
And the drawbridge falls,
And a stately step is sounding
Through Glenallen's halls.

IV.

Well she knew that haughty footfall—
With a sobbing cry
Stretching wide her arms so wasted—
"Kiss me ere I die !

V.

"Fold me fondly to your bosom !
Clasp me closer still !
Let me feel my true-love's kisses
Tho' his kiss doth kill !

VI.

"Tho' my woes of hope bereft me,
Did my sore heart break ?
No ! I lived—that bliss was left me—
For thy bairnie's sake !



VII.

"Fast my soul is fleeing homeward
From this weary strife—
By the babe that calls ye FATHER—
By my ruined life—
Let the stone among the daisies
Bear the name of WIFE !

VIII.

"Bring the priest and wed me, Gordon,
If ye love me still !"—
See, his proud, wild heart is leaving
With a softer thrill—
With a pang he kiss'd her white lips—
"By Christ's love I will !"
* * * * *

IX.

When the clans swept down to battle
On Culloden's day,
Gallant Gordon bravely peris'h'd,
Foremost in the fray :
With his tartan pierced and bloody
On the muir he lay.

X.

Effie and her babe are resting
From this weary strife,
And the stone among the daisies
Bears the name of WIFE.
She hath sinned, and she hath suffered—
Christ absolve her life.

B. S. MONTGOMERY.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXIII. JAN'S REMEDY FOR A COLD.

A COLD bright day in mid-winter. Luncheon was just over at Deerham Court, and Lady Verner, Decima, and Lucy Tempest had gathered round the fire in the dining-room. Lucy had a cold. *She* laughed at it; said she was used to colds; but Lady Verner had insisted upon her wrapping herself in a shawl, and not stirring out of the dining-room for the day—which was the warmest room in the house. So there reclined Lucy in state, in an arm-chair with cushions; half laughing at being made into an invalid, half rebelling at it.

Lady Verner sat opposite to her. She wore a rich black silk dress—the mourning for Mrs. Verner—and a white lace cap of the finest guipure. The white gloves on her hands were without a wrinkle, and her curiously fine handkerchief lay on her lap. Lady Verner could indulge her taste for snowy gloves and for delicate handkerchiefs now, untroubled by the thought of the money they cost. The addition to her income, which she had spurned from Stephen Verner, she accepted largely from Lionel. Lionel was liberal as a man and as a son. He would have given the half of his fortune to his mother, and not said "It is a gift." Deerham Court had its carriage and horses now, and Deerham Court had its additional servants. Lady Verner visited and received company, and the look of care had gone from her face, and the querulousness from her tone.

But it was in Lady Verner's nature to make a trouble of things; and if she could not do it in a large way, she must do it in a small. To-day, occurred this cold of Lucy's, and that afforded scope for Lady Verner. She sent for Jan as soon as breakfast was over, in defiance of the laughing protestations of Lucy. But Jan had not made his appearance yet, and Lady Verner waxed wrath.

He was coming in now,—now, as the servants were carrying out the luncheon-tray, entering by his usual mode—the back-door—and nearly knocking over the servant and tray in his haste, as his long legs strode to the dining-room. Lady Verner had left off reproaching Jan with using the servants' entrance, finding it waste of breath: Jan would have come down the chimney with the sweeps, had it saved him a minute's time. "Who's ill?" asked he.

Lady Verner answered the question by a sharp reprimand, touching Jan's tardiness.

"I can't be in two places at once," good humouredly replied Jan. "I have been with one patient since four o'clock this morning, until five minutes ago. Who is it that's ill?"

Lucy explained her ailments, giving Jan her own view of them: that there was nothing the matter with her but a bit of a cold.

"Law!" contemptuously returned Jan. "If I didn't think somebody must be dying! Cheese said they'd been after me about six times!"

"If you don't like to attend Miss Tempest, you can let it alone," said Lady Verner. "I can send elsewhere."

"I'll attend anybody that I'm wanted to attend," said Jan. "Where d'ye feel the symptoms of the cold?" asked he of Lucy. "In the head or chest?"

"I am beginning to feel them a little here," replied Lucy, touching her chest.

"Only beginning to feel them, Miss Lucy?"

"Only beginning, Jan."

"Well then, you just wring out a long strip of rag in cold water, and put it round your neck, letting the ends rest on the chest," said Jan. "A double piece, from two to three inches broad. It must be covered outside with thin water-proof skin to keep the wet in: you know what I mean: Decima's got some: oil-skin's too thick. And get a lot of toast and water, or lemonade; any liquid you like; and sip a drop of it every minute, letting it go down your throat slowly. You'll soon get rid of your sore chest if you do this; and you'll have no cough."

Lady Verner listened to these directions of Jan's in unqualified amazement. She had been accustomed to the very professional remedies of Dr. West. Decima laughed. "Jan," said she, "I could fancy an old woman prescribing this, but not a doctor."

"It'll cure," returned Jan. "It will prevent the cough coming on: and prevention's better than cure. You try it at once, Miss Lucy; and you'll soon see. You will know then what to do if you catch cold in future."

"Jan," interposed Lady Verner, "I consider the very mention of such remedies beneath the dignity of a medical man."

Jan opened his eyes. "But if they are the best remedies, mother?"

"At any rate, Jan, if this is your fashion of prescribing, you will not fill your pockets," said Decima.

"I don't want to fill my pockets by robbing people," returned plain Jan. "If I know a remedy that costs nothing, why shouldn't I let my patients have the benefit of it, instead of charging them for drugs that won't do half the good?"

"Jan," said Lucy, "if it cost gold I should try it. I have great faith in what you say."

"All right," replied Jan. "But it must be done at once, mind. If you let the cold get ahead first, it will not be so efficacious. And now good day to you all, for I must be off to my patients. Good bye, mother."

Away went Jan. And, amidst much laughter from Lucy, the wet "rag," Jan's elegant phrase for it, was put round her neck, and covered up. Lionel came in, and they amused him by reciting Jan's prescription.

"It is this house which has given her the cold," grumbled Lady Verner, who invariably laid faults and misfortunes upon something or somebody. "The servants are for ever opening that side door,

and then there comes a current of air throughout the passages. Lionel, I am not sure but I shall leave Deerham Court."

Lionel leaned against the mantel-piece, a smile upon his face. He had completely recovered his good looks, scared away though they had been for a time by his illness. He was in deep mourning for Mrs. Verner. Decima looked up, surprised at Lady Verner's last sentence.

"Leave Deerham Court, mamma! When you are so much attached to it!"

"I don't dislike it," acknowledged Lady Verner. "But it suited me better when we were living quietly, than it does now. If I could find a larger house with the same conveniences, and in an agreeable situation, I might leave this."

Decima did not reply. She felt sure that her mother was attached to the house, and would never quit it. Her eyes said as much as they encountered Lionel's.

"I wish my mother would leave Deerham Court!" he said aloud.

Lady Verner turned to him. "Why should you wish it, Lionel?"

"I wish you would leave it to come to me, mother. Verner's Pride wants a mistress."

"It will not find one in me," said Lady Verner. "Were you an old man, Lionel, I might then come. Not as it is."

"What difference can my age make?" asked he.

"Every difference," said Lady Verner. "Were you an old man, you might not be thinking of getting married: as it is, you will be. Your wife will reign at Verner's Pride, Lionel."

Lionel made no answer.

"You *will* be marrying sometime, I suppose?" reiterated Lady Verner with emphasis.

"I suppose I shall be," replied Lionel; and his eyes, as he spoke, involuntarily strayed to Lucy. She caught the look, and blushed vividly.

"How much of that do you intend to drink, Miss Lucy?" asked Lionel, as she sipped the tumbler of lemonade, at her elbow.

"Ever so many tumblers of it," she answered. "Jan said I was to keep sipping it all day long. The water, going down slowly, heals the chest."

"I believe if Jan told you to drink boiling water, you'd do it, Lucy," cried Lady Verner.

"You seem to fall in with all he says."

"Because I like him, Lady Verner. Because I have faith in him: and if Jan prescribes a thing, I know that he has faith in it."

"It is not displaying a refined taste, to like Jan," observed Lady Verner, intending the words as a covert reprimand to Lucy.

But Lucy stood up for Jan. Even at the dread of openly disagreeing with Lady Verner, Lucy would not be unjust to one whom she deemed of sterling worth.

"I like Jan very much," said she, resolutely, in her championship. "There's nobody I like so well as Jan, Lady Verner."

Lady Verner made a slight movement with her shoulders. It was almost as much as to say that Lucy was growing hopelessly incorrigible, like Jan. Lionel turned to Lucy.

"Nobody you like so well as Jan, did you say?"

Poor Lucy! If the look of Lionel, just before, had brought the hot blush to her cheek, that blush was nothing compared to the glowing crimson which mantled there now. She had not been thinking of one sort of liking when she so spoke of Jan: the words had come forth in the honest simplicity of her heart.

Did Lionel read the signs aright, as her eyes fell before his? Very probably. A smile stole over his lips.

"I do like Jan very much," stammered Lucy, essaying to mend the matter. "I *may* like him, I suppose? There's no harm in it."

"Oh! no harm, certainly," spoke Lady Verner, with a spice of irony. "I never thought Jan could be a favourite before. Not being fastidiously polished yourself, Lucy—forgive my saying it—you entertain, I conclude, a fellow feeling for Jan."

Lucy—for Jan's sake—would not be beaten.

"Don't you think it is better to be like Jan, Lady Verner, than—than—like Dr. West, for instance?"

"In what way!" returned Lady Verner.

"Jan is so true," debated Lucy, ignoring the question.

"And Dr. West was not, I suppose," retorted Lady Verner. "He wrote false prescriptions, perhaps? Gave false advice?"

Lucy looked a little foolish.

"I will tell you the difference, as it seems to me, between Jan and other people," she said. "Jan is like a rough diamond—real within, unpolished without—but a genuine diamond withal. Many others are but the imitation stone—glittering outside, false within."

Lionel was amused.

"Am I one of the false ones, Miss Lucy?"

She took the question literally.

"No; you are true," she answered, shaking her head, and speaking with grave earnestness.

"Lucy, my dear, I would not espouse Jan's cause so warmly, were I you," advised Lady Verner. "It might be misconstrued."

"How so?" simply asked Lucy.

"It might be thought that you—pray excuse the common vulgarity of the suggestion—were in love with Jan."

"In love with Jan!" Lucy paused for a moment after the words, and then burst into a merry fit of laughter. "Oh, Lady Verner! I cannot fancy anybody falling in love with Jan. I don't think he would know what to do."

"I don't think he would," quietly replied Lady Verner.

A peal at the courtyard bell, and the letting down the steps of a carriage. Visitors for Lady Verner. They were shown to the drawing-room, and the servant came in.

"The Countess of Elmaley and Lady Mary, my lady."

Lady Verner rose with alacrity. They were favourite friends of hers—nearly the only close friends she had made in her retirement.

"Lucy, you must not venture into the drawing-

room," she stayed to say. "The room is colder than this. Come."

The last "come" was addressed conjointly to her son and daughter. Decima responded to it, and followed; Lionel remained where he was.

"The cold room would not hurt me, but I am glad not to go," began Lucy, subsiding into a more easy tone, a more social manner, than she ventured on in the presence of Lady Verner. "I think morning visiting the greatest waste of time! I wonder who invented it?"

"Somebody who wanted to kill time," answered Lionel.

"It is not like friends, who really care for each other, meeting and talking. The calls are made just for form's sake, and for nothing else. I will never fall into it when I am my own mistress."

"When is that to be?" asked Lionel, smiling.

"Oh! I don't know," she answered, looking up at him in all confiding simplicity. "When papa comes home, I suppose."

Lionel crossed over to where she was sitting.

"Lucy, I thank you for your partisanship of Jan," he said, in a low, earnest tone. "I do not believe anybody living knows his worth."

"Yes; for I do," she replied, her eyes sparkling.

"Only don't you get to like him too much—as Lady Verner hinted," continued Lionel, his eyes dancing with merriment at his own words.

Lucy's eyelashes fell on her hot cheek.

"Please not to be so foolish," she answered, in a pleading tone.

"Or a certain place—that has been mentioned this morning—might have to go without a mistress for good," he whispered.

What made him say it? It is true he spoke in a light, joking tone; but the words were not justifiable, unless he meant to follow them up seriously in future. He *did* mean to do so when he spoke them.

Decima came in, sent by Lady Verner to demand Lionel's attendance.

"I am coming directly," replied Lionel.

And Decima went back again.

"You ought to take Jan to live at Verner's Pride," said Lucy to him, the words unconsciously proving that she had understood Lionel's allusion to it. "If he were my brother, I would not let him be always slaving himself at his profession."

"If he were your brother, Lucy, you would find that Jan would slave just as he does now, in spite of you. Were Jan to come into Verner's Pride to-morrow, through my death, I really believe he would let it, and live on where he does, and doctor the parish to the end of time."

"Will Verner's Pride go to Jan after you?"

"That depends. It would, were I to die as I am now, a single man. But I may have a wife and children some time, Lucy."

"So you may," said Lucy, filling up her tumbler from the jug of lemonade. "Please to go into the drawing-room now, or Lady Verner will be angry. Mary Elmsley's there, you know."

She gave him a saucy glance from her soft bright eyes. Lionel laughed.

"Who made you so wise about Mary Elmsley, young lady?"

"Lady Verner," was the answer, her voice subsiding into a confidential tone. "She tells us all about it, me and Decima, when we are sitting by the fire of an evening. *She* is to be the mistress of Verner's Pride."

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel. "She is, is she, Lucy?"

"Well?"

"If that mistress-ship—is there such a word?—ever comes to pass, I shall not be the master of it."

Lucy looked pleased.

"That is just what Decima says. She says it to Lady Verner. I wish you would go to them."

"So I will. Good bye. I shall not come in again. I have a hundred and one things to do this afternoon."

He took her hand and held it. She, ever courteous of manner, simple though she was, rose and stood before him to say her adieu, her eyes raised to his, her pretty face upturned.

Lionel gazed down upon it. And, as he had forgotten himself once before, so he now forgot himself again. He clasped it to him with a sudden movement of affection, and left on it some fervent kisses, whispering tenderly:

"Take care of yourself, my darling Lucy?"

Leaving her to make the best of the business, Mr. Lionel proceeded to the drawing-room. A few minutes' stay in it, and then he pleaded an engagement, and departed.

Things were changed now out of doors. There was no dissatisfaction, no complaining. Roy was deposed from his petty authority, and all men were at peace. With the exception, possibly, of Mr. Peckaby. Mr. Peckaby did not find his shop flourish. Indeed, far from flourishing, so completely was it deserted, that he was fain to give up the trade, and accept work at Chuff, the blacksmith's forge, to which employment, it appeared, he had been brought up. A few stale articles remained in the shop, and the counters remained; chiefly for show. Mrs. Peckaby made a pretence of attending to customers; but she did not get two in a week. And if those two entered, they could not be served, for she was pretty sure to be out, gossiping.

This state of things did not please Mrs. Peckaby. In one point of view the failing of the trade pleased her, because it left her less work to do; but she did not like the failing of their income. Whether the shop had been actually theirs, or whether it had been Roy's, there was no doubt that they had drawn sufficient from it to live comfortably and to find Mrs. Peckaby in smart caps. This source was gone, and all they had now was an ignominious fourteen shillings a week, which Peckaby earned. The prevalent opinion in Clay Lane was, that this was quite as much as Peckaby deserved; and that it was a special piece of undeserved good fortune which had taken off the blacksmith's brother and assistant in the nick of time, Joe Chuff, to make room for him. Mrs. Peckaby, however, was in a state of semi-rebellion; the worse, that she did not know upon whom to

visit it, or see any remedy. She took to passing her time in groaning and tears, somewhat after the fashion of Dinah Roy, venting her complaints upon anybody that would listen to her.

Lionel had not said to the men, "You shall leave Peckaby's shop." He had not even hinted to them that it might be desirable to leave it. In short, he had not interfered. But, the restraint of Roy being removed from the men, they quitted it of their own accord. "No more Roy; no more Peckaby; no more grinding down—hurrah!" shouted they, and went back to the old shops in the village.

All sorts of improvements had Lionel begun. That is, he had planned them: begun yet, they were not. Building better tenements for the labourers, repairing and draining the old ones, adding whatever might be wanted to make the dwellings healthy: draining, ditching, hedging. "It shall not be said that while I live in a palace, my poor live in pigsties," said Lionel to Mr. Bitterworth, one day. "I'll do what I can to drive that periodical ague from the place."

"Have you counted the cost?" was Mr. Bitterworth's rejoinder.

"No," said Lionel. "I don't intend to count it. Whatever the changes may cost, I shall carry them out."

And Lionel, like other new schemers, was red hot upon them. He drew out plans in his head and with his pencil; he consulted architects, he spent half his days with builders. Lionel was astonished at the mean, petty acts of past tyranny which came to light, exercised by Roy: far more than he had had any idea of. He blushed for himself and for his uncle, that such a state of things had been allowed to go on: he wondered that it could have gone on: that he had been blind to so much of it, or that the men had not exercised Lynch law upon Roy.

Roy had taken his place in the brickyard, as workman; but Lionel, in the anger of the moment, when these things came out, felt inclined to spurn him from the land. He would have done it but for his promise to the man himself; and for the pale sad face of Mrs. Roy. In the hour when his anger was at its height, the woman came up to Verner's Pride, stealthily, as it seemed, and craved him to write to Australia, "now he was a grand gentleman," and ask the "folks over there" if they could send back news of her son. "It's going on of a twelvemonth since he writed to us, sir, and we don't know where to write to him, and I'm a'most fretted into my grave."

"My opinion is, that he is coming home," said Lionel.

"Heaven sink the ship first!" she involuntarily muttered, and then she burst into a violent flood of tears.

"What do you mean?" exclaimed Lionel. "Don't you want him to come home?"

"No, sir. No."

"But why? Are you fearing?"—he jumped to the most probable solution of her words that he could suggest—"are you fearing that he and Roy would not agree?—that there would be unpleasant scenes between them, as there used to be?"

The woman had her face buried in her hands,

and she never lifted it as she answered, in a stifled voice, "It's what I'm a fearing, sir."

Lionel could not quite understand her. He thought her more weak and silly than usual.

"But he is not coming home," she resumed. "No, sir, I don't believe that England will ever see him again: and it's best as it is, for there's nothing but care and sorrow here, in the old country. But I'd like to know what's become of him; whether he is alive or dead, whether he is starving or in comfort. "Oh, sir!" she added, with a burst of wailing anguish, "write for me, and ask news of him! They'd answer you. My heart is aching for it."

He did not explain to her then, how very uncertain was the fate of emigrants to that country; how next to impossible it might be to obtain intelligence of an obscure young man like Luke: he contented himself with giving her what he thought would be better comfort.

"Mrs. Frederick Massingbird will be returning in the course of a few months, and I think she may bring news of him. Should she not, I will see what inquiries can be made."

"Will she be coming soon, sir?"

"In two or three months, I should suppose. The Miss Wests may be able to tell you more definitely, if they have heard from her."

"Thank ye, sir; then I'll wait till she's home. You'll not tell Roy that I have been up here, sir?"

"Not I," said Lionel. "I was debating, when you came in, whether I should not turn Roy off the estate altogether. His past conduct to the men has been disgraceful."

"Ay, it have, sir! But it was my fate to marry him, and I have had to look on in quiet, and see things done, not daring to say as my soul's my own. It's not my fault, sir."

Lionel knew that it was not. He pitied her, rather than blamed.

"Will you go into the servants' hall and eat something after your walk?" he asked kindly.

"No, sir, many thanks. I don't want to see the servants. They might get telling that I have been here."

She stole out from his presence, her pale sad face, her evidently deep sorrow, whatever might be its source, making a vivid impression upon Lionel. But for that sad face, he might have dealt more harshly with her husband. And so Roy was tolerated still.

CHAPTER XXIV. BACK AGAIN!

LIONEL VERNER had pleaded an engagement, as an excuse for quitting his mother's drawing-room and her guests. It must have been at home, we must suppose, for he took his way straight towards Verner's Pride, sauntering through the village as if he had leisure to look about him, his thoughts deep in his projected improvements.

Here, a piece of stagnant water was to be filled in; there, was the site of his new tenements; yonder, was the spot for a projected library and reading-room; on, he walked, throwing his glances everywhere. As he neared the shop of Mrs. Duff, a man came suddenly in view, facing him: a little man, in a suit of rusty black, and a white

neckcloth, with a pale face and red whiskers, whom Lionel remembered to have seen once before, a day or two previously. As soon as he caught sight of Lionel he turned short off, crossed the street, and darted out of sight down the Belvidere Road.

"That looks as though he wanted to avoid me," thought Lionel. "I wonder who he may be? Do you know who that man is, Mrs. Duff?" asked he aloud. For that lady was taking the air at her shop-door, and had watched the movement.

"I don't know much about him, sir. He have been a stopping in the place this day or two. What did I hear his name was, again?" added Mrs. Duff, putting her fingers to her temples in a considering fit. "Jarrum, I think. Yes, that was it. Brother Jarrum, sir."

"Brother Jarrum?" repeated Lionel, uncertain whether the "Brother" might be spoken in a social point of view, or was a name bestowed upon the gentleman in baptism.

"He's a missionary from abroad, or something of that sort, sir. He is come to see what he can do towards converting us."

"Oh, indeed," said Lionel, his lip curling with a smile. The man's face had not taken his fancy. "Honest missionaries do not need run away to avoid meeting people, Mrs. Duff."

"He have got cross eyes," responded Mrs. Duff. "Perhaps that's a reason he mayn't like to look gentlefolks in the face, sir."

"Where does he come from?"

"Well, now, sir, I did hear," replied Mrs. Duff, putting on her considering cap again. "It were some religious place, sir, that's talked of a good deal in the Bible. Jericho, were it? No. It began with a J, though. Oh, I have got it, sir! It were Jerusalem. He comes all the way from Jerusalem."

"Where is he lodging?" continued Lionel.

"He have been lodging at the George and Dragon, sir. But to-day he have gone and took that spare room as the Peckabys have wanted to let, since their custom fell off."

"He means to make a stay, then?"

"It looks like it, sir. Susan Peckaby, she were in here half-an-hour ago, a-buying new ribbons for a cap, all agog with it. He's a-going to hold forth in their shop, she says, and see how many of the pariah he can turn into saints. I says it won't be a bad 'turn,' sir, if it keeps the men from the beer-houses."

Lionel laughed as he went on. He supposed it was a new movement that would have its brief day and then be over, leaving results neither good nor bad behind it; and he dismissed the man from his memory.

He walked on, in the elasticity of his youth and health. All nature seemed to be smiling around him. Outward things take their hue very much from the inward feelings, and Lionel felt happier than he had done for months and months. Had the image of Lucy Tempest any thing to do with this? No—nothing. He had not yet grown to love Lucy in that idolising manner, as to bring her ever present to him. He was thinking of the change in his own fortunes; he cast his eyes around to the right and

the left, and they rested on his own domains—domains which had for a time been wrested from him; and as his quick steps rung on the frosty road, his heart went up in thankfulness to the Giver of all good.

Just before he reached Verner's Pride, he overtook Mr. Bitterworth, who was leaning against a road-side gate. He had been attacked by sudden giddiness, he said, and asked Lionel to give him an arm home. Lionel proposed that he should come in and remain for a while at Verner's Pride; but Mr. Bitterworth preferred to go home.

"It is one of my bilious attacks coming on," he remarked, as they went along. "I have not had a bad one for this four months."

Lionel took him safe home, and remained with him for some time, talking; the chief theme being his own contemplated improvements: of that topic, Lionel never tired. Altogether, it was late when he reached Verner's Pride. Night had set in, and his dinner was waiting.

He ate it hurriedly—he mostly did eat hurriedly when he was alone, as if he were glad to get it over—Tynn waiting on him. Tynn liked to wait upon his young master. Tynn had been in a state of glowing delight since the accession of Lionel. Attached to the old family, Tynn had felt it almost as keenly as Lionel himself, when the estate had lapsed to the Massingbirds. Mrs. Tynn was in a glow of delight also. There was no mistress, and she ruled the household, including Tynn.

The dinner gone away and the wine on the table, Lionel drew his chair in front of the fire, and fell into a train of thought, leaving the wine untouched. Full half an hour had he thus sat, when the entrance of Tynn aroused him. He poured out a glass, and raised it to his lips. Tynn bore a note on his silver waiter.

"Matiss's boy has just brought it, sir. He is waiting to know whether there's any answer."

Lionel opened the note, and was reading it, when a sound of carriage wheels came rattling on to the terrace, passed the windows, and stopped at the hall door. "Who can be paying me a visit to-night, I wonder?" cried he. "Go and see, Tynn."

"It sounded like one of them rattling one-horse flies from the railway station," was Tynn's comment, as he left the room.

Whoever it might be, they appeared pretty long in entering, and Lionel, very greatly to his surprise, heard a sound as of much luggage being deposited in the hall. He was on the point of going out to see, when the door opened, and a lovely vision glided forward. A young, fair face and form, clothed in deep mourning, with a shower of golden curls shading her damask cheeks. For one single moment, Lionel was lost in the beauty of the vista. Then he recognised her, before Tynn's announcement was heard; and his heart leaped as if it would burst its bounds.

"Mrs. Massingbird, sir."

Leaped within him fast and furiously. His pulses throbbed, his blood coursed on, and his face went hot and cold with its emotion. Had he been fondly persuading himself, during the past

months, that she was forgotten? Truly the present moment rudely undeceived him.

Tynn shut the door, leaving them alone. Lionel was not so agitated as to forget the courtesies of life. He shook hands with her, and, in the impulse of the moment called her Sibylla: and then bit his tongue for doing it.

She burst into tears. There, as he held her hand. She lifted her lovely face to him with a yearning, pleading look. "Oh, Lionel!—you will give me a home, won't you?"

What was he to say? He could not, in that first instant, abruptly say to her—no, you cannot have a home here. Lionel could not hurt the feelings of any one. "Sit down, Mrs. Massingbird," he gently said, drawing an easy chair to the fire. "You have quite taken me by surprise. When did you land?"

She threw off her bonnet, shook back those golden curls, and sat down in the chair, a large heavy shawl on her shoulders. "I will not take it off yet," she said, in a plaintive voice. "I am very cold."

She shivered slightly. Lionel drew her chair yet nearer the fire, and brought a footstool for her feet. Repeating his question as he did so.

"We reached Liverpool late yesterday, and I started for home this morning," she answered, her eyelashes wet still, as she gazed into the fire. "What a miserable journey it has been!" she added, turning to Lionel. "A miserable voyage out; a miserable ending!"

"Are you aware of the changes that have taken place since you left?" he asked. "Your aunt is dead."

"Yes, I know it," she answered. "They told me at the station just now. That lame porter came up and knew me; and his first news to me was, that Mrs. Verner was dead. What a greeting! I was coming home here to live with her."

"You could not have received my letter: one which I wrote at the request of Mrs. Verner in answer to yours."

"What was in it?" she asked. "I received no letter from you."

"It contained remittances. It was sent, I say, in answer to yours, in which you requested money should be forwarded for your home passage. You did not wait for it?"

"I was tired of waiting. I was sick for home. And one day, when I had been crying more than usual, Mrs. Eyre said to me, that if I were so anxious to go, there need be no difficulty about the passage money. That they would advance me any amount I might require. Oh, I was so glad! I came away by the next ship."

"Why did you not write, saying that you were coming?"

"I did not think it mattered—and I knew I had this home to come to. If I had had to go to my old home again at papa's, then I should have written. I should have seemed like an intruder arriving at their house, and have deemed it necessary to warn them of it."

"You heard in Australia of Mr. Verner's death, I presume?"

"I heard of that, and that my husband had inherited Verner's Pride. Of course I thought I

had a right to come to this home, though he was dead. I suppose it is yours now?"

"Yes."

"Who lives here?"

"Only myself."

"Have I a right to live here—as Frederick's widow?" she continued, lifting her large blue eyes anxiously at Lionel. "I mean would the law give it me?"

"No," he replied, in a low tone. He felt that the truth must be told to her without disguise. She was placing both him and herself in an embarrassing situation.

"Was there any money left to me?—or to Frederick?"

"None to you. Verner's Pride was left to your husband. But at his demise it came to me."

"Did my aunt leave me nothing?"

"She had nothing to leave, Mrs. Massingbird. The settlement which Mr. Verner executed on her, when they married, was only for her life. It lapsed back to the Verner's Pride revenues when she died."

"Then I am left, without a shilling, to the mercy of the world!"

Lionel felt for her—felt for her rather more than was safe. He began planning in his own mind how he could secure to her an income from the Verner's Pride estate, without her knowing whence it came. Frederick Massingbird had been its inheritor for a short three or four months, and Lionel's sense of justice revolted against his widow being thrown on the world, as she expressed it, without a shilling.

"The revenues of the estate, during the short time that elapsed between Mr. Verner's death and your husband's, are undoubtedly yours, Mrs. Massingbird," he said. "I will see Matias about it, and they shall be paid over."

"How long will it be first?"

"A few days, possibly. In a note which I received, just now, from Matias, he tells me he is starting for London, but will be home the beginning of the week. It shall be arranged on his return."

"Thank you. And, until then, I may stay here?"

Lionel was at a nonplus. It is not a pleasing thing to tell a lady that she must quit your house, in which, like a stray lamb, she has taken refuge. Even though it be, for her own fair sake, expedient that she should go.

"I am here alone," said Lionel, after a pause. "Your temporary home had better be with your sisters."

"No, that it never shall," returned Sibylla in a hasty tone of fear. "I will never go home to them, now papa's away. Why did he go? They told me at the station that he was gone, and Jan was doctor."

"Dr. West is travelling on the continent, as medical attendant and companion to a nobleman. At least—I think I heard it was a nobleman," continued Lionel. "I am really not sure."

"And you would like me to go home to those two cross, fault-finding sisters!" she resumed. "They would reproach me all day long with coming home to be kept. As if it were my fault

that I am left without anything. Oh, Lionel! don't turn me out! Let me stay till I can see what is to be done for myself. I shall not hurt you. It would have been all mine had Frederick lived."

He really did not know what to do. Every moment there seemed to grow less chance that she would leave the house. A bright thought darted into his mind. It was, that he would get his mother or Decima to come and stay with him for a time."

"What would you like to take?" he inquired. "Mrs. Tynn will get you anything you wish. I——"

"Nothing yet," she interrupted. "I could not eat; I am too unhappy. I will take some tea presently, but not until I am warmer. I am very cold."

She cowered over the fire again, shivering much. Lionel, saying he had a note to write, which was in a hurry, sat down to a distant table. He penned a few hasty lines to his mother, telling her that Mrs. Massingbird had come, under the impression that she was coming to Mrs. Verner, and that he could not well turn her out again that night, fatigued and poorly as she appeared to him to be. He begged his mother to come to him for a day or two, in the emergency; or to send Decima.

An under-current of conviction ran in Lionel's mind, during the time of writing it, that his mother would not come: he doubted even whether she would allow Decima to come. He drove the thought away from him; but the impression remained. Carrying the note out of the room when written, he despatched it to Deersham Court by a mounted groom. As he was returning to the dining-room, he encountered Mrs. Tynn.

"I hear Mrs. Massingbird has arrived, sir," cried she.

"Yes," replied Lionel. "She will like some tea presently. She appears very much fatigued."

"Is the luggage to be taken up stairs, sir?" she continued, pointing to the pile in the hall. "Is she going to stay here?"

Lionel really did not know what answer to make.

"She came, expecting to stay," he said, after a pause. "She did not know but your mistress was still here. Should she remain, I dare say Lady Verner, or my sister, will join her. You have beds ready?"

"Plenty of them, sir, at five minutes' notice."

When Lionel entered the room, Sibylla was in the same attitude, shivering over the fire. Unnaturally cold she appeared to be, and yet her cheeks were brilliantly bright, as if with a touch of fever.

"I fear you have caught cold on the journey to-day," he said.

"I don't think so," she answered. "I am cold from nervousness. I went cold at the station when they told me that my aunt was dead, and I have been shivering ever since. Never mind me: it will go off presently."

Lionel drew a chair to the other side of the fire, compassionately regarding her. He could

have found in his heart to take her in his arms, and warm her there.

"What was that, about a codicil?" she suddenly asked him. "When my aunt wrote to me upon Mr. Verner's death, she said that a codicil had been lost: or that, otherwise, the estate would have been yours."

Lionel explained it to her. Concealing nothing.

"Then—if that codicil had been forthcoming, Frederick's share would have been but five hundred pounds?"

"That is all."

"It was very little to leave him," she musingly rejoined.

"And still less to leave me, considering my nearer relationship—my nearer claims. When the codicil could not be found, the will had to be acted upon: and five hundred pounds was all the sum it gave me."

"Has the codicil never been found?"

"Never."

"How very strange! What became of it, do you think?"

"I wish I could think what," replied Lionel.

"Although Verner's Pride has come to me without it, it would be satisfactory to solve the mystery."

Sibylla looked round cautiously, and sunk her voice. "Could Tynn or his wife have done anything with it? You say they were present when it was signed."

"Most decidedly they did not. Both of them were anxious that I should succeed."

"It is so strange! To lock a paper up in a desk, and for it to disappear of its own accord! The moths could not have got in and eaten it?"

"Scarcely," smiled Lionel. "The day before your aunt died, she——"

"Don't talk of that," interrupted Mrs. Massingbird. "I will hear about her death to-morrow. I shall be ill if I cry much to-night."

She sunk into silence, and Lionel did not interrupt it. It continued, until his quick ears caught the sound of the groom's return. The man rode his horse round to the stables at once. Presently Tynn came in with a note. It was from Lady Verner. A few lines, written hastily with a pencil:

"I do not understand your request, Lionel, or why you make it. Whatever may be my opinion of Frederick Massingbird's widow, I will not insult her sense of propriety by supposing that she would attempt to remain at Verner's Pride now her aunt is dead. It is absurd of you to ask me to come: neither shall I send Decima. Were I and Decima residing with you, it would not be the place for Sibylla Massingbird. She has her own home to go to."

There was no signature. Lionel knew his mother's handwriting too well to require the addition. It was just the note that he might have expected her to write.

What was he to do? In the midst of his ruminations, Sibylla rose.

"I am warm now," she said. "I should like to go up-stairs and take this heavy shawl off."

Lionel rang the bell for Mrs. Tynn. And Sibylla left the room with her.

"I'll get her sisters here!" he suddenly exclaimed, the thought of them darting into his mind. "They will be the proper persons to explain to her the inexpediency of her remaining here. Poor girl! she does not think of it in her fatigue and grief."

He did not give it a second thought, but snatched his hat, and went down himself to Dr. West's with strides as long as Jan's. Entering the general sitting-room without ceremony, his eyes fell upon a supper-table and Master Cheese; the latter regaling himself upon apple-puffs to his heart's content.

"Where are the Miss Wests?" asked Lionel.

"Gone to a party," responded the young gentleman, as soon as he could get his mouth sufficiently empty to speak.

"Where to?"

"To Heartburg, sir. It's a ball at old Thingumtight's, the doctor's. They are gone off in grey gauze, with branches of white flowers hanging to their curls, and they call that mourning. The fly is to bring them back at two in the morning. They left these apple-puffs for me and Jan. Jan said he should not want any; he'd eat meat; so I have got his share and mine!"

Master Cheese appeared to be enjoying the shares, too. Lionel left him to it, and went thoughtfully back to Verner's Pride.

(To be continued.)

AN ACCOMMODATING JUDGE.

THROUGHOUT the western and south-western portions of the United States the inhabitants possess certain peculiar characteristics, which, in all ages and in almost every country, have marked those living midway between savage and civilised life. This is more particularly the case with the hunters and trappers who follow their calling in the Far West, as it is termed; and whose virtues and whose vices alike are not those of the "dwellers in cities." In them personal courage and endurance, fidelity to their word, and a certain rude simplicity of character are frequently found in conjunction with a total disregard for those laws by which society, in more settled communities, provides for its own security. Their code of morality is, in fact, their own: and, occasionally, as will be seen by the following narrative, may lead a man, who obeys its dictates, into the perpetration of a great crime, for the purpose of avoiding the commission of what, in comparison, might be termed a venial error.

About eight years ago I had occasion to travel through several of the Southern States, for the purpose of collecting various debts due to a large Boston dry-goods house, of which I was one of the clerks. While in Texas, I stopped one evening at a small town, called Jackson, near the Mexican frontier, and put up, for the night, at the only hotel the place could boast. I had just seated myself at supper, when the door opened, and a tall, strongly-built man entered the room. He was clothed in the usual hunter's costume, viz., a tight-fitting buckskin hunting-shirt, with leggings and moccasins of the same material. A belt of undressed deerakin, buckled round his

waist, supported a heavy Colt's revolver on one side, while on the other was suspended a leather sheath, containing a bowie-knife of formidable dimensions. He placed the rifle he carried in his hand against the wall, and then proceeded to take off the belts which hung over his brawny shoulders, sustaining his shot-pouch and powder-horn, which were curiously wrought, and evidently the work of some Mexican artist. Having thus relieved himself, the stranger drew a stool up to the fire, and placing his muscular hands on his thighs, seemed to peer with his keen eyes into the crackling fire, which roared up the chimney.

As he had not saluted me when he entered, as is usual in that section of the country, I took no further notice of him; for I presumed his want of success in hunting had put him in an ill humour, and it was not improbable that if he discovered my gaze fixed pertinaciously upon him he might be disposed to fasten a quarrel upon me. I therefore directed my attention exclusively to the meal before me, but the knife and fork almost fell from my hands as his stentorian voice struck upon my ear; and, in spite of myself, a slight tremor stole through me as I heard the awful tone in which he spoke the last word.

"Landlord, give me some liquor—I have money!"

The landlord glanced at his guest, and hesitated for a moment, but the stranger raised his eyes; the effect was magical; in an instant a well-filled whisky-bottle and a tin tumbler were placed beside him.

"Landlord, hang that on the rifle; but stop, give me the knife first."

And he handed the waistbelt, pistol, and scabbard to the host, whilst he thrust the knife in the bosom of his hunting-shirt. As the innkeeper was obeying the bidding of his strange visitor, the latter poured the tumbler full of whisky, and tossed it off at a draught.

"Landlord," he said again, I want something to eat—I've money for that too."

There was a deep tone in his voice, as he uttered these words, that disturbed me strangely.

An additional plate was placed on the table, and the stranger seated himself opposite to me. He had a fine face—a careless independence in it which I liked; but the courteous manner in which he said: "I hope I ain't one too many here, stranger," excited my surprise. I assured him that his company was agreeable to me rather than otherwise, as I disliked eating alone.

"Enough said," answered he, "there's my fist," and we shook hands across the table.

His appetite was in proportion to his bulk, and we scarcely spoke again until after supper, when he commenced a conversation, from which I discovered him to be a man of unusual natural ability, although rough and uncultivated.

During our dialogue, I evidently made a favourable impression upon him, and, in return for my courtesy, he recounted many deer, wolf, and bear hunts, with such power that I was delighted. The conversation, however, after a time flagged, and I fell into a train of musing on the business which had led me to that part of the country. A gloom gradually settled over the face

of my companion, from which, when I observed it, I endeavoured in vain to rouse him. He answered me courteously, to be sure, but very abruptly; and every now and then he had recourse to the bottle, until it was emptied.

"Landlord, fetch me more liquor," he called out authoritatively; and he drank more and more, till finally he fell from his stool; and, as I retired to bed in an adjoining room, I heard his snoring ring through the inn.

Being much fatigued, having travelled forty miles on horseback during the day, I slept until I felt a hand grasping my arm—opening my eyes, I saw the sun shining through the window, and my companion of the previous evening standing beside me.

"Stranger," said he, "excuse me, but I saw last night that you was a whole-souled fellow, and I want you to go with me."

"Where to?" I asked.

"The justice's," he replied.

"What for?"

"I've got something on my mind—it must out—I tried liquor last night, but couldn't keep it down. I ain't a drinking man, no how, and I feel like a dog. Come along with me and be my friend."

There was a bold frankness in his manner that I could not withstand. I accordingly rose and dressed myself, and we walked, together, to the house of the justice, who lived about half-a-mile from the hotel. He sent down word to us that he would be up in a couple of hours.

"But tell him," said my acquaintance, to the servant, "I want to see him on a matter of life and death."

"Da's no use o' dat," grinned the slave, "massa don't care 'bout life and death till he get him sleep out."

We left the house, but John Rolfe, as my companion called himself, made no further allusion to the nature of his business than to say, in answer to my inquiries, "When we see the judge you'll know all."

We returned to breakfast, and I observed that Rolfe refused the morning dram proffered him by the landlord, and ate sparingly. Something was evidently preying on his mind, and I anxiously awaited the hour when I should receive an explanation of the mystery.

The time came, and we were admitted into the presence of the dispenser of justice, who was a gentleman of wealth and education, rotund in person, and apparently on excellent terms with himself and the world.

"Well," said the judge, "what's the matter?"

"Why, you see," replied Rolfe, "three days ago I came down the river to Madison to sell my furs and skins. I made a pretty good trade, but that very night I lost my whole pile at poker. I was dead broke, and hadn't a confounded cent left. Well, the next morning, early, I started for this place, and, as I wouldn't chisel, I went without eating the whole day. I slept in the woods, and yesterday morning I got up as hungry as a painter,* and as I walked along thinks I, what am I to do? I never see game so scarce; there

warn't so much as a squirrel to be found. I'm above cheating any man out of a dinner, but I felt that a dinner I must have. Just then a fellow comes riding along the road. I talked to him, and tried to borrow, swearing to pay, at any place he might name, in a week; but the critter told me he paid his way out of his own pocket, and he'd too little to divide.

"How much have you got?" says I.

"Two-fifty," says he.

"Now," thinks I, "that is too little to divide." So while he was looking another way, I shoots him through the head, and gin him as decent burial as I could under an old log, and took the two dollars and a half. But it won't do; my conscience misgives me. I'm sorry for it, and wish the feller had his money back if he could only be alive. But, between you and I, as it's too late for that, I think I ought to be hung."

The judge called his black boy, ordered three pipes and tobacco, and we smoked in silence.

"Then you really think you ought to be hung," he said, with some compassion, as he whiffed a cloud of smoke towards the ceiling.

"I do, in fact," answered Rolfe, emitting a similar volume of vapour.

The judge smoked, and considered again.

"Well, we'll try to hang you," he added.

There was gratitude in Rolfe's eye, as he replied:

"Thank you, that'll ease my conscience."

The judge knocked the ashes from his pipe and spoke:

"Well, come here in half an hour. I'll try to get a jury."

Rolfe and myself, laying our pipes on the table, were about leaving, when the judge asked us to take a drink, which having done, we bade him good morning.

At the expiration of the half hour we returned, when we found twelve men smoking and drinking with the magistrate, awaiting us. We were politely requested to sit down.

"Now," said Judge J—, addressing himself to Rolfe, "tell these gentlemen what you have already told me."

Whereupon Rolfe repeated the statement he had before made.

"Now, gentlemen," continued the first speaker, "I wish you to say if this gentleman—Mr. Rolfe, your name is, eh? well, there's some fine old brandy, make yourself perfectly at home—whether, gentlemen, you find John Rolfe guilty, or not guilty, of murder. In addition to what he has said, I will observe, for your information, that I have sent out, and have found the body just where he stated it to be."

The jury smoked, rose up, took a little brandy-and-water, and then sat down again, and smoked in silence for some time. At last, one of them, who appeared to be the foreman, said:

"The case is tolerably clear, and we rather think he's guilty."

"There's more tobacco on the table," said the judge to Rolfe, "the best you can find anywhere—you've heard what these gentlemen have said—well," he continued, a little uneasily, "I don't like to tell you in my own house; but—"

* This word is in common use, throughout the West, for panther.

"Let that be no hindrance," replied Rolfe, refilling and lighting his pipe.

"Well, then," said the judge, "come here at twelve o'clock to-morrow, and I'll have you hung."

Rolfe looked disconcerted, and appeared mortified at the idea of asking a favour.

"You—you have been so kind to me," said he, "that I hardly like to ask you for anything more."

"Not at all," replied the judge, "out with it; you are welcome to it before you ask."

"Well," said Rolfe, "I wish—to-morrow is my ague day, and the shakes comes on at eleven—if you would be so good as to hang me at ten."

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the good-hearted judge, shaking Rolfe by the hand, "ten let it be."

Accordingly, John Rolfe returned to the inn—paid up his bill—and the next morning was hung as the clock struck ten. W. C. M.

VORACITY OF FISH.

PERHAPS no individual member of the animated kingdom, all things considered, possesses so insatiate an appetite as the most noted of our fresh-water fish,—for example, the pike, perch, and trout. I remember, some eight years ago, when at college, meeting with a singular instance of the gluttony of the pike. I had been perch-fishing at Godstow, and, I believe I must add, had trespassed on a piece of water strictly preserved (which, however, I was unaware of at the time). I observed two or three very fine chub and perch basking in the sun on the top of what was really no more than a ditch of about four feet broad, and perhaps as many deep; and as I well know that a chub is not averse to a minnow bait, and that a perch is especially partial to one, I tried a fine minnow, and threw in my line, standing behind a clump of pollards, so as to keep my shadow from scaring the fish. All, however, was of no avail; the great lazy fellows swam round and round my bait, smelling and peering, but refusing to bite, yet sending the unlucky minnow into agonies of fear by their approach. At length I had given up the job as hopeless, and lay down on the grass, retaining my rod between my knees, when I felt a shock that caused me to feel as if my trousers had been pulled by the teeth of a dog. Starting up, I let my winch run, and a fine run I had for it all down the bank, to keep pace with the fish, which had hooked himself, and tore away like a salmon. However, not to be diffuse, after not less than half an hour I landed (I had fortunately a *gimp* hook) a jack weighing just 6 lbs. 2 oz.; but it turned out that a chub of about a pound had taken my minnow, and the jack had flown at the chub. The hook still remained in the chub's lip, and *through* that had gone through the lower jaw of the jack, so that it looked precisely as if two fish were struggling for the bait at once, as the jack had seized the chub by the head, but not with sufficient force to kill the latter. I was, it is true, fishing with rather a large hook, as I knew the fish ran high (and all perch-fishers are aware that a jack will frequently rush at their bait unexpectedly), and consequently I was using gimp, without which Mr. Jack would

have placed me at a non-plus, no doubt. Amongst other contents of this gluttonous gentleman's stomach were a small mouse or rat, I cannot clearly recollect *which*, and a young kingfisher, besides several half-digested dace and bleak.

The trout also is almost as greedy as the pike, and the extent to which a large trout will gorge himself with May-flies, none but those who have seen would believe.

I have had a perch of half a pound weight steal eight or nine minnows from my hook, and yet at last be caught by coming once too often; and after an experience of many years at cod-fishing as a pastime, and having seen many hundreds opened, I have come to the serious conclusion that a codfish never *can* have enough. So extraordinary and varied has been the nature of the contents of some whose "post mortem" I have attended, that I abstain from mentioning them, in sheer doubt as to whether the inexperienced reader would believe me. A jack or a trout will eat his own weight of food in forty-eight hours, and be ready for more.

It has been asserted that there is no better bait for a perch than a perch's eye, which I am not at all unwilling to believe, having myself caught whittings with a whiting's eye. Mackerel will bite at a piece of a mackerel, as will sanddabs at a piece of a dab, and cod and pike swallow their own young wholesale. It is difficult to account for this unnatural voracity on the part of fish, inasmuch as their supply of proper food is inexhaustible. There is nothing surprising in the fact of one fish devouring another fish, provided it be of a different species; but otherwise it seems unaccountable. We see, it is true, the sparrow-hawk kill the pigeon, and the tiger the antelope; but the sparrow-hawk does not devour the sparrow-hawk, nor the tiger the tiger; and yet amongst fish this *cannibalism*, if I may be allowed to use the word, is not the exception, but the rule. I do not myself feel disposed to look for any reason, being content to accept a fact my experience has shown me to be a fact; but it is at the same time not a little puzzling that most fish should possess appetites so utterly out of proportion to that of a biped or a quadruped.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

CASTLES OF THE TAUNUS.

PART I. CRONBERG.

THE considerable basin, through which the Main finds its way into the Rhine (with some uncertainty at times, for the lower part of Frankfort was under water in February, 1862), has its horizon broken by hills, by the long-backed Donnersberg or Thunder-Mountain to the south-west; by the lovely Bergstrasse to the south-east, with Melibocus standing out like a promontory; by the Spessart, to the north-east; and by the Taunus, at a shorter distance to the north-west. The outline presented by this range, as seen from the neighbourhood of Frankfort, is remarkably graceful. It ascends with a very gentle sweep from about Friedberg, on the north, culminates in the twin round summits of the Greater Feldberg on the right, and Altkönig on

the left,—the latter in appearance, the former in reality the highest of the chain,—slopes off somewhat more rapidly to westward, rising again in the soft waves of the Rossert and Staufen, till it dies away in long elevations in the plain of the Rhine. In front of the main strength of the mountain, or mountains (for the Taunus is in appearance one), stands out independently on a knoll of its own the town and castle of Cronberg; behind it, to the right, and at the top and to the right of a woody, craggy hill, the ghost-like tower of Falkenstein, with a white village creeping up under it; while away to the left nestles behind a hill, the still more imposing Königstein, keeping in the background as if to surprise on approach, midway in height between Cronberg and Falkenstein. These three strongholds form the angles of a triangle, within which lies the heart of the beauty of the Taunus. They lie between those equivocal places, Wiesbaden and Homburg, like Aristotle's mean of good between two extremes of evil, with a leaning, as it should be, to the lesser. Of them, Königstein is the most majestic, as its name, Stone of the King, implies, Falkenstein the most aerial, as its name, Stone of the Falcon, implies; and Cronberg, the richest and the most finely placed, as its name also, the Crown of the Hill, denotes. If we start from Frankfort by the Homburg railroad, popularly known as the "The road to ruin," and leave it, as prudence suggests, before its final terminus, at Weisskirchen, a short walk will bring us to Cronberg.

The most striking peculiarity of this place is its thoroughly southern aspect. Any traveller brought thither blindfold would guess himself, not in Germany, but in Italy. It is like those hill-fortresses so common on the flanks of the Apennines, which existed long before Rome and the Romans were ever heard of, whose origin must be looked for in the pre-historic times, when men or giants built Cyclopean walls; and in whose massive recesses the memories and dirt of two thousand years at least have been treasured up. The climate also is southern, from its exposure, the mountains at the back forming a screen against the north and east winds. Cronberg rises from the midst of a grove of chestnuts, which have grown to a great size in the park near the Frankfort gate, and have much of the grandeur of oaks. The town itself is full of mulberry-trees and white plum-trees, the very pavements of the streets being purple with crushed mulberries, which the people, from their abundance, seem to hold in little estimation. It is a town of fantastic and irregular build, full of quaint gables, and strange court-yards, where the rich browns of the old wood beams contrast with the lush greens of the interspersed trees. So painters love it, and make it a summer residence. It is, moreover, prolific in tailless fowls and foul children. As an artistic friend of mine objected to the latter as models when cleaned up for high days, I must suppose that the children are kept dirty for the benefit of the painters; as there are fountains enough to wash them, if their mothers were so minded.

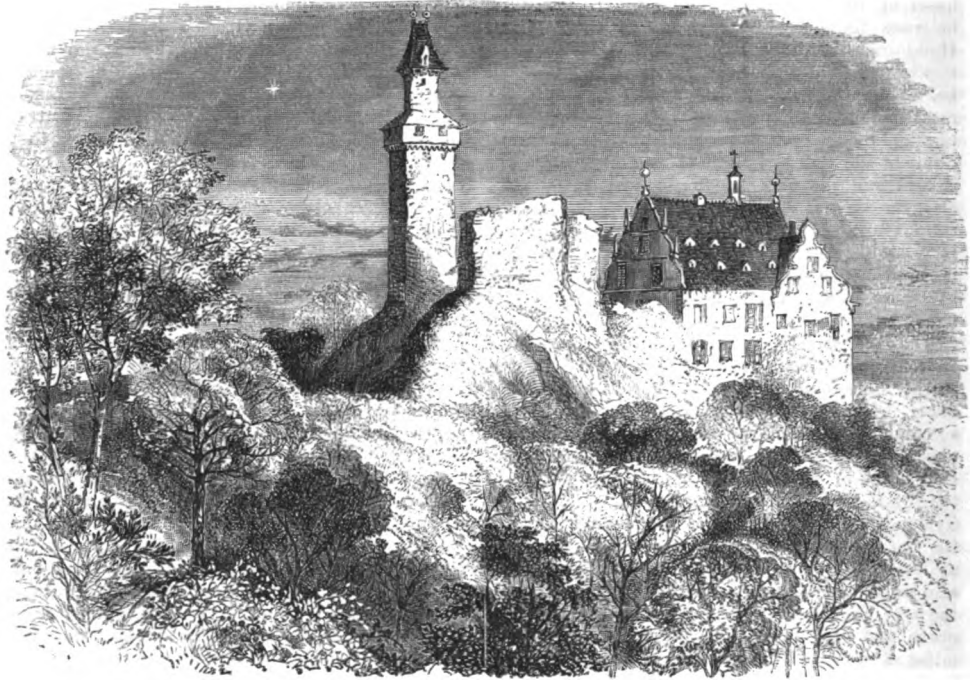
Below the town of Cronberg winds a wooded

glen, spreading upwards into a space open and cultivated, and backed by the hill of Falkenstein, and furnishing a good specimen of the distinctive beauty of the valleys of the German hills, as found in the Hartz, Thuringia and Taunus, best expressed by the word idyllic. The great spreading chestnut shades with soft natural lawns under them, numerous though small rills, with peeps of castles through the trees, all belong to the pastoral, not the pastoral of real life, but of the stage. Nor are costumed peasants wholly wanting, though costume in these parts, as everywhere else, is fast becoming extinct under the influence of Manchester and steam. On Sundays and holidays the picturesque contrasts of blue and red petticoats, with bright coloured handkerchiefs over the head, may still be seen about Cronberg. The red handkerchief over the head is universal in the central parts of Franconia. If the cattle were kept loose in the fields as they are in Great Britain, the women would be in some danger from the bulls, assuming it true that red is a peculiarly irritating colour to horned cattle. But, whatever may be the taste of bulls, artists love red in costume, as it contrasts with greens, and carries off the distance, to use an expression which frightened an old lady out of a coach, when travelling with two painters, making her believe them lunatics. It is as well to observe here, that those who go to German mountains north of the Alps, in search of what is called beautiful scenery, will generally be disappointed. The Riesen-Gebirge, in Bohemia, is perhaps an exception, but the most beautiful parts of the Taunus, the Hartz and Thuringia, are not where the mountains are highest, but rather where they are lowest, so as to be mountains at all. The wooded character of these hills detracts from their appearance of height. They seem weighted with a heavy dark green mantle, which prevents their rising towards the sky. The British mountains, with the same number of inches, produce an infinitely grander effect. There are places and times where Snowdon acquires a thoroughly Alpine aspect, and might be six or seven thousand feet high; and a much lower mountain, Moel Siabod, seen through the valley of Dolwyddelan, from the road above Bettws, in certain states of the air, is positively sublime. This can never be said of the aspect of the Great Feldberg, or the Brocken, or Schnee-koppe in Thüringen, mountains which vie with the best of the British in mere height. Except for the sake of saying that one has been there, or seeing the sun rise or set, there can be no motive for ascending these German mountains. After the exploits of the Alpine Club, the former motive would be absurd, for "I have been at the top of the Brocken" would be of a piece with the remark of a stay-at-home Oxonian, who capped the recitals of the perilous adventures of his friends by quietly observing, as he sipped his port, "and I have been to the top of Shotover!" But the Brocken or the Feldberg may be reasonably ascended for the sake of sunsets or sunrises, as there are inns on the tops of both; and an occasional spectre, as all the world knows, to be seen on the former. The peculiar idyllic character of the German hills is principally found in such places as the beechy glens about Eisenach

and the Inselberg in Thüringen, in the vale of the Bode, in the Hartz, in the lovely valley of Lorschach, luxuriant with beech and birch, with hills folding in one another like fingers, and the chestnut glades about Cronberg in the Taunus. Where the pine woods begin the sylvan beauty mostly ends, for the pines are not imposing, and they shut out in a tantalising manner the more distant landscape. The village of Eschborn, about half-way between Frankfort and Cronberg, situated where the plain breaks into undulating ground at the foot of the mountains, is memorable for a battle or considerable skirmish in the middle ages, in which the burghers of the Free city, in German phrase, "drew the shorter," or in plain English, got the worst of it.

On every side of Frankfort are picturesque

watch-towers, at a mile or so out of the town, doubtless erected as outposts, or substantial sentry-boxes, which could even stand a short siege, and whence the approach of any enemy likely to be dangerous to the jealous liberty of the city, could be readily telegraphed. The watch-tower at Bockenheimer is one of the most remarkable of these, built as an especial compliment to the lords of Cronberg. From its top the fate of the Cronberg expedition would have been watched. What the immediate source of this particular quarrel was does not appear to be known; but in those times neighbours were always supposed to be on bad terms, when they had no special reasons for being on good. Every man was an Arab, the chief distinctions between western and eastern Arabs being that the former



Castle of Cronberg.

lived in castles, while the latter lived in tents; the former made themselves, by means of defensive armour, into a kind of iron nuts with a human kernel to be cracked by maces and battle-axes, while the latter preferred a costume which did not impede their offensive activities, and trusted more to the sharpness than the weight of their weapons. The religion of both chiefly seemed to consist in swearing—in the former case by the Virgin, in the latter by the Prophet. The chronic feud which existed between all neighbours not bound over by special treaty to keep the peace with each other, was peculiarly bitter in the relations between the idle barons and the industrious Free towns, the heavy butterflies and the bees of those days. Such a quarrel may have had but a slight origin; the lord of Cronberg may have trespassed on Frankfort ground

To seek a hound or falcon strayed;
To seek, good faith, a Frankfort maid:

but, whatever his offence was, the Frankforters took it up seriously. On the morning of the 12th of May, 1389, they marched out at the Bockenheimer gate, two thousand strong, horse and foot. The wood which begins at Cronthal, where are mineral waters and a pleasant inn, would have served to conceal their advance, but the town is not very accessible in that direction, and the wood in those days probably stretched out further in the direction of Frankfort, as is indicated by the immense chestnuts still extant in the park below the Schützenhof, at Cronberg. In this direction is a kind of raised causeway between the valleys, and over this they probably drew near to the town. As soon as the knights of Cronberg were aware of them, they came out to meet them

boldly, but without counting the numbers of their enemies. They were worsted and put to flight. The Frankforters took many prisoners, whom they disarmed and sent to their rear. Then they divided the booty, which must have chiefly consisted in arms and the plunder of an adjacent village, and instead of proceeding to besiege the castle, which they could not have done with hopes of success unless they had come provided with heavy guns, which were then in their uncouth infancy, they encamped, and made themselves as comfortable as the circumstances admitted, as is still the wont of the burghers of Frankfort in this nineteenth century. They ate and drank to their heart's content, and, in a state of lazy repletion, after their usual dinner-hour, they set about returning home at their ease, doubtless with the intention of getting heavy ransom for their prisoners, and having a thorough bout of triumph on their return. The Cronbergers, however, whose castle was the arsenal of the robber nobles of Wetterau, were not disposed to acquiesce in their defeat so easily as the Frankforters in their victory. At the first approach of danger they had sent the fiery cross, or something tantamount to it, to all their friends in the castles round about. They would not have had time to send far, but Königstein and Falkenstein were within a mile or two, and Eppstein within six miles. Their allies kept coming up by squads, and as they came up they followed the Frankforters, and at the village of Eschborn, or Askeburne, came up with them. Then took place a long and hotly contested fight. The Frankforters were four times as many as their enemies; but they had a bad position, the sun was in their eyes, and they had been drinking freely. And the wind as well as the sun fought with the enemy, driving clouds of that fine dust, with which this country abounds, into their faces. Still, however, they held their own, when suddenly a mediæval Blücher appeared on the field in the person of the Count Palatine of the Rhine. This did not improve matters, and the prisoners who had been sent to the rear managed to get arms, while their watchers were watching the combat, and to attack their backs. The banner of the town was taken, as well as 600 prisoners, and a hundred dead bodies of the vanquished, besides dying and wounded, lay on the field. Probably the victors suffered to nearly the same extent, as they did not follow up their advantage. "O Frankfort, Frankfort, remember this battle," says the chronicle of Limburg. The place is still known as "Haderfeld," or the field of the strife. The prisoners seemed to have included persons of consequence in Frankfort, as 73,000 florins, an immense sum for those times, were paid for their ransom. The loss of the town-banner occasioned the adoption of new arms by the town, a white eagle on a red field. From an inscription in verse, part of which still remains to be seen in the castle of Cronberg painted on a wall, we find that the Frankforters had taken advantage of a diet, held at Eger, in Bohemia, by the Emperor Wenzel, to consult on establishing a general peace in the country (for there had been an extensive rising of burghers against nobles, in consequence of the successes of the Swiss at Sempach and Näfels);

and the same inscription accuses them of having burnt villages, and cut down trees in the territory of Cronberg. They could, however, have had but little time for such operations. If the charge about the destruction of trees was true, vengeance came on the Frankforters in the shape of a whirlwind, on the 6th July, 1862, which destroyed many of the finest trees in the town and its neighbourhood, some of which were supposed to have stood for two hundred years. Cronberg Castle is very ancient, as may be judged by part of its architecture, especially that of the donjon-tower and the parts near it. As times became more peaceful, new buildings were added, with a view, doubtless, to more commodious lodging, the general style of which, and in particular the gables with curled mouldings, suggest the date of the castle of Heidelberg. The Romans may have had an outpost on the spot, which they were not likely to leave unprotected, as Königstein is probably the site of one of their camps, on the very outskirts of their dominion, and within view of the Altkönig mountain, on the top of which are enormous circular fortifications, attributed to the ancient Germans, or even older Celts, who cared less for the cold, and do not appear to have laid much stress on bathing advantages. The Cronberg family belonged in old times to the lesser nobility, but they were powerful through their connection with the neighbouring dynasties of Hanau, Erbach, Nassau, Ysenburg, Sain, Falkenstein, and others. Eberwein of Cronberg was Bishop of Worms, in 1299; Walter, in 1527, Teutonic Grand Master; and John Schweikand, 1604, Elector and Archbishop of Mainz. In the oldest times the family were named Askeburne (Eschborn), and they assumed the name of Cronberg at the end of the twelfth, or beginning of the thirteenth century. About the same time the family divided itself into two branches, named after their respective crests, the branch with the Wings, and the branch with the Crown. The former deceased with John Eberhard, in 1617, the latter with John Niklas, of Cronberg, who was its last male representative, dying without issue, after having been raised to the degree of Count, in 1704. Cronberg now forms part of the territory of Nassau.

In the little square cemetery of Cronberg, outside the Frankfort gate, there is to be seen in the midst of other monuments not worthy of remark, the figure of a knight in the beautiful armour of the sixteenth century, kneeling before a crucifix. The knight is of the size of life, and the crucifix also of large size, both standing together on a square pediment about five feet in cubic measure. The whole monument is of red sandstone, and in August, 1862, the neck of the knight was encircled with a collar of everlasting flowers. The new appearance of the work is striking, but to be accounted for when we know that it is a restoration of the much-defaced original, which must have been a very creditable work of art. The original was much injured by exposure to the weather, and, in fact, the figure was thrown down by some strangely mischievous person or persons rather more than thirty years ago. In 1834 it was set up again as it is now, but the metal inscription was lost, though its burden is still

preserved by tradition, and expresses the piety and resignation of the buried knight.



The name, however, is irretrievably gone, though the date, 1573, remains. It is supposed by Usener, the author of a work on the castles in the neighbourhood of Frankfort, to have been the monument of Caspar of Cronberg, one of that generation who received back their patrimony from the Landgraves of Hesse. They had lost it as follows:—The Cronbergs had become connected by marriage with the Sickingen family. A lineal representative of this family is still said to inhabit a small farm close to the romantic ruins of the castle held by his ancestors on the Rhine. The head of the Sickingens was devoted to the cause of the Reformation, and drew on himself the wrath of the great military prelates who lived about the Rhineland. So Richard, Archbishop of Treves and Elector, Ludwig Elector and Count Palatine of the Rhine, and Philip the Magnanimous of Hesse, appeared in arms before Cronberg October 21st, 1522. Their whole muster with which they were attacking Sickingen was said to amount to 30,000 men. In Cronberg itself there was only a younger member of the family to command, and to form a garrison, only twenty knights, sixty footmen, and thirty peasants impressed for the defence from two subject villages, who were, however,—according to a contemporary chronicler,—only “unhandy, lazy, obstinate louts.” The townsmen could only furnish 160 fighting men. Cronberg, however, held out from

Saturday, the 21st of October, to Wednesday, the 25th, although it had been pounded with artillery, some of which had the honour of being pointed by the Serene hand of the Landgrave of Hesse, and had stood the brunt of balls said to have weighed ninety-five pounds. That the force with which these balls were propelled could not have been equal to their weight may be concluded from the fact, that only one man was killed, and the castle little damaged. Cronberg was, however, frightened into surrender by so proportionately overwhelming a demonstration. The allies took common possession of it, bought the interest of some of the family (probably belonging to the Catholic branch with the Wings) who were neutral, and finally passed it to Hesse. After the Reformation it lapsed again, or was ceded to the ancient family.

If this be the monument, as Usener supposes, of Caspar of Cronberg, he, being of the Wing branch of the family and a Catholic, would have been refused a tomb in the now Protestant town church, and the small Catholic church in the castle had become full of the graves of his ancestors. Perhaps he may have deemed himself unworthy of resting with his ancestors, having, though a Catholic, sided with the Reformers, and this might account for the character of the monument, and especially the attitude of the knight, which is one of deep contrition and earnest prayer.

In both the Catholic and Protestant churches are figures of the knights of the house of Cronberg, many with their ladies beside them, and their dogs at their feet. The armour of the knights tells of the ages in which they lived; the ladies too are remarkable for their hooded head-dresses, which allow only the face to be seen, and give these matrons a nunlike appearance.

One of the apparently most ancient figures is in the Catholic church. The comparative rudeness of the work strikes the observer, as well as the great development of arms and chest as compared with the legs, a disproportion which could scarcely have been actual, or may have been exaggerated as an expression of knighthood, which was not accustomed to develop its calves by pedestrianism. The wings on this worthy's helmet resemble ribs of beef. The present position of these figures could hardly have been the original. They were, doubtless, recumbent at first, afterwards taken up, and built into the walls of the churches for the sake of convenience. Amongst the most noted sufferers in effigy were Hardmuth, the friend of Luther, and son-in-law of Sickingen, and his wife. They reclined on a sarcophagus, surrounded by an open iron screen, in the Protestant church, all of which was taken away to make room for some seats. This is said to have been the work of a clerical Vandal at the end of the last century. In another instance, in the Catholic church, the knight is not only set upright in the wall, but half concealed by the woodwork of the vestry. Germany appears to have had the full benefit of the taste of what is called the churchwarden period in England, the deliberate and cold-blooded vulgarity of which seems to have effected more ecclesiastical mischief in its long duration than any outburst of fanatical violence, or the normal devastation of war.

SANTA; OR, A WOMAN'S TRAGEDY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AGNES TREMORNE," &c.



CHAPTER VII.

"ONE day, after a silence of many months, I received a letter from my husband. Reports against me had reached him, and the long thirst of vengeance which, as a disappointed courtier, as a baffled man of the world, as a mortified husband, he had amassed against me, gave themselves utterance in an epistle which was a masterpiece of polite insult. The coarsest insinuations were veiled under the most polished irony. A letter which sent the hot blushes to my forehead, and the scorching tears of indignant shame to my eyes: I was literally maddened. The letter concluded, by informing me that henceforth we were strangers—that a small yearly sum was at my disposal—that Rupert Rabenfels, whose home I had shared for a twelvemonth, would probably provide me with one in future; that by himself and my brother, I was repudiated and disowned.

I instantly wrote to my husband that I accepted entirely and without reserve the position he had made for me; that it was true that Rupert Rabenfels and I, had been nearly a twelvemonth under the same roof, that which had sheltered me when cast off by him; that we had been hitherto, and I trusted would be always, friends; that besides the Chanoinesse, he and his child were the only relatives I should henceforth acknowledge. I despatched the letter immediately. I did not hesitate one moment. With reckless impetuosity I flung myself on the sword with which I was menaced.

"I went out in the cool evening to a spot which was a favourite of Rupert's and mine. He was still absent, I believed. He had taken Ida with him on his last visit to Madame Serano, and neither had returned as yet. As I walked down the sloping lawn, and kept under

the shadow of the trees which skirted it on one side, I thought not of aught which had chilled my friendship for Rupert, but that the happiest moments of my later life had been spent with him and his child. I recalled the past months, during which I had not thought a thought, wished a wish, hoped a hope, which was not in some way connected with Ida, and my heart melted with yearning tenderness over both. I longed to hold Rupert's hand in mine, and tell him how much I valued these only treasures which fate had left me.

"I reached our favourite spot. It was a bank which hung steeply over a brawling stream. Seven cypresses stood together on the highest point, and beneath them a rustic bench had been placed on which I now sat down to rest. The view of the green fertile plains backed by the 'terrible purple' of the mountains was exquisitely beautiful. It was spring, and the grass at my feet was fragrant with violets and jonquils. The half-melancholy, half-enchancing mystery, with which all nature struggles into life, was filling the air with unutterable sweetness. My excited feelings were softened into calm; I felt contented; for me, also, life was not all winter,—there might be spring for me, too. Was not Ida a gift from God, to comfort and console me. A blossom to make vernal my hitherto frozen life?"

"The Serranos tell me you go in a few days," said a voice below. The cypresses sheltered me, and I saw Rupert, and a man who belonged to the same secret society as he did, and whom I had seen occasionally at the house, standing in the path just below me.

"Yes, I go in a week."

"Why do you sigh so deeply? Madame Serrano thinks you have wasted your time here quite long enough; as she does not know your occupations, she considers, naturally enough, that Madame Rabenfels has an undue share of your society. I know she has persuaded you to leave the Schloss, and stay the rest of the time with her. But how will Madame Rabenfels receive this intelligence?"

"Rupert muttered an oath.

"Poor Madame Rabenfels, she will miss both you and your child," continued his friend.

"Pshaw! If Helena wishes it, it is enough. She makes it a point to retain Ida. How can I refuse her? No one has such a right to my devotion."

"Really you are unintelligible."

"In heaven's name, are you mad?" said Rupert, "or do you wish to drive me so? What am I to Madame Rabenfels, or Madame Rabenfels to me? We are friends of course—I have a great many friends; but surely friends are left every day. The fact is, I should not have returned at all had not business obliged me."

"The Chanoinesse is dying, then?"

"Yes, poor woman, I believe she is. The house is miserable in consequence: it is like a tomb. I shall be glad to get away. This sort of life suited me while I was disabled; but since, it has been the greatest bore; the first day I put my foot in the stirrup, about a week ago, I was resolved it should not last, and my aunt's illness

has expedited my departure. I am sorry for poor Ida, though; for she will miss her home here and her aunt."

"Madame Rabenfels has been of very great use to her, to you,—indeed I may say, to all of us."

"Yes, she is a woman of great intelligence and powers of application. I soon discovered that, and made use of it accordingly. I came here to be near the Serranos. There had been a little coolness between us which I could only get over by seeing them constantly, though not at first under their own roof. My visit here has served two purposes. I have worked most diligently with Santa's help."

"And you and the Serranos are more intimate than ever. The affair has been well and cheaply managed, I must say. You may smile and shrug your shoulders, but it is the fact. Poor Madame Rabenfels!"

"Qui plus y perd, plus y amia."

"Rupert laughed as he uttered this quotation from an old French song.

"Is the rumour true, that instead of leaving her fortune to you, your aunt leaves it to Madame Rabenfels?"

"It is; she only bequeathes the Schloss to me."

"I am sorry."

"Nay, I care not for myself, and I am well pleased that she leaves it to one who will serve our cause, and who has been like a daughter to her."

"Besides which, you are sure to be her husband's heir; there is no chance of a reconciliation in that quarter: I have taken care of that, by informing him of this free-and-easy life at Schloss Stein. The interpretation which was placed upon it by all who witnessed it, he is informed of through me, and I am quite sure that his large fortune will help our cause. He will never see her again, and at his death it will be yours."

"Rupert sighed. Did he, remorseless as he was, feel a little conscience-stricken at this cold-blooded villany? It matters little; he listened to these infamous words, and acted as if they expressed his own sentiments.

"To say the truth," went on his friend, "Madame Rabenfels is a woman I dislike. She is antagonistic to me in every way. Some persons praise her simplicity and intelligence. I could never discover anything in her but a certain hardness and force of character and will, which I supremely dislike in a woman. I can imagine her obtaining a great influence over some people, but I confess I always breathe more freely away from her; no woman should place herself so at war with the conveniences of society as she does."

"Again Rupert sighed. His friend pursued:

"What will you do with your child? Had you not better leave her at the Serranos? And then her belongings can be sent after her."

"Yes, I think I shall do so."

"You will thus get rid of a scene: women always make scenes at parting. Have you any idea what Madame Rabenfels intends doing?"

"None: but see, the dew is falling; let us go home."

"Stop, let me light my cigar."

"I sank slowly down on the grass : how long I remained I know not : the stars were high and bright in the sky when I was conscious again. I staggered as I rose, and was as weak as if, after a twelvemonth's illness, I had risen from my bed. We hear of broken hearts, but that is a fable. My heart was wounded to the core. The wound is as fresh now as it was then—but it is not broken. The event of Rupert's departure was in itself nothing, but the few careless words with which he threw away a friendship which should have been lifelong, gave me the measure of his indifference, and gave me an insight into his character. To part me from Ida, and Ida from me, was as cruel as it was unnecessary. It was not, however, cruelty, it was simply the thoughtlessness of utter selfishness. Though my intelligence had always seen the faults in Rupert's self, my heart had refused to acknowledge or realise them in Ida's father. We are told we should trace in the lineaments of the present sinner the future seraph—those lineaments which exist in all, however faintly the outline may be preserved. I had certainly done this with him. I might compare the operation of my love for Ida on my estimate of Rupert's character to the effect of a stereoscope on a photograph—of itself, a cold flat portrait, but when we look through the glasses, we see the same picture rounded into living beauty. It is a deception, we know, but through these glasses we can never see it otherwise.

"How shall I describe what I felt? I was alone. The life which had been so rich a few months back, and which might have been so still, for nothing need have been altered, even though Rupert's absence was necessary, was now an entire waste. The whole was an illusion. I had no longer a brother, a child. In truth I had never possessed them. Had this been a love disappointment, pride would have risen to my aid. I should have trampled it under my feet, and have stood strong, even on the ashes of my soul. But if the babe a mother has been nursing on her breast, were suddenly to change into a serpent and to sting her, would not a mother's cry be heard? Where would be the pride then? I had so little that I was anxious to find myself in fault. I scrutinised myself severely, and found, of course, that I had not been perfect, but my faults had been like grains of sand in the great sea of love with which I had surrounded Rupert and his child. How diligently I sought to blame myself, seems quite foolish now. Had he and I stood for one moment, in an equality of position, I could have borne up bravely; but I, I stood where I had been before, and where I should always be, for he had never loved me, and I had lost nothing; it was he, who had cast away an affection for him and his, which I had a mournful conviction he had not and could never inspire again. It required circumstances, as peculiar as those in which we were placed, to call it into being. If you stood with one you loved beside a precipice, firm and steadfast yourself, but he held only by your hand, what would be your feelings, if in sheer wantonness he threw your hand aside and sank down before your eyes? I knew that Madame Serrano, with all her

gentle blandishments, with all her delicate allurements, was not capable if able, or able if capable, to hold him up for a moment—she might fall with him, or separating herself from him, give impetus to his fall : she could do no more. To Ida she was entirely indifferent. She had children of her own : she had not that yearning towards a child which I, the childless and worse than widowed, had so long suffered from, and had so gladly satisfied, by holding Ida to my heart. For himself, also (though in a far less anxious manner), when I reflected on his future life and the many arid scenes of toil before him, linked as he was to a great, but perhaps hopeless cause, I trembled, but what availed my help now. Yet I had given it, unselfishly, honestly, faithfully; many a week in which Rupert had regained the light-heartedness of his earlier youth, cheerfulness unusual to him, a buoyancy of heart and mind he might never again experience, attested this.

"With this fatal love at his heart, even if free, how could he hope to find in another marriage, the happiness that his first had deprived him of. He had no heart with which to win a bride, and yet the parental affection which was his, as the sun shone on him without his yea or his nay, he closed his eyes to, and shut out from himself and from his child.

"I had a sufficient knowledge of the human heart to perceive that nothing is so odious to a man who loves one woman, than the fulsome love of another who would be a rival to her; but there was no challenge or emulation here, the territories of friendship and love are so wide apart. Love is not robbed because Friendship is enriched. Men do not forsake the ties of blood because they love, and my love had all the spontaneousness, but none of the exigencies, of a blood relationship.

"I know that a rose-leaf dropped into a lover's hand by the one he loves, outweighs the sacrifice of a friend's whole life; nor do I blame this, for

"Love should still be lord of all."

I did not feel aggrieved at any preference of love over friendship. In my younger, happier days, I too had dreamed of love : a love which like light in a lamp, would give flame to my whole being, which should glorify me into beauty, exalt me into genius, sanctify me into goodness; but I had long known that this consummation of happiness was not to be mine in this life, and I could fancy I understood why. I had a latent capacity for happiness, which, had it received its full satisfaction, would have made me feel immortal; if I had tasted of that fruit, I should have dreamed, I could not know death! My affection for Rupert had none of the elements of love in it; there was no appropriation in it; I never sought his sympathy; I was content to give him all mine : I knew his life throughout; and as to me, he knew and sought to know as little of my past, as if I had been born the day he arrived, and cared as little for my future as if I were to die the day he left.

"As soon as I reached the house I went to Ida's room. I threw myself on my child's bed, and buried my face in her little pillow. Indignation, resentment, disappointment, despair at the separation from Ida, compassion for myself, were all sunk

into a stupefied sense of misery, added to by a feeling of my own utter helplessness and the overwhelming cruelty of my other sorrows. My husband's bitter words returned to me. There seemed to be, in truth, a league against me of the powers of darkness; but the only distinct idea I could frame, the only articulate sound I could murmur, was 'Ida, Ida.' What was the use now of will, knowledge, and courage? I covered my face with my hands and prayed for patience, submission, faith. Suddenly a thought struck me. I rose from the bed; I went into the drawing-room. By the open window stood Rupert alone. The moonlight fell on his face. He looked pale. I went up to him.

"Leave me the child, Rupert," I said gently.

"Had I broken in upon a love dream, that he started back with an expression of such astonishment, almost of fear?

"Impossible!" he said, and left the room, but before he did so, my heart spoke out to his. He was stung to the soul, and never forgave me.

"What that night was—what were the following nights I passed for many a long month—I shudder to think of. Rupert left a few days afterwards; he could not even await his aunt's death; he was alienated and relentless to the last. A great flood had flowed between us; on my side, of the deepest sorrow; on his, of insurmountable aversion. I believe, firmly, that the very sight of my pale face, the silence and gloom which covered us both, as with a pall, were odious to him. There is something, I suppose, exasperating and irritating in the sight of the grief which is caused by one's self; yet how could I help it. I was hurt, and I bled; I had been struck, and I was bruised; I was wounded, and the gash was visible. The bitterness lay, perhaps, chiefly in the feeling that the whole had been a counterfeit. My weaknesses, as well as my qualities had been studied and made use of. The use was over, and I was cast aside without remorse. It was not an enemy who had done this, but my own familiar friend. No promise had been broken, no love betrayed, but the staff on which I leaned had shivered in my grasp. The tower I had built on the desert waste of my life, had as little foundation as a child's pack of cards. A breath had blown it down. Men and women do not play equally at this game of friendship. The initiative is never in our power. The veto is rarely left to us.

"He left with a few conventional words of ordinary good will, and so we parted. At first I suffered intensely, for I was bereaved indeed; but slowly the light dawned upon my soul that I had deserved all this; the fault was mine—a thousand times mine. I had been mistaken, Quixotic, besotted. I bowed my head in acceptance of sorrow.

"A few weeks afterwards the Chanoinesse died. She bequeathed the whole of her large property to me, with the exception of the Schloss, which she left to Rupert. As there was a probability of his return, I made my preparations and left Schloss Stein.

CHAPTER VIII.

"AN impulse led me to Paris. In Paris there is so much to cure one of morbid self-contemplation.

To make the best of my fate—to endure it in its length and breadth of privation—was my study. No resentment lived in my heart but regret, self-reproach, and self-condemnation. Towards Rupert my feelings were as little personally hostile as the patient's towards the instrument, by which he suffers amputation. To him it had been given to act the Nemesis towards me, but the faults that deserved that Nemesis were mine, not his.

"My life was spent in writing, reading, serving the cause to which I had bound myself. Of Rupert, I never heard; our lives had dropped entirely apart. I had written several times to my husband; my letters were unanswered. My position, like all exceptional ones, invited calumny. Much could be written on the injustice of society in this respect; but until the whole education of women is reformed, so that their tastes, principles and habits are modified, I cannot wonder at the suspicion with which they are looked upon when they assert their independence. When we think on what principles they are guided in the selection of a husband, is it surprising that, alienated from him, they are supposed incapable of standing alone? There is more justice even in this world than we suspect. A true life always obtains the victory in the end.

"One day as I was returning to Paris after a fête champêtre, and driving through a part of the city I had never passed before, there was a crowd assembled, and the carriage was stopped. I sent my servant to inquire the cause. A cart had driven by; the horse had become unmanageable, and in its furious plungings and rearings, had knocked down a man who was passing. I told my servant to offer his assistance. He obeyed, and the next minute my own horses, impatient at the restraint, became suddenly ungovernable, and kicked in the most frightful manner. A charitable bystander opened the door of the carriage and assisted me out. I told my coachman to turn back, and find some bye-street which would bring him to a neighbouring point where I could meet him, and I then tried to find my servant. This brought me into the midst of the crowd; and there, supported by two men, his eyes closed, and his cheeks white as ashes, I saw Rupert Rabenfels! The circle had been run—we met again. I went up to the men who supported him, and asked them where they intended taking him. They shrugged their shoulders.

"One said, 'We will look in his pocket and see if he has a card with any address, if not, we must take him to the hospital.' There was no card, but a pocket-book, on which was written a number and a street. 'You had best take him there, first,' I said, with a calm voice. They obeyed me: at the same time a few francs to a commissioner brought back my carriage. We drove to his house; the porter recognised him. His room was on the fifth floor, and he was carried up and laid on his bed.

"I sent for a surgeon, dismissed the men, and was left alone. After a while I looked round the room for some trace of Ida. There was none. Rupert was evidently alone. He must have been sent on some mission by that secret society to which he belonged, and which was as imperious as the Order

of Jesus its demands. It must have required the strictest incognito, and there was nothing in this poor room, with the evidences of daily labour in it, that could excite suspicion. At last the doctor came. He feared congestion of the brain from the fall and the blow; but was, on the whole, hopeful. For three days and three nights Rupert was delirious. Strangely enough his child's name never came to his lips, but very often in thick, gasping accents that of Madame Serrano.

"At last he opened his eyes, and out of their dim and sunken pupils came a look of recognition.

"*'Santa,'* he said. There was no hesitation; a little distrust, but no surprise. It seemed natural for him to find me there.

"*'Are you better?'*

"*'Thanks! But what is it? How is all this? You are very good,'* he said, and I saw a blush rise to his temples.

"*'Where is Ida?'* I asked.

"*'Ida, she is safe.'*

"And then the past seemed to rush back upon him.

"From the day I found him, I had been cold and calm. It was a fellow-creature requiring assistance, and I rendered it as impassively as a Sister of Charity. He was silent, but his countenance assumed a great expression of pain. I rose and prepared to leave him. I told him I would send some one to attend to him, but during his delirium I had thought it best to remain myself. He thanked me absently.

"*'Before you go, would you kindly open that desk,'* he said, 'and give me two letters which are in it? It is of consequence they should be destroyed in case anything happens to me.'

"I went to the desk. The first thing which I saw was a miniature, which I recognised at once. It was a portrait of Madame Serrano. The painter had given the soft, beseeching smile of her witching lips. Beside it was a little sketch of Ida. At the sight of this, I felt the floor sway to and fro beneath my feet; but, with an effort which sent all the blood to my heart, I took out the letters, closed the desk, and bade adieu to Rupert. He expressed no wish to see me again.

"On reaching the street I sent my servant for a fiacre, and went home well nigh broken-hearted. I could only call upon God, and shudder like a wounded animal under my pain.

"Pain! pain! pain! How mysterious it is that in the great ebb and flow of humanity one human being can have so great a power of torturing another. How infinite is that power, and how ruthlessly is it sometimes wielded? God help us! when, in the future world, we see what we have done, when the hearts we have wounded, and perhaps maddened, by our unkindness, are laid bare to us!

"I had not been dragged, however, through all this suffering without some fruit to my soul. I had too often gone over the fateful past not to have it written out as in a map before me—where I had erred—where I had been to blame; and if weak human nature revolted and said, 'Not from thy hand, Rupert, not from thy hand should come the

punishment—spare me for thy child's sake!' my contrite and broken heart said, 'Oh, God! not my will, but Thine be done!'

"To overcome evil with good, and that at the price of any self-sacrifice, was now my enduring object. I went again to see Rupert. The consequences of the fall were different from what was expected. The brain had not suffered, but the whole general health was prostrated. The shock had produced great weakness, and he had broken a blood-vessel. He could not be moved, partly on account of his health, and partly on account of the rendezvous this miserable lodging was to men engaged like himself.

"I should never have known all this, unless after some days' struggle with myself before I could face the suffering of another meeting, I went to see him. The first glance at his face was enough. Rupert had not long to live. He knew it also.

"*'I am glad you have come,'* he said; 'there are some things I wish to do, and no one but you can help me. But the pain I endure obliges me to take opium. I am by day utterly unfitted for everything; about the evening I revive. There is another reason. Our companions come to me separately for a few minutes daily at the end of the day; I have to draw up a report of their progress and labours. These are secrets which I can trust to no one but you; do not be afraid of the hour, which you must make as late as possible. At certain distances you will be watched over by two of our associates, who, in different lodgings and in various streets, live in this vicinity. I would offer you an escort, but this might be of more disadvantage than benefit; and besides, it might be safest for your reputation—with a sneer—to have a defender in the worst streets, in case of necessity, instead of one and the same companion through the whole length of Paris.'

"*'I am glad to serve you and yours,'* I answered simply.

"I went every night. He maintained a distant, aggrieved manner towards me. Once or twice I spoke of Ida. I besought him to let me have her.

"*'To be taught to hate her father! No! Remember you told me you despised me.'*

"I threw myself on my knees—I entreated, I implored him. To have snatched away that child from the fate which would be hers, a poor orphan in this hard world, gave a frantic energy to my prayers. He would not hear me, and turned so pale that I feared the discussion would kill him.

"Twice did I try with the same result. My generosity seemed an offence towards him. It placed him at a disadvantage, and he rejoiced that a revenge was still in his power.

"Two nights ago I went to Rupert for the last time. I finished what he wished to have completed. He was dying, but there was a strange light in his eye as he followed my different movements. When all was put in order I approached him.

"*'Thanks,'* he said; 'and now farewell.'

"He held out his hand.

"*'Farewell! I cannot leave you yet, Rupert.'*

"*'Yes, you must leave me,'* he said, distinctly

and firmly; 'Madame Serrano will be here to-night; I must see her alone.'

"I stooped down; I kissed his death-cold forehead and obeyed him. You know the rest. That night my brother arrived. The next night I went—Rupert had died alone! Madame Serrano had *not* arrived. When the servant went in the morning to see him, he found his master was dead.

"I have dwelt on these things to prove to you how little a woman's life can be judged either for good or ill by the world in general. It was not headlong passion, but presumptuous self-reliance, which has been my bane. That part of God's will which particularly concerned me, submission to a solitary and unloved life, I had revolted against, and the whole scope and result of that period, in which I was the servant of my own desires, was a proof of this. A life which has not its root in obedience to God, may be fair and apparently healthy, but it has no vitality; it is like those nosegays which the Florentine flower-girls offer you in their green Cascine, and which look brilliant and blooming, but each flower has been cut close to the blossom, and fastened on a dry stick, and it fades and perishes immediately. You may deduce this moral from my life. One can solve the enigma of human destiny with one answer alone—Resignation. When the human will unites itself, in obedience, to the Supreme and Divine will, from struggle is obtained victory, and it enters at once, according to Bossuet's magnificent expression, among the Powers of God.

"You see, my friend, for friend you are, I am different from what has been thought of me. My life, like that of many women, bears a strange resemblance to this memorial which I send to you to keep for my sake. It is a triptych, painted by Francia. Outwardly, it seems nothing but a jewelled case, as are often the prosperous externals of our conventional life. You open it. On one side is the 'Virgin and Child,' on the other, the 'Virgin by the Cross.' How often has it made me think not only of the wondrous mystery of our Redemption, but (not profanely let me whisper it), of woman's fate also. So do we all bear a love in our hearts, or on our bosoms (let us call it what we will, love, friendship, motherly, or sisterly love), a pure, childlike, immortal love, born, as we deem it, for the most god-like destiny; and, alas! how often do we not also stand by, and see it, when full grown to man's estate, crucified, dying, dead? The third phase, the centre, the glorified fruition, how few attain! I go to Rome to my duty—it is a forlorn hope—as such, I shrink from it less. But whatever may be my future fate, I will not forget your kindness. My life is, and has been, sufficiently lonely, for me to prize its few pleasures. There is so much to be done, to be learned, that I am less unhappy than you think.

"I know one thing, certainly, that if I were to die this instant, and meet Rupert face to face, before God, my affection towards him would need no purifying change. There is a consolation to me in this thought. Would I could feel as clearly innocent towards others. From the beginning my life has been wrong. I have been pure in thought and deed, and yet how erring. Submission to the

will of God, patience in bearing trials which had been inflicted upon me, resignation, were all wanting. We can never be truly happy, till we learn to be content with unhappiness. To will, to know, to dare, is but half our duty in this world. To yield, to forego, to endure, complete the circle. The laws of society are at fault in much that affects the destiny of woman, I know—and when these laws are brought more into conformity with good sense and true religion, the fate of women will be externally happier; but the war we all have is not so much with the foes without, as with that deadliest foe within ourselves, the Self of each. We ought not to seek to embroider the tapestry of our lives according to our own will, but according to a divine pattern. I was right to choose my self-imposed exile, in preference to the danger of sin; it was not right afterwards to refuse to return to my husband. I have been humbled to the dust, and I may now do better.

"I am writing to you alone, and with this letter concludes the second phase of my life. I shall often think of you. Every good, every evil hour, before it passes away, digs its own grave, and prepares its own mourner. I will remember you always, and it is well for me I have known you. I have had a greater faith in the unselfishness of human nature since. But I must now close this record of faults, errors, and sufferings. I would say judge me leniently; but no, judge me truly. Proud Spirit be still, strong Heart surrender, impatient Will, learn to endure!

"Let me hear from you often. Our lives flow in such different channels that absence will gradually produce its usual effect. Believe me, you will change. But you have touched me too nearly in one of the fatal moments of my life, not to retain a place in my grateful regard. I shall still continue to serve the cause to which Rupert bound me. It is a holy one! Farewell, and God bless you."

What I felt on reading this letter may be imagined. I loved her, and have loved none since.

Three years later, I received a packet from Rome, addressed to Walter Seymour. It contained the bracelet. Under the word *Volere* was inscribed, in small letters, *Rinunziare*—under, *Sapere, Obbedire*, under *Ardire, Soffrire*. Santa Rabenfels had died in Rome.

Many years have passed since then, and I have lived through the grief which then bowed me to the earth; but her memory is not wholly submerged beneath the sea of my present life, its priceless pearl is an ever new treasure and delight. I think of her, I think I see her, I fancy I hear her speak, and my life is evermore enriched by the unspeakable boon of having known and valued her. From her I have learned the widest indulgence for others, the severest judgment for myself. When I hear women condemned, slandered, belied, I throw myself into the breach to defend them. I remember her,—like her they may be innocent, like her they may have been wronged. When my heart would weep tears of blood, when I think she is dead, and that one of the noblest of God's creatures was cut off ere her sad incomplete life had apparently found its fulfilment, I correct myself. There was

an imperfect rhythm in her life here, which could be harmonised into melody in the immortal life alone.

(Conclusion.)

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO THE DANE.



The Princess Alexandra of Denmark.

THERE has been a thrill of emotion in half the schools in the kingdom as the news has spread among them, that the Prince of Wales is going to be married to a Princess of Denmark. The school age is perhaps that in which there is the strongest interest about the Danes. The name brings up to the beginners in history the image of the Raven flapping from the mast of the pirate ship,—flapping over our eastern shore,—flapping over the fen and the wood where the invaded people lay hid. The name brings up the picture of King Alfred wandering in the wilds, and letting cakes burn on a herdsman's hearth. It brings up the story of King Canute seating himself on the edge of the tide, for moralising purposes, to shame his flatterers; and the other story of his rowing near the land in the Fens, that he might hear the evensong of the monks of Ely. It is through Canute that we seem to be connected with the Danes in friendship, rather than bound up with them as a conquered people with their conquerors. The school-child is full of hatred of the Danes, and contempt of the English, while the sea-rovers are pouncing down upon the eastern coast every two or three years, and burning and sacking the towns, and putting the terrified country people to flight; and the same child is almost as angry with the English for being so foolish as to buy off the Danes each time,—knowing very well that the higher they were paid the more they would come. Those awful associations, and the images of the obstinate worship of Thor and Odin, in spite of the Christian missionaries who risked their lives to convert the Danes, melt away when King Canute comes over the sea, and grows fond of England, and England grows fond and proud of him; and it seems natural, as the young student gets further on in the history of England, that there should

have been a sense of affinity between the English and the Danes for a long course of centuries. Thus it may seem very natural that our Heir Apparent should marry the daughter of the future King of Denmark; but still the news will make many young eyes open wide, and many young hearts beat thick.

Can a daughter of the sea-rovers—one of the brood of the Danish Raven—be coming to be a future Queen of England? Yes: but she will not be the first Princess of Denmark who has come over to take a seat on a throne in our island.

It was thus that we became possessed of the Orkney and the Shetland Isles. These were the pledge of the dowry of Margaret, daughter of Christian I., who married James III. of Scotland, in 1469; and as the dowry was never paid, the islands came to us, with Scotland, on the death of Queen Elizabeth. At the same time we had a Queen from Denmark, the wife of James I., and the mother of Charles I., being the daughter of Frederick II. of Denmark. Our present race of sovereigns was also connected with the Danish throne by the marriage of the sister of George III. with Christian VII. of Denmark. It was this tie of kindred which aggravated the bitterness of our sufferings from the ambition of Napoleon, in the early part of this century. By the secret articles of the Treaty of Tilsit, the Danish fleet was delivered over to Napoleon, who meant to use it for the invasion of England. A confidential warning of this arrangement was given us from Portugal, under promise of secrecy. We had no choice but to seize that fleet; and yet we were unable to explain the reason: and thus we stood before the world, and especially before the people of Denmark, as wanton aggressors. The feelings of the royal house may be imagined; and the princes scarcely suffered more than their relative, George III. Mr. Jackson was sent over to Copenhagen as envoy, to demand the navy, while it was impossible to give any satisfactory explanation of the demand, so long as the secret must be kept. George III., on hearing from Mr. Jackson the details of the interview with his nephew, the Crown Prince, asked the odd question whether the interview took place in an upper story of the palace.

"No, your Majesty; it was in a ground-floor apartment," replied the Envoy.

"That was lucky for you," replied the King; "for if the Crown Prince had half my spirit, he would have kicked you down stairs."

Denmark had long been sinking in the scale of nations; and this annihilation of her naval power looked like a death-blow. But the Scandinavian spirit is not easily broken; and it revived by the very excess of the humiliation when, seven years later, in 1814, Norway was wrested from Denmark, and given to Sweden,—a hated rival. As the only hope, the idea of Scandinavian union arose; and this ambition has sustained the spirit of all the three nations for half a century, and is in full vigour at this day. It is not necessary that Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, should be under one crown. It is enough that they should cherish a common pride of race, and draw together in vigilance against encroachment on the part of Russia and of Germany. In the last

reign, there was an approach towards a grant of popular rights in Denmark; and the present king, Frederick VII., granted in 1848 a species of parliament, by which the country is better prepared than ever before for any action which may be necessary against the encroachments which the German Powers attempt from time to time.

This liability on the side of Germany is the ground on which some people cry out against the proposed marriage of our Prince. Others, who persist in the dread of Russia, which certainly need not trouble us much at present, object to the alliance on account of the chance of a Russian succession in Denmark. There is a satisfactory answer to both; and if the marriage had been a political scheme, instead of a natural love-affair between two amiable young people, it might have been considered a wise and good measure in a public sense.

I need not go into the story which most of us find rather tiresome, of the Holstein controversy. The leading points are enough;—that the German Powers want to interfere in Denmark on account of the German character of the Holstein people; that they endeavour to assume that the province of Schleswig is under the same conditions as Holstein, whereas Schleswig is a Danish province altogether, though a small proportion of the inhabitants speak German, and are German in their ways;—that Prussia and Austria have made one war of late years, for the annexation of Holstein to Germany; and that they are incessantly threatening to renew the attack, with an undisguised aim of dismembering the kingdom of Denmark; so that, at this moment, every Dane is aware that there is a great struggle ahead for the honour and integrity of his country, in which there would be little hope but for the countenance of other nations, and for the disunion which prevails among the German Powers. Prussia is now the Power which menaces; and the aggressive temper of Prussia towards Denmark threatens the peace of Europe almost as formidably as the Italian difficulty and the Eastern question.

At this very juncture, our Princess Royal, the Crown Princess of Prussia, is understood to have been the chief mover in bringing together her brother and the daughter of the future King of Denmark. To most people's minds this is delightful. It shows that the private happiness of the young people is the first consideration: and, if we are to look at the matter in a political light, it certainly appears to reasonable people that the best chance of a pacific arrangement arises from the knitting of a family bond between the royal houses of Prussia and Denmark. It is impossible to help thinking that the next heir to the Prussian throne must be kindly disposed towards the Danish house, while desiring a marriage between that and the English royal family.

"O! but," say the croakers, "this Danish princess is herself of a German family. The people of Denmark hate the Germans; and this marriage must therefore be disagreeable to them, as a direct countenance of German pretensions. They hate the existing settlement of the Crown; and they will believe that England is enlisted on the side of their enemies, if the proposed marriage takes place."

This croak brings us up to the other dismal view,—the dread of Russian relations with Denmark.

It has been a great misfortune to Denmark that there has been a repeated failure of male heirs to the throne. There was no male heir for a century after the death of Christopher III., in 1448; and for some time past there has again been difficulty and danger to the State from the same cause. It is not to be wondered at; for marriages of consanguinity have been far too common in the royal house of Denmark; and deterioration of the quality of families, and troubles about succession, are the proper consequences of such marriages. One of the best features of the proposed connection is, there being no relationship in the case; and where the choice is so restricted as that of royal children is by our Royal Marriage Act, and by state religion and policy all over Europe, it is a great blessing that our Prince will marry a Protestant princess out of a fresh family, who will bring new blood into our royal house. Denmark, meantime, is suffering from failure of male heirs. The reigning King is old, and long ago made a left-handed marriage. The Hereditary Prince is old, and has no heirs. When it was clear that none were to be expected, the chief Powers of Europe entered upon a consultation as to how the succession was to be arranged, so as to preclude civil and international strife when the two childless princes should die. The result was the Treaty of May 8th, 1852, by which it was agreed by England, France, Russia, Austria, Prussia, Sweden, and Norway, and Denmark, that succession by the female line was inadmissible, and that therefore the House of Glücksborg must succeed. This is the family which is cried out upon as German, and as standing between the Danish and the Russian throne. Next to the Glücksborg princes, we are told, stands the Czar; and then follows a dismal picture of the state of Europe in general, and England in particular, when the Czar shall have absorbed Denmark, and laid his grasp on the entrance to the Baltic. A very few words will disperse these ingenious fears. The Second Article of the Treaty provides for another consultation being held, and another settlement made, in case of any probability of a failure of male heirs in the Glücksborg line. Thus, all the great Powers of Europe stand between the Russian family and the throne of Denmark.

Glücksborg is in Schleswig: and those who choose to class Schleswig with Holstein, and to claim a German mode of government for it, choose also to consider its princes German. That house is allied with Hesse Cassel; but not only have Glücksborg wives come from Hesse, but Hessian spouses have come from Denmark. We consider our royal family English, though they have been abundantly connected with Germany, besides coming from thence within a century and a half. The Princess who is coming to us is rather less than more German than the Prince of Wales, whose father and grandmother were German. It would be enough to say that his wife becomes English by her marriage with the future King of England; but it is also true that she is Danish, by every qualification of Nature and of training.

There is always an alarm set up in some quarter or another about German influence; and nothing ever comes of it. For a whole generation there has been railing at the German party in Russia: there used to be dismal shakes of the head here about "a little German Prince," when the Princess Charlotte was marrying; and about "a little German Princess," when the Duchess of Kent was educating the Princess Victoria; and again about him who filled the post to which Prince Leopold was destined: we have heard evil bodings for Portugal, and even for France in the days of the Orleans rule, on account of their German matrimonial connections; yet each country is as much itself as it ever was. Each absorbs and transmutes the foreign element it takes up; and, in this way, the Prince of Wales is English, and his bride is Danish, not the less for the father of the one and the mother of the other having come from Saxe Coburg and Hesse Cassel. The Scandinavian connection will be peculiarly welcome to Englishmen, from the deep affinity which a thousand years have not extinguished. We should have hailed an amiable and sensible young lady from any Protestant country; but, if we had been offered the choice of her birthplace, it would doubtless have been one of the northern kingdoms, from which the maritime element of our national character, with all its perdurable virtues, was derived.

This being happily settled, we contemplate the young people in their first days of happiness, and with an anxious forecast into the future.

I need say nothing of the perils of the position of an Heir Apparent to such a throne. The snares in the path of Princes are an old and well-worn topic for moralists and true loyalists. It is enough to say that we are all willing to accept, without remonstrance, an earlier marriage for a young Prince, unattached to any profession, than we could pretend to approve in other cases. There are unquestionable evils in a very early marriage, but they may be the lesser of two orders of evils; and this is our conclusion now. A home, and a system of domestic interests, is of supreme importance to a young man who will one day be burdened with the toils and cares of sovereignty, but who has, in his prime years, nothing that it is necessary for him to do, and no engrossing taste which involves exercise and discipline of the intellect. Our Prince is of an affectionate and kindly temper,—no student,—and following no profession. The prime necessity for him therefore is a home of his own, with its special duties and its expanding interests. Under his peculiar circumstances, it is well that he is to have this resource so early.

It will be of inestimable value to him, and to the nation, if out of this home should come the influence which will place him under training for the great work of his life. Some of us feel that the year of mourning which is approaching its close would have been best sanctified by diligent work, rather than by the restless wandering which looks too much like a formed habit in the young Prince;—by an attendance on his mother, which might have already put him in training for the sort of assistance which his father afforded her under the constant burden of her duties. To learn from

travel is good; but it can only be after a fixed study at home. Recreation by sport is good; but it is recreation only when it succeeds to toil. If the new friend who is henceforth to be always by his side should influence him to work,—to work at anything whatever with all his might;—especially if she supports in him the dutiful and natural desire to understand public questions, to discharge his legislative functions, and to relieve the Queen of whatever business can be committed to his hands,—such influence will endear the young wife to the existing generation, and will deserve the gratitude of all that are to come.

Influence of one sort or another, for good or for evil, she cannot but have and exercise. It will make an incalculable difference to this country, and probably to all Europe, whether it tends in the direction of industry, self-culture, filial service, and the public interest, or in that of light amusement, intellectual indolence, and a life of mere waiting for a function which is an honour and blessing, or the contrary, precisely according to the preparation or the neglect of preparation for it. At this moment, when we are all full of sympathy for our Prince, we can wish nothing better than that he should work as other men work, in order to enjoy as other men enjoy, the rest and comfort and unspeakable blessedness of home,—a blessedness which the man of pleasure and the rover never know.

Thus we look forward for *him*. As for *her*,—she will hear on all hands of the brilliancy of her lot; and very brilliant, indeed, it is. While dreaming over it, and preparing herself for it, as no doubt she is, she probably thinks that no young girl ever had such a prospect. In its way, this is nearly true. Considering the advance that England has made in a century, the lot of Queen Charlotte cannot be regarded as comparable in solid grandeur to that of a Queen Consort of England henceforth. As for poor Caroline of Brunswick,—she was not her Prince's choice, but was appointed by his father, who was humbly obeyed by her own parents; and there was that about her Prince of Wales which excludes all comparison between the fate of the two wives. The Princess Alexandra is going to marry one who is not ashamed of domestic affections,—a man who is not only affectionate to his widowed mother, but makes friends of his sisters. In the middle ranks, we should say that the lot of one so betrothed is in her own hands.

And why not in the highest rank of all?

Far be it from any one of us to say that it may not be. But we have before our eyes the history of so many Princes of Wales that it would not be natural to be very confident. The more constitutional government has advanced, the stronger has been the jealousy between the possessor of the throne and its heir. As the sway of parties has become more pronounced and more regularly organised, the split of the royal family between these parties has become a sort of assumed liability,—fatal at once to good government and to family peace and honour. I need not dwell upon it; and I refer to it only to point out that the present period is favourable to the denial of this liability, and to the endeavours of the Princess of

Wales, who shall have sense and spirit enough to refuse the discredit and discomfort of a state of alienation from the parental house and heart.

There is no clear division or visible organisation of political parties among us now. On some accounts it would be better if there were: but we have thus the advantage of fair play for the domestic relations of the royal family. There is now no political clique trying to get possession of the future king. We see no disposition to make a popular idol of the heir. We feel that there is no rival, even in men's imaginations, to the actual sovereign;—no excuse for the slightest movement of jealousy in her, or for mortification and resentment in her son. It is impossible to say how much the Princess of Wales may not do towards either preserving or breaking up the family confidence on which the whole of the sovereign's happiness, and much of that of the people, will henceforth depend. She may not be able to do everything; but she may do much, and she certainly might mar everything. Even if there were that tendency to jealousy which is common in the temper of rulers, mischief might be precluded by a frank family demeanour, by the encouragement to confidence between parent and son which a young wife can afford, and by the respectful and tender consideration of the Queen's wishes and convenience which it is always held a grace in a daughter-in-law to manifest. From all that we have yet heard of the Princess Alexandra, we may anticipate that she will be an example of the high prudence of goodness. If so, she is likely to be an illustration,—unhappily but too new,—of the possibility that the lot of a Princess of Wales may be as happy as it is brilliant. May her life so grow before the eyes of the rising generation, and so stand in the picture-roll of History!

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

MY AUNT'S STORY.

My aunt Calista was one of the prettiest of all little fairy-like women. As a girl her beauty must have been something wonderfully distracting. She was once the belle of a famous and quaint old sea-town, full of fortunes made in foreign trade, prize-money, and kinds of traffic, thought honourable enough some years ago, but now held in such reprobation, that I prefer not to mention them.

My Aunt was very little. When I was ten years old, I was the biggest. Well I might be, for a man could span her waist with his two hands, and she was more like a marvellous doll, or a stray fairy, than a mortal woman. Her feet and ankles were past all comprehension for littleness and elegance. Perhaps she did not wear nice shoes and stockings, and maybe she did not hold up her black brocade daintily on the slightest provocation! Ah! but her hands; how small, and white, and delicate, they were, with rosy-tipped, tapering fingers. She looked all the more *petite* and wonderful in her delicate prettiness, for always dressing in black, which brought out her pale, lily-like beauty, and blonde hair with great distinctness. Her deep blue eyes seemed to look through things and people. All this made me a little in awe of Aunt Calista, though I loved her,

with the romantic, reverential love of boyhood, as if she were a lovely princess, enchanted, or otherwise.

A childless widow, my Aunt Calista had lived with us since I could remember. She was older than my mother; but no one could have told her age from her looks, for her singular beauty seemed to have in it no element of decay. We lived inland among the hills, and all I knew of the ocean was from my books of geography, and the pictures and voyages in Aunt Calista's rooms, and Robinson Crusoe. But I dreamed much of the sea, built mimic ships, and waited with impatience until I should be old enough to run away like the aforesaid Robinson, who has, perhaps, done more to help Britannia to rule the waves, than all her Drakes and Nelsons.

I forget,—there was another source of information, better than all the rest. My Aunt Calista had been born in sight of the sea. She had seen the great ships sail in and out of the harbour of her native town. She had picked up beautiful shells and pebbles on the beach, and sometimes she helped me to sail my little squadrons on our duck-pond, and told me many a sea story she had heard or read.

"Aunt Calista," said I, one day, when we were sitting under the willows by the water-side, watching my last achievement in naval architecture, as it danced over the billows—the billows of the duck-pond—"were you ever on the great blue sea, with only the sky and clouds above you, and the water all round, out of sight of land—nothing but the ship, in the middle of the sea?"

A shadow passed over her pale and lovely face, as she said, with a soft tenderness:

"Yes, dear, I have been at sea where the ship was the only human thing in sight, and the centre of the great circle of the horizon, where the blue sky and blue ocean mingle on every side."

"Oh, how grand!" I exclaimed, with my boyish enthusiasm. "Do, dearest aunt, tell me all about your voyage?"

She did not answer for a moment, and I wondered what could be the matter with my ever-cheerful Aunt Calista. But the sadness passed away, and she said:

"Yes, I will tell you all about it. Your grandfather was a merchant, and owned many ships. He sent them to the West Indies, the East Indies, and sometimes to China. I loved the sea and the ships. My father used to allow me to go on board with him, when they were about to sail, or had come in from long voyages. I sometimes took such little presents on board as sailors like, and they said I would give them a lucky voyage. They did not forget me, and brought me many a nice present from beyond the seas."

"One day we visited a new ship, and found a new captain, whom I had never seen before. I thought him very handsome, but young for such a trust; but I found that he was good and honourable. He had been in the navy. A great misfortune to his family had made it necessary for him to leave the service, and accept the higher pay of a merchantman. After one or two voyages we became acquainted, and he came to love me better than all the world."

"But my father did not love him so well as another person did—at least, he did not wish me to love him. It was only in the intervals of long voyages that I saw him, and when the time for his arrival drew near, and the ship, for me so richly freighted, was due, I spent many hours in the observatory on the top of our house, sweeping the line of the horizon with a long spy-glass, and watching for the little signal flag that I alone knew of, and that would tell me HE was coming. So you see, my dear, that I was well acquainted with the sea.

"One day this brave, good captain, who had won my heart, asked my father for my hand. He could have nothing against him. There could not be a better or braver man. He was nobility itself—but I was my father's pet and pride, and he was ambitious. I think nothing less than a lord would then have satisfied him for a son-in-law.

"Captain Walter came and told me, with some bitterness, the result of his interview with my father. I knew that he was poor, but I knew that this was the only reasonable objection that could be made to him, and I laid my hand in his—a strong, manly hand—strong and true, and I said: 'Be patient: I am yours, and I will never be any one's but yours, while this world stands.'

"He went away upon a long voyage, and a very important one, for my father liked him as a captain of his ship, and knew well that he could trust him to the last drop of his blood to protect ship and cargo.

"When he came home next time, I had reflected much, and determined upon what I ought to do. I did not wait for him to come and see me. I did not wait for him to ask me to do anything. I knew that he could not, while he was my father's captain. So I went to the ship, and said: 'Captain Walter, will you leave this all to me, to do as I think right?'

"He only held me to his big heart a moment, but he looked a thousand yeses out of his handsome, loving eyes.

"The day his ship was to sail on her next voyage, I sent my trunks on board the ship. Then I found my captain, and said: 'Come with me, and redeem your promise, and I will keep mine.' We went to a church, a licence was ready, and we were married. The ship was ready to sail, and I knew that my father was on board to give his last directions, and see her off. I went on board with my husband, and my father was not surprised, for I had often sailed out with him, and returned in the pilot-boat.

"When the ship had got a good offing, and the pilot was ready to take us back, my father said his last words to the captain, and shook hands, wishing him a good voyage. 'Come darling,' said he to me: 'say good-bye to Captain Walter, for we must go now.'

"Dear father," said I, 'forgive your darling; I cannot go with you now. I must sail this voyage with MY HUSBAND, Captain Walter!'

"He looked from one to the other, to see if this were jest or earnest.

"Father dear," said I, 'you could never have found me so good a husband. So I took him this

morning, and made him marry me, and here is the certificate that I am his wife.'

"Poor father! He turned very pale, but he loved me, and there was no help. He held me in his arms and kissed me, while his tears ran over my cheeks. At last he held out his hand to my brave captain in token of forgiveness. He went home alone in the pilot-boat. I waved him my tearful adieux as long as I could see him, for he was ever a kind and indulgent father. We sped on our voyage.

"The shores of England faded from our sight, and we were on the open sea. We had fair winds and foul, stiff gales and gentle breezes, and I became a sailor. We crossed the line, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and sailed on weeks and weeks through the Indian seas to Batavia, and then to Canton: you have read about it in Lord Anson and Captain Cook. When our cargo was completed, we sailed homeward again. It was a long and solitary voyage, but I was never lonely. My world was with me. I wished to see my father, but we were homeward bound.

"One day, as we were reaching our northern latitudes, my captain came hastily into the cabin to get his spy-glass, and I followed him on deck. There was a vessel in sight, bearing down directly for us. She had changed her course since we first saw her, and it was evident she meant to come near us.

"My captain took a long look at her. 'Well?' said I, standing at his elbow, and taking the glass from his hand.

"You have good eyes, darling," said he, 'see what you can make of her.'

"I adjusted the glass to my eye, and looked intently. 'It is an armed vessel,' said I. 'I see ports, and a large gun amidships.'

"You are quite correct—as usual," said my captain.

"But she does not look like a man-of-war," said I, 'and I do not think she is English.'

"No more is she," said he. 'Either war has been declared, and she is a privateer, or she is a cursed pirate.'

"I was never a coward. I held the glass steadily in my hands, and watched the brig, as she bore down with all sail set, and it was evident that she was a good sailer. There had been talk of war before we left England, but my father did not believe in it. I shuddered at the idea of its being a pirate.

"Whatever she may be," said my captain, 'she has no business with us. I shall give her a try at all events.' So we tacked ship and stood off in the contrary direction from that in which we had been sailing. The stranger had tacked also before we were well on our course. In half an hour she had gained perceptibly.

"She can beat us on a wind," said my captain, looking very serious. 'There is nothing for us but to show the cleanest pair of heels we can.'

Round we went to our best point of sailing; out went the studding sails, the cargo was shifted to give our ship the best possible trim, the sails were wet; but it was soon apparent that, after all we had done, the brig was gaining on us—slowly, indeed, but certainly gaining.

"A stern chase is a long chase, Calista, darling," said my captain, cheerily; but I could see that he was not at all satisfied with the aspect of affairs.

"You know that I am not a coward," said I; "tell me just how it is."

"I know your soul is bigger than your body, my darling," said he. "This rascally brig gains on us. If we can have foul weather to-night, we may change our course and lose sight of her. I see no other hope. We are not strong enough to fight her."

"There are muskets and pistols in the cabin," said I, "and we have two cannons on deck."

"Well enough to frighten savages, or beat off the Malay pirates; but that brig is well armed, and must have plenty of men, by the way they handle her. If she is a privateer, we must surrender. If a pirate, we must fight. Her Long Tom will make oven wood of us, but we must take our chance."

"We held on, praying for night, and storm and darkness. The full moon rode high in the heavens, and silvered the waves through which our good ship ploughed gallantly. Nearer and nearer came our pursuer. Once the wind freshened, and we seemed to gain a slight advantage, but it soon fell off again, and the brig crept nearer and nearer. Few slept. By the full morning light there lay the handsome brig, full over our taffrail, bounding along with a bone in her mouth. My brave husband walked the deck in sore trouble. He had made the best possible preparations for defence, the crew were ready to obey his orders, but the case was hopeless."

"As the light increased, I watched the brig closely through the glass, trying to ascertain the character of our pursuer. A flag of stars and stripes went up to her mast-head, and the smoke of a cannon curled up from her deck. It was the first signal. The commander of the brig was in the field of my glass and my worst fears were dispelled."

"Look!" said I to my husband, giving him the glass; "that man is not a pirate."

"I could not be mistaken. He was a fine-looking man of thirty-five or forty, in an undress naval uniform. His bearing was manly, and his face, when I got a look at it, was clear and open. My captain took the glass, and gave an anxious look."

"I believe you are right, my darling," said he. The man is no pirate. Then it is war, and we shall soon be his prisoners. It is a hard case, but there is no help for it."

"Do not be cast down, my brave captain," said I; "father has more ships, and he can deduct this one from my portion."

"Just then another shot from the long gun came alongside, and showed that we were within point blank range. The order was given to take in sail, and we waited for the brig to come up. As she came on, dashing gallantly through the waves, my captain took his trumpet and hailed her. The hail was courteously responded to. It was a Yankee privateer, demanding our surrender."

"Oh! for a tier of guns, and half a chance at

him!" exclaimed my captain; but the disparity of force was too overwhelming. In answer to the question, he gave the name of our good ship and his own.

"Then I, who was watching the deck of the enemy still through the glass, though we were now so near, saw a strange movement. The captain of the brig suddenly put up his glass, which he had turned on my husband. Then he appeared to give some order to his lieutenant who was preparing to board us, and soon sprang into the boat himself, and came on board of us."

"He was received with a not very cheerful politeness, but his manner, as he stepped upon our deck, justified the opinion I had formed of him. He raised his hat to me with a graceful bow; and my husband invited him to enter our cabin, which he did with every courtesy. Wine and other refreshments were brought out in plenty, and the stranger told us of the outbreak of the war with America, and also of other events which were news to us at that time."

"Were we prisoners? Was this our captor, quietly conversing with us, and courteously drinking to our prosperity? He looked at me attentively, when my eyes were turned away, and I thought I saw a strange smile upon his face."

"My husband opened a locker, and taking out the ship's papers, laid them on the table with a heavy heart; but he would not show it, and said with an air of assumed cheerfulness:

"It is the fortune of war. My ship is your prize, captain, and since I must surrender her, I am glad it is to a gentleman. Where do you propose to send us?"

"The stranger moved into the light, brushed back the curls of his dark hair, and turning to my husband, said:

"Is it possible, Captain Walter, that you do not know me? Have you forgotten a man whose life you saved, and who owes you so much?"

"My husband looked earnestly at him a moment, then grasped his hand, and said:

"Hardy! Frank Hardy! is it really you?"

"Yes, old fellow," said he, "it is really me, with a better memory than you have, who saved my life at the risk of your own. And this is your wife? I congratulate you—I congratulate you both with all my heart. Madam, he took me off a wreck, where every man but me had perished. Thank God! I can show that I am not ungrateful. I shall appoint you prize-master, and you shall take your ship, please God! into her own harbour."

"But can you do this safely, Frank?" asked my captain.

"Safely!" His lip curled. "I would like to see the danger I would not confront for you, old fellow. If I were a naval officer, it would be a different matter, but a privateer has some discretion. My pretty brig is my own. The war is an ugly business, but you know me of old—we are 'enemies in war, in peace friends,' all but you, old fellow—I am your friend always, as you know."

"And how will your crew stand the loss of their share of prize-money?" asked my captain.

" 'They are pretty likely to stand what I require them to,' said the Yankee, proudly. 'But I can make it all right for them. Prizes are not very scarce articles. Here, give me the papers! Who is your owner?'

" 'My father,' said I.

" 'All right! Madam,' said he, bowing, 'I wish to make you a small present.'

" 'If you wish to do me a favour,' said I, 'make your present to my husband.'

" He smiled, as he looked from one to the other, and seemed to understand the state of the case in an instant.

" 'You are quite right, madam,' said he; 'it shall be as you desire.'

" Then he endorsed the ship's manifest with the fact of her capture, and he made over ship and cargo to Captain Walter. It was not a legal document, of course, but it had its weight with my father.

" Our captor took his leave, with such stores as we could get him to accept. His boat's crew looked at them wonderingly as they were passed over the side to them, and even still more wonderingly at the manner in which their captain took his leave of us.

" In a week more we were safe in an English harbour and on English ground. The war lasted two or three years, and many prizes were taken on both sides, and some hard battles fought by land and sea, but I never heard that any ship ever escaped as we did."

This was my dear little aunt's story as we sat under the willows. She said no more, but sat in a reverie, looking into vacancy—looking as if she saw a ship on the far horizon. I stole softly to her and kissed her little hand, and then glided noiselessly away, for I knew that she was thinking of her captain, and that the great blue sea was now to her but as the grave of him she loved. But she was not sad long nor often, for she believed that "the sea shall give up her dead."

THE LATEST FROM SPIRIT-LAND.

It was an evening late in this last July. The place was a large drawing-room, or gallery, in one of the most fashionable localities of the west-end of London. Nine persons were present, five ladies and four gentlemen; of the latter, one was a clergyman, one a military officer of high rank, another was an artist, the fourth was a man famous in the scientific world. Altogether, the persons assembled might have been taken as fairly representing the rank and education of English society. It was about half-past nine; the room would have been totally dark, were it not for a faint glimmer that entered from without, through the tops of the partially closed windows. This glimmering of light was just sufficient to enable a few objects, such as the white dresses of the ladies, to be dimly visible. The moon rose later in the evening, but though none of its rays entered the room, the reflection from without in some slight degree lessened the darkness within.

The party were seated round a circular table, with their hands resting on its surface, as it was

understood that being thus placed in reference to the piece of furniture, as well as in juxtaposition with an individual who shall be mentioned again presently, would be the means of calling forth certain manifestations, both visible and audible, from the world of spirits. That the spirits of the departed, in fact, would then and there come visibly before the assembly, and communicate with them mouth to mouth, eye to eye, hand to hand, as one man to another. The individual through whose mediumship the spirits were enabled to manifest themselves, was a small weakly-looking woman of some twenty-five years of age, without anything that would indicate the Pythonesse in her appearance; on the contrary, she seemed, in a peculiar degree, fragile, artless, and childlike.

The party had been seated at the table for some five minutes. Conversation had not been altogether suspended, but had been carried on in the low, suppressed muttering, and the abrupt sententious manner, that the present writer supposes is customary with persons waiting in momentary expectation of a spiritual visitation. One of the party (a gentleman) was extremely deaf; but, strange to say, he heard the sounds that announced the approach of the spirit visitors, as loud, or indeed louder, than any other of the assembly; indeed, sounds of spirit-footsteps on the table, that were quite inaudible to others, were loud and distinct to him. Presently the table began to sway, to rise, to fall, to tilt, to balance itself; and, finally, it gave out such a peal of raps, that, for sustained continuity, the writer can only compare to a violent shower of large hailstones on a skylight, or to the noise made by Perkins's patent steam-gun. It was communicated to the assembly, through the medium, that these sounds were preliminary to something quite out of the way and special in the forthcoming manifestations, which were not to consist of mere sentences rapped out on the table, as is usually the case, but the visible presence of the spirits might confidently be expected, and each person was commanded (modern Pythonesses, in all cases, command imperatively) to look intently into the darkness of the long gallery, and state what she or he perceived. Each individual would seem to have received a separate and different visual impression. One young lady saw wreaths of such beautiful little stars; another saw winged forms, indistinct from their luminosity. The gentlemen were, for the most part, duller in their perception; but one of them, known as a man of considerable scientific acquirements, could clearly see through the walls of the house into a long vista of scenes beyond. The present writer was evidently the most dull, the most clod-like, the least spiritual (if not something much worse), of the whole party, as he looked above and around him where the others were gazing, but he could see nothing; "not on him was the tongue of flame," but something infinitely less desirable; for, casting his eyes on a distant corner of the gallery, the glimmering light just enabled him to perceive, squatted on the ground, a 'hideous, crawling, reptile-like form, apparently gigantic in size, and distinguishable from the light colour of the carpet by its sooty blackness. The writer looked again

and again; surely it must be a phantasy of his imagination, or an optical illusion. No—for there, sure enough, the fearful reptile was, at first stationary; but now crawling slowly along the carpet, with the slimy, gliding movement that one inevitably associates with those horribly obese monsters; now, it is to be hoped happily extinct, but which occupy such conspicuous situations at Sydenham.

The writer with some perturbation inquired of the fragile Pythoness if all the persons assembled experienced the same manifestations, and if all saw alike.

"No," was the answer, "the good and glorious spirits only show themselves to the good and mentally elevated, and the dark and bad spirits to the low, the grovelling, the vile, and the unbelieving in spiritualism."

Neither flattering nor agreeable this, however instructive it might be. The writer looked above and around in the vain hope of seeing a dim halo of glory, or at least one of the stars that the rest of the party were now seeing in such abundance, but not a spark, not the scintillation of one was discernible to him; but there on the carpet was the fearful crawling form now moved more in front of him, and apparently bent on making a circuit of the room. He would have risen to inspect it closely, but he felt fastened (no doubt spiritually) to his chair. Again he inquired of the Pythoness. He described his vision, and asked its import. His communication was received with an expression of surprise and terror. The form which he had described, and which no one could see but himself, was the lowest and most utterly vile of spiritual essences; it was but very seldom that it appeared; in the whole course of her experience the Pythoness had never before been in its presence, and (horrible to relate) it only appeared to persons whose moral condition at the time was most deplorable. Had he committed any great crime? The writer sought refuge from the interrogation in a "treacherous memory." The case was a most critical one, and decisive measures must be at once adopted. She, the fragile, childlike Pythoness, would at once rise and contend personally with the powers of darkness. She spoke and was immediately struck down as if by an epileptic fit. She writhed, struggled, gasped, and then lay as dead. Suddenly she started to her feet with a bound, and with the action and gesticulation of a maniac strode across the dark gallery apostrophising at the top of her voice, and in an unknown tongue, the (it is presumed) said powers of darkness. She did not direct her steps to where the form was located, but to a distant part of the room. Strange to say, however, the hideous crawling thing disappeared the instant she rose from her chair. There could be no question on the subject. A moment before it was there—there, now it was not, it had gone like an exhalation. The Pythoness returned to her seat triumphant. She had, unseen by the assembly, contended with a whole troupe of demons, and unaided had conquered, but the terrible conflict had exhausted her. She fell powerless and insensible, with her head on the shoulder of the person seated next to her. In a few moments she revived; she had been visited and comforted by

her own guardian spirit, who had a message for the unfortunate writer, which was to be delivered through raps on the table, and confirmed by divers grasplings, clutchings, and touchings from spirit hands on such parts of his person as might be placed under the piece of furniture. The raps came in due course as promised, as did the spirit grasplings, clutchings, and touchings under the table upon the writer's hands and legs. They occupied some three quarters of an hour in their enactment, and, as far as the writer could make out, the communication had no reference, nor was in the least appropriate to any mental, moral, or other condition in which he then happened to be; possibly he mistook their import, as his attention was disagreeably distracted by seeing the dark, reptile-like form glide slowly from behind a piece of furniture and make its way, not now to a distant part of the room, but actually and unmistakably in the direction of the chair on which he was sitting. It came crawling slowly on, with the action and almost the look of a huge tortoise, and just as the above rapping and spirit-touching had commenced, had placed itself with about half its length hidden under the chair of the Pythoness. There it remained fixed and motionless for half an hour or more, during which the spirit communications were proceeding in full vigour both upon and under the table. Was it the familiar spirit of the Pythoness, or was it the arch-fiend himself in conflict with her? More than the ordinary stillness had prevailed amongst the company for ten minutes or more, partly in order to listen to the rapping on the table, and partly on account of an apparent swoon into which the medium seemed to have fallen. Suddenly the Pythoness bounded from her chair, uttering shriek upon shriek, till the whole house rang with the fearful noise, and in a moment more she lay screaming and raving on the floor.

It was apparent to every one that something unusual, and not at all to be spiritually accounted for, had occurred. Two or three ladies fainted away instantly, while the others ran for candles. In the meantime the hideous reptile-like form stood erect over his fallen victim, and the coming lights showed it to be transformed into an Italian gentleman, who had left the room at the commencement of the séance. He thus apostrophised his fallen enemy:

"I suspected you to be an impostor from the beginning. I re-entered the room after you saw me leave. I crept on my chest along the gallery for its entire length, not raising myself even on my elbows; when you rose and pretended to combat the powers of darkness, I got behind an ottoman; when you had seated yourself, I came out again and placed myself under your chair with my hand on the floor close by your foot, so that I could feel its every motion. The so-called raps on the table, every one of them, I felt your foot make by striking against the leg of your chair; it struck my hand at the same time. The spirit-touches on your neighbour's leg were likewise caused by your foot. At length I suddenly grasped hold of it; you filled the room with your screams; it was the first time you ever believed in spirits."

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XXV. A MOMENT OF DELIRIUM.

THE dining-room looked a picture of comfort : and Lionel thought so as he entered. A blaze of light and warmth burst upon him. A well-spread tea-table was there, with cold meat, game and else, at one end of it. Standing before the fire, her young, slender form habited in its black robes, was Sibylla. No one, looking at her, would have believed her to be a widow : partly from her youth, partly that she did not wear the widow's dress. Her head was uncovered, and her fair curls fell, shading her brilliant cheeks. It has been mentioned that her chief beauty lay in her complexion : seen by candle-light, flushed as she was now, she was inexpressibly beautiful. A dangerous hour, a perilous situation for the yet unhealed heart of Lionel Verner.

The bright flush was the result of excitement, of some degree of inward fever. Let us allow that it was a trying time for her. She had arrived to find Mrs. Verner dead, her father absent : she had arrived to find that no provision had been made for her by Mr. Verner's will, as the widow of Frederick Massingbird. Frederick's having succeeded to the inheritance debarred her even of the five hundred pounds. It is true there would be the rents, received for the short time it had been his. There was no doubt that Sibylla, throughout the long voyage, had cherished the prospect of finding a home at Verner's Pride. If her husband had lived, it would have been wholly hers ; she appeared still to possess a right in it ; and she never gave a thought to the possibility that her aunt would not welcome her to it.

Whether she cast a reflection to Lionel Verner in the matter, she best knew: had she reflected properly, she might have surmised that Lionel would be living at it, its master. But—the voyage ended, the home gained—what did she find? That Mrs. Verner was no longer at Verner's Pride, to press the kiss of welcome upon her lips; a few feet of earth was all her home now.

It was a terrible disappointment. There could be no doubt of that. And another disappointment was, to find Dr. West away. Sibylla's sisters had been at times over-strict with her, much as they loved her, and the vision of returning to her old home, to them, was one of bitterness. So bitter, in fact, that she would not glance at its possibility.

Fatigued, low-spirited, feverishly perplexed, Sibylla did not know what she could do. She was not in a state that night to give much care to the future. All she hoped was, to stay in that haven until something else could be arranged for her. Let us give her her due. Somewhat careless, naturally, of the punctilios of life, it never occurred to her that it might not be the precise thing for her to remain, young as she was, the sole guest of Lionel Verner. Her voyage out, her residence in that very unconventional place, Melbourne, the waves and storms which had gone over her there in more ways than one, the voyage back again alone, all had tended to give Sibylla Massingbird an independence of thought; a contempt for the rules and regulations, the little points of etiquette obtaining in civilised society. She really thought no more harm of staying at Verner's Pride with Lionel, than she would have thought it had old Mr. Verner been its master. The eyelashes, resting on her hot cheeks, were wet, as she turned round when Lionel entered.

"Have you taken anything, Mrs. Massingbird?"

"No."

"But you should have done so," he remonstrated, his tone one of the most considerate kindness.

"I did not observe that tea waited," she replied, the covered table catching her eye for the first time. "I have been thinking."

He placed a chair for her before the tea-tray, and she sat down. "Am I to preside?" she asked.

"If you will. If you are not too tired."

"Who makes tea for you in general?" she continued.

"They send it in, made."

Sibylla busied herself with the tea, in a languid sort of manner. In vain Lionel pressed her to eat. She could touch nothing. She took a piece of rolled bread-and-butter, but left it.

"You must have dined on the road, Mrs. Massingbird," he said with a smile.

"I? I have not taken anything all day. I kept thinking 'I shall get to Verner's Pride in time for my aunt's dinner.' But the train arrived later than I anticipated; and when I got here she was gone."

Sibylla bent her head, as if playing with her tea-spoon. Lionel detected the dropping tears.

"Did you wonder where I was going just now, when I went out?"

"I did not know you had been out," replied Sibylla.

"I went to your sisters'. I thought it would be better for them to come here. Unfortunately, I found them gone out: and young Cheese says they will not be home until two in the morning."

"Why, where can they be gone?" cried Sibylla, aroused to interest. It was so unusual for the Miss Wests to be out late.

"To some gathering at Heartburg. Cheese was eating apple-puffs with unlimited satisfaction."

The connection of apple-puffs with Master Cheese called up a faint smile into Sibylla's face. She pushed her chair away from the table, turning it towards the fire.

"But you surely have not finished, Mrs. Massingbird?"

"Yes, thank you. I have drank my tea. I cannot eat anything."

Lionel rang, and the things were removed. Sibylla was standing before the mantel-piece when they were left alone, unconsciously looking at herself in the glass. Lionel stood near her.

"I have not got a widow's cap," she exclaimed, turning to him, the thought appearing suddenly to strike her. "I had two or three curious things made, that they called widow's caps in Melbourne, but they were spoilt in the voyage."

"You have seen some trouble since you went out," Lionel observed.

"Yes, I have. It was an ill-starred voyage. It has been ill-starred from the beginning to the end; all of it together."

"The voyage has, you mean?"

"I mean more than the voyage," she replied. But her tone did not invite further question.

"Did you succeed in getting particulars of the fate of John?"

"No. Captain Cannonby promised to make inquiries, but we had not heard from him before I came away. I wish we could have found Luke Roy."

"Did you not find him?"

"We heard of him from the Eyres—the friends I was staying with. It was so singular," she continued, with some animation in her tone. "Luke Roy came to Melbourne after John was killed, and fell in with the Eyres. He told them about John: little thinking that I and Frederick should meet the Eyres afterwards. John died from a shot."

"From a shot!" involuntarily exclaimed Lionel.

"He and Luke were coming down to Melbourne from—where was it?—the Bendigo Diggings, I think; but I heard so much of the different names, that I am apt to confound one with another. John had a great deal of gold on him, in a belt round his waist, and Luke supposes that it got known. John was attacked as they were sleeping by night in the open air, beaten, and shot. It was the shot that killed him."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Lionel, his eyes fixed on vacancy, mentally beholding John Massingbird. "And they robbed him!"

"They had robbed him of all. Not a particle of gold was left upon him. Luke came on after—"

wards to Melbourne, and tried to discover the men; but he could not. It was this striving at discovery which brought him in contact with Mr. Eyre. After we reached Melbourne and I became acquainted with the Eyres, they did all they could to find out Luke, but they were unsuccessful."

"What had become of him?"

"They could not think. The last time Mr. Eyre saw him, Luke said he thought he had obtained a clue to the men who killed John. He promised to go back the following day and tell Mr. Eyre more about it. But he did not. And they never saw him afterwards. Mrs. Eyre used to say to me that she sincerely trusted no harm had come to Luke."

"Harm, in what way?" asked Lionel.

"She thought—but she would say that it was a foolish thought—if Luke should have found the men, and been sufficiently imprudent to allow them to know that he recognised them, they might have worked him some ill. Perhaps killed him."

Sibylla spoke the last words in a low tone. She was standing very still; her hands lightly resting before her, one upon another. How Lionel's heart was beating as he gazed on her, he alone knew. She was once again the Sibylla of past days. He forgot that she was the widow of another; that she had left him for that other of her own free will. All his past resentment faded in that moment: nothing was present to him but his love; and Sibylla with her fascinating beauty.

"You are thinner than when you left home," he remarked.

"I grew thin with vexation; with grief. He ought not to have taken me."

The concluding sentence was spoken in a strangely resentful tone. It surprised Lionel. "Who ought not to have taken you?—taken you where?" he asked, really not understanding her.

"He, Frederick Massingbird. He might have known what a place that Melbourne was. It is not fit for a lady. We had lodgings in a wooden house, near a spot that had used to be called Canvas Town. The place was crowded with people."

"But surely there are decent hotels at Melbourne!"

"All I know is, he did not take me to one. He inquired at one or two, but they were full; and then somebody recommended him to get a lodging. It was not right. He might have gone to it himself, but he had me with him. He lost his desk, you know."

"I heard that he did," replied Lionel.

"And I suppose that frightened him. Everything was in the desk: money, letters of credit. He had a few bank notes, only, left in his pocket-book. It never was recovered. I owe my passage money home, and I believe Captain Cannonby supplied him with some funds—which of course ought to be repaid. He took to drink brandy," she continued.

"I am much surprised to hear it."

"Some fever came on. I don't know whether he caught it, or whether it came to him naturally. It was a sort of intermittent fever. At times he was very low with it, and then it was that he would drink the brandy. Only fancy what my

position was!" she added, her face and voice alike full of pain. "He, not always himself; and I, out there in that wretched place alone. I went down on my knees to him one day, and begged him to send me back to England."

"Sibylla!"

He was unconscious that he called her by the familiar name. He was wishing he could have shielded her from all this. Painful as the retrospect might be to her, the recital was far more painful to him.

"After that, we met Captain Cannonby. I did not much like him, but he was kind to us. He got us to change to an hotel, made them find room for us, and then introduced me to the Eyres. Afterwards, he and Fred started from Melbourne, and I went to stay at the Eyres'."

Lionel did not interrupt her. She had made a pause, her eyes fixed on the fire.

"A day or two, and Captain Cannonby came back, and said that my husband was dead. I was not very much surprised. I thought he would not live when he left me: he had death written in his face. And so, I am alone in the world."

She raised her large blue eyes, swimming in tears, to Lionel. It completely disarmed him. He forgot all his prudence, all his caution; he forgot things that it was incumbent upon him to remember; and, like many another has done before him, older and wiser than Lionel Verner, he suffered a moment's impassioned impulse to fix the destiny of a life.

"Not alone from henceforth, Sibylla," he murmured, bending towards her in agitation, his lips apart, his breath coming fast and loud, his cheeks scarlet. "Let me be your protector. I love you more fondly than I have ever done."

She was entirely unprepared for the avowal. It may be, that she did not know what to make of it—how to understand it. She stepped back, her eyes strained on him inquiringly, her face turning to pallor. Lionel threw his arms round her, drew her to him, and sheltered her on his breast: as if he would ward off ill from her for ever.

"Be my wife," he fondly cried, his voice trembling with its own tenderness. "My darling, let this home be yours! Nothing shall part us more."

She burst into tears, raised herself, and looked at him.

"You cannot mean it! After behaving to you as I did, can you love me still?"

"I love you far better than ever," he answered, his voice becoming hoarse with emotion. "I have been striving to forget you ever since that cruel time; and not until to-night did I know how utterly futile has been the strife. You will let me love you! you will help me to blot out its remembrance!"

She drew a long deep sigh, like one who is relieved from some wearing pain, and laid her head down again as he had placed it.

"I can love you better than I loved him," she breathed.

"Sibylla, why did you leave me? Why did you marry him?"

"O Lionel, don't reproach me!—don't re-

proach me!" she answered, bursting into tears. "Papa made me. He did, indeed."

"He made you! Dr. West?"

"I liked Frederick a little. Yes, I did; I will not deny it. And oh, how he loved me! All the while, Lionel, that you hovered near me—never speaking, never saying that you loved—he told me of it incessantly."

"Stay, Sibylla. You could not have mistaken me."

"True. Yours was silent love; his was urgent. When it came to the decision, and he asked me to marry him, and to go out to Australia, then papa interfered. He suspected that I cared for you—that you cared for me; and he—he——"

Sibylla stopped and hesitated.

"Must I tell you all?" she asked. "Will you never, never repeat it to papa, or reproach him? Will you let it remain a secret between us?"

"I will, Sibylla. I will never speak upon the point to Dr. West."

"Papa said that I must choose Frederick Massingbird. He told me that Verner's Pride was left to Frederick, and he ordered me to marry him. He did not say how he knew it—how he heard it; he only said that it was so. He affirmed that you were cut off with nothing, or next to nothing; that you would not be able to take a wife for years—perhaps never. And I weakly yielded."

A strangely stern expression had darkened Lionel's face. Sibylla saw it, and wrung her hands.

"Oh, don't blame me!—don't blame me more than you can help! I know how weak, how wrong it was; but you cannot tell how entirely obedient we have always been to papa."

"Dr. West became accidentally acquainted with the fact that the property was left away from me," returned Lionel, in a scorn he could not entirely suppress. "He made good use, it seems, of his knowledge."

"Do not blame me!" she reiterated. "It was not my fault."

"I do not blame you, my dearest."

"I have been rightly served," she said, the tears streaming down. "I married him, pressed to it by my father, that I might share in Verner's Pride; and, before the news came out that Verner's Pride was ours, he was dead. It had lapsed to you, whom I rejected! Lionel, I never supposed that you would cast another thought to me; but, many a time have I felt that I should like to kneel and ask your forgiveness."

He bent his head, fondly kissing her.

"We will forget it together, Sibylla."

A sudden thought appeared to strike her, called forth, no doubt, by this new state of things, and her face turned crimson as she looked at Lionel.

"Ought I to remain here now?"

"You cannot well do anything else, as it is so late," he answered. "Allow Verner's Pride to afford you an asylum for the present, until you can make arrangements to remove to some temporary home. Mrs. Tynn will make you

comfortable. I shall be, during the time, my mother's guest."

"What is the time now?" asked Sibylla.

"Nearly ten. And, I dare say you are tired, I will not be selfish enough to keep you up," he added, preparing to depart. Good-night, my dearest."

She burst into fresh tears, and clung to his hand.

"I shall be thinking it must be a dream as soon as you leave me. You will be sure to come back and see me to-morrow?"

"Come back—aye!" he said, with a smile; "Verner's Pride never contained the magnet for me that it contains now."

He gave a few brief orders to Mrs. Tynn and to his own servant, and quitted the house. Neither afraid of ghosts nor thieves, he took the field way, the road which led by the willow pond. It was a fine, cold night, his mind was unsettled, his blood was heated, and the lonely route appeared to him preferable to the one through the village.

As he passed the willow pond with a quick step, he caught a glimpse of some figure bending over it, as if it were looking for something in the water, or else about to take a leap in. Remembering the fate of Rachel, and not wishing to have a second catastrophe of the same nature happen on his estate, Lionel strode towards the figure and caught it by the arm. The head was flung upwards at the touch, and Lionel recognised Robin Frost.

"Robin! what do you do here?" he questioned, his tone somewhat severe in spite of its kindness.

"No harm," answered the man. "There be times, Mr. Lionel, when I am forced to come. If I am in my bed, and the thought comes over me that I may see her if I only stay long enough upon the brink of this here water, which was her ending, I'm obliged to get up and come here. There be nights, sir, when I have stood here from sunset to sunrise."

"But you never have seen her, Robin?" returned Lionel, humouring his grief.

"No; never. But it's no reason why I never may. Folks say there be some of the dead that comes again, sir—not all."

"And if you did see her, what end would it answer?"

"She'd tell me who the wicked one was that put her into it," returned Robin, in a low whisper; and there was something so wild in the man's tone as to make Lionel doubt his perfect sanity. "Many a time do I hear her voice a-calling to me. It comes at all hours, abroad and at home; in the full sunshine, and in the dark night. 'Robin!' it says, 'Robin!' But it never says nothing more."

Lionel laid his hand on the man's shoulder, and drew him with him.

"I am going your way, Robin; let us walk together."

Robin made no resistance; he went along with his head down.

"I heard a word said to-night, sir, as Miss Sibylla had come back," he resumed, more calmly, "Mrs. Massingbird, that is. Somebody said they

saw her at the station. Have you seen her, sir?"

"Yes; I have," replied Lionel.

"Does she say anything about John Massingbird?" continued the man with feverish eagerness.

"Is he dead? or is he alive?"

"He is dead, Robin. There has never been a doubt upon the point since the news first came. He died by violence."

"Then he got his deserts," returned Robin, lifting his hand in the air, as he had done once before when speaking upon the same subject. "And Luke Roy, sir? Is he coming? I'm a-waiting for him."

"Of Luke, Mrs. Massingbird knows nothing. For myself, I think he is sure to come home, sooner or later."

"Heaven send him!" aspirated Robin.

Lionel saw the man turn to his home, and very soon afterwards he was at his mother's. Lady Verner had retired for the night. Decima and Lucy were about retiring. They had risen from their seats, and Decima—who was too cautious to trust it to servants—was taking the fire off the grate. They looked inexpressibly surprised at the entrance of Lionel.

"I have come on a visit, Decima," began he, speaking in a gay tone. "Can you take me in?"

She did not understand him, and Lionel saw by the questioning expression of her face that Lady Verner had not made public the contents of his note to her: he saw that they were ignorant of the return of Sibylla. The fact, that they were so, seemed to rush over his spirit as a refreshing dew. Why it should do so, he did not seek to analyse: he was all too self-conscious that he dared not.

"A friend has come unexpectedly on a visit, and taken possession of Verner's Pride," he pursued. "I have lent it for a time."

"Lent it all?" exclaimed the wondering Decima.

"Lent it all. You will make room for me, won't you?"

"To be sure," said Decima, puzzled more than she could express. "But—was there no room left for you?"

"No," answered Lionel.

"What very unconscionable people they must be, to invade you in such numbers as that! You can have your old chamber, Lionel. But I will just go and speak to Catherine."

She hastened from the room. Lionel stood before the fire, positively turning his back upon Lucy Tempest. Was his conscience already smiting him? Lucy, who had stood by the table, her bed candle in her hand, stepped forward and held out the other hand to Lionel.

"May I wish you good-night?" she said.

"Good-night," he answered, shaking her hand. "How is your cold?"

"Oh, it is so much better!" she replied, with animation. "All the threatened soreness of the chest is gone. I shall be well by to-morrow. Lady Verner said I ought to have gone to bed early, but I felt too well. I knew Jan's advice would be good."

She left him, and Lionel leaned his elbow on the

mantel-piece, his brow contracting as does that of one in unpleasant thought. Was he recalling the mode in which he had taken leave of Lucy later in the day?

CHAPTER XXVI. NEWS FOR LADY VERNER, AND FOR LUCY.

If he did not recal it then, he recalled it later: when he was upon his bed, turning and tossing from side to side. His conscience was smiting him: smiting him from more points than one. Carried away by the impulse of the moment, he had spoken words, that night, in his hot passion, which might not be redeemed: and, now that the leisure for reflection was come, he could not conceal from himself that he had been too hasty. Lionel Verner was one who possessed excessive conscientiousness: even as a boy, had impetuosity led him into a fault—as it often did—his silent, inward repentance would be always keenly real, more so than the case deserved. It was so now. He loved Sibylla: there had been no mistake there: but it is certain that the unexpected delight of meeting her, her presence palpably before him in all its beauty, her manifested sorrow and grief, her lonely, unprotected position, all had worked their effect upon his heart and mind, had imparted to his love a false intensity. However the agitation of the moment may have caused him to fancy it, he did *not* love Sibylla as he had loved her of old: else why should the image of Lucy Tempest present itself to him surrounded by a halo of regret? The point is as unpleasant for us to touch upon, as it was to Lionel to think of: but the fact was all too palpable, and cannot be suppressed. He did love Sibylla: nevertheless there obtruded the unwelcome reflection that, in asking her to be his wife, he had been hasty; that it had been better had he taken time for consideration. He almost doubted whether Lucy would not have been more acceptable to him: not loved *yet* so much as Sibylla, but better suited to him in all other ways: worse than this, he doubted whether he had not in honour bound himself tacitly to Lucy that very day.

The fit of repentance was upon him, and he tossed and turned from side to side upon his uneasy bed. But, toss and turn as he would, he could not undo his night's work. There remained nothing for him but to carry it out, and make the best of it; and he strove to deceive his conscience with the hope that Lucy Tempest, in her girlish innocence, had not understood his hinted allusions to her becoming his wife: that she had looked upon his snatched caresses as but trifling pastime, such as he might offer to a child. Most unjustifiable he now felt those hints, those acts to have been, and his brow grew red with shame at their recollection. One thing he did hope, hope sincerely—that Lucy did not care for him. That she liked him very much, and had been on most confidential terms with him, he knew: but he did hope her liking went no deeper. Strange sophistry! how it will deceive the human heart! how prone we are to admit it! Lionel was honest enough in his hope now: but, not many hours before, he had been hugging his heart with the delusion that Lucy did love him.

Towards morning he dropped into an uneasy sleep. He awoke later than his usual hour from a dream of Frederick Massingbird. Dreams play us strange fantasies. Lionel's had taken him to that past evening, prior to Frederick Massingbird's marriage, when he had sought him in his chamber, to offer a word of warning against the union. He seemed to be living the interview over again, and the first words when he awoke, rushing over his brain with minute and unpleasant reality, were those he had himself spoken in reference to Sibylla:—"Were she free as air this moment, were she to come to my feet, and say 'Let me be your wife,' I should tell her that the whole world was before her to choose from, save myself. She can never again be anything to me."

Brave words: fully believed in when they were spoken: but what did Lionel think of them now? He went down to breakfast. He was rather late, and found they had assembled. Lady Verner, who had just heard for the first time of Lionel's presence in the house, made no secret now of Lionel's note to her. Therefore Decima and Lucy knew that the "invasion" of Verner's Pride had been caused by Mrs. Massingbird.

She—Lady Verner—scarcely gave herself time to greet Lionel before she commenced upon it. She did not conceal, or seek to conceal, her sentiments—either of Sibylla herself, or of the step she had taken. And Lionel had the pleasure of hearing his intended bride alluded to, in a manner that was not altogether complimentary.

He could not stop it. He could not take upon himself the defence of Sibylla, and say, "Do you know that you are speaking of my future wife?" No, for Lucy Tempest was there. Not in her presence, had he the courage to bring home to himself his own dishonour: to avow that, after wooing her (it was very like it), he had turned round and asked another to marry him. The morning sun shone into the room upon the snowy cloth, upon the silver breakfast service, upon the exquisite cups of painted porcelain, upon those seated round the table. Decima sat opposite to Lady Verner, Lionel and Lucy were face to face on either side. The walls exhibited a few choice paintings; the room and its appurtenances were in excellent taste. Lady Verner liked things that pleased the eye. That silver service had been a recent present of Lionel's, who had delighted in showering elegancies and comforts upon his mother since his accession.

"What could have induced her ever to think of taking up her residence at Verner's Pride on her return?" reiterated Lady Verner to Lionel.

"She believed she was coming to her aunt. It was only at the station, here, that she learnt Mrs. Verner was dead."

"She did learn it there?"

"Yes. She learnt it there."

"And she could come to Verner's Pride *after* that? knowing that you, and you alone, were its master?"

Lionel toyed with his coffee-cup. He wished his mother would spare her remarks.

"She was so fatigued, so low-spirited, that I believed she was scarcely conscious where she drove," he returned. "I am certain that the idea

of there being any impropriety in it never once crossed her mind."

Lady Verner drew her shawl around her with a peculiar movement. If ever action expressed scorn, that one did;—scorn of Sibylla, scorn of her conduct, scorn of Lionel's credulity in believing in her. Lionel read it all. Happening to glance across the table, he caught the eyes of Lucy Tempest fixed upon him with an open expression of wonder. Wonder at what? At his believing in Sibylla? It might be. With all Lucy's straightforward plainness, she would have been one of the last to storm Lionel's abode, and take refuge in it. A retort, defending Sibylla, had been upon Lionel's tongue, but that gaze stopped it.

"How long does she purpose honouring Verner's Pride with her presence, and keeping you out of it?" resumed Lady Verner.

"I do not know what her present plans may be," he answered, his cheek burning at the thought of the avowal he had to make—that her future plans would be contingent upon his. Not the least painful of the results which Lionel's haste had brought in its train, was the knowledge of the shock it would prove to his mother, whom he so loved and revered. Why had he not thought of it at the time?

Breakfast over, Lionel went out, a very coward. A coward, in so far as that he had shrunk from making yet the confession. He was aware that it ought to be done. The presence of Decima and Lucy Tempest had been his mental excuse for putting off the unwelcome task.

But a better frame of mind came over him ere he had gone many paces from the door; better, at any rate, as regarded the cowardice.

"A Verner never shrank yet from his duty," was his comment, as he bent his steps back again. "Am I turning renegade?"

He went straight up to Lady Verner, and asked her, in a low tone, to grant him a minute's private interview. They had breakfasted in the room which made the ante-room to the drawing-room: it was their usual morning-room. Lady Verner answered her son by stepping into the drawing-room.

He followed her and closed the door. The fire was but just lighted, scarcely giving out any heat. She slightly shivered, and requested him to stir it. He did so mechanically; wholly absorbed by the revelation he had to impart. He remembered how she had once fainted at nearly the same revelation.

"Mother, I have a communication to make to you," he began with desperate energy. "And I don't know how to do it. It will pain you greatly. Nothing, that I can think of, or imagine, would cause you so much pain."

Lady Verner seated herself in her low violet-velvet chair, and looked composedly at Lionel. She did not dread the communication very much. He was secure in Verner's Pride: what could there be that she need fear? She no more cast a glance to the possibility of his marrying the widow of Frederick Massingbird, than she would have done to his marrying that gentleman's wife. Buried in this semi-security, the shock must be all the greater.

"I am about to marry," said Lionel, plunging into the news headlong. "And I fear that you will not approve my choice. Nay, I know you will not."

A foreshadowing of the truth came across her then. She grew deadly pale, and put up her hands, as if to ward off the blow. "Oh, Lionel! don't say it! don't say it!" she implored. "I never can receive her."

"Yes you will, mother," he whispered, his own face pale too, and his tone one of painful intreaty. "You will receive her for my sake."

"Is it—*she*?"

The aversion with which the name was avoided was unmistakable. Lionel only nodded a grave affirmative.

"Have you engaged yourself to her?"

"I have. Last night."

"Were you mad?" she asked in a whisper.

"Stay, mother. When you were speaking against Sibylla at breakfast, I refrained from interference, for you did not then know that defence of her was my duty. Will you forgive me for reminding you that I cannot permit it to be continued, even by you?"

"But, do you forget that it is not a respectable alliance for you?" resumed Lady Verner. "No, not a respectable—"

"I cannot listen to this; I pray you cease!" he broke forth, a blaze of anger darkening his face. "Have you forgotten of whom you are speaking, mother? Not respectable!"

"I say that it is not a respectable alliance for you—Lionel Verner," she persisted. "An obscure surgeon's daughter, he of not too good repute, who has been out to the end of the world, and found her way back alone, a widow, is not a desirable alliance for a Verner. It would not be desirable for Jan; it is terrible for you?"

"We shall not agree upon this," said Lionel, preparing to take his departure. "I have told you, mother, and I have no more to say. Except to urge—if I may do so—that you will learn to speak of Sibylla with courtesy, remembering that she will shortly be my wife."

Lady Verner caught his hand as he was retreating.

"Lionel, my son, tell me how you came to do it," she wailed. "You cannot *love* her! the wife, the widow of another man! It must have been the work of a moment of folly. Perhaps she drew you into it!"

The suggestion, the "work of a moment of folly," was so very close a representation of what it had been, of what Lionel was beginning to see it to have been now, that the rest of the speech was lost to him in the echo of that one sentence. Somehow, he did not care to refute it.

"She will be my wife, respected and honoured," was all he answered, as he quitted the room.

Lady Verner followed him. He went straight out, and she saw him walk hastily across the courtyard, putting on his hat as he traversed it. She wrung her hands, and broke into a storm of wailing despair, ignoring the presence of Decima and Lucy Tempest.

"I had far rather that she had stabbed him!"

The words excited their amazement. They

turned to Lady Verner, and were struck with the marks of agitation on her countenance.

"Mamma, what are you speaking of?" asked Decima.

Lady Verner pointed to Lionel, who was then passing through the front gates.

"I speak of *him*," she answered, "my darling; my pride; my much-loved son. That woman has worked his ruin."

Decima verily thought her mother must be wandering in her intellect. Lucy could only gaze at Lady Verner in consternation.

"What woman?" repeated Decima.

"*She*. She who has been Lionel's bane. She who came and thrust herself into his home last night in her unseemly conduct. What passed between them, Heaven knows; but she has contrived to cajole him out of a promise to marry her."

Decima's pale cheek turned to a burning red. She was afraid to ask questions.

"Oh, mamma! it cannot be!" was all she uttered.

"It is, Decima. I told Lionel that he could not love *her*, who had been the wife of another man: and he did not refute it. I told him she must have drawn him into it, and that he left unanswered. He replied that she would be his wife, and must be honoured as such. Drawn in to marry her! one who is so utterly unworthy of him! whom he does not even love! Oh, Lionel, my son, my son!"

In their own grievous sorrow they noticed not the face of Lucy Tempest, or what they might have read there.

Lionel went direct to the house of Dr. West. It was early; and the Miss Wests', fatigued with their night's pleasure, had risen in a scuffle, barely getting down at the breakfast hour. Jan was in the country attending on a patient, and, not anticipating the advent of visitors, they had honoured Master Cheese with hair *en papillotes*. Master Cheese had divided his breakfast hour between eating and staring. The meal had been sometime over, and the young gentleman had retired, but the ladies sat over the fire in unusual idleness, discussing the dissipation they had participated in. A scream from the two arose upon the entrance of Lionel, and Miss Amilly flung her pocket-handkerchief over her head.

"Never mind," said Lionel, laughing good-naturedly. "I have seen curl-papers before, in my life. Your sitting here quietly tells me that you do not know what has occurred."

"What has occurred?" interrupted Deborah, before he could continue. "It—it—" her voice grew suddenly timid—"is nothing bad about papa?"

"No, no. Your sister has arrived from Australia. In this place of gossip, I wonder the news has not travelled to Jan or to Cheese."

They had started up, poor things, their faces flushed, their eyelashes glistening, forgetting the little episode of the mortified vanity, eager to embrace Sibylla.

"Come back from Australia!" uttered Deborah in wild astonishment. "Then where is she, that she is not here, in her own home?"

"She came to mine," replied Lionel. "She

supposed Mrs. Verner to be its mistress still. I made my way here last night to ask you to come up, and found you were gone to Heartburg."

"But—she—is not remaining at it?" exclaimed Deborah, speaking with hesitation, in her doubt, the flush on her face deepening.

"I placed it at her disposal until other arrangements could be made," replied Lionel. "I am at present the guest of Lady Verner. You will go to Sibylla, will you not?"

Go to her? Ay! They tore the curl-papers out of their hair, and flung on bonnets and shawls, and hastened to Verner's Pride.

"Say that I will call upon her in the course of the morning, and see how she is after her journey," said Lionel.

In hurrying out, they encountered Jan. Deborah stopped to say a word about his breakfast: it was ready she said, and she thought he must want it.

"I do," responded Jan. "I shall have to get an assistant, after all, Miss Deb. I find it doesn't answer to go quite without meals and sleep; and that's what I have done lately."

"So you have, Mr. Jan. I say every day to Amilly that it can't go on, for you to be walked off your legs in this way. Have you heard the cheering news, Mr. Jan? Sibylla's come home. We are going to her now, at Verner's Pride."

"I have heard it," responded Jan. "What took her to Verner's Pride?"

"We have yet to learn all that. You know, Mr. Jan, she never was given to consider a step much, before she took it."

They tripped away, and Jan, in turning from them, met his brother. Jan was one utterly incapable of finesse: if he wanted to say a thing, he said it out plainly. What havoc Jan would have made, enrolled in the corps of diplomatists!

"I say, Lionel," began he, "is it true that you are going to marry Sibylla West?"

Lionel did not like the plain question, so abruptly put. He answered curtly:

"I am going to marry Sibylla Massingbird."

"The old name comes the readiest," said Jan. "How did it come about, Lionel?"

"May I ask whence you derived your information, Jan?" returned Lionel, who was marvelling where Jan could have heard this.

"At Deerham Court. I have been calling in, as I passed it, to see Miss Lucy. The mother is going wild, I think. Lionel, if it is as she says, that Sibylla drew you into it against your will, don't you carry it out. I'd not. Nobody should hook me into anything."

"My mother said that, did she? Be so kind as not to repeat it, Jan. I am marrying Sibylla because I love her; I am marrying her of my own free will. If anybody—save my mother—has aught of objection to make to it, let them make it to me."

"Oh! that's it, is it?" returned Jan. "You need not be up, Lionel, it is no business of mine. I'm sure you are free to marry her for me. I'll be groomsman, if you like."

"Lady Verner has always been prejudiced against Sibylla," observed Lionel. "You might have remembered that, Jan."

"So I did," said Jan; "though I assumed that what she said was sure to be true. You see, I have been on the wrong scent lately. I thought you were getting fond of Lucy Tempest—it has looked like it."

Lionel murmured some unintelligible answer, and turned away, a hot flush dyeing his brow.

Meanwhile Sibylla was already up, but not down. Breakfast she would have carried up to her room, she told Mrs. Tynn. She stood at the window, looking forth; not so much at the extensive prospect that swept the horizon in the distance, as at the fair lands immediately around. "All his," she murmured, "and I shall be his wife at last!"

She turned languidly round at the opening of the door, expecting to see her breakfast. Instead of which, two frantic little bodies burst in and seized upon her. Sibylla shrieked.

"Don't, Deb! don't, Amilly! Are you going to hug me to death?"

Their kisses of welcome over, they went round about her, fondly surveying her from all points with their tearful eyes. She was thinner: but she was more lovely. Amilly expressed an opinion that the bloom on her delicate wax face was even brighter than of yore.

"Of course it is, at the present moment," answered Sibylla, "when you have been kissing me into a fever."

"She is not tanned a bit with her voyage, that I see," cried Deborah, with undisguised admiration. "But Sibylla's skin never did tan. Child," she added, bending towards her, and allowing her voice to become grave, "how could you think of coming to Verner's Pride? It was not right. You should have come home."

"I thought Mrs. Verner was living still."

"And if she had been?—This is Mr. Lionel's house now; not hers. You ought to have come home, my dear. You will come with us now, will you not?"

"I suppose you'll allow me to have some breakfast first," was Sibylla's answer. Secure in her future position, she was willing to go home to them temporarily now. "Why is papa gone away, Deborah?"

"He will be coming back some time, dear," was Deborah's evasive answer, spoken soothingly. "But tell us a little about yourself, Sibylla. When poor Frederick—"

"Not this morning, Deborah," she interrupted, putting up her hand. "I will tell you all another time. It was an unlucky voyage."

"Have you realised John's money that he left? That he lost, I should rather say."

"I have realised nothing," replied Sibylla. "Nothing but ill luck. We never got tidings of John in any way, beyond the details of his death: we never saw a particle of gold belonging to him, or could hear of it. And my husband lost his desk the day we landed—as I sent you word; and I had no money out there, and I have only a few shillings in my pocket."

This catalogue of ills nearly stunned Deborah and Amilly West. They had none too much of life's great need, gold, for themselves; and the burden of keeping Sibylla would be sensibly felt.

A tolerably good table it was indispensable to maintain, on account of Jan, and that choice eater, Master Cheese : but how they had to pinch in the matter of dress, they alone knew. Sibylla also knew, and she read aright the drooping of their faces.

"Never mind, Deborah ; cheer up, Amilly. It is only for a time. Ere very long I shall be leaving you again."

"Surely not for Australia !" returned Deborah, the hint startling her.

"Australia ? Well, I am not sure that it will be quite so far," answered Sibylla, in a little spirit of mischief. And, in the bright prospect of the future, she forgot past and present grievances, turned her laughing blue eyes upon her sisters, and, to their great scandal, began to waltz round and round the room.

MADMAN'S DAY.

IN turning over the pages of some illuminated missals in the Paris Bibliothèque Impériale, on the margins may be observed what are technically called by French artists *babouinées*. In the manuscripts referred to, these margins are, like the text, illuminated and covered with rich arabesques, through and about which apes and monkeys run, jump, drag struggling geese by the necks, rattle tambourines, fling chestnuts at each other and huge acorns at lazy-looking swine, or plunge, kick, and cut a thousand capers with apparently as much zest as children just let loose from school play leap-frog or twirl themselves round a swinging-pole. These curious and very antique developments of art may be regarded as an inadvertent record of a striking feature of mediæval life, which few chroniclers thought worthy their attention. The childhood of Christendom had, by virtue of its own irresistible tendencies and the high authority of the Church, its "*Fêtes Babouinées*." During the middle ages the populace were permitted by the ecclesiastical powers to ape in the most apish manner the mysteries of religion, or, after long periods of sustained devotion, to run into all the excesses produced by ignorance and a violent but natural re-action. The old streets of the coronation town of Rheims, could they be called on to bear out this assertion, would tell that two centuries before the battle of Herrings, and as many after, they saw every Easter Monday parading through them a file of canons, each dragging after him, by a hay-rope fastened to its tail, a salt-fish, such as they all dined on during Lent. Drummers accompanied this procession, as well as choristers and the most wealthy of the burghers, all of whom sacrificed to Bacchus and the god of gluttony in the town-hall an hour before noon. At Metz the clergy, on St. George's Day, sallied forth *en masse* from the convents or confraternity houses, pulling after them a huge dragon, into the mouth of which all the pastrycooks desirous of doing a good deed stuffed their best cakes and sweetmeats made of honey ; for this happened before beet-root sugar was invented, or Columbus had discovered the West Indies. All their dainties passed into a capacious sack beneath the monster's throat, and at twelve

o'clock the fathers despatched them in their refectory, served as a dessert.

At Evreux there was on Rogation Sunday the "*Fête des Cornards*." On that occasion the priests turned their surplices inside out, and then both they and the townspeople took to squirting water at each other from various utensils made expressly for the occasion. Leap-frog and divers other sports of a similar nature succeeded, as well as fencing with the feet, an accomplishment in which the French excel every other nation as much as they do in making ragouts, millinery, false jewelry, and artificial flowers.

The traditions of the ancient bourgs as well as the illuminated missals are all unanimous in saying that no festival was more delightful, because of its buffooneries, than Christmas. The most austere churchmen of the middle ages to be found between the English Channel and the Pyrenean mountains were in the habit of saying,—"Sous la minorité du Dauphin du Ciel on pouvait tout permettre." In those days of strong nerves and coarse tastes and habits, "permitting everything" implied a state of things that would greatly shock the more delicately organised nerves of the present generation. The "*Christmas of the Olden Time*," no matter how much poets may rave about it, or painters strive to idealise it, could not be now revived without finding itself an unwelcome visitor, even though it should make its appearance but once in the twelvemonths.

In the French towns we are pretty certain, from authentic sources, that half the women who chattered round the cradle exhibited in the churches were in a state of furious excitement when they did so. Monsieur Lahure, in his "*Antiquities of Picardy*," declares that on one Christmas Day the Amiens women tore each other's caps, and exchanged words that modern fishwomen might blush to hear, being severally desirous for a baby of their own to be placed in the cradle and adored by the angels, shepherds, and wise men. At Beaugency, about the Christmas of 1603, the village maidens did not display greater amiability when, after quarrelling with each other, they united to revile some of their compeers whom the abbé had selected to personify the angels of the Nativity. At Rouen, in the year 1568, a riot broke out because one of the magi seized an angel by the throat, for the purpose of giving her a kiss, and when doing so crumpled a starched and elaborately-worked ruff which she wore, called a *gorgette*. This drew down not only the beauty's wrath, but also the anger of fully half-a-dozen lovers, which made the "*Road to Bethlehem*" the scene of a faction-fight.

But of all the festivals of the Middle Ages, the Festival of Madmen was the most curious. In England and Scotland it was called the "*Feast of Misrule and Unreason*;" in France, where it was most celebrated, as "*La Fête des Fous*." Antiquarians have failed to trace its origin. They say, however, that it was widely observed so early as the ninth century, and that, at its annual return, Charlemagne allowed his priests and courtiers to give themselves up to every folly that entered their heads. It was, in all probability a con-

tinuation of some pagan saturnalia; possibly the one during which the slaves exchanged places with their masters. On Madman's-day the inferior clergy usurped the honours, privileges, and authority of the episcopacy. The curate donned the jewelled mitre—or at least a sham one; the deacon carried the pastoral crook; the verger wore the dean's vestments; and the dean bore the train of the incense swinger, who was paraded about under a gorgeous canopy. Each had bells stitched to his clothes, in honour of the day, which the illuminated margins already mentioned called, with all due honour and solemnity, "*Festum Fatuorum*."

The festival commenced at an early hour of the morning by the abdication of the archbishop, bishop, dean, or archdeacon, who resigned his honours for the space of twenty-four hours. The election of a successor or successors then took place; after which succeeded a serio-comic installation in the church or cathedral. Certain sees had a right to elect a pope from among the lowest in the scale of the ecclesiastical hierarchy, who was called *Papa Fatuorum*, and was bound, as such, to give the most striking example of buffoonery and coarse jollity. He drank in every tavern in the town, and, followed by a train of newly-made cardinals, snapped kisses from all the girls whom he met. To make amends for his vow of perpetual celibacy, he was allowed to make love to pretty girls, and go to whatever lengths he pleased in the way of courtship, or seeking love adventures. The only limit was, that none should attempt to pass off as a married man, or get married, which in those days did not require the formalities that are now gone through. Sometimes the French Pope or Abbot of Unreason wore a pasteboard tiara, adorned with tinsel, and vestments of stuff less costly than was worn by the churchman who had abdicated in his favour. After being installed in the episcopal chair, he was borne in it through the town. The populace cheered him tumultuously, and made ironical genuflections as he passed along to the palace or chapter-house, which the real proprietor also abdicated to his mock successor. When the latter entered it, the former came forward and made a low obeisance to the lord of the day, for whom, as well as for his train, a sumptuous repast had been prepared. His sham Holiness or Lordship, attended by the other dignitaries, on partaking of the true bishop's viands, proceeded to show himself on a balcony. There he got into a bottomless wine-barrel, and bestowed a suitable benediction upon the people who had assembled beneath. The whole of them then formed, as well as they were able, into a procession, and returned to the cathedral, where the sham pontiff seated himself upon a throne, which was the signal for the "*Madmen's office*" to be intoned. Buffoonery then reached its highest pitch. Masked churchmen danced wildly round the pillars in the nave; false canons in vestments turned inside out, and wearing fools' caps and bells, jerked their heads about as they chanted with their missals turned upside down. The Thurifers burned pitch, sulphur, and ducks' feathers in the censers, in obedience to the ancient rubrics, which said:

"*Isto die Papa fatuorum incensabitur cum boudino*;" and others blew ashes through long pipes at those who celebrated the office. When this was over, the Pope or Bishop stood up, and his chaplain, carrying on his head a square cushion, which was flanked with rows of bells, went through a burlesque of proclaiming indulgences.

All this was not very edifying. But no doubt it acted as a kind of moral safety valve, by allowing a re-action against a life of clerical restraint to show itself occasionally. The indulgences were next proclaimed, and all the clergy rushed pell-mell out of the cathedral and packed themselves into carts, which galloped through the streets, the occupants mobbing the mob, and the mob returning the compliment with full lungs and throat.

Cardinal Richelieu, when a young man, was remarkable for the comical way in which he acted on the Feast of Unreason. So was Rabelais; but the curé of Meudon, who was a radical in his way, always managed to throw ridicule upon the ecclesiastical power whenever he appeared among the "*clerical madmen*." Catherine de Medicis laughed as heartily as a murderess can laugh when she was present at a benediction pronounced by him in *Nôtre de Dame*, where he always performed the part of bishop's chaplain till within a year before his death. At Rouen, Beauvais, and Autun, the abuses of the Madmen's Festival became so great, that contemporaneously with the Reformation it was transformed into the Festival of Asses, or *Festum Asinorum*. It has been told a thousand times how a young girl, with a child in her arms, seated on a richly caparisoned ass, was led to the high altar of the cathedral, conducted by bishop, dean, and chapter. The military or militia of the province lined the streets as she passed along, beating drums and blowing fanfares with all their might, and with the best possible will. The governor and all the seigneurs of the province and local authorities were present, and the ass bearing the representative of the Virgin was often led to its place by no less a personage than the king's constable. The pre-chanter ceremoniously saluted the animal, and intoned the famous "*Prose of the Ass*," which was composed by Pierre de Corbeil:

Orientis partibus,
Adventavit asinus,
Pulcher et fortissimus,
Salcinis aptissimus.

This ended, the object of these poetic effusions was led to a manger filled with thistles, and the canons proclaimed, amidst loud acclamations, the names of his *commensaux*. Mass was then chanted, and at the responses of the *Gloria*, *Credo*, and *Kyrie*, the choristers brayed. An old rubric says that "at the Fête of the Ass, the priest turns towards the people, and instead of chanting *Ite missa est*, brays three times, 'ter hin—hannibit'; and the people, instead of replying *Deo Gratias*, &c., reply, 'Hin han, hin han, bin han.'"

We give this as the illuminators drew the apes and monkeys on the borders of the curious missal in the "*Bibliothèque Imperiale*," but as a simple record of mediæval practices, and with no more aim at proving the church a very guilty thing, than to

proving from it the infallibility which it no less assumed in the middle ages than it does this moment. It is doubtful if those who took part in the apotheosis of the ass, and celebrated it by organ, fife, and drum, could be called irreverent or impious, whatever may be laid to the charge of those who celebrated the "Madman's Day." It was in the very nature of things that the festivals of the gloomy middle ages should take this frightful form of triviality; and the Church, when regarded in the light of a human institution, had no alternative but to join in them to a greater or lesser extent, when regarded from their own point of view. The people who got them up were by no means impious. They built in the very midst of their buffooneries those grand cathedrals which overpowered the soul with a sense of the sublime. And no sooner had they gone through the orgies of "unreason," than they were clad in hair-cloth, and upon their knees, beating their breasts, and exclaiming "*Mea culpa, mea maxima culpa,*" with a depth of contrition that none of us can understand. There was nothing sacrilegious in the laughter which re-echoed so wildly through the solemn naves of the churches which *they alone* knew how to build. An old manuscript sees only piety in it. This manuscript was written a short time previous to "*The Scandalous Chronicle,*" and says, in speaking of the Festival of the Ass, then celebrated annually with great pomp at Blois and Orleans, "*The devout burghers made buffoons of themselves to amuse the Child-God; their gaiety was but a touching homage to Him, for in the Asses' Feast they only strove to glorify the animal who lent his manger to the Virgin-Mother, or in the frosty nights of Christmas warmed with his breath the Holy Family, and a little later carried the Lord in triumph to Jerusalem.*"

Such were the ideas of the middle ages about what will doubtless shock many who read about them. Owing to them the ox was almost deified in very many cities and provinces of Europe, because he was the humble witness of the Lord's nativity.

The Church sometimes countenanced these follies, sometimes tolerated them, and occasionally lifted up her voice against them. Bishops, councils, and synods, expostulated about the terrible excesses which a "*Christmas of the olden time*" brought along with it. But whether the faithful, like the friar already cited, thought or not that the Holy Family wanted the society of brutes instead of saints, they went on as riotously as ever, till, with the aid of printing, the gradual transformation of ages did its work. The Parliament of Paris and the Sorbonne stood up gravely against what they thought the prudery of the bishops. "*Our predecessors,*" said a circular issued by the latter, "*who were wise and prudent men, permitted this fête (the Madmen's). Let us live as they have lived, and do as they have done. We don't do these things seriously, but for mirth, and to divert ourselves, so that the folly that is natural to us, and which was born in us, may find vent and discharge itself at least once a year. The wine-barrel would burst, were the plugs not taken out from time to time. We are old wine-barrels, badly hooped, which the fermenting wine of too much*

wisdom would break to fragments, if we were to allow it always to be kept boiling by a continual devotion at Divine service. We must therefore give vent to it and let in air, for fear that it may run about the ground, to the profit of none and the loss of many. The fathers teach us that our guardian angels never leave us so long as we are laughing; and even though it be for fear the Devil should then take possession of us, no harm can befall us so long as we are under their immediate protection—a reason for believing that buffooneries do not endanger our salvation."

The Parliament of Paris long defended its favourite festival, which few are aware was, about the tenth century, to introduce into Europe the licensed fool or jester. That prominent personage in mediæval pageants at first made his appearance in the Church to bandy jests with the Pope of Unreason. It was the council of the Sorbonne that first banished him from the Church. Driven from it by that grave and learned body, he became a laic. But he did not so well succeed among the French as among the English in a lay capacity, and finally disappeared in the stiff but gallant century of Louis Quatorze, who was the last King of France that ever had a licensed jester to amuse him.

E. J.

A JOURNEY UNDERGROUND.

In the "*Voyages Imaginaires de Milord Céton,*" written about the year 1780, by the ingenious Marie-Anne de Roumier, we have an account of his lordship's journey to the moon and six other planets. The lunatics, his lordship finds, are given up to many light and frivolous diversions, as would become the people of so changeable a planet. In Mercury we meet with misers, and those given to hiding and hoarding useless heaps of gold. In Mars the people think of nothing but going to war, and snatching by conquest the lands of others. In Venus, on the contrary, we have a Paphian court and inhabitants, who delight in compliments, courtship, and what is termed the "*gentle passion.*" In Saturn we find the good old Saturian times restored; times which gentlemen of a certain age longed for in the days of Virgil and Horace. In the Sun we meet with people deeply immersed in the pursuits of science and the cultivation of "*pure reason.*" Whilst in Jupiter everybody cultivates his own conceit and pride, each one thinking himself, in the true Jovian method, considerably better off than his neighbour.

This is tolerable fooling, indeed, and might have been written in our own days by the Prophet Zadkiel, or any one who had fancy enough to adapt the old tales of the stars to the assumed characters assigned them by the astrologers. But neither Milord Céton, nor his imaginative authoress, ever dreamt of describing a voyage such as we have realised to-day, under the surface of the earth, beneath the largest city in the world, whilst thousands, nay millions, of its inhabitants were pursuing their avocations over our heads.

Of course everybody will at once see that this talk about Milord Céton and his imaginary

voyage, is merely introduced to bring in our description of the first journey on the Metropolitan Railway, commonly called the "Underground Railway," and they shall not be disappointed.

On Saturday, the 30th of August, 1862, a great number of impatient shareholders and of the equally impatient public (of which latter the writer was one), were invited to take the first trip throughout the entire length of a subterranean and subaquean undertaking to which the Thames Tunnel is a flea-bite. Had not the shareholders been for two years on the tenterhooks of suspense? Had not the public been turned out of its accustomed route by huge hoardings, immense cuttings, and gigantic pitfalls? Had it not got lost in the purlieus of Clerkenwell, been upset in the Euston Road, frightened at night by the continued roar and puff of the steam engines? Had not relays of navvies worked noiselessly at the very back of the wine and coal cellars of the public? Had not old landmarks disappeared, and was not the very site of "King George's statue at King's Cross" tumbled up and down in railway barrows, and all for this gigantic undertaking? Did not Messrs. Croaker and Hare—the one dissatisfied, the other timorous—prophecy a complete failure and a final crash, like an earthquake, in which the two sides of London streets should first nod to each other, then fall in, and finally topple over each other like a house of cards? We know that all this, and much more, was the case. We also all know that seldom has a great scheme been brought to bear, or a ship sailed, or a plough-coulter cut the sod for the first time, but that some wise-acre shook his head, and with lamenting face prophesied a failure.

But the Underground Railway is now an "accomplished fact," as our translators say. Already several part journeys have been taken, and the public by its representatives virtually made the trip on the Saturday aforesaid. On the 12th of August, a number of directors, shareholders, and city magnates, had gone through a portion of the works, walking along part of the way, and drawn in trucks over the other. On the 20th of the same month, the grand difficulties of tumbling sides, crumbling foundations, and finally the eruption of the Fleet Ditch, having been overcome, the contractors assembled their workmen and gave them a feast on the occasion. It was a kind of underground harvest home, only the crop had been thousands of tons of earth and of London clay instead of corn. After they had dispatched dinner, and done honour to the Queen, they drank the health of the carpenters and bricklayers, and of the navvies too, whereas the latter, at some forty feet below the surface, raised a shout like that which Milton says was given in another place.

All this is now a matter of the past. On the 30th of August, rails had been laid down from one end of the line to within a few feet of the other; the stations had been very nearly finished, and the engines (Fowler's patent improved by Gooch), with smoke-consuming and steam-condensing apparatus, had been brought upon the line with several first and second class carriages and trucks. To these, in the thick darkness which enveloped the commencement of the tunnel, nearly six hundred

people clambered up, after walking there from the city terminus in Victoria Street, to which the lines had not yet been joined, and then, doubtless not without some misgivings in the hearts of many, we commenced our journey.

Slowly we went on the first expedition, so that one might inspect the works, and on reaching the first station, that of King's Cross, the train stopped. From this runs a trumpet-shaped tunnel, communicating with the Great Northern Railway, and to join this we believe another branch of the railway will run to a terminus in Finsbury Square. The next stopping-point reached was that of Gower Street, which may as well be described, as a favourable specimen of all the stations. Even upon the earth's surface the only ornamental part of railways really consists of their stations and termini; and underground the same rule seems to be observed. "Gower Street" is a very pretty station, lighted from the top, from the fore-courts of the gardens and the pavement, whence thick glass panes transmit a soft light to horizontal cuttings lined with white, and from these cuttings oval eyelet holes, lined with Minton's white-glazed tiles, admit both light and air to the station. The reflection of the light from so many surfaces has a very pretty effect; there is no darkness about the matter, but quite as much light as need be, like the soft evening of a June day. Neither is there any smell of damp or confined air; in fact, the air is not confined, and the damp does not exist, and on our hot August trip a dry and pleasant atmosphere was preserved throughout; indeed, the air in the tunnel must always be kept pure by the current passing from terminus to terminus, and from the frequent passage of engines and carriages, which will carry all before them.

Naturally, the pretty station and the agreeable temperature elicited a good deal of cheering and cheerful praise. There was also an evident care in the construction of the work, and the shareholders' money, it was plain to see, had not been carelessly spent. The Portland Road station, which we next reached, is as simple as that at Gower Street, but differs in its mode of lighting, the light being admitted by two glass domes and a flat skylight; at Baker Street we have almost a copy of that of Gower Street, and at all very handsome and wide staircases run on each side up to the surface. The Edgware Road station, near Praed Street, is not an underground one, and is therefore lighted horizontally; and from thence to the terminus, at the Great Western Railway, the line is single. On reaching the terminus all of us dismounted, and as soon as we had wandered over the works, we remounted our carriages, and proceeded home, my scientific fellow-travellers expressing a firm belief in the success of the undertaking, although nearly 1,500,000*l.* have been spent upon it.

Of the merit and utility of this great triumph of engineering skill there can be no doubt. London is over-crowded with vehicles, and the number seems to increase every day. Cabs, trucks, carts, carriages of all sorts, omnibusses with two or three horses, and gigantic railway-vans driven by furious and reckless Jehus, over-

crowd our streets every day, form blocks and stoppages at all our principal thoroughfares, and all but convince the stranger that finally London will find itself tied up in one eternal dead-lock, from which there will be no escape. Time and temper—two very valuable articles—are continually lost in these stoppages, and indeed it is very evident that something must be done to relieve them. Thanks to the security enjoyed by vested interests, it would be an almost hopeless task to widen the main thoroughfares sufficiently. In the widest streets these dead-locks occur; for instance, in Regent Street, in the height of the season. Nay, they would occur in Nevskoi Prospect, or the broadest streets of Paris or Pekin, if those cities had the population, the material wealth, and the eagerness for business, which mark London and the Londoners. Naturally enough, the concourse of vehicles has increased as the railway traffic

has increased, and therefore it is but fair that a railway should be applied to abate the nuisance.

A penny-fare from Praed Street to the City will lessen the number of riders in the City omnibuses, and men of business proceeding from the centre of London to any part of England will pack their luggage in the Underground Railway car more safely and expeditiously than in a cab. At the same time, many of our luggage-vans themselves will be superseded, since the goods will be brought right into the midst of the City warehouses from the manufacturing districts, without passing all our public thoroughfares.

That it may interfere with some branches of industry is likely enough; but those branches are capable of being transferred to any other towns, where those who are employed in them will flourish all the more for being taken away from Cobbett's "Huge Wen." J. HAIN FRISWELL.

DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.



TRAVELLERS have different objects in treading the bypaths of the world, and happily there are enough travellers in every direction to stimulate curiosity and increase the sphere of knowledge. Tastes have their special refinements with which ordinary books cannot be expected to sympathise, and those who take a genuine interest in what they hear, find it hard to be satisfied without ocular demonstration of things which no description can engraft upon the mind with sufficient clearness. In this spirit most of those who are in the neighbourhood of the Hospice of the Great St. Bernard like to have a look at the good Augustinians and their dogs; although, since the time of our King Canute, who was a great benefactor of the establishment, accounts of what goes on

amongst them in their exalted region have been better known amongst us than almost anything else for the same space of time. Many people will consider the mere stuffed skin of "Barry"—that distinguished canine member of the Humane Society of the Alps, who saved his upwards of seventy imperilled travellers—better worth looking at than the other curiosities of the Bernese Museum; and we cannot help feeling great respect for his living successors, who are ready, on any opportunity, to follow his example, though we believe the only dog of the present race who has actually saved human life is one to be seen, not at the Hospice, but at the Cantine de Proz, on the edge of the deep snow-track. He is a noble, modest fellow, and showed

his mettle in the way of deliverance about a year and a half ago. The so-called "St. Bernard dogs," which we sometimes see on their watch about our large premises, are not exact representatives of the name they bear, for one very sufficient reason, that up in their head-quarters in the anows they vary a good deal in colour and appearance. There was—at least, till lately,—as great a difference between the venerable senior of three on the Simplon, and any of the half-dozen on the Great St. Bernard, as between an ordinary bulldog and a pointer. The Simplon dog was considerably shorter, thicker, uglier, and darker than any of the others; moreover, his habits were exceptionally cosmopolitan, for, though we do not doubt the efficacy of his services in case they were needed along his *route*, yet his notorious weakness was for the appearance of the "diligence" opposite his domicile. Whether to please him or not, we believe it was the custom for the vehicle to pull up, and there we have seen him attesting its due arrival by his portly presence, and apparently trying to satisfy himself about the drag and apparatus being in good order for the descent. On the other pass, which is inaccessible to carriages, the traveller is apt to find what looks like anything but a welcome to the hospitality which he knows will be so courteously extended to him by the *bons pères*. If the younger dogs get first notice of his coming, the chances are that they make a sort of rush at him, and with loud reverberations of excited counter-tenor impress him with the idea of furnishing instead of receiving a bit of warm dinner where meat is so scarce. However the older ones will, as we have experienced, endeavour to restore equanimity by the *amende honorable*. An immense fellow will come up, give a sniff at your hand, and then show the delicate attention of rearing up, and placing a huge paw on each of your shoulders. Then and there, with extended jaws and glistening teeth, he will contrive better to make you understand him, than those defective human orators who, by the same position of the mouth, show but too plainly they have nothing to say. There is a dignified self-possession amongst the dogs which rather repels than attracts familiarity, yet it is a strange comment upon the ubiquity of jealousy, even beyond the bounds of humanity and pampered civilisation, that they seem to have an uncomfortable degree of it in their characters. If one of them condescends to allow himself to be specially "noticed," the others will soon manifest such tremendous signs of discontent, that the stranger having any private regard for the safety of his hands or throat, is apt rather to desist rapidly from the process of conciliation, than to run the risk of prolonging it. Castor, the pride of the present pack, is a perfect model of a large dog, of a dark tan, with coat rather long and curly, and little, if any, black about his muzzle. The others are lighter in colour, and straighter in the hair, but very tall, well-shaped animals. Castor's predecessor in the high estimation of the fraternity was described to us as having been almost entirely white. Now-a-days, lying about as they do in the dark damp cross-passages of the Hospice, infecting the close atmosphere

with unsavoury odours, and leaving their rejected bones about, to be kicked over by the unwary explorer, they give the untoward impression of occupying the interior of the house as a sort of den, from which all but Van Amburghs would gladly be released. The bleached remains of their former repasts outside, add somewhat to the gloominess of the whole situation and circumstances; and, when the dreaded snow-storm comes driving on, they themselves do little to mitigate the chilly misgiving that accompanies it. The traveller knows he must either prepare for mischief along the obliterated track, or remain for an indefinite period a prisoner instead of a guest where he is, and he is naturally not in the best of humours to appreciate anything that does not help his bewilderment. If he wraps himself up, and looks despairingly out of doors, he is very likely to see them in the highest state of mundane enjoyment, rollicking and "kicking up behind and before" on their newly-laid bed, as if human annoyance in frozen altitudes was their pet subject of festivity. It is said lower down that when they have the choice of keeping on the uncovered ground, they will immediately, on a fresh fall of snow, rush out to luxuriate upon it. Their acute sense of hearing is the chief dependence of the endangered wanderer, and the sight is pretty and interesting, when they sometimes get upon an exposed point, and listen for any possible sounds of distress. They begin to whine, if their suspicions are aroused, but at last turn jauntily off to something else, when satisfied that "All's well" in the dangerous region beneath them. M.

DELAROCHE'S PICTURE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE.

FAIR and fearless, sad and stately, disrowned Queen,
so queenly yet,
Awing half the bloody rabble for their fiercest triumph
met.
Royal arms down drooping quiet on the dingy prison
dress,—
Royal forehead showing steadfast 'neath the sorrow-
silvered tress.
Wolfish eyes are glaring round her, hatred hisses insult
coarse:
She will neither faint nor falter, yielding to the
torrent's force.
Austria's daughter, France's lady, pleads not to that
common throng:
She will trust to Time and Heaven to avenge her
bitter wrong.
On the cheek no flush of terror—on the lip no sobbing
breath,
In her calm contemptuous patience, pacing queenly to
her death.
Something in her eye has power, even that tossing sea
to stem;
None of all those clenching fingers dare to touch her
garment's hem.
Oh! the mighty spell of genius! after all these troubled
years,
At the touch of the enchanter the old drama claims our
tears,
And the fair proud face shines purely, through a cen-
tury's reproach,
Telling truth for future ages by the hand of Delaroche.
SUSAN K. PHILLIPS.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.



PART I.

"AMYCE!"

My Grand Uncle interrupted me in the concluding paragraph of the Parliamentary debate which I had been reading aloud to him for the last hour; "Amyce, tell Butterworth to have the Alcove room prepared for to-morrow—I expect company."

Never before in my short life had such a direction been given to me, and I dropped the "Times" in astonishment, and glanced inquiringly up in the old man's face. If I had not stood in habitual awe of him, I should have poured forth a throng of eager questions.

We were sitting together in the old library at Cloyse Towers; my great uncle, Sir John Cloyse, a shrivelled, yellow-skinned old man, with prominent features and beady black eyes, crouching into the corner of the old-fashioned, high-backed chair which stood close to the fender: and I,—a sandy-haired girl, whose pallid face and grey eyes laid little claim to admiration,—only separated from him by a small round table on which rested a pair of ponderous silver candlesticks.

I had been brought up at Cloyse Towers, and I was reputed to be its heiress. My great uncle had voluntarily adopted me when, a pining, miserable infant, I was sent home from India on my

parent's death. In childhood I had been submitted to the guardianship of old Mrs. Butterworth, the housekeeper, a trusty, kind-hearted dame, who had been for many years at the head of the establishment, and even older than my uncle, was wont to regard him with a maternal affection that was often ludicrous and sometimes touching. She was a good old soul, blithe as a lark, and, despite her fourscore years, as active as a young girl. I believe she loved me better than all the world beside, saving and excepting her master, and to him she was literally devoted.

He was a strange man,—shy, reserved, gloomy, misanthropical, and, since of late years he had been incapacitated by severe attacks of rheumatic gout, subject to fits of nervous irritability which were peculiarly distressing to himself and all around him. I scarcely know how I should have endured life in that melancholy old house, and subjected to so many depressing influences, had it not been for the sunny disposition of Nurse Butterworth. She could not indeed entirely remove the clouds which separated me from my uncle, but she lightened them, over and over again, by recitals of his love and affection for me—love and affection felt, she said, for he was not a man to *show* warm feelings to any one, and I am sure she kept up his interest in me by sedulously

repeating every anecdote which redounded to my credit, and by minutely describing every promising trait in my character. What sunshine I had had in my life had been flung on it by that dear old woman. From the days she used to devise dolls' feasts, and send for the little Carmichaels from the Vicarage to share them with me,—herself making peace with my uncle when he discovered the intruders, and vowed that he wouldn't have a host of other people's nasty brats bothering in his house, and leading me into mischief,—to yesterday, when she had despatched the garden-boy into the nearest town to change a novel for me at the library, old Butterworth had been my firmest and best friend.

I had had governesses without end and at fabulous salaries, but none of them ever found their way to my heart in the same manner; perhaps they never stayed long enough to make themselves beloved. One after another they had left, wearied out by the dullness and monotony of life at Cloyse Towers. The school room was up-stairs, and looked out on the courtyard; no visitors came near the house and we were allowed to go nowhere, not even to walk beyond the grounds. On Sundays, we sat in a high square pew surrounded by curtains, which it was a capital offence to displace; we always went to church early to escape the throng of people, and came away again after the village congregation had dispersed. At home we were left entirely to ourselves; my uncle avoided the sight of every stranger; I rarely shared a meal with him during the governesses' reign, and he never came near the schoolroom, or if he accidentally encountered the governess, he would turn off into the nearest room to avoid her.

One very smartly-dressed Frenchwoman, who lived for six months in the house, never saw him but once, and that once was merely a passing glimpse through the keyhole. But then he had a peculiar dislike to her, and always took to flight on the first indications of her rustling garments. I have seen him stand with his hand for full ten minutes on the lock of the library door, listening intently before he would venture to go up-stairs, if he fancied she was about; and even when he did make the attempt, it was with nervous, hurried steps, and eager glances from right to left. Indeed the suffering he experienced during her residence in the house was so unbearable, that he finally resolved to put a stop to it, by emancipating me from the schoolroom altogether; so Madame Defarge received an intimation that her services were no longer in demand, and I, a month after my seventeenth birthday, was elevated to the post of my uncle's companion, to a place at the head of his table, and the privilege of spending in his society the long dreary hours which intervened between a six o'clock dinner and bedtime.

During the earlier portion of the day I was left very much to my own devices; I breakfasted and spent the morning alone, for he never appeared before luncheon time, when there was invariably some special excuse for grumbling over the basin of beef tea which formed his mid-day repast. The broth was either too hot or too cold, under-seasoned or over-seasoned; or, failing the broth,

the day or the fire was too hot or too cold, or there was an east wind, or I didn't take wine enough, I eat too many strawberries, or I sat crookedly in my chair and handled my fork ungracefully—to tell the honest truth, the sight of Uncle John's shaky form, descending the wide staircase with emphatic jerks, was no welcome vision to me, any more than the heavy pit-pat of his silver-headed cane on the marble pavement of the hall was an agreeable sound.

For he was not the sort of person to win the love and sympathy of a fellow-creature, least of all of an impulsive young girl, who was jealous of affection and easily repulsed by a rough tone. Many a time when I had been moped and miserable from long solitude, and had almost pined for the sight or sound of a human being, I had tried to get up some feeling of warmth or welcome for the old man, my only relative, who, in his turn, was nearly as friendless and lonely as myself. I had met him with a longing to fling myself on to his breast and kiss his wan, wrinkled face, to try if words of tenderness would break down the barriers of his reserve. But, alas! in vain; the impulse died out at the sound of his cantankerous voice; when he coldly extended his claw-like hand, mine dropped into it as nervelessly; nay, I generally retreated in alarm,—for was not even one glance at me sufficient to draw forth some disparaging comment upon my appearance? "Did I call my hair tidy? Were those crushed sleeves fit for a lady to wear? Another time, perhaps, I would oblige him by putting my collar straight, before I made my appearance in the dining-room!" Oh, heiress though I was, I think few penniless girls could have carried such a heavy, mortified, unblest heart as I did many and many a time! What a relief it was to go and weep away all the sorrow and disappointment and yearning on Nurse Butterworth's loving breast, to have all the trouble soothed away by those kindly tones, which stood to me in place of the tender endearments of mother and brother!

"Amyce Cloyse," my uncle reiterated that spring evening, in a voice of angry displeasure, indicating, with the point of his cane, the unfortunate paper which I had let fall in the astonishment induced by his communication: "What is the meaning of all this? Cannot you listen to what I have to say with the composure of a lady? Lift up the 'Times,' if you please; that rustling is particularly disagreeable to me. And, good gracious, young lady, can't you bend more gracefully? What stooping, what a rounded back, what elbows! Do you know, Amyce Cloyse, your education has cost a fortune—a fortune, do you hear! And any reasonable creature would have thought that your governesses would at least have taught you how to pick up a newspaper from the floor without making a thousand contortions. I will have you ladylike; I don't expect you to be a beauty, that's hopeless; but with your expectations you must be ladylike, and you shall be! *Ladylike*,—what's a woman who isn't ladylike, she might as well be a housemaid! A ladylike woman can do anything; she's always in her place; if she makes mistakes she does so in a ladylike manner which glosses them over, or if

she does well it is in the best manner possible—a pretty woman who isn't ladylike is nobody; a rich woman who isn't is worse, she's vulgar; but a ladylike woman, be she even poor, is in good taste, and be she rich, she's charming, perfect, fascinating—that's what you have to be, Amyce Cloyse!"

My uncle paused, for he was breathless with his exertions; his speech may be taken as a fair sample of one of my everyday persecutions. I listened to him at first with a shivering sensation, but at the conclusion I almost smiled. I saw a distorted reflection of myself on the polished base of the nearest candlestick. Think of any one expecting me to be fascinating!

Sir John's keen eyes rapidly detected the change in my countenance, but the expression somehow puzzled him. His wiry voice was doubly peevish as he inquired, "what I was grinning about now?"

Of course I coloured up furiously; of course I hesitated for a reply. I was a stranger to equivocation or excuses, and there seemed to me no course but to tell the honest truth.

"Nothing, Uncle John, only it was so odd to think I could ever be fascinating—I—I'm too ugly."

"Ugly!" he shouted in the excited tone a mother might have used in defending her offspring.

Uncle John with a groan at his self-inflicted pain, pulled himself upright from the heap of shawls and pillows, and began blustering ferociously.

"Ugly; who says you are ugly? who dare say anything of the kind? You're not ugly, you've fine eyes, Cloyse eyes, and your complexion's good. If you'd only hold yourself properly, you'd be a striking-looking woman. Plague take 'em, who dare talk about your being ugly. I'll tell you what, Amyce Cloyse, you will have what would buy up half the pretty women in Christendom. I'll take care it does! *Ugly*, indeed!" and he bent forward indignantly and peered straight into my face.

I cannot say his excitement pained me now. If the colour deepened on my cheek, it was only from pleasure at finding my looks a source of interest to anyone. Surely Uncle John must care about me in some degree when he defended me so eagerly even from myself!

He was back again amongst the pillows grumbling and peevish; he had discovered that my white muslin dress was neither well made nor becoming, and he worked himself up into a rage because I did not pay more attention to my appearance.

"Where's Butterworth—ring for Butterworth. If you can't see after your own dress, others must do it for you. And yet Butterworth hasn't much taste." (Uncle John was doubtless thinking of old nurse's green merino and the yellow ribbons in her black cap.) "Is there no lady you could consult? I want particularly to have you look your best next week."

"I might ask Rose Carmichael."

"Rose Carmichael be hung! Amyce, I won't have you go near Rose Carmichael; she's a very

objectionable girl, a great deal too pert and forward. I mistrust her, I always did. I don't like her great rolling black eyes; she's deep, I'm sure of it. You may believe me, for old dogs don't bark at nothing,—I had rather see you in rags than decked off by Rose Carmichael!"

"Oh, Uncle John!"

I was as indignant as it is in my nature to be. Rose Carmichael was the only person whom I had ever accounted my friend. She was five years my senior: but for all that we had played together in childhood, that is to say, she had duly carried away the toys I was only too happy to give her, and she had been fonder of eating sweetmeats, saying affectionate things, and kissing people, than anyone I had ever met. Even now-a-days, she made a great many professions of love and regard which I believed to be genuine, and she came to Cloyse Towers whenever I could gain admittance for her, even venturing into my uncle's sitting-room on a pretence of messages from her father, the rector, and striving to make herself popular with Sir John by unceasing efforts to please him. She offered to sing to him, to read to him, to arrange his cushions, to run his errands; she was always good-tempered, obliging, and charming; and being an exceedingly handsome woman, it was rather singular that she should be such an object of aversion to an old man. Are not old men generally flattered by the attentions of pretty girls? Be that as it may, Sir John took an invincible dislike to her, locked the library door when she was at hand, and all but forbade my receiving her. This had been one of the latest and bitterest grievances of my life.

"Ring for Butterworth," my uncle reiterated fiercely, and I hastily complied.

Ere the bell could be answered, his tone changed, half shyly, half excusively! Very curiously he asked if I had any idea who the company was to be.

How could I, when never in my memory had a stranger crossed the threshold of the Towers?

For a minute or two he sat silent, strangely disregarding my negative, and I was almost disappointed, for I fancied by his manner he had been going to tell me something about the coming visitor. And even when he spoke again, it was on a topic apparently far removed from the subject in hand. He asked me if I remembered what I had been reading about.

I was caught. I had been getting through my task of *leading articles* in a monotonous, unthinking way, rendering the words slowly and clearly to suit my uncle's impaired hearing, but all the while secretly regaling myself with surmises regarding the fate of the *dramatis personæ* in the novel which I had in hand.

I stammered—hesitated—thought it was something about the beer question. Oh, dear, politics were never in my line.

But either my answer satisfied Sir John, or he paid no regard to it, for he pursued in an animated tone:

"You remember that fine speech, excellent speech it was, clear, concise, forcible reasoning, worthy of the first statesman going. You read it twice over to me, Amyce; you liked it, didn't

you, my dear? Well, it was *his*, and take my word for it, he'll be a noted man one of these days. He's clever, promising, a deep thinker, observes keenly; you'll be proud to see him here, Amyce, and it will fall to you to entertain him, for an old man like myself can't do much. You must take the trouble off my hands, and make yourself very agreeable."

I sat in bewilderment. My poor old uncle's thoughts travelled far more rapidly than did his tongue. He evidently believed he had given me full explanations, whereas he had only imparted the fact of a visit from some public man, whose entertainment would devolve on me. I cannot say I felt comfortable under the disclosure. Not daring to ask further questions, I ran my eye down the columns of the "Times," endeavouring to decide which was the speech to which my uncle had referred. How I wished then that I had paid more attention to my reading!

Who could it be? Mr. Cobden's name was mentioned—could it be he? or Mr. Bright, perhaps? Or, let me see, who were people of note—Lord Palmerston? ah, but he could hardly be called a *rising* man—or was it?—but I paused, for the footman had summoned Mrs. Butterworth and she was already in the doorway.

My uncle did not notice her low tap, and I had to attract his attention. Glancing hurriedly round and observing her, he suddenly grew confused and uncomfortable, fidgeted his poor rheumatic hands about, threw down his cane, wondered what she had come for, or if anything was the matter.

I had to recal to him his own desire to consult her about my dress.

Oh, yes, he remembered; and he rambled off into childish abuse of my gown and hair-dressing; scolded Mrs. Butterworth about it, scolded me, and ended with a few weak tears because he said nobody cared for pleasing him and he never had things as he liked.

In the midst of all this, Nurse Butterworth had stolen round to the back of his chair and was busily arranging the pillows. It struck me that he shrunk from her eye and was unusually restless under her observation. He kept blustering on about this unfortunate muslin, and from time to time the old woman put in a soothing word.

"Yes, the frock wasn't a nice one. Miss Amyce should have something smarter for Sunday, there then; wasn't it almost bed-time?"

"No," he growled out, turning his back upon her, "he wasn't going to bed; he wasn't going to be ordered about like a child, and Amyce should have a proper dress before Sunday—she must have one by to-morrow."

"Well—well, we'll see about it, but hardly by to-morrow,—day after, mebbe."

"But it must be to-morrow. I will have her dressed properly with company in the house."

"Company?"

Nurse Butterworth stopped short and glanced with curiosity from me to him. She, even better than I, knew that her master had refused to see anyone for long and dreary years.

Poor old Uncle John drew the fold of a tartan shawl close to his face, and seemed inclined to cover himself up altogether. I wondered what

there was in the mere word *company* to discompose him so strangely. In half compassion to him, as well as the half hope of enlightening Butterworth, I ventured to say that a gentleman was coming to-morrow, and that Uncle John wished her to see that the Alcove room was made ready for his reception.

"A gentleman," she enunciated slowly and drily, "and can you tell me what his name is, Miss Amyce?"

"No, I don't think Uncle John said," I was replying, when with an effort, Uncle John himself dropped his tartan shawl, and still averting his face from the housekeeper, explained:

"You'll remember the name, Butterworth, it is Mr. Hedworth Charlton."

"So?" and the sound which the old woman's lips emitted was something between a whistle and a sigh.

Uncle John turned round quickly, and their eyes met. His dropped immediately, hers sparkled with intelligence; but the next moment she was saying something in her every-day voice about them new coals making a deal of nasty white ashes in the grates; and when we both directed our gaze to the fireplace, the old woman beat an unceremonious retreat from the room.

After she had left us my uncle leant back in his chair and closed his eyes, and, fancying that he had fallen asleep, I laid aside the "Times," and drew from under the heap of papers at my side a certain large-printed volume with "Mudie's" name on the cover, which I had concealed there when I heard his step in the hall after dinner. Like all young girls, I dearly loved a novel; but, having a shy conviction that this light kind of reading would scarcely be in accordance with my uncle's peculiar views, I carefully kept my studies from his observation. I should scarcely have ventured to bring out the book now, had I not firmly believed him to be unconscious, and, moreover, been myself extremely interested in the tale.

Now, having once or twice glanced hastily up to assure myself he was sleeping, I luxuriously resigned myself to follow the adventures of my heroine.

About an hour passed away, and the silvery-voiced clock on the mantelpiece arousing me to the fact of having already outstayed my usual bedtime, I closed the volume and turned round to my uncle's arm-chair.

To my surprise, he was wide awake, resting his chin on his hand, and gazing intently at me with his keen black eyes.

"What are you reading, Amyce?" he questioned, in a softer voice than it was his wont to employ, and his hand was out-stretched to receive the book.

I felt my cheeks burning, and instinctively my fingers folded tightly over the volume.

"Oh, Uncle John! you will think it such foolish reading."

"Why should I, Amyce? I've been young myself, and enjoyed a novel, too—come!" and I had no alternative but to resign the treasure.

He spread it open on his knees, turned over a page or two, I standing at his side in shame-faced

confusion. There was no harm in the story, only I felt that he must be laughing at its sentimentality and love; and, weak and girlish, I could not endure ridicule.

But, to my relief and almost astonishment, he returned the book with a half-sad smile, and laid his wizened hand upon mine with such a gesture of tenderness as he had never before granted me in his life.

"Poor little Amyce!" he said, "so you've come to the age of romance already, have you? Well, never mind. But don't be frightened of me, child; I don't mind your reading a good novel or two, it is a natural outlet for young feeling that is better evaporated. Better reading of love than thinking of it. But I flatter myself I've guarded you from that danger hitherto—eh?"

And in the feeble smile that flickered over the old man's face, I fancied I read self-complicity at having so sedulously protected me from dangerous acquaintance.

I returned the smile, for my heart was as clear as day, and unable to resist the impulse which his betrayal of affection had awakened, I bent down and gave him a far more hearty salute than was my customary Good-night kiss.

I suppose I took him by surprise. I scarcely knew whether or not I pleased him, for he drew himself hastily away, pushing me rather ungraciously to one side, and in his most gruff and uncompromising voice bade me summon Stephen to put out the lights.

I felt cruelly repulsed, and collected my newspapers with lowered eyes, feeling ashamed of the mortified tears which struggled behind the lashes. One drop of moisture fell down on the open sheet, and I angrily dashed it away.

But in repassing his chair I could not help facing my uncle, and then my feelings had a quick reaction. I saw that the old man's eyelids were red with suppressed emotion, and that his thin blue lips were trembling like a little child's. Oh! he did love me then after all, it was only his harsh manner which concealed his heart!

I knew his nature well enough to avoid noticing his softened mood, but with my novel under my arm stole quietly up to my own room.

My little maid—a *protégée* of Butterworth's—was waiting to undress me. But I was glad to dismiss her, and sit down and think over the unusual occurrences of the evening. The prospect of a visitor at the Towers was equally exciting and alarming—if his entertainment devolved on me, what could I do? I had no idea how to amuse people, especially gentlemen. I wished I had had Rose Carmichael to help me; but that was quite hopeless when Uncle John disliked her so much. Then that unexpected betrayal of my uncle's affection for me recurred to my memory, and I felt very much tempted to cry about it. It convicted me of so much past coldness and ingratitude. Why hadn't I taken the initiatory step long ago? How much happier we might both have been had I done so.

Instead of getting into bed, I sat down on the hearthrug and went on reading my novel. By and by I was at the end of the first volume, and the story had reached a most interesting climax.

I longed to continue it, but, alas! the second volume was not here. I remembered leaving it on the writing-table of a little up-stairs sitting-room, which had been given up to my use when the departure of Madame Defarge enabled me to do away with the school-room.

This sitting-room was removed from my bed-chamber only by the length of the passage, and in my extreme anxiety to continue the story I determined to venture there. My uncle's apartment was next to mine, but he was so deaf he was not likely to hear my footsteps; and carefully shrouding my candle with my hand, I stole along the passage and gained the sitting-room—"my lady's boudoir," as Butterworth always called it, for she remembered it by the name it used to bear in the days of Uncle John's mother—that was nobody knows how many years ago.

It was a pretty little room, with a large oriel window facing the flower-garden; the walls paneled, and with handsome, carved oak cornices and skirting-boards; quaint oak furniture, tapestry-seated chairs and stools, and a wide old fireplace in the corner, over which hung a small picture in an oval frame. This picture had long been my admiration. What its intrinsic value or excellence might be I know not, but there was something so touching and beautiful in the thorn-circled head which it represented—something which so fully realised my girlish conceptions of the Saviour who had been in one, a God of Love and a Man of Sorrows, that I could never gaze upon it without quickening pulses.

Once I had questioned my uncle on the subject, and he had said that the picture had belonged to his mother, and had been painted by some unknown French artist, and he called my attention to the black-lettered scroll which formed part of the oval frame, and bore this short inscription from the French *Sainte Ecriture*:—"Je t'ai aimé d'un amour éternel."

I quickly found the volume of which I had come in quest, and was about to leave the room, when I heard a sound of the opening and shutting of my uncle's door, and saw a stream of candle-light falling across the passage. In one moment's nervous apprehension, I blew out my own candle and darted back into the boudoir.

I heard the steps coming nearer, the heavy pit-pat of Uncle John's cane. He seemed advancing in this direction, and afraid of being caught novel-reading at such unorthodox hours, I crept behind the heavy curtains of the oriel window, hoping that he would pass the door and give me the opportunity of returning unobserved to my room.

But no such thing. He came straight into the boudoir, closed the door, and through a crevice of the curtain I could not fail to mark the traces of stormy agitation on his wrinkled face. He was in a long, gaudy-patterned dressing-gown, and his slippers flapped noisily as he shuffled along. His thin, white hair was disarranged, and after he put down his silver candlestick on the writing-table, he drew out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes. There was no one now to mark his weakness, and he was not afraid to indulge it. For some minutes he sobbed like a child, and my heart throbbed

sympathetically though in perplexity, for what could there be to affect him thus visibly?

How bitterly annoyed I was with myself for not having had moral courage to meet him in the first instance. Now I was a prisoner against my own will, and compelled to be an involuntary spy on his actions. For a moment the notion of confessing my presence suggested itself to me, but I quickly relinquished it as impolitic. In my uncle's weak state I dared not run the risk of startling him, as I must inevitably have done, by speaking or moving. Hidden in the curtain, I ran comparatively little risk of discovery, only when my uncle came quite close to me and began fitting a key into the little carved oak davenport, which stood in the narrow space between the window recess and the wall, I could scarcely stifle the loud beating of my heart or the sobbing of my breath.

I leant against the wall, I fancied I was going to sneeze, and all the blood rushed to my face in agony. Uncle John's slipper momentarily came in contact with my foot, and I recoiled horror-struck. He pushed a fold of curtain out of his way and it fell back against my face, almost stifling me.

He had been busy for some minutes—I wondered what he was doing, and ventured to advance my eye to a crevice in the moreen. I heard the crackling of paper. I saw that he had lifted up the davenport lid, and was hunting through the drawers. Those faded work materials, entangled wools of many colours, morsels of silk and velvet, rusty scissors, thimbles, trinkets, evidenced a woman's presence in days gone by. I remembered how Butterworth had told me that this davenport had been constantly used by my grandmother, Uncle John's mother; probably then the things had never been disturbed since her death.

Amongst the stores Uncle John had now found a bundle of old letters, tied together with time-yellowed pink ribbon. He had drawn forward a chair, and was reading them one by one, his eyes moist, the hands which held the open sheets trembling so painfully that he was compelled to rest them on the table.

I could not decipher the writing, but I stood near enough to distinguish that a woman's clear, delicate hand had traced the characters, but so long ago that the ink was faded to a pale brown. There was not time to search through the whole packet, and presently the old man was gathering the letters together again, and striving with his feeble fingers, to knot the ribbon around them.

What had he discovered now, so carefully stored away in that sandalwood box?—Only an old-fashioned, long, white kid glove, that was mildewed by age—such a tiny hand as it must have fitted, and how dainty had once been the gold embroidery which surmounted the sleeve part—oh, well a day, where was the wearer and who had she been?

The sight of that old relic overpowered my uncle, he actually wept over it. He drew out the crushed fingers, he spread them upon his own horny palm, he even raised them to his lips. It would seem that some bygone vision came before

him with that discoloured glove, for his eyes lightened, his cheek glowed, and his poor thin lips kept moving incessantly as if addressing some one.

Outside the door was a passing footstep. Uncle John did not hear it, but something was dropped in the corridor; there was a rattle as of a falling extinguisher, and he started violently, banged down the lid of the davenport and listened.

The steps were coming nearer; I distinctly heard Nurse Butterworth's short dry cough; then the door of the boudoir was jerked open, and the old woman stood on the threshold, a very grotesque object to look upon.

She was in her night attire, her bare feet stuck into a pair of unlaced boots, a quarter of a yard of white drapery coming into view between these and the blue flannel petticoat which her short calico bedgown surmounted. A few thin, gray curls struggled from beneath a wide-frilled night cap, and a black bonnet finished off her costume, and gave peculiar effect to it. If I had not been in mortal terror of discovery, I could not have restrained my laughter.

"Good gracious, Sir John, what a fright you have given me, to be sure, sir," she exclaimed, in the reproachful tone a nurse might have used in correcting a disobedient child. "What are you doing here at this time of night, and in the cold, too, and with them rheumatiz?—come, sir, go to your room, and let me see about something warm for you. Oh dear, to think that as soon as my back's turned you're in mischief! And I'd never have know'd, and you might have caught your death of cold, if Jane hadn't seen the light under the door when she was scouring the backstairs, and comed up and telled me, and I didn't even stop to put on my gown." Mrs. Butterworth made this last remark in an excusing voice, and with a downwards glance to the white draperies, for she knew my uncle to be a remarkably shy and modest man, and she paid due regard to his prejudices.

But in the present instance he did not seem to be affected either by her omissions or her apologies. He stood speechless in the corner, like a child enduring correction, and feebly trifled with the lock of the davenport.

"What have you been after?" pursued the old housekeeper. "What—turning over them nasty rubbidge?—bless me, they'd be a deal better burnt nor made such a sorrow of. I don't say it warn't a mistake, Master John, but when it's over and done for, years and years ago, why should you go on a fretting and a making troubles to no use? You'd better give me that key, sir, and I'll get shot o' the things an' let little Miss Amyce have't space for her gewgaws—it 'ud be a fine exchange. Ye sud think on her bits o' pleasures an' her prospects, honey, instead o' addling over what's all trash an' nonsense."

"I can't help it, Butterworth. I don't really care now, only I can't help thinking," groaned the poor old man, childishly.

"Don't care!—can't help thinking—bless me, Master John, you've nothing to care about, and you musn't think o' owt but keeping yoursel warm and getting strong. You'd be cured fast enough

if ye set yer mind to trying, but not whiles ye go on fretting and grumbling—ye'll never get free, while yu hug and draggle yer chain that way—snap it off like a man."

"Oh Butterworth, I do. You know we never talk about it, and it was only to-night I came here, because—well, Amyce and I told you who is coming to-morrow. Now, Butterworth, you've no right to be so cross to me; it's not proper, you forget that I'm your master, and I'm not going to be ordered about like a child."

"Bless you, Sir John, I'm not ordering you, and I wouldn't take liberties for owt in the world—its only for your own good, honey. Didn't I use to nurse you when you was a small lad, and didn't my poor lady, when she was dying, tell me, 'Butterworth,' says she, 'look to your master, he's that unfortunate, he'll want yu'—an' I've done it—come honey, don't take on, go to bed."

Uncle John let the faithful, kind-hearted creature take his arm, and lead him away; but at the door he paused, and I heard him saying, "You'll see Amyce is nicely dressed to-morrow, and you'll tell her how to behave. You don't think I've done wrong in—you know what, Butterworth? I meant to have told you first, only I forgot. He could not leave London for more than a few days, and I did so wish to see him, and that's why I asked him to come. And you know he ought to meet Amyce now for—" but the voices died away, Butterworth was closing the door, and to my intense horror I heard her turn the key in the lock outside—I was a prisoner!

I believe I called after them, but no one heard me; the next instant my uncle's room door banged, and I was in darkness save for a faint line of moonlight creeping through the shutters of the oriel window—in silence, save for the low nibbling of a mouse behind the skirting board. I crept to the door and waited there, in the hope of being able to attract Butterworth's attention as she left my uncle's room: but I had a long period of waiting, and was even desperately resigning myself to the prospect of passing the night in confinement, and wondering what excuse I could offer to the housemaid in the morning, when at last the old woman came out into the passage on her way upstairs.

I called her—first too low for her to hear—then with a despairing energy, which brought her quickly to my rescue. She burst the door open and confronted me as I stood trembling on the other side, with a face nearly as white as my dressing-gown. A few words explained my situation and my misdemeanour, and Butterworth divided her efforts between scolding and consoling me. She saw me to my room, made up my fire, and insisted on waiting to tuck me up in bed, that, as she said, she might know I was out of harm's way; and as for them nasty novels, if I didn't give her my word of honour never to read them again at improper times, she vowed she'd pack 'em all back to Hemsley to-morrow, sure as a gun—a threat which immediately extracted from me the necessary promise.

"Butterworth," I whispered, as she bent over my pillow to kiss me, "what is all this mystery—do tell me?"

"What mystery, dear?"

"About those things in the davenport, and what Uncle John and you were saying, and how has it all to do with the gentleman who is coming to-morrow."

"Hush, Miss Amyce, you mustn't be curious. You was never meant to know; wait a bit, and mebbe, you'll be told some day."

"Oh, but nonsense, I shan't repeat it; and since I've heard half, you must tell me the rest. I'll promise not to tell tales, and—well—oh, do Butterworth, like a good, kind creature."

Butterworth had set down her candle and was wrinkling her forehead. I saw the hesitation in her mind, and by throwing in an adroit word of coaxing, gained the day.

"Well, Miss Amyce, then you must not let wit I told you owt about it, but you know that gentleman who is coming?"

I nodded.

"Well, Master John—Sir John I mean—ought to have married his mother a many years ago; she was a very nice, pretty young lady, and they were cousins, and the wedding-day and all was fixed; but master, he thought she didn't care enough about him, and was marrying him for his money, or some such thing, and he jilted her. And then after all, when it was too late, he found out he had made a mistake, and behaved very cruelly, and he's never been the same gentleman since."

"Oh, tell me about it."

"I can't, now, its too long a story; but ye see, when master jilted her, Amyce Dillon,—you were called after her, dear,—Amyce Dillon went and married some one else off-hand—just to spite her old love, so it was said, which was very wrong of her if it was true; but I always think her nasty old mother made her do it; anyhow, poor thing, she died brokenhearted when her first child was born. This gentleman who is coming to-morrow is her son—Mr. Hedworth Charlton, they call him."

"Oh, dear, what a pity—about her dying, I mean. And so Uncle John took her loss dreadfully to heart? I dare say it was her glove I saw him fondling to-night."

"Likely enough, for he never forgets her. But Miss Amyce, you must really go to sleep, now; good night," and despite my entreaties Butterworth took her departure from the room.

Long I lay awake, thinking of Butterworth's story, and the strange scene I had witnessed in the boudoir. Poor old Uncle John, how dearly he must have loved Amyce Dillon. But I wondered why, if this had been the case, he invited to his house a man who was his rival's son, and bore that rival's name—was old love so all-powerful as to vanquish bygone resentment?—was the fact of his being Amyce Dillon's offspring sufficient to ensure Hedworth Charlton a welcome at any price in the home and heart of one who had long ago loved his mother—yes, and injured his mother? For I heard the story in greater detail afterwards. In his youthful days my uncle had had a hasty and passionate disposition. When a trifle light as air roused his jealousy, he had cruelly flung his betrothed from him, paying no regard to her protestations of truth and unchanged love. They

parted. The girl's mother indignantly adopted the quarrel, and though aware of the state of her daughter's heart, widened the breach between the lovers, and almost forced her into marriage with another. The end is easily guessed at. Amyce Charlton was a wretched wife, he who had deserted her an embittered, disappointed man. Once, and only once again in life they met. It was in a crowded street, and an unexpected encounter with the woman he had loved so dearly withdrew Sir John's attention from the spirited horse he rode, and he was thrown and seriously injured. And then a woman, Hedworth Charlton's wife, had fainted, surprised into a terrible confession of interest in one who ought to have been to her as a stranger, and too late—too late John Cloyse learned what a fatal mistake had been his. Amyce died (happily, perhaps, for her) in prematurely giving birth to a son. She died with her husband's reproaches sounding in her ears, and—as one afterwards told John Cloyse—she died deliriously calling to him to save her. Not once or twice over did she say that he had broken her heart. And perhaps she said truth. It was a sad, sad history; no wonder it saddened all Uncle John's after life, and made him shrink from intercourse with his fellow-creatures. (To be continued.)

STAVROS MACDONALD RIMOUSKI.

I was brought up to the wholesale haberdashery business, but had the misfortune to lose my situation last May. It was on one of the few fine days during the month of June, that wearied with wandering the streets I strolled forth into the country, and found myself in a footpath leading to Hornsey, where, fatigued with the length of my walk, I laid myself down under a hedge for a few minutes' rest. As I lay there, I observed a man approaching, dressed in a volunteer uniform, with his rifle in his hand. When he drew nearer I recognised my acquaintance, Stavros Macdonald Rimouski.

"Hallo!" he exclaimed, "Peter; what are you doing here, 2.30, p.m.? You ought to be in Aldermanbury."

"So I should," I replied, "but I've lost my berth. What brings you to this place?"

"Oh! I've just been having a turn at the Hornsey butts. I'm an idle man, like yourself. The wine-business in Crutched Friars didn't pay. So I'll sit down beside you, and hear your story, and you shall hear mine. Take a cigar," said he, presenting a case, "a genuine Lopez."

While Rimouski was talking, I regarded him earnestly with a sensation of repulsion amounting to alarm. Though a good-looking fellow, his features had at all times a Mephistophilean expression, but now their aspect was absolutely Satanic. I glanced hurriedly at his boots. He observed my movement.

"Too dandified for suburban walking, are they not? but never mind," said he gaily. "I have something more important to think about, something that will produce boots and everything else I want in profusion."

"I should like to know the recipe," I rejoined, "for my cash is getting uncommonly low."

"Willingly," he answered. "I want a partner, and you are the very man I should have selected, especially as Providence" (he laid a sneering emphasis on the word) "has thrown you in my way."

He then proceeded to detail his project. It involved severe bodily exertion, a calm judgment, and an utter contempt of the value of character, liberty, and life. I listened for upwards of an hour to the musical voice of the tempter, as he poured forth his schemes into my ear. I thought of approaching poverty, the apparent hopelessness of obtaining employment—and consented.

The singular name of Rimouski may excite some curiosity. It is easily gratified. His father was a Scotchman, named Macdonald, who settled in Poland, and, from patriotic or other motives, adopted the surname of Rimouski. Being implicated in the national insurrection of 1832, so mercilessly crushed by the Emperor Nicholas, he fled to Greece, and there married a native lady. Their son, young Stavros, enjoyed a remarkably cosmopolitan education. Born and nurtured in Greece up to the age of ten, he received his schooling at Clapham, and subsequently studied at the university of Jena. Consequently he spoke half-a-dozen languages with equal ease, and in England always passed for a thorough Englishman.

"So you agree to become my partner in this enterprise?" said Rimouski.

"I do."

"Then," continued he, rising to his feet, and throwing away the remnant of his cigar, "you had better be enrolled in the fraternity."

"I don't comprehend."

"You will presently. Oblige me by examining this bullet," said he, handing me a cartridge from his cartouche-box.

"I see nothing but one of Eley's cartridges, containing a common Minié bullet."

"Please to make it an uncommon one then, by scratching upon it any mark you think proper."

I took out my penknife, and scratched P. R., being the initials of my name—Peter Railton. I then handed the cartridge to Rimouski, who at once loaded his rifle with it.

"Now," said he, "I am going to fire in the air. When I say 'Catch,' hold out your hand."

He said "Catch," fired, and in a few seconds I felt a sharp blow on the palm of my hand.

I opened my hand, and there was the P. R. bullet. I expressed my astonishment.

"It is nothing," said Rimouski, "only a common conjuring trick, which Robin or Frikell would do better than I can."

"But how about the enrolling?" I asked.

Rimouski opened his hand, and showed me a small circular mark, showing the tricolor—red, white, and blue, arranged in concentric circles.

I instinctively examined the palm of my own hand. There, on the spot where the bullet had struck me, appeared a precisely similar mark.

"Stavros," I said, solemnly, "I don't like this; I shall back out of it."

"Nonsense, my dear fellow. What! on account of that elegant little emblem? Consider how conveniently it is situated. No one sees the inside of your hand. It might have been on the

tip of your nose. Come, stick faithfully by me, and your fortune is made."

He seemed to have obtained a mysterious influence over me, which it was useless to combat.

"I am willing," I said with a sigh.

"It is barely half-past three," said Rimouski, looking at his watch. "There is no train for King's Cross till 5.13. Let us stroll to the Hanley Arms, and go by the 'bus."

At Charing Cross we took a cab to Brompton.

"I will now show you the house," said Rimouski, producing from his breast-pocket a clumsy street door-key.

"You have already taken it then?"

"This child," answered Rimouski, tapping himself on the breast, "is wide awake; there was no time to be lost. Here we are."

The house was situated at a short distance from the southern end of the Exhibition building. It was in striking contrast to the palatial edifices which were rising rapidly around it, being small, dingy, and shabby. The back-yard was divided from a large piece of waste ground by a common paling fence.

"Read this," said Rimouski, pointing to a board—

"DRY RUBBISH MAY BE SHOT HERE."

"That will suit our game, won't it?" said he, laughing and rubbing his hands.

The interior of the house differed in no respect from the interior of other London houses, except that it possessed a large and spacious cellar.

"That is also convenient," pursued Rimouski, with a grin. "The wine trade, which was unsuccessful at the East-end, will, I think, flourish here. To-morrow a neat plate will be affixed to our door, 'Rimouski & Railton, Wine Merchants.' And now, my dear fellow, let us proceed to your lodgings in Brompton, pay your worthy landlady a week's rent, and remove your portmanteaus. Everybody connected with the enterprise must sleep in this house."

"How about beds?"

"I will arrange that as we go along. A second-hand dealer in Brompton Row shall send in beds, tables, and such cooking apparatus as persons of our Arcadian tendencies will require. *Allons!*"

We quitted the house, and proceeded on foot. On our way we purchased the furniture. At an ironmonger's shop Rimouski ordered shovels, pickaxes, crowbars, a couple of wheelbarrows, and a quantity of planking, the latter to be procured by the obliging tradesman from a neighbouring timber-yard.

"By the way," said Rimouski to the shop-keeper, "is there a brassfounder's in the neighbourhood?"

"I doubt if there is, sir," replied the ironmonger; "but I daresay we can get anything you want in that line across Westminster Bridge."

"Then I want a couple of pounds of brass filings. And you may as well send me a large washerwoman's tub and a tin dish or two. I shall also want a spade. I suppose you don't keep cradles?"

Observing that the worthy tradesman opened his mouth wide with astonishment, Rimouski said, smiling, "I hope you don't think I mean a

child's cradle—no, no, we are a couple of gay bachelors—I mean a gold-digger's cradle—"

"Oh—of—of course, sir," stammered the bewildered tradesman.

"But," continued Rimouski, frankly, "I daresay you are surprised at the peculiarity of my order. The fact is, my friend here, just arrived from Melbourne, purposes giving some lectures on mining, with practical illustrations."

"Oh, ah, I see, sir!" exclaimed the tradesman, "and the brass filings are to represent the gold."

"My friend," said Rimouski, slapping him on the shoulder, "you have a penetrating genius. Send in all the goods to-morrow by twelve o'clock, and now, good evening. Come along, Peter."

We settled accounts with my landlady, who did not appear very sorry to lose me. I trust it was because the Exhibition would enable her to relet the lodgings easily; but I fear that young men out of situations are not popular with landladies, being apt to be inconveniently in the way when parlours are dusted and beds made. Our scanty stock of furniture arrived, and we spent the evening in rather a savage style, as people are wont to do on the first night in a new house. Being both of us too fatigued to unroll the carpeting, or put the iron bedsteads together, we spread our beds on the floor, and smoked, reclining on them after the oriental fashion. Rimouski, however, signalled himself as an admirable cook, by preparing an excellent ragout in a frying-pan, which we washed down with a pot of half-and-half from a neighbouring public-house, concluding the evening with some very tolerable whiskey from the same establishment.

Next morning Rimouski rose precisely at six, and, aided by my somewhat awkward assistance, swept out the house (he actually scrubbed the floors of two rooms), laid down the carpets, put the bedsteads together, repaired a defect which he had observed in the kitchen range, lit the fire, and got breakfast ready. Need I add that I regarded him with admiration and astonishment?

"Who would think, Rimouski, after seeing you sauntering down Regent Street in lacquered boots and lavender gloves, that you were capable of all this?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, tossing a breakfast-cake in the fryingpan as he spoke, "it is simply because I am a man of the world. Half the people so styled are useless fools, who, removed from the appliances of civilisation, would be as unable to help themselves as the gentleman in the old story of the Basket-maker."

At twelve o'clock our punctual friend, the ironmonger, sent in his assortment of goods. Rimouski, stripped to his shirt, and wearing a pair of corduroy trousers, worked like a horse, shouldering three-inch planks, and inciting me, by his wholesome example, to feats of which I had hitherto deemed myself incapable.

"Now then," said he, "we are working men, and will adopt workmen's habits. We will dine punctually at one. To-day we shall be rather later. I have some matters to look to in the cellar; do you, meanwhile, attend to the boiling of the potatoes. Don't act the part of King Alfred, and burn the bottom out of our new saucepan."

I acquitted myself pretty well, and after the lapse of about an hour Rimouski emerged from the cellar, looking extremely dirty. He gave himself a good wash, and we then fell to dinner, with an appetite which I had never felt in the close, sedentary occupation of Aldermanbury. After dinner, a workman came to fix the brass-plate on our street-door. My partner contemplated the legend—"Rimouski & Railton, Wine Merchants," with huge satisfaction.

"I have ordered a few dozens," he said, "from my wholesale friends in the city; but I hope we shan't be bothered with much business."

"You won't advertise?" I asked, jocosely.

"Why—no. I think advertising must bring business, or people wouldn't go to the expense of it, so I purpose on mature deliberation, *not* advertising the Standard, or any other natural or unnatural sherry. Come, let us dress in our usual costume, and take a walk."

As we went along, Rimouski lingered at a street corner.

"What are you looking at?" I asked. "Nothing so very extraordinary in a group of Irish labourers outside a tavern!"

"I was wondering which was the stupidest of that body of stalwart men now before me."

"That young fellow with his mouth open, leaning against the lamp-post."

"Friend Peter," said Rimouski, approvingly, "thou hast some scintillations of acuteness in thy brain. I had marked out that self-same fellow."

To my surprise he crossed the street, and entered into conversation with the labourer in question. At the end of some minutes the Irishman lifted his battered hat respectfully, and Rimouski re-crossed the street with a triumphant expression of countenance.

"I have told him to call this evening, at half-past six o'clock," he said. "I think he will suit our purpose. He is but newly come from the Green Isle, and is as verdant as you could desire. But mind, Peter, no revelation of secrets—those are to be locked in our two breasts. You will understand my game with Paddy when he arrives."

At half-past six o'clock our Irishman made his appearance. Rimouski received him with a most magisterial air, seated in our parlour, which now looked exceedingly neat and tidy.

"Your name," he commenced, "is Timothy Dolan?"

"Yes, sir."

"A bachelor?"

Paddy stood open-mouthed.

"No wife?"

"Not yet, sir; the times is bad, and Biddy and me thought—"

"Ah! I see—a prudent couple. Well, Dolan, wouldn't you like to earn better wages than you are now getting?"

"Faith, then, I would."

"Let me see; you say you are getting three-and-sixpence a-day, and find yourself?"—

"And find my own shovel, your honour manes."

Rimouski winked at me with delight.

"Well, how should you like five shillings a-day, and board here?"

Timothy's eyes sparkled: but he hesitated.

"Aboard ship, sir?"

"No; on dry land—here. I offer you five shillings a-day for two months certain, and will give you as much bread, and beef, and beer, as you like."

"I'm your honour's man," quoth Paddy, with alacrity.

"On certain conditions."

"Plase yer honour, what's that?"

"*Il ne connaît pas parfaitement la langue Anglaise*," said Rimouski, aside to me. "*C'est un Irlandais pur sang. Ça va pas mal.*" Then, turning to Dolan, he continued. "I mean this. You will have to sleep in this house, and never talk to anybody out of doors, unless myself or this gentleman is with you."

Paddy looked alarmed.

"Follow me," said Rimouski, "into the cellar. Mr. Railton, you will kindly accompany us."

We descended to the cellar. Rimouski lit a couple of candles, and taking up a position on an inverted tub, with a spade in his hand, addressed the assembled company thus:

"You have heard, I dare say, that London streets are paved with gold. It is not exactly the case. *The gold is in the soil, beneath the pavement.* Timothy Dolan," he exclaimed, speaking excitedly, "this cellar-dust is full of gold. But here we are only at the beginning of the mine. The real vein of gold lies further back. It will require strong arms and hard work to reach it. That, Timothy, you can give us. Here we have but a few glittering particles. Two months' steady work will bring us to the mine itself, and then our fortunes will be made. You, Timothy, will have a farm of your own; and, as the song says, Biddy will mind the dairy, while you will guide the plough. Oblige me," he concluded, setting the tub upright as he spoke, "by shovelling some of this dirt into the tub."

Paddy obeyed his instructions.

Rimouski then filled the tub with water, puddled it for some time with a spade, emptied the muddy water, added fresh, and finally carefully removed the *débris* which lay at the bottom into a tin dish. This he filled with water, which he tilted out by a peculiar reverberating motion.

"Look here!" he exclaimed.

"Gold, by St. Patrick!" shouted Tim Dolan, "only to think of this in London!"

I now saw the use of the brass filings.

The same evening Rimouski, who did not care for the future to trust Dolan out of his sight, accompanied him to his lodgings in Little Chelsea, whence he brought away Paddy's worldly goods, tied up in a large cotton handkerchief. Timothy was accommodated with a turn-up bedstead at the top of the house, and was soon to be heard proclaiming through his nose that he was enjoying sweet slumber.

"Our worthy coadjutor," said Rimouski, as we sat over our grog, "possesses a most energetic snore—I am glad we put him in the garret. Now then to business. To-morrow I hope to begin work, and the system I mean to adopt is as follows: First, with regard to household matters. Paddy will make his own bed, and keep his attic clean. I will soon drill him into that. You and I will do the rest of the housemaid's work between us.

I have arranged with a coffee-shop keeper to send in Paddy's meals thrice a day. The door will always be answered by one of us—our own simple repasts will be cooked by my humble hands. Secondly, with regard to professional matters: some months ago, before the Exhibition was opened, I picked up a very intelligent foreman of the work, who, under the influence of my fascinating conversation and a bottle of sherry, gave me a vast deal of useful information regarding measurements, distances, &c. This I afterwards verified by going over the ground with a Chesterman's metallic tape, in the character of the intelligent correspondent of one of our most influential weekly journals. All these data I have reduced on paper with mathematical accuracy. To reach the building at the nearest point to the object of our desires we shall have to steer nor'-west-by-north by the compass (I have allowed for the magnetic variation in the parallel of London). I propose to construct a tunnel of the usual semi-circular form, three feet high by three feet six inches at the base. One hundred and twenty-seven yards of this tunnel will take us to the building. Now, in open ground, an ordinary navy can shift seven cubic yards of dirt in a day. Each linear yard in our tunnel will measure in round numbers about a cubic yard. Making allowance then for the greater difficulty of tunnelling, for the time expended in encountering gas and water pipes, and in timbering the passage as we proceed, I reckon that we ought to accomplish at least two yards a day; sixty-four weeks then, from to-morrow, which is the 26th of June, ought to accomplish the work. By the Saturday evening of September the 6th, our labours should be nearly completed. I propose doing the greater part of the tunnelling myself, you and Dolan will attend to the barrow-work. As I said before, we shall keep workmen's hours, from six to six, allowing two hours for meals. It is now ten o'clock; let us go to bed."

I shall not attempt to describe the progress of the work which, under Rimouski's admirable management and unwearied activity, progressed with great regularity. We should have completed the tunnel within the specified time, but for three annoying hindrances, which I will mention separately. To use medical language, the first annoyance was chronic, the two others were acute and temporary. With regard to the chronic obstacle; in spite of our non-advertising system, our ostensible business in wine flourished with inconvenient vigour. Orders were perpetually coming in, customers were constantly calling. Rimouski lost much valuable time in attending to them, and frequently vowed that he would in future sell nothing but the most undrinkable trash. Two motives tended to restrain him. In the first place his *esprit de corps* as a wine merchant influenced him greatly; secondly, the cash which this business brought in was extremely acceptable. So Rimouski grumbled, but continued to please his customers. The next annoyance was more serious. About the end of the first month, Tim Dolan had begun to grow restive under his confinement. He had been permitted to go to mass every Sunday under the guardianship of Rimouski or myself, and had

been allowed to take possession of small nuggets of real gold (supplied by Rimouski's watchful care) which he found during the progress of the work. But this did not satisfy him. He insisted on a night's liberty, and it was eventually agreed that, dressed in my labouring clothes, I should accompany him to a certain free-and-easy in the neighbourhood of Peter Street, Westminster.

For a time Timothy behaved with great decorum, but presently, heated by the liquor he had drunk, he began boasting to the assembled company of the enormous fortune that was in store for him. At first they laughed at him, but when a burly fellow gave him the lie direct, Timothy jumped up, and promptly knocked him down. A general scrimmage now ensued; the Englishmen took part with their countrymen, and were in turn assaulted by the whole of the Irish element. Bottles, glasses, and pewter-pots flew as thick as hail. The terrified landlord called in the police, and presently, to my horror, I saw Timothy Dolan marched off in custody. There was no time to be lost. When we had proceeded some distance from the scene of action, and the idle mob who followed us had diminished in numbers, I touched the policeman on the shoulder; I winked at him, displaying a sovereign; he returned the wink, and presently Timothy Dolan and I, safely ensconced in a Hansom cab, were bowling along towards Brompton. Next day, Rimouski administered a lecture; Timothy was penitent, and never asked leave to go out again.

The third *contretemps* was perhaps the worst of all. We had accomplished the hundredth yard, and had had a sort of jubilee on the occasion. Possibly the extra amount of grog made us all sleep sound. At any rate, Rimouski and I, who slept in the same room, were awakened at dead of night by a policeman. He threw the glare of his bull's-eye lantern into our astonished eyes, and bade us get up at once, for the street door was open, and there were thieves in the house. We started up, and on examining the cellar found there a couple of ill-looking personages, who had drunk themselves into a state of tipsy security by the assistance of our stock-in-trade. They had knocked the heads off at least a dozen bottles, and had apparently enjoyed themselves extremely. Rimouski and I observed that the policeman cast a glance of astonishment round the cellar.

"I'm enlarging my cellarage, you see, policeman," he began. "Hark! what was that? There's another thief in the attics. Run, policeman, and nab him—we will hold these two rascals."

The unsuspecting policeman hurried up-stairs, upon which Rimouski said to the astonished burglars:

"Confound you fellows for taking my wine at this time of night. Call in the daytime, and you shall have a gallon a-piece. Now then, be off with you."

He opened the back door, and the thieves, who were by this time wide awake, vanished in a trice.

"Hey! help! murder!" shouted a voice from above. It was the policeman. We rushed up-stairs with a light, and found Timothy and the constable rolling on the floor in dire contention. Hearing the

noise below, Timothy, it seems, had jumped out of bed, and, in the dark, he and the policeman took each other for a midnight robber. A hearty laugh, and a stiff glass of grog to the policeman, settled the affair. Of course, we accounted for the escape of the cellar marauders by having to go to the policeman's assistance.

Having successfully overcome this triplet of difficulties, we were rapidly approaching the conclusion of our labours. On Thursday night, September the 11th, we had accomplished the 135th yard of tunnelling, and were beneath the Exhibition building. The discrepancy between the number of yards actually accomplished, and Rimouski's original calculation, was accounted for by a divergence of route which the gas-pipes compelled us to make. On the Friday we were crawling cautiously on our hands and knees beneath the flooring, listening to the tread of the vast multitude above our heads. One trifling circumstance gave us some uneasiness. Close by where Rimouski was crouching, some stupid person let a half-sovereign drop between the boards. Rimouski quietly slipped it into his pocket, and crawled away. We feared the boards would be lifted, and the whole of our plans discovered. They were not.

As Rimouski did not wish Dolan to know where we had arrived, he kept him hard at work driving a fresh tunnel, in a totally opposite direction, alleging that we were somewhat mistaken in the course of the gold-drift.

On the Friday night, when Timothy was fast asleep in his attic, Rimouski and I sat in solemn conclave. The result of two months' severe and exhausting toil was to be tested. Rimouski spoke.

"To carry off the Koh-i-Noor would be a barren achievement. A gem of such size is practically as useless to us as a bit of Derbyshire spar. No: I prefer flying at smaller, but more profitable game. I will tackle the case of — in the French department, you will direct your attention to the display of Messrs. — in the English area."

On the following day, amid the roar of organs, the jingle of pianofortes, and the tramp of innumerable feet, we sawed away the flooring underneath our respective cases, in such a manner that no cut was observable on the upper side. Rimouski had fixed a couple of small fine-toothed saws in a frame peculiarly adapted for this sort of work. The pieces sawn through were large enough to admit the body of a man, and were supported from below by carefully-arranged props.

The important night had arrived at last. It was dark, moonless, and windy. Rimouski gravely handed me a sharp, small stiletto, reserving a similar one for himself.

"To be used," he said, "in case of emergency."

"Which Heaven forefend!" I exclaimed.

He made no reply. We passed through the tunnel, having taken the precaution to lock the door of Tim Dolan's room. When under the floor of the Exhibition building, Rimouski silently shook my hand. We separated, and took our respective routes for England and for France. I reached the appointed spot with perfect ease, having arranged a line of whipcord from the entrance of the tunnel, which led me directly

beneath the jewel-case. With the utmost caution I took away the props, and removed the sawn flooring-boards; I then slowly thrust my head and body through the aperture. Having proceeded thus far, I paused for a few moments, listening to the measured tread of the numerous watchmen perambulating the building. Being satisfied that I was unobserved, I proceeded to fill my pockets with the jewels that surrounded me on all sides. In some instances, I removed the jewels from the case; in others I put case and all into my pockets. While thus engaged the door of the show-case was violently opened, for a moment the uniform of a Sapper glimmered in the darkness; I attempted to lower myself into the aperture; I was suddenly seized by the hair of the head. The horrors of my position overcame me; a blasted character—penal servitude!—I shrieked aloud!

* * * * *

What is this? Where am I? It is broad daylight, and I am lying beneath a hedge in the peaceful fields of Hornsey. My hat has fallen off, and a bramble-bush has caught my hair. And is that all? Has all the strange drama of two months' duration which I have passed through been but a dream—or has my spirit, beguiled by the hateful influence of Stavros Rimouski, really enacted these scenes, while my body lay here, a mere senseless trunk? Thank Heaven, at any rate, that I am where I am, a free man; honest at least in outward act, if not in inward purpose. I will seek Stavros, and learn whether he has really been here or not.

I returned to London, and made inquiries. It might be only an accidental coincidence, but on the day of my dream, vision, or temporary separation of body and spirit, whichever it might be, Stavros Macdonald Rimouski had disappeared, and none of his friends or acquaintances have since been able to trace him.

COUNT BURKHARDT.

Who rides so fast through the blasted pines,
While through the cloud-rack the young moon shines!

Who rides so fast through the yew-trees' gloom,
While low in the mountains the thunders boom!

Who rides so fast through the haunted wood,
Heedless of midnight, and storm, and flood?

The goodwife at Givers looked out from her door:
"God save thee, Count Burkhardt, the weather is sore."

"Tempt not the wood nor the foaming stream,
In marsh and in meadow the witch-lights gleam;

"I see through the white mists their flickering spears,
Though my eyes are dim with ninety years."

Count Burkhardt laughed, and flung her good-night,
And spurred his good charger, and breasted the height,

And came to the gate by the forest well,
Where the hermit prayed in his little cell,

Moaning the deeds of his wilful youth,
Pleading for sinners with tender ruth.

He rose from his knees, and called through the dark,
"Who journeys here on the Eve of St. Mark?"

"Turn back, turn back, or thou wilt not 'scape
The fiend that lurks in a woman's shape.

"Many a young man fair and brave
Sued for her love and found his grave ;

"Passed from earth, how, none could tell,
Fared deep down to nethermost hell."

Then Burkhardt laughed the laugh of scorn,
"I never feared man of woman born,

"And shall I turn in cowardly shame
From creatures born of the erring brain .

"Let them come if they will, the nymphs of the wood,
The gnomes of the mountain, the sprites of the flood,

"Nixies and pixies, red caps and grey,
I warrant my good sword will keep them at bay."

So he rode in his pride to the crest of the hill ;
Low sank the blast, the wood grew still ;

And through the forest there passed a sigh ;
It amote the tree-tops, and died in the sky.

Where the pine-trees dark in a solemn ring,
Their sable crests to heaven fling,

And the oak in their midst its arms uprears
Wasted and gaunt with a thousand years,

There in her naked beauty shone
A woman's figure carved in stone.

"Is it thou, mistress Venus? good sooth, thou art fair,
I never saw flesh with thee could compare!"

And he touched with his sword her shoulder white,
And her lips grew warm and her eyes flashed bright;

Slowly she stooped her neck of stone,
And kissed him there in the wood alone.

Low moaned the pine-trees over head,
The oak-tree murmured—and she was fled.

* * * * *

Count Burkhardt rode by field and stream,
Slow and heavy as one in a dream.

While he brushed the clammy dews from the lawn,
Pale in the east the day 'gan dawn.

But red light gleamed from his father's towers,
There was wassail in hall and song in the bowers ;

And they jested Burkhardt that he could bide,
 wooing so long at Clara's side,

And pledged him with beakers running o'er,
But Burkhardt von Keller laughed no more ;

Nor rode he again at even-tide,
To the Lady Clara his plighted bride.

Weep not, Clara, weeping is vain ;
Tears will not bring him back again.

Long at the turret thy watch thou mayst keep,
Wilt nevermore see him climb the steep.

No more he gallops at early morn,
His heart throbbing high at sound of the horn.

No more he wanders at sunset fair,
When the Angelus floats through the mellow air.

For sleeping and waking, in torturing bliss,
He feels on his mouth a burning kiss ;

And with fruitless longing his way he takes
To the lonely woods and tangled brakes.

And the peasant folks who had loved him erst,
Began to whisper "Count Burkhardt is curst."

Foul is the weather ; the night is dark ;
A year has passed, 'tis the Eve of St. Mark.

And he to the heathen hill will hie ;
Old Rudolph follows unseen and nigh.

The hermit stands by the forest gate—
"Shrieve thee, Sir Burkhardt, ere 'tis too late.

"See where the piteous image stands,
With bleeding side and wounded hands.

"Call aloud to the merciful Christ,
To hold thee back from the hellish tryst."

But Burkhardt passes swift as the wind :
His faithful henchman follows behind.

Through bush and bramble he hurries still,
And now they have reached the heathen hill ;

And Rudolph's limbs grow stiff with fright,
For he sees in the midst that lady white.

She holds out her arms of satin sheen,
Her breast heaves high, her dark eyes gleam ;

She holds out her hand, and beckons him nigh,
Vain is old Rudolph's warning cry ;

Vainly he strives to hold his lord,
His feet cling fast to the forest ward.

But Burkhardt flies with fiery haste,
Welds his arm round her yielding waist,

Drinks hot draughts of love from her mouth,
Slaking at last the year's long drouth,

And her arms are twining in serpent coils,
Her breath consumes him, he sinks in her toils.

He sees not, where love and beauty beamed,
The mocking face of a cruel fiend.

But Rudolph sees, and with cleaving tongue,
Utters the names in Paradise sung,

Names of potency, holy and high,
Then the forest rings with a horrid cry :

A thousand voices of rage and fear ;
Bellow and shriek in Rudolph's ear ;

The ground is rent with sullen throes,
The twain have vanish'd, nought else he knows.

* * * * *

Up rose the morning dewy and bright,
Flushing the place with golden light,

Sowing pearls on the barren floor,
Sapphire drops on the pine-trees hoar,

And Rudolph woke amid warmth and sheen,
Marvelling much if it were a dream ;

Then down to the Kellerburg went he,
And told the sire and the brothers three.

They sent for the monks from Lindenhein,
In the pleasant pastures beside the Rhine,

And from lofty Hoheneck on the steep,
Where the mellowing grapes in sunshine sleep,

And from ancient Spires in the emerald flat,
Where orchards are lush and lands are fat.

They came with relic, and book, and bell ;
They prayed, and chanted, and cursed as well ;

And his father was there, in anguish bowed,
And his brother, a monk of St. Francis, vowed,

And the holy abbot of Salms, and he
Bade them dig 'neath the blasted tree.

They dug and delved with right good will,
 Praying, and chanting, and cursing still,
 And came two fathoms deep in the ground,
 But never a bone of Sir Burkhardt they found,
 Nor aught save a broken, crumbling stone,
 An altar raised to an evil one,

Carved with symbols wicked and weird,
 Long ere the blessed Cross was upreared.

Then the brawny monks of Lindenhein
 Smote it to pieces, and brayed it fine,
 Sprinkled the dust with holy showers,
 Cursed and banished the evil powers,



And reared on the place where the altar stood,
 A shrine to our Lady in the Wood.

In Lichtenstein a pale young nun
 Looks out wearily in the sun.

And in Hoheneck a faithful frere
 Wrestles for Burkhardt's soul in prayer.

Midsummer comes and brings the rose,
 Yule-tide comes with its shrouding snows.

But earth's delights and the joyance high
 Of love and beauty pass them by.

Unheeded the while with bitter dole,
 They plead for Burkhardt von Keller's soul. E. L.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXVII. BROTHER JARRUM.

By the light of a single tallow candle which flared aloft on a shelf in Peckaby's shop, consecrated in more prosperous days to wares, but bare now, a large collected assemblage was regarding each other, with looks of eager interest. There could not have been less than thirty present, all crammed together in that little space of a few feet square. The first comers had taken their seats on the counters; the others stood as they could. Two or three men, just returned from their day's labour, were there; but the crowd was chiefly composed of the weaker sex.

The attention of these people was concentrated on a little man who faced them, leaning against the wall at the back of the shop, and holding forth in a loud, persuasive tone. If you object to the term "holding forth," you must blame Mrs. Duff: it is borrowed from her. She informed us, you may remember, that the stranger who met, and appeared to avoid Lionel Verner, was no other than a "missionary from Jerusalem," taken with an anxiety for the souls of Deerham, and about to do what he could to convert them—"Brother Jarrum."

Brother Jarrum had entered upon his work, conjointly with his entry upon Peckaby's spare room. He held nightly meetings in Peckaby's shop, and the news of his fame was spreading. Women of all ages flocked in to hear him—you know how impressionable they have the character of being. A sprinkling of men followed out of curiosity, of idleness, or from propensity to ridicule. Had Brother Jarrum proved to be a real missionary from Jerusalem—though, so far as my knowledge goes, such messengers from that city are not common—genuinely desirous of converting them from wrath to grace, I fear his audience would, after the first night or two, have fallen off considerably. This missionary, however, contrived both to keep his audience and to increase it; his promises partaking more of the mundane nature than do such promises in general. In point of fact, Brother Jarrum was an elder from a place that he was pleased to term "New Jerusalem;" in other words from the Salt Lake city.

It has been the fate of certain spots of England, more so than of most other parts of the world, to be favoured by periodical visits from these gentry. Deerham was now suffering under the infliction, and Brother Jarrum was doing all that lay in his power to convert half its population into Mormon proselytes. His peculiar doctrines it is of no consequence to transcribe; but some of his promises were so rich that it is a pity you should lose the treat of hearing them. They commenced with—husbands to all. Old or young, married or single, each was safe to be made the wife of one of these favoured prophets the instant she set foot in the new city. This of course was a very grand thing for the women—as you may know if you have any experience with them—especially for those who were getting on the shady side of forty, and had

not changed their name. They, the women, gathered together and pressed into Peckaby's shop, and stared at Brother Jarrum with eager eyes, and listened with strained ears, only looking off him to cast admiring glances one to another.

"Stars and snakes!" said Brother Jarrum, whose style of oratory was more peculiar than elegant, "what flounders me is, that the whole lot of you Britishers don't migrate of yourselves to the desired city—the promised land—the Zion on the mountains. You stop here to pinch and toil and care, and quarrel one of another, and starve your children through having nothing to give 'em, when you might go out there to ease, to love, to peace, to plenty. It's a charming city; what else should it be called the City of the Saints? The houses have shady verandars round 'em, with sweet shrubs a-creeping up, and white posts and pillows to lean against. The bigger a household is, the more rooms it have got; not a lady there, if there was a hundred of 'em in family, but what's got her own parlour and bedroom to herself, which no stranger thinks of going in at without knocking for leaf. All round and about these houses is productive gardens, trees and flowers for ornament, and fruits and green stuff to eat. There's trees that they call cotton wood, and firs, and locusts, and balsams, and poplars, and pines, and acacias, some of 'em in blossom. A family may live for nothing upon the produce of their own ground. Vegetables is to be had for the cutting; their own cows gives the milk—such milk and butter as this poor place, Deerham, never saw—but the rich flavour's imparted to 'em from the fine quality of the grass; and fruit you might feed upon till you got a surfeit. Grapes and peaches is all a hanging in clusters to the hand, only waiting to be plucked! Stars! my mouth's watering now at the thoughts of 'em! I—"

"Please, sir, what did you say the name of the place was again?" interrupted a female voice.

"New Jerusalem," replied Brother Jarrum. "It's in the territory of Utah. On the maps and on the roads, and for them that have not awoke to the new light, it's called the Great Salt Lake City; but, for us favoured saints, it's New Jerusalem. It's Zion—it's Paradise—it's anything beautiful you may like to call it. There's a ball-room in it."

This abrupt wind-up rather took some of the audience aback. A ball-room!

"A ball-room," gravely repeated Brother Jarrum. "A public ball-room not far from a hundred feet long; and we have a theatre for the acting of plays; and we go for rides in winter in sleighs. Ah! did you think it was with us, out there, as it is with you in the old country? One's days to be made up of labour, labour, labour; no interlude to it but starvation and the crying of children as can't get nursed or fed! We like amusement; and we have it; dancing in particular. Our

great prophet himself dances : and all the apostles and bishops dance. They dance themselves down."

The assemblage sat with open eyes. New wonders were revealed to them every moment. Some of the younger legs grew restless at the mental vision conjured up.

"It's part of our faith to dance," continued Brother Jarrum. "Why shouldn't we? Didn't David dance? Didn't Jephtha dance? Didn't the prodigal son dance? You'll all dance on to the last if you come to us. Such a thing as old legs is hardly known among us. As the favoured climate makes the women's faces beautiful, so it keeps the limbs from growing old. The ball-room is hung with green branches and flags; you might think it was a scene of trees lit with lamps; and you'd never tire of listening to the music, or of looking at the supper-table. If you could only see the suppers given, in a picture to-night; it 'ud spoil your sleep, and you'd not rest till you had started to partake of 'em. Ducks and turkeys, and oysters, and fowls, and fish, and meats, and custards, and pies, and potatoes, and greens, and jellies, and coffee, and tea, and cake, and drinks, and so many more things that you'd be tired only of hearing me say the names. There's abundance for all."

Some commotion amid Brother Jarrum's hearers, and a sound as of licking of lips. That supper account was a great temptation. Had Brother Jarrum started then, straight off for the Salt Lake, the probability is that three-parts of the room would have formed a tail after him.

"What's the drinks?" inquired Jim Clark, the supper items imparting to his inside a curious feeling of emptiness.

"There's no lack of drinks in the City of the Saints," returned Brother Jarrum. "Whiskey's plentiful. Have you heard of mint julep? That is delicious. Mint is one of the few productions not common out there, and we are learning to make the julep with sage instead. You should see the plains of sage! It grows wild."

"And there's ducks, you say?" observed Susan Peckaby. "It's convenient to have sage in plenty where there's ducks," added she to the assembly in general. "What a land it must be!"

"A land that's not be ekalled! A land flowing with milk and honey!" rapturously echoed Brother Jarrum. "Ducks is in plenty, and sage grows as thick as nettles do here; you can't go out to the open country but you put your foot upon it. Nature's generally in accordance with herself. What should she give all them bushes of wild sage for, unless she gave ducks to match?"

A problem that appeared indisputable to the minds of Brother Jarrum's listeners. They sincerely wished themselves in New Jerusalem.

"Through the streets runs a stream of sparkling water, clear as crystal," continued Brother Jarrum. "You have only got to stoop down with a can on a hot summer's day, and take a drink of it. It runs on both sides the streets for convenience: folks step out of their houses, and draw it up with no trouble. You have not got to toil half-a-mile to a spring of fresh water there! You'd never forget the silver lake at the base of Antelope Island, once you set eyes on it."

Several haggard eyes were lifted at this. "Do silver grow there, like the sage?"

"I spoke metaphorical," explained Brother Jarrum. "Would I deceive you? No. It's the Great Salt Lake, that shines out like burnished silver, and bursts on the sight of the new pilgrims when they arrive in bands at the holy city—the emigrants from this land."

"Some do arrive then, sir?" timidly questioned Dinah Roy.

"Some!" indignantly responded Brother Jarrum. "They are arriving continual. The very evening before I left, a numerous company arrived. It was just upon sunset. The clouds was all of rose colour, tipped with purple and gold, and there lay the holy city at their feet in the lovely valley I told you of last night, with the lake of glittering silver in the distance. It is a sight for 'em, I can tell you! The regular-built houses, enclosed in their gardens and buildings, like farm homesteads, and the inhabitants turning out with fiddles, to meet and welcome the travellers. Some of the pilgrims fainted with joy; some shouted; lots danced; and sobs and tears of delight burst from all. If the journey had been a little fatiguing—what of that, with that glorious scene at the end of it?"

"And you see this?" cried a man, Davies, in a somewhat doubtful tone.

"I see it with my two eyes," answered Brother Jarrum. "I often see it. We had had news in the city that a train of new-comers was approaching, mostly English, and we went out to meet 'em. Not one of us saints, hardly, but was expecting some friend by it: a sister, or a father, or a sweetheart, may-be: and away we hurried outside the city. Presently the train came in sight."

"They have railroads there, then?" spoke a man, who was listening with eager interest. It was decent, civil Grind.

"Not yet: we shall have 'em shortly," said Brother Jarrum. "The train consisted of carts, carriages, vehicles of all sorts; and some rode mules, and some were walking on their legs. They were all habited nicely, and singing hymns. A short way off the holy city, it's the custom for the emigrants to make a halt, and wash and dress themselves, so as to enter proper. Such a meeting! the kissing and the greeting drowning the noise of the music, and the old men and the little children dancing. The prophet himself came out, and shook hands with 'em all, a brass band blowing in front of him, and he standing up in his carriage. Where else would you travel to, I'd like to know, and find such a welcome at the end of your journey? Houses, and friends, and plenty, all got ready aforehand; and gentlemen waiting to marry the ladies that may wish to enter the holy state!"

"There is a plenty!" questioned again that unbelieving man, Davies.

"There's such a plenty that the new arrivals are advised to eat, for a week or two, only half their fill," returned Brother Jarrum. "Of fruits in partic'lar. Some, that have gone right in at the good things without mercy, have been laid up through it, and had to fine themselves down upon

physic for a week after. No; it's best to be a little sparing at the beginning."

"What did he say just now about all the Mormons being beautiful?" questioned a pretty looking girl of her neighbours. And Brother Jarrum caught the words, although they were spoken in an undertone.

"And so they are," said he. "The climate's of a nature that softens the faces, keeps folks in health, and stops 'em from growing old. If you see two females in the street, one a saint's wife, the t'other a new arrival, you can always tell which is which. The wife's got a slender waist, like a lady, with a delicate colour in her face, and silky hair: the new-comer's tanned, and fat, and freckled, and clumsy. If you don't believe me, you can ask them as have been there. There's something in the dress they wear, too, that sets 'em off. No female goes out without a veil, which hangs down behind. They don't want to hide their pretty faces, not they."

Mary Green, a damsel of twenty, she who had previously spoken, really did possess a pretty face: and a rapturous vision came over her at this juncture, of beholding it shaded and set off by a white lace veil, as she had often seen Miss Decima Verner's.

"Now, I can't explain to you why it is that the women in the city should be fair to the eye, or why the men don't seem to grow old," resumed Brother Jarrum. "It is so, and that's enough. People, learned in such things, might tell the cause; but I'm not learned in 'em. Some says it's the effect of the New Jerusalem climate: some thinks it's the fruits of the happy and plentiful life we lead: my opinion is, it's a mixture of both. A man of sixty hardly looks forty, out there. It's a great favour!"

One of the ill-doing Dawsons, who had pushed his way in at the shop-door in time to hear part of the lavished praise on New Jerusalem, interrupted at this juncture.

"I say, master, if this is as you're a-telling us, how is it that folks talk so again the Mormons? I met a man in Heartburg once, who had been out there, and he couldn't say bad enough of 'em."

"Snakes! but that's a natural question of yours, and I'm glad to answer it," replied Brother Jarrum, with a taking air of candour. "Those evil reports come from our enemies. There's another tribe living in the Great Salt Lake city besides ours; and that's the Gentiles. Gentiles is our name for 'em. It's this set that spreads about uncredible reports, and we'd like to sew their mouths up—"

Brother Jarrum probably intended to say "uncredited." He continued, somewhat vehemently.

"—To sew their mouths up with a needle and thread, and let 'em be sewed up for ever. They are jealous of us; that's what it is. Some of their wives, too, have left 'em to espouse our saints, at which they nagger greatly. The outrageousest things that enemies' tongues can be laid to, they say. Don't you ever believe 'em: it flounders me to think as anybody can. Whoever wants to see my credentials, they are at their beck and call. Call to-morrow morning—in my room up-stairs—

call any other morning, and my certificate is open to be looked at, with spectacles or without 'em, signed in full, at the Great Salt Lake City, territory of Utah, by our prophet, Mr. Brigham Young, and two of his councillors, testifying that I am Elder Silas Jarrum, and that my mission over here is to preach the light to them as are at present asleep in darkness, and bring 'em to the community of the Latter Day Saints. I'm no impostor, I'm not; and I tell you that the false reports come from their unbelieving Gentiles. Instead of minding their own affairs, they pass their days nagging at the saints."

"Why don't they turn saints themselves?" cried a voice, sensibly.

"Because Satan stops 'em. You have heard of him, you know. He's busy everywhere, as you've been taught by your parsons. I put my head inside of your church-door, last Sunday night, while the sermon was going on, and I heard your parson tell you as Satan was the foundation of all the ill that was in you. He was right there: though I'm no friend to parsons in general. Satan is the head and tail of bad things, and he fills up the Gentiles with proud notions, and blinds their eyes against us. No wonder! If every soul in the world turned Latter Day Saint, and come over to us at New Jerusalem, where ud Satan's work be? We are striving to get you out of the clutches of Satan, my friends, and you must strive for yourselves also. Where's the use of us elders coming among you to preach and convert, unless you meet us half-way? Where's the good of keeping up that 'Perpetual Emigration Fund Company,' if you don't reap its benefit and make a start to emigrate? These things is being done for you, not for us. The Latter Day Saints have got nothing mean nor selfish about 'em: they are the richest people in the world—in generosity and good works."

"Is servants allowed to dress in veils, out there?" demanded Mary Green, during a pause of Brother Jarrum's, afforded to the audience that they might sufficiently revolve the disinterested generosity of the Latter Day Saint community.

"Veils! Veils, and feathers, too, if they are so minded," was Brother Jarrum's answer; and it fell like a soothing sound on Mary Green's vain ear. "It's not many servants, though, that you'd find in New Jerusalem."

"Ain't servants let go out to New Jerusalem?" quickly returned Mary Green. She was a servant herself, just now out of place, given to spend all her wages upon finery, and coming to grief perpetually with her mistresses upon the score.

"Many of 'em goes out," was the satisfactory reply of Brother Jarrum. "But servants here are not servants there. Who'd be a servant if she could be a missis? Wouldn't a handsome young female prefer to be her master's wife than to be his servant?"

Mary Green giggled; the question had been pointedly put to her.

"If a female servant chooses to remain a servant, in course she can," Brother Jarrum resumed. "And precious long wages she'd get; eighty pound a-year—good."

A movement of surprise amid the audience. Brother Jarrum went on :

"I can't say I have knowed many as have stopped servants even at that high rate of pay. My memory won't charge me with one. They have married and settled, and so have secured for themselves paradise."

This might be taken as a delicate hint that the married state, generally, deserved that happy title. Some of the experiences of those present, however, rather tended to accord it a less satisfactory one, and there arose some mumbling. Brother Jarrum explained :

"Women is not married with us for time, but for eternity—as I tried to beat into you last night. Once the wife of a saint, their entrance into paradise is safe and certain. We have not got a old maid among us—not a single old maid!"

The sensation that this information caused, I'll leave you to judge; considering that Deerham was famous for old maids, and that several were present.

"No old maids and no widders," continued Brother Jarrum, wiping his forehead, which was becoming moist with the heat of argument. "We have respect to our women, we have, and like to make 'em comfortable."

"But if their husbands die off?" suggested a puzzled listener.

"The husband's successor marries his widders," explained Brother Jarrum. "Look at our late head and prophet, Mr. Joe Smith,—him that appeared in a vision to our present prophet, and pointed out the spot for the new temple. He died a martyr, Mr. Joe Smith did,—a prey to wicked murderers. Were his widders left to grieve and die out after him? No. Mr. Brigham Young, he succeeded to his honours, and he married the widders."

This was received somewhat dubiously: the assemblage not clear whether to approve it or to cavil at it.

"Not so much to be his wives, you know, as to be a kind of ruling matrons in his household," went on Brother Jarrum. "To have their own places apart, their own rooms in the house, and to be as happy as the day's long. They don't——"

"How they must quarrel, a lot of wives together!" interrupted a discontented voice.

Brother Jarrum set himself energetically to disprove this supposition. He succeeded. Belief is easy to willing minds.

"Which is best?" asked he. "To be one of the wives of a rich saint, where all the wives is happy, and honoured, and well dressed; or to toil and starve, and go next door to naked, as a poor man's solitary wife does here? I know which I should choose if the two chances was offered me. A woman can't put her foot inside the heavenly kingdom, I tell you, unless she has got a husband to lay hold of her hand and draw her in. The wives of a saint are safe; paradise is in store for 'em: and that's why the Gentiles' wives—them folks that's for ever riling at us—leave their husbands and marry a saint."

"Does the saints' wives ever leave 'em to

marry them others—the Gentiles?" asked that troublesome Davies.

"Such cases have been heered of," responded Brother Jarrum, shaking his head with a grave solemnity of manner. "They have braved the punishment, and done it. But the act has been rare."

"What is the punishment?" inquired somebody's wife.

"When a female belonging to the Latter Day Saints—whether she's married or single—falls off from grace and goes over to them Gentiles, and marries one of 'em, she's condemned to be buffeted by Satan for a thousand years."

A pause of consternation.

"Who condemns her?" a voice, more venturesome than the rest, was heard to ask.

"There's mysteries in our faith which can't be disclosed even to you," was the reply of Brother Jarrum. "Them apostate women are condemned to it; and that's enough. It's not everybody as can see the truth. Ninety-nine may see it, and the hundredth mayn't."

"Very true, very true," was murmured around.

"I think I see the waggins and the other vehicles arriving now!" rapturously exclaimed Brother Jarrum, turning his eyes right up into his head, the better to take in the mental vision. "The travellers, tired with their journey, washed and shaved, and dressed, and the women's hair anointed, all flagrant with oil and frantic with joy,—shouting, singing, and dancing to the tune of the advancing fiddles! I think I see the great prophet himself, with his brass-band in front and his body-guard around him—sometimes he goes out with his body-guard—meeting the travellers and shaking their hands individually! I think I see the joy of the women, and the nice young girls, when they are led to the hymnial halter in our temple by the saints that have chosen them, to be inducted into the safety of paradise! Happy those that the prophet chooses for himself! While them other poor mistaken backsliders shall be undergoing their thousand years of buffetings, they'll reign triumphant, the saved saints of the Mill——"

How long Brother Jarrum's harangue might have rung on the wide ears of his delighted listeners, it is not easy to say. But an interruption occurred to the proceedings. It was caused by the entrance of Peckaby; and the meeting was terminated somewhat abruptly. While Susan Peckaby sat at the feet of the saint, a willing disciple of his doctrine, her lord and master, however disheartening it may be to record it, could not, by any means, be induced to open his heart and receive the grace. He remained obdurate—passively obdurate during the day; but rather demonstratively obdurate towards night. Peckaby, a quiet, civil man enough when sober, was just the contrary when *irre*; and since he had joined the blacksmith's shop, his evening visits to a noted public-house—the Plough and Harrow—had become frequent. On his return home from these visits, his mind had once or twice been spoken out pretty freely as to the Latter Day Saint doctrine; once he had gone the length of

clearing the shop of guests and marshalling the saint himself to the retirement of his own apartment. However contrite he may have shown himself for this the next morning, nobody desired to have the scene repeated. Consequently, when Peckaby now entered, defiance in his face and unsteadiness in his legs, the guests filed out of their own accord; and Brother Jarrum, taking the flaring candle from the shelf, disappeared with it up the stairs.

This has been a very fair specimen of Brother Jarrum's representations and eloquence. It was only one meeting out of a great many. As I said before, the precise tenets of his religious faith need not be enlarged upon: it is enough to say that they were quite equal to his temporal promises. You will therefore scarcely wonder that he made disciples. But the mischief, as yet, had only begun to brew.

CHAPTER XXVIII. A VISIT OF CEREMONY.

WHATEVER may have been Lionel Verner's private sentiments, with regard to his choice of a wife, —whether he repented his hasty bargain or whether he did not, no shade of dissatisfaction escaped him. Sibylla took up her abode with her sisters, and Lionel visited her, just as other people visit the young ladies they may be going to marry. The servants at Verner's Pride were informed that a mistress for them was in contemplation, and preparations for the marriage were begun. Not until summer would it take place, when twelve months should have elapsed from the demise of Frederick Massingbird.

Deerham was, of course, free in its comments, differing in no wise on that score from other places. Lionel Verner was pitied, and Sibylla abused. The heir of Verner's Pride, with his good looks, his manifold attractions, his somewhat cold impassibility as to the tempting snares laid out for him in the way of matrimony, had been a beacon for many a young lady to steer towards. Had he married Lucy Tempest, had he married Lady Mary Elmsley, had he married a royal princess, he and she would both have been equally cavilled at. He, for placing himself beyond the pale of competition; she, for securing the prize. It always was so, and it always will be.

His choice of Mrs. Massingbird, however, really did afford some grounds for grumbling. She was not worthy of Lionel Verner. So Deerham thought; so Deerham said. He was throwing himself away; he would live to repent it; she must have been the most crafty of women, so to have secured him! Free words enough, and harshly spoken: but they were as water by the side of those uttered by Lady Verner.

In the first bitter hour of disappointment, Lady Verner gave free speech to harsh things. It was in her love for Lionel that she so grieved. Setting aside the facts that Sibylla had been the wife of another man, that she was, in position, beneath Lionel — which facts, however, Lady Verner could not set aside, for they were ever present to her — her great objection lay in the conviction that Sibylla would prove entirely unsuited to him; that it would turn out an un-

happy union. Short and sharp was the storm with Lady Verner: but in a week or two she subsided into quietness, buried her grief and resentment within her, and made no further outward demonstration.

"Mother, you will call upon Sibylla?" Lionel said to her one day that he had gone to Deerham Court. He spoke in a low deprecating tone, and his face flushed: he anticipated he knew not what torrent of objection.

Lady Verner met the request differently.

"I suppose it will be expected of me, that I should do so," she replied, strangely calm. "How I dislike this artificial state of things! Where the customs of society must be bowed to, by those who live in it: their actions, good or bad, commented upon and judged! You have been expecting that I should call before this, I suppose, Lionel?"

"I have been hoping, from day to day, that you would call."

"I will call—for your sake. Lionel," she passionately added, turning to him, and seizing his hands between hers, "what I do now, I do for your sake. It has been a cruel blow to me: but I will try to make the best of it, for you, my best-loved son."

He bent down to his mother, and kissed her tenderly. It was his mode of showing her his thanks.

"Do not mistake me, Lionel. I will go just so far in this matter as may be necessary to avoid open disapproval. If I appear to approve it, that the world may not cavil and you complain, it will be little more than an appearance. I will call upon your intended wife, but the call will be one of etiquette, of formal ceremony: you must not expect me to get into the habit of repeating it. I shall never become intimate with her."

"You do not know what the future may bring forth," returned Lionel, looking at his mother with a smile. "I trust the time will come when you shall have learnt to love Sibylla."

"I do not think that time will ever arrive," was the frigid reply of Lady Verner. "Oh, Lionel!" she added, in an impulse of sorrow, "what a barrier this has raised between us—what a severing for the future!"

"The barrier exists in your own mind only, mother," was his answer, spoken sadly. "Sibylla would be a loving daughter to you, if you would allow her so to be."

A slight, haughty shake of the head, suppressed at once, was the reply of Lady Verner. "I had looked for a different daughter," she continued. "I had hoped for Mary Elmsley."

"Upon this point, at any rate, there need be no misunderstanding," returned Lionel. "Believe me once for all, mother: I should never have married Mary Elmsley. Had I and Sibylla remained apart for life, separated as wide as the two poles, it is not Mary Elmsley that I should have made my wife. It is more than probable that my choice would have pleased you only in a degree more than it does now."

The jealous ears of Lady Verner detected an under-current of meaning in the words.

"You speak just as though you had some one in particular in your thoughts!" she uttered.

It recalled Lucy, it recalled the past connected with her, all too painfully to his mind; and he returned an evasive answer. He never willingly recalled her, or it: if they obtruded themselves on his memory—as they very often did—he drove them away, as he was driving them now.

He quitted the house, and Lady Verner proceeded up-stairs to Decima's room. That pretty room, with its blue panels and hangings, where Lionel used to be when he was growing convalescent. Decima and Lucy were in it now. "I wish you to go out with me to make a call," she said to them.

"Both of us, mamma?" inquired Decima.

"Both," repeated Lady Verner. "It is a call of etiquette," she added, a sound of irony, mixing in the tone, "and therefore you must both make it. It is to Lionel's chosen wife."

A hot flush passed into the face of Lucy Tempest: hot words rose to her lips. Hasty, thoughtless, impulsive words, to the effect that *she* could not pay a visit to the chosen wife of Lionel Verner.

But she checked them ere they were spoken. She turned to the window, which had been opened to the early spring day, and suffered the cool air to blow on her flushed face, and calmed down her impetuous thoughts. Was *this* the course of conduct that she had marked out for herself? She looked round at Lady Verner and said, in a gentle tone, that she would be ready at any hour named.

"We will go at once," replied Lady Verner. "I have ordered the carriage. The sooner we make it—as we have to make it—the better."

There was no mistake about it. Lucy had grown to love Lionel Verner. *How* she loved him, esteemed him, venerated him; none, save her own heart, could tell. Her days had been as one long dream of Eden. The very aspect of the world had changed: the blue sky, the soft breathing wind, the scent of the budding flowers, had spoken a language to her, never before learned: "Rejoice in us, for we are lovely!" It was the strange bliss in her own heart that threw its rose hues over the face of nature, the sweet, mysterious rapture arising from love's first dream: which can never be described by mortal pen; and never, while it lasts, can be spoken of by living tongue. *While it lasts.* It never does last. It is the one sole ecstatic phase of life, the solitary romance stealing in once, and but once, amidst the world's hard realities; the "fire filched for us from heaven." Has it to arise yet for you—you, who read this? Do not trust it when it comes, for it will be fleeting as a summer cloud. Enjoy it, revel in it while you hold it; it will lift you out of earth's clay and earth's evil, with its angel wings; but trust not to its remaining: even while you are saying, "I will make it mine for ever," it is gone. It had gone for Lucy Tempest. And, oh! better for her, perhaps, that it should go: better, perhaps, for all: for if that sweet glimpse of paradise could take up its abode permanently in the heart, we should never look, or wish, or pray for that better Paradise which has to come hereafter.

But who can see this in the sharp flood tide of despair? Not Lucy. In losing Lionel she had lost all: and nothing remained for her but to do battle with her trouble alone. Passionately and

truly as Lionel had loved Sibylla; so, in her turn, did Lucy love him.

It is not the fashion now for young ladies to die of broken hearts—as it was in the old days. A little while given to "the grief that kills," and then Lucy strove to arouse herself to better things. She would go upon her way, burying all feelings within her; she would meet him and others with a calm exterior and placid smile; none should see that she suffered: no, though her heart were breaking.

"I will forget him," she murmured to herself ten times in the day. "What a mercy that I did not let him see I loved him! I never should have loved him, but that I thought he—Paha! why do I recal it? I was mistaken; I was stupid—and all that's left to me is, to make the best of it."

So she drove her thoughts away, as Lionel did. She set out on her course bravely, with the determination to forget him. She schooled her heart, and schooled her face, and believed she was doing great things. To Lionel she cast no blame—and that was unfortunate for the forgetting scheme. She blamed herself; not Lionel. Remarkably simple and humble-minded, Lucy Tempest was accustomed to think of every one before herself. Who was she, that she should have assumed Lionel Verner was growing to love her? Sometimes she would glance at another phase of the picture: That Lionel *had* been growing to love her; but that Sibylla Massingbird had, in some weak moment, by some sleight of hand, drawn him to her again, extracted from him a promise that he could not retract. She did not dwell upon this; she drove it from her, as she drove away, or strove to drive away, the other thoughts: although the theory, regarding the night of Sibylla's return, was the favourite theory of Lady Verner. Altogether, I say, circumstances were not very favourable towards Lucy's plan of forgetting him.

Lady Verner's carriage—the most fascinating carriage in all Deerham, with its blue and silver appointments, its fine horses, all the present of Lionel—conveyed them to the house of Dr. West. Lady Verner would not have gone otherwise than in state, for untold gold. Distance allowing her, for she was not a good walker, she would have gone on foot, without attendants, to visit the Countess of Elmale and Lady Mary; but not Sibylla. You can understand the distinction.

They arrived at an inopportune moment, for Lionel was there. At least, Lionel thought it inopportune. On leaving his mother's house he had gone to Sibylla's. And, however gratified he may have been by the speedy compliance of his mother with his request, he had very much preferred, himself, not to be present, if the call comprised, as he saw it did comprise, Lucy Tempest.

Sibylla was at home alone; her sisters were out. She had been leaning back in an invalid chair, listening to the words of Lionel, when a servant opened the door and announced Lady Verner. Neither had observed the stopping of the carriage. Carriages often stopped at the house, and visitors entered it: but they were

most frequently professional visits, concerning nobody but Jan. Lady Verner swept in. For her very life, she could not avoid showing hauteur in that moment. Sibylla sprung from her chair, and stood with a changing face.

Lionel's countenance, too, was changing. It was the first time he had met Lucy face to face in the close proximity necessitated by a room. He had studiously striven not to meet her, and had contrived to succeed. Did he call himself a coward for it? But where was the help?

A few moments given to greeting, to the assuming of seats, and they were settled down. Lady Verner and Decima on a sofa opposite Sibylla; Lucy in a low chair—what she was sure to look out for; Lionel leaning against the mantelpiece—as favourite a position of his, as a low seat was of Lucy's. Sibylla had been startled by their entrance, and her chest was beating. Her brilliant colour went and came, her hand was pressed upon her bosom, as if to still it, and she lay rather back in her chair for support. She had not assumed a widow's cap since her arrival, and her pretty hair fell around her in a shower of gold. In spite of Lady Verner's prejudices, she could not help thinking her very beautiful; but she looked suspiciously delicate.

"It is very kind of you to come to see me," said Sibylla, speaking timidly across to Lady Verner.

Lady Verner slightly bowed.

"You do not look strong," she observed to Sibylla, speaking in the moment's impulse. "Are you well?"

"I am pretty well. I am not strong. Since I returned home, a little thing seems to flutter me, as your entrance has done now. Lionel had just told me you would call upon me, he thought. I was so glad to hear it! Somehow I had feared you would not."

Candid, at any rate; and Lady Verner did not disapprove the apparent feeling that prompted it: but how her heart revolted at hearing those lips pronounce "Lionel" familiarly, she alone could tell. Again came the offence.

"Lionel tells me sometimes I am so changed since I went out, that even he would scarcely have known me. I do not think I am so changed as all that. I had a good deal of vexation and trouble, and I grew thin. But I shall soon be well again now."

A pause.

"You ascertained no certain news of John Massingbird, I hear?" observed Lady Verner.

"Not any. A gentleman there is endeavouring to trace out more particulars. I heard—did Lionel mention to you—that I heard, strange to say, of Luke Roy from the family I was visiting—the Eyres? Lionel,"—turning to him—"did you repeat it to Lady Verner?"

"I believe not," replied Lionel.

He could not say to Sibylla, "My mother would tolerate no conversation on any topic connected with you."

Another flagging pause.

Lionel, to create a divertissement, raised a remarkably fine specimen of coral from the table, and carried it to his mother.

"It is beautiful," he remarked. "Sibylla brought it home with her."

Lady Verner allowed that it was beautiful.

"Show it to Lucy," she said, when she had examined it with interest. "Lucy, my dear, do you remember what I was telling you the other evening, about the black coral?"

Sibylla rose and approached Lucy with Lionel.

"I am so pleased to make your acquaintance," she said, warmly. "You only came to Deerham a short while before I was leaving it, and I saw scarcely anything of you. Lionel has seen a great deal of you, I fancy, though he will not speak of you. I told him one day it looked suspicious; that I should be jealous of you, if he did not mind."

It was a foolish speech, foolish of Sibylla to utter it: but she did so in all singleness of heart, meaning nothing. Lucy was bending over the coral, held by Lionel. She felt her own cheeks flush, and she saw by chance, not by direct look, that Lionel's face had turned a deep scarlet. Jealous of her! She continued to admire the coral some little time longer, and then resigned it to him with a smile.

"Thank you, Mr. Verner. I am fond of these marine curiosities. We had a good many of them at the Rectory. Mr. Cust's brother was a sailor."

Lionel could not remember the time when she had called him "Mr. Verner." It was right, however, that she should do so; but in his heart he felt thankful for that sweet smile. It seemed to tell him that she, at any rate, was heart whole, that she certainly bore him no resentment. He spoke, himself, freely now.

"You are not looking well, Lucy—as we have been upon the subject of looks."

"I? Oh, I have had another cold since the one Jan cured. I did not try his remedies in time, and it fastened upon me. I don't know which barked the most—I, or Growler."

"Jan says he shall have Growler here," remarked Sibylla.

"No, Sibylla," interposed Lionel; "Jan said he should like to have Growler here if it were convenient to do so, and my mother would spare him. A medical man's is not the place for a barking dog: he might attack the night applicants."

"Is it Jan's dog?" inquired Lucy.

"Yes," said Lionel. "I thought you knew it. Why, don't you remember, Lucy, the day I—"

Whatever reminiscence Lionel may have been about to recal, he cut it short midway, and subsided into silence. What was his motive? Did Lucy know? She did not ask for the ending, and the rest were then occupied, and had not heard.

More awkward pauses—as in these visits where the parties do not amalgamate, is sure to be the case, and then Lady Verner slightly bowed to Lucy, as she might have done on their retiring from table, and rose. Extending the tips of her delicately-gloved fingers to Sibylla, she swept out of the room. Decima shook hands with her more cordially, although she had not spoken half-a-dozen words during the interview, and Sibylla turned and put her hand into Lucy's.

"I hope we shall be intimate friends," she said.

"I hope you will be our frequent guest at Verner's Pride."

"Thank you," replied Lucy.

And perhaps the sudden flush on her face might have been less vivid, had Lionel not been standing there.

He attended them to the carriage, taking up his hat as he passed through the vestibule, for really the confined space that did duty for hall in Dr. West's house, did not deserve the name. Lady Verner sat on one side the carriage, Decima and Lucy on the seat opposite. Lionel stood a moment after handing them in.

"If you can tear yourself away from the house for half-an-hour, I wish you would take a drive with us," said Lady Verner, her tone of voice no more pleasant than her words. Try as she would, she could not help her jealous resentment, against Sibylla, peeping out.

Lionel smiled, and took his seat by his mother, opposite to Lucy. He was resolved to foster no ill-feeling by his own conduct, but to do all that lay in his power to subdue it in Lady Verner. He had not taken leave of Sibylla; and it may have been this, the proof that he was about to return to her, which had excited the ire of my lady. She, his mother, nothing to him; Sibylla all in all. Sibylla stood at the window, and Lionel bent forward, nodded his adieu, and raised his hat.

The footman ascended to his place, and the carriage went on. All in silence for some minutes. A silence which Lady Verner suddenly broke.

"What have you been doing to your cheeks, Lucy? You look as if you had caught a fever."

Lucy laughed.

"Do I, Lady Verner? I hope it is not a third cold coming on, or Jan will grumble that I take them on purpose. Like he did the last time."

She caught the eyes of Lionel riveted on her with a strangely perplexed expression. It did not tend to subdue the excitement of her cheeks.

Another moment, and Decima's cheeks appeared to have caught the infection. They had suddenly become one glowing crimson: a strange sight on her delicately pale face. What could have caused it? Surely not the quiet riding up to the carriage of a stately old gentleman who was passing, wearing a white frilled shirt and hessian boots. He looked as if he had come out of a picture-frame, as he sat there, his hat off and his white hair flowing, courteously but not cordially, inquiring after the health of my Lady Verner.

"Pretty well, Sir Rufus. I have had a great deal of vexation to try me lately."

"As we all have, my lady. Vexation has formed a large portion of my life. I have been calling at Verner's Pride, Mr. Verner."

"Have you, Sir Rufus? I am sorry I was not at home."

"These fine spring days tempt me out. Miss Tempest, you are looking remarkably well. Good morning, my lady. Good morning."

A bow to Lady Verner, a sweeping bow to the rest collectively, and Sir Rufus rode away at a trot, putting on his hat as he went. His groom trotted

after him, touching his hat as he passed the carriage.

But not a word had he spoken to Decima Verner, not a look had he given her. The omission was unnoticed by the others; not by Decima. The crimson of her cheeks had faded to an ashy paleness, and she silently let fall her veil to hide it.

What secret understanding could there be between herself and Sir Rufus Hautley?

(To be continued.)

GARIBALDI AT VAREGNANO.

WHAT a deal of rubbish is now being circulated by the Press in England as to Garibaldi's present abode! If Spezia had been in the Fejee Islands, there would scarcely have been an excuse for the gross ignorance displayed on the subject.

All are agreed in making out Varenano to be a fortress, and some have grown pathetic over Garibaldi's dungeon.

Now, Varenano is nothing less in the world than a fortress. Its sole pretension to fortification is a semi-circular sea-wall in front of it, on which five small guns are mounted *en barbette*, their chief function being to return the salutes of ships-of-war as they pass the Gulf.

As to the dungeon, let me assure you few gentlemen of England have a more spacious, more airy or loftier drawing-room, and none, I am certain, one which commands a more splendid view from the windows.

Varenano is a large, massive, four-fronted building, such as in Italy is often called a "Palazzo." It was built and used for the quarantine establishment of the Gulf, and intended to afford accommodation to a large staff of government officials. The principal staircase is wider and handsomer than that of Buckingham Palace, and the corridors are large and spacious in proportion.

When the Sub-Prefect of the Province first heard that Garibaldi was to arrive there as a prisoner, his most pressing care was to remove several hundred tons of gunpowder that were stored in some vaults underneath the building, and his next to provide whatever he could hurriedly collect of articles of furniture and comfort, for Varenano has long been in great part unoccupied, a few of the lower rooms only being used for the Director of the Lazaretto. The building itself is beautifully placed; it occupies the extreme point of a narrow promontory which, projecting into the Gulf, separates two deep and picturesque bays,—that of the "Grazia" to the north—the Bay of Varenano to the south. In front—and about four miles distant, lies Lerici—a crescent-like Toron on the very margin of the sea, flanked by a rocky precipice surmounted by a ruined castle. More inward again is seen St. Arenza, where close to the water's edge, and on great massive arches under which the sea washes freely, is a square, old-fashioned villa, the terrace of which runs the whole extent of the sea front. This was where Shelley lived. Behind Varenano, and separating it from the Gulf of Genoa, rises the great mount of the Castellano, with its fort half hid in the clouds.

For beauty of situation as for salubrity, probably the whole shore of the Mediterranean could offer nothing superior to Varenano. But were it even otherwise, the choice of a safe spot of detention for Garibaldi was a very limited one. It would have been the height of rashness to have kept him in the south. Ancona, too, would have been a dangerous vicinity. To convey him to Alessandria or Fenestrella must necessitate the landing at Genoa, and the passage through that fiery furnace of Mazzinism; so that nothing remained but Spezia or Savonna. Between the two, there could not be a moment's hesitation.

Spezia, too, was easily guarded—a few mortar-boats in the Gulf, and a battalion of Bersaglieri on land, could secure Varenano against all surprise, if such were to be apprehended.

If it be but fair to disabuse the world of the false impression that Garibaldi's place of detention is a prison, and his room a cell, it is equally owing to justice to state that in all that regards intercourse with his friends, and communication with them, he is treated with a rigid severity. None who are admitted once, are ever permitted to return, if they leave the precincts of Varenano; and thus his own children, not to lose the advantage of his presence, have been obliged to take up their abode with him, within the walls, and never leave them. His letters—as well those he writes, as those he receives—are all opened and read; and, in a word, even to the character of the individual to whom his safe custody is committed, there is nothing omitted which could be employed towards one fully convicted and sentenced in an open tribunal. Poor Garibaldi, even in his brief experience of imprisonment, has met his Sir Hudson Lowe!

When the doctors met first in consultation on the case, on the morning of the 3rd, they found Garibaldi less worn and exhausted than they expected. He had been somewhat impatient for their arrival; but, as they entered the room, he shook each cordially by the hand, and seemed cheerful and good-humoured. He said that the journey, and especially the transit from the ship to the shore, had cost him much pain, but that he was then easier, and perfectly ready to submit to whatever they recommended—even amputation, if necessary. While this was his manner to the doctors, his reception of all officials of the Government was cold and haughty, and Turr and Bixio, it is said, went away overwhelmed with sorrow at the less than friendly greeting of the old general.

This is not the place, nor is it my intention, to be led away to discuss this rash enterprise, with all its varying accidents; but certainly the judgments passed upon Garibaldi savour far more of those which attend failure, than those which criticise fairly a daring attempt.

There were, in reality, ten thousand more chances for Garibaldi to succeed in anything—no matter what—now, than when he undertook the expedition against Naples in 1859. His name alone was worth an army, and so he would have proved it, had it not been that he was “countermined.” Had Cavour been alive, and the minister,

instead of Ratazzi, there is not a man in Italy doubts, that the Italian flag would be floating to-day over the Capitol.

Garibaldi was recalled from Caprera to arouse, as he was told and believed, the dormant patriotism of Italy; but, in reality, to give the Cabinet a certain power of pressure on France, to be relaxed if needed. When that need did come, and it was seen that Louis Napoleon, instead of lessening his hold on Italy, only confirmed and tightened his grasp, Garibaldi was ordered to keep quiet. Like Nelson, however, “he would not mind the signal,”—he went on; but, unlike Nelson, not to victory!

All who know Italy, know well that he failed, not because Italy was against him. Public opinion opposed. The army faithful, and his own means small and inadequate, he failed simply by being too soon. In one fortnight more, the mass of the nation would have been with him. The great truth was breaking—only breaking on the popular mind, that the country was no better than a French province, and that Garibaldi alone could relieve them of this disgrace.

And now, a prisoner, and wounded in Varenano, this man's name, so far from the prediction of certain newspaper-writers being true, is a spell which could move Italy to its very centre; and the whole fate of the Peninsula hangs now, not on the will of Austria, or the will of France, but on the resolve of the Turin Cabinet, What is to be done with Garibaldi?

A VISIT TO THE HAREEM OF SAÏD PACHA.

HAVING been fortunate in obtaining an introduction to some Egyptian hareems, and, among others, to that of the Viceroy, during the course of last winter, it has struck me that a short account of it might be acceptable to some of my untravelled countrywomen. I will, however, ask them to accompany me first through the mysterious recesses of a private hareem at Cairo, a visit to which is really far more interesting than to the royal one, where the number of European ladies who have been admitted has modified many of the Eastern peculiarities.

We drove through a porte-cochère into a large open court, on one side of which hung a curtain, similar to those at the entrance of Roman Catholic churches. As soon as we had got out of the carriage, a tall black man appeared, handed us up the steps, and let the curtain drop behind us. At this moment, three or four female slaves arrived, with large glass lanterns, and ushered us up a long staircase into a passage; on either hand were small rooms, in which were other slaves, some embroidering, others smoking, or crouched asleep on the ground. This passage led into a magnificent marble hall, the centre of which was lighted by a lofty dome, and the four sides formed alcoves, round each of which ran a low divan. Here the slaves disencumbered us of our wraps, and we proceeded through more passages and staircases, some of them open to the air, then through several large rooms, with only the usual divan for furniture; most of them were entered by a low step, down one or two of which I slipped. I began to think we should never reach the en-

chanted spot, when signs of habitation, in the shape of a multitude of red and yellow slippers, showed themselves. Two more rooms, and a heavy damask was pushed aside, and we entered a large apartment, at the further end of which was a divan, on which sat two ladies, both young, and one very handsome. They were the two married daughters of Nateef Pacha; the tallest and handsomest was the widow of Shereef Pacha's eldest son, the richest proprietor, not of the royal family, in all Egypt. She had lost her husband a few months ago, and on his death had returned to her father's house. They both rose at our entrance, shook hands with us, put their hands to their foreheads, and finally made us sit down by them. As I had come unannounced, they were in their home *négligé*, which I was very glad of. The widow was in a dress of deep red Broussa gauze, and her sister in a pink and white print. For coiffure they wore a Stamboul crape handkerchief, covering the top of the head and part of the forehead: the ends are brought back and tied in front; the hair is cut short, and is either braided or hangs down to the ears. One slave girl had a long plait down the back, but that is no longer the fashion—in fact, they cut off nearly all their hair for the convenience of the bath, and almost all the braids are false.

After a few inquiries had been made as to who I was, how many children I had, and what I thought of Eastern manners, the widow began showing us her dress, which she said was a new stuff just come from Stamboul. I told her I had been there, and had seen the material; I did not say that it was four years ago. By this time cigarettes and chafing-dishes had been brought us, and the room, large as it was, seemed more than half filled with slaves, standing, sitting, or crouching in different positions on the ground, or on the low divan which ran down the two sides of the room. A table on which stood some candelabra with lights, and a sort of sideboard over which hung a large mirror, completed the furniture. On either side of the mirror was a cupboard, in the doors of which were inserted panels of carved wood. The walls were glazed white, and round the top ran a border, painted with all sorts of impossible trees, houses, and flowers. A nice little boy, about five years old, who was running about, soon became very friendly: he was the son of the younger sister, a fat little girl, who was also brought in to see us. The boy was dressed in a white blouse, full white trousers, and the usual crimson tarboosh; the girl in a blue jacket and trousers, but her tarboosh was embroidered in gold and pearls. Her nurse returned again with her in a few minutes, carrying over her head a blue silk parasol, which her mother, the widow, took and gazed at with almost as much pride as at her child. I asked how long the boy would be allowed to be present when they received female visitors, and was told till he was eight years old, after which a woman would be considered immodest who permitted him to see her face unveiled.

Coffee was now brought on a silver plateau; the slave who carried it had thrown over her shoulder a scarlet cloth, richly embroidered in gold.

Another bore what in a church would be called a censer, in the centre of which a coffee-pot rested on live ashes; the beautiful little cups were filled and offered us in their exquisite filagree holders. The Turks have no sets of things, each cup and holder is different; the handsomest is offered to the most honourable guest, and the simplest to the lady of the house. Coffee over, a tall, thin slave, who had been pointed out as the buffoon of the hareem, approached and began examining my bracelets. I had put on all the ornaments I could, and I now proceeded to take them off. Just as I was doing this, everybody started up, and a short, stout, but still young-looking woman, the wife of Nateef Pacha, entered the room. She was dressed in the same style as her daughters, except her head-dress, which consisted of a tarboosh, round which was rolled a stripe of white muslin. I was duly presented, my history again related, and we re-seated ourselves as before, except that the two younger ladies quitted the high divan and took their places on the lower, out of deference to their mother. The examination of my things then proceeded, and was not discontinued till every person present had fingered or tried them on. Madame C—— then told them that I was very desirous of seeing some of their gala attire, and the slaves were immediately despatched for some specimens. They returned with piles of most gorgeous dresses, which, after I had looked at them, were put on a very pretty slave, that I might see how they were worn; and the delight of the girl, as she walked up and down the room, looking over her shoulder at us, was most amusing. All the dresses were *en suite*, and consisted of a pair of very full trousers, joined together half way up the leg, a robe called a *yebek*, with tight sleeves, and either opening half-way down the chest and then buttoning to the waist, or closed from the throat; the skirt is divided into three parts, the back hanging down so as to form a long train, the two front ones coming off into points which, as they showed me, they tuck into the scarf: this is twisted as a belt round the waist when they sit down, and held between their ankles when they walk; and as they shuffle along, never raising their feet from the ground, the ends do not drop down, as they would infallibly do with us. A polka jacket completes the costume. The embroidery on the dresses was literally sumptuous; what I most admired was a dove-coloured watered silk with a deep embroidery of wheat-ears in pure gold, the finest jeweller's gold laid on in solid pieces for the leaves and ears, the stalks in gold thread. Another was a yellow satin embroidered all over in coloured silks. A third was of crimson satin, embroidered in gold; the materials of this one cost two hundred and forty pounds. But they prized most the last new fashion, an amber Broussa gauze, trimmed with rows of black velvet. Madame Nateef Pacha told us these dresses did not cost in the end so much as they seemed to do, because the silks cleaned, and the gold, being solid, was washed with soap and water.

Next were brought towels and pillow-cases, with deep embroideries, also of pure gold, so that they washed like any common muslin. The widow said she used to embroider, but that she

had ceased to do so ; her father was very rich, and her father-in-law was richer still, so she did not see why she should trouble herself. Then came the jewels, tiaras, aigrettes, rings, earrings, all of diamonds, mostly set as flowers ; one or two were in cases, but the greater part were thrown pell-mell on trays, and wanted cleaning sadly. The said bracelets were not much worn by Turkish or Arab ladies. We now recommenced smoking ; sherbet was handed round in gold goblets, each slave bearing on her arm a muslin napkin, with the usual gold embroidery, for us to wipe our lips on.

Madame Nateef Pacha next entertained us with a minute account of the late fire at Alexandria ; it is quite marvellous how the events of the outer world are so well known in these apparently hermetically-sealed retreats. She then wished us good night, and we tried to leave also, but this was not consented to by the younger ladies, who, returning to their former posts on the more elevated divan, and exclaiming, "Now, let us be comfortable," began chewing gum mastic, of which they insisted on our also partaking ; so we sat and chatted a little longer, and at last succeeded in getting away.

My visits to Ingee Hanum, the Vice-queen, were paid at Alexandria ; I was presented to her by the wife of one of the consul-generals. We entered the palace under a lofty gateway, and alighting, traversed a large open courtyard, some vast stone halls, and ascended a wide marble staircase of several flights, the last of which conducted us into an immense and very lofty room, somewhat in the shape of a cross, and, like most eastern apartments, with a profusion of windows. A large semi-circular window was filled with a divan, beside which, in a white and gold arm-chair, sat the Vice-queen, a lovely woman, very tall and thin, with splendid dark eyes and eyebrows, and a fair, and almost colourless complexion ; her slightest movement was grace itself. The second wife was sitting near her, together with an elderly woman, whose face bore the remains of great beauty, and who had been one of Mehemet Ali's wives, all of whom Saïd Pacha treats with great respect ; also a younger lady in deep mourning, the widow of Mehemet Ali Pacha, and her three little girls, one of about two years old, the brightest-looking, chattering little thing I ever saw ; another princess whose name I forget, and two European ladies.

Ingee Hanum rose at our entrance, shook hands with Madame R——, and saluted me in the usual Oriental style ; I was then introduced to the other ladies.

Saïd Pacha's second wife is the mother of his only son, Tooloom Pacha ; she is rather good-looking, but coarse in comparison with the Vice-queen. The European ladies took their leave soon after our arrival, but not before one of them had told us that she had brought her little boy, aged seven years, to see her Highness, but the eunuchs voted him too old to be admitted, in spite of his tears at the sentence of exclusion.

After the first ceremonies were over, I was at leisure to observe my royal hosts. Ingee Hanum wore the usual *yebek*, but no jacket on account of the heat ; it was made of grey barege, broché,

with coloured silks, and open nearly to the waist, showing a habit-shirt of cambric, with a small turned-down collar ; round her throat was carelessly tied, *à la sailor*, a rose-coloured ribbon. My friend told her she was sorry she had not on the particularly becoming dress she was wearing when she had seen her a day or two before, to which she answered, with great *naïveté*, that she had unluckily torn it down the back. The second wife was dressed in a crimson twilled *yebek*, buttoned to the throat, with an embroidered collar and sleeves. They both wore the usual Stamboul coiffure, with a profusion of diamonds wreathed around. These tiaras seem to be never left off, except in deep mourning ; for on a subsequent visit we found her Highness with her face tied up with a white handkerchief, which, surmounted by the diamonds, had the most ludicrous appearance. The Vice-queen had on a purple enamelled bracelet and a Syrian ring, from which were suspended five large pear-shaped diamonds.

The usual ceremonies of coffee and chibouques were duly observed, the only apparent etiquette being that her Highness's chafing-dish was placed straight before her and ours a little on one side away from her. The cupholder that was presented to me was of gold filagree with a black enamel band, studded with diamonds, a round one alternating with a crescent. Her Highness's was of plain black enamel with a single circlet of diamonds. Her chibouques, in the same way, were of cherry and jasmine sticks, with amber mouth-pieces, and a narrow row of diamonds ; mine were covered with gold-thread, and the diamond border was at least an inch and a half wide.

Nothing could be prettier than seeing the slaves gliding noiselessly about through the spacious apartments ; there were no two dressed alike, and their number seemed infinite. One was attired in a Garibaldi shirt, with full white trousers ; two or three had gold watches and chains suspended to their girdles. Several little episodes occurred interesting to European eyes. Once, Tooloom Pacha came in with a letter, which he gave the Vice-queen and read to or with her, leaning his head on her shoulder. He is an intelligent-looking boy, with bright eyes, but his features are rather coarse, like his mother's. He speaks English perfectly, and without the slightest accent. Again a tall eunuch came in with a message, or bearing patterns of brocades for her Highness's inspection.

One by one the visitors glided out of the room, and Madame R—— and I were left alone with the two Princesses and their attendants. Ingee Hanum interested us much by giving us a sketch of her early history. The conversation began by the usual inquiries of how I liked Egypt, its scenery, buildings, &c. On my speaking of Mehemet Ali's mosque at Cairo, she said she had never seen it ; that she had the Viceroy's permission, but that there had always been something to prevent her going. Santa Sofia, its original, having been mentioned, led to Stamboul ; and when she found that I had been there, and had spent a day in the hareem of a Pacha whose name both ladies knew well, she was most minute in her inquiries. No

European could have asked more questions about the manners of the Turkish ladies, or have appeared more interested in the answers. She then observed that she sometimes wondered whether she had ever been at Stamboul, that her recollections of her infancy were so few and yet so vivid. Here she paused for a moment, her hands clasped, her lips slightly parted, and her beautiful eyes gazing before her with an earnestness of expression, and yet a beseeching look, which recalled the Beatrice Cenci. She spoke again after a few moments, but almost without changing her attitude, telling us that the only thing she remembered before coming to Egypt was, that she was one day playing with some other "children in a cemetery, when all at once a man on horseback appeared, caught her up, and rode off at full speed. The next thing she recollects was being taken one night on board a vessel, and then finding herself in the palace of Mehemet Ali's aunt in Egypt. She had never been able to recall in the least her parents or her home; all she remembered was that cemetery. And again that never-to-be forgotten look came over her. I felt afraid of breathing lest I should break the spell.

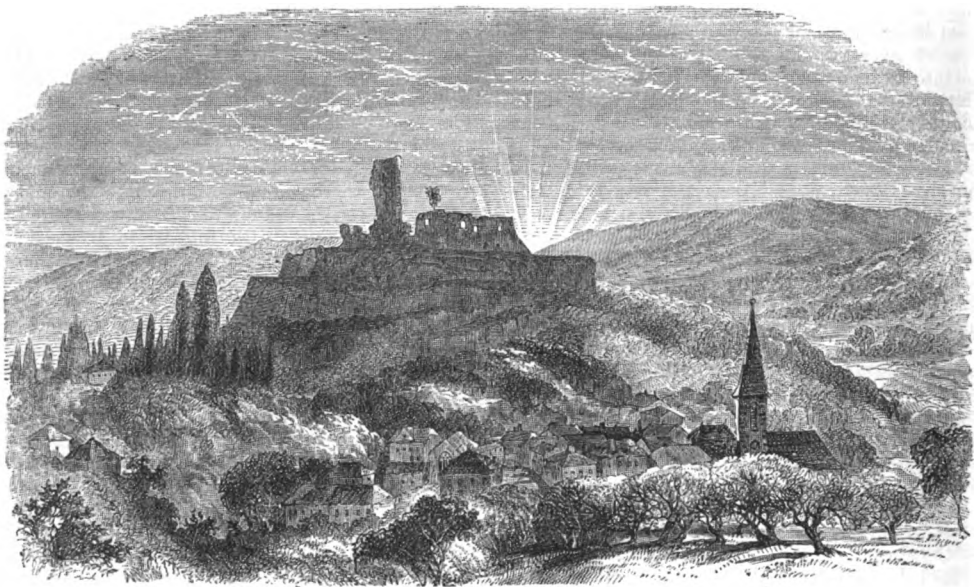
She subsequently learnt that the horseman was

a slave-dealer whom the princess had employed, on the death of her own child, to obtain the most beautiful Circassian girl he could for her to adopt; her father wished to sell her, but her mother refused, and he, tempted by the price, agreed that the slave-dealer should carry her off as if by force.

On hearing this, kind as her protectress was, she took a great dislike to her, regarding her as the cause of her having been torn from her family. To her great joy, she was taken two or three years afterwards on a visit to Mehemet Ali's harem, and the then Vice-queen took such a fancy to her, that she asked her aunt to give her up to her: "to hear was to obey" in such a case, and though broken-hearted at parting with her favourite, the Princess was obliged to submit. Mehemet Ali also took a great fancy to the young stranger, and desired she should be brought up as the wife of his son Saïd, the present Viceroy.

We remained with the Vice-queen till sunset, the usual hour for retiring. She rose on our departure, shook hands, desired her compliments to my husband, and pressed me warmly to come and see her again, not only during my present stay, but whenever I came to Egypt. D.

CASTLES OF THE TAUNUS.



Königstein.

PART II. FALKENSTEIN, &c.

As we look down a steep picturesque street of Cronberg into the chestnut glen below, the distance is closed by the hill on which Falkenstein stands. The easiest way of coming to it from Cronberg is to take the elevated roadway from the north-west side of the town. The rock itself is difficult of access from all sides but the west. On its top—1470 feet above the sea-level—is a square tower in ruins, with a small round tower above, with

remains of walls below, including the top of the rock. The highest top was swarming with winged ants when I ascended it in 1852. With this exception, it was a silent place, with little sign of any kind of life. The castle has long been in ruins, for, except as a robber's nest, it must have possessed few advantages; and it is doubted whether there ever was a well of water on the rock, though there was on the hill below. Falkenstein was first called Nüring, or "the New

Ring," either because this castle was built on the site of an older one, or as being new in comparison with the triple circles on the Altkönig. The first possessors were a branch of the Salic Conradin family, which became extinct in the male line about the close of the twelfth century.

It passed into many hands. About 1330 it was called Falkenstein, or New Falkenstein, in consequence of its passing into the possession of the Boland family, who had another castle of the name close to the Donnersberg.

In 1420, one Bertram of Vilbel, formerly captain of the town of Frankfurt, is traditionally said to have lived there, probably in the capacity of warden. This Bertram, notorious as a robber, attacked on the highway, and carried off to Falkenstein, one Conrad Schwartz, a merchant of Augsburg, travelling to Frankfurt, where he kept him with a view to extorting a ransom. A few days afterwards he was paid, not as he wished, but in his own coin, for the mercenaries of Frankfurt took him prisoner with two of his men-at-arms. They obliged him to write a letter to Else his wife, the daughter of Diemar of Reiffenberg, ordering her to release Schwartz. As soon as he had done this, the Frankfurters cut off his head before the Bockenheimer gate, and hung up his two men-at-arms. The misdeeds of the successive possessors of this castle in carrying off travellers and cattle, especially as against the free town of Frankfurt, are recorded in history. It finally passed from the Cronberg family to the house of Nassau, and it appears to have been destroyed as a fortress about the middle of the seventeenth century.

The arms of the joint proprietors of Falkenstein in the middle of the fifteenth century were St. George and the Dragon. These heraldic bearings are certainly of a very ancient date, and may possibly, and even probably, have had their origin in the legend of Siegfried.

Falkenstein is not without its own share of romantic tales. A knight of Sayn, as the story goes, once loved a young lady of the Falkenstein family. The father would not consent to the match excepting on the condition that the knight should make by the next day a convenient road to the castle, which was only to be approached by a stiff climb before. While the hopeless lover was wandering about at twilight, a mountain spirit appeared to him, and offered to make the road in question on condition that he would put a stop to certain mining operations in a country which was inhabited by the Gnomes. The knight consented: and the next night there was a vast bustle on the hill, and noise, without visible workmen, of hammers, chisels, and pickaxes. In the morning the knight, riding up the newly-formed road to the castle, demanded his bride of the astonished father.

A still older legend ascribed the so-called Senfsweg, which leads up the hollow-way on the west side of the Altkönig, to the mountain-spirits, who made it to free an imprisoned damsel from the castle of the old king who lived on the top of the mountain called after him. Stories, as we all know, never lose by telling; and this legend may

have been transferred to Falkenstein with the natural embellishments.

The town of Königstein is between 1100 and 1200 feet above the sea-level. It is now becoming fashionable by means of a cold-water establishment, assisted by a very refreshing air. The castle rises above it on a knoll of its own. On all sides but the north the heart of the castle was defended by a complication of winding walls, casemates, and bastions. On the north it is only separated from the perpendicular precipice by a ditch. In the middle of the square court under the keep there was a fountain, which derived its water by pipes from the hill of Falkenstein. The fortress was sufficiently spacious to admit of a variety of extensive buildings, amongst which were both a Catholic and Protestant church. The view from the top is charming, but less extensive than that from Falkenstein. In all probability a Roman castle stood on the site in ancient times. The present name is derived from the Frankish kings who were the founders of the mediæval castle. Yet some disallow this, and connect it with Cuno, the name of some of its ancient possessors. The fact that its water came from Falkenstein, as well as ancient records, show that the two castles were for some time in the same hands. As the result of a feud, Königstein was stormed in 1374 by the Knights of Reiffenberg, a castle on the other side of the Taunus. One Philip of Falkenstein was then its possessor. "He was called the Dummy (der Stumme) of Falkenstein, not that he was dumb in words, but in deeds." Attempting to escape, he fell from the wall—from his horse, according to another account,—was taken with four of his children, and brought to Reiffenberg, where he died a few days afterwards from the injuries then received. Ten thousand florins were paid after his death for the ransom of his family and castle. By a strange turn of fortune the last possessor of Reiffenberg—the Canon Philip Ludwig—ended his life a close prisoner in Königstein, 1686. Königstein was taken by the Hessians from the French, in 1688, during the war with Louis XIV., and again occupied, in the Austrian Succession-war in 1745, by the French under the Maréchal de Maillebois. It became again famous in the Wars of the Revolution. On the 28th October, 1792, it surrendered to Custine, the site of whose entrenchments is still to be seen on a hill between Cronberg and Homburg; and after this was invested by the Prussians under Von Pfau, who had occupied Frankfurt. After enduring a bombardment and blockade of four months, under the command of Captain Meunier, who had but four hundred men and thirteen guns, the garrison were obliged to capitulate on the 7th of March, 1793. The artillery of the besiegers, chiefly placed on the height of Falkenstein, had done the town more damage than the castle. After this, Mainz being recovered by the Germans, the Jacobin sympathisers of that town were placed in durance at Königstein. The French came again in 1796, when the Austrian garrison of six hundred men, under the Major von Wangard, was obliged to surrender to Marceau. But, as the Austrians were then pressing the French, who had advanced as far as Amberg, back on the Rhine,

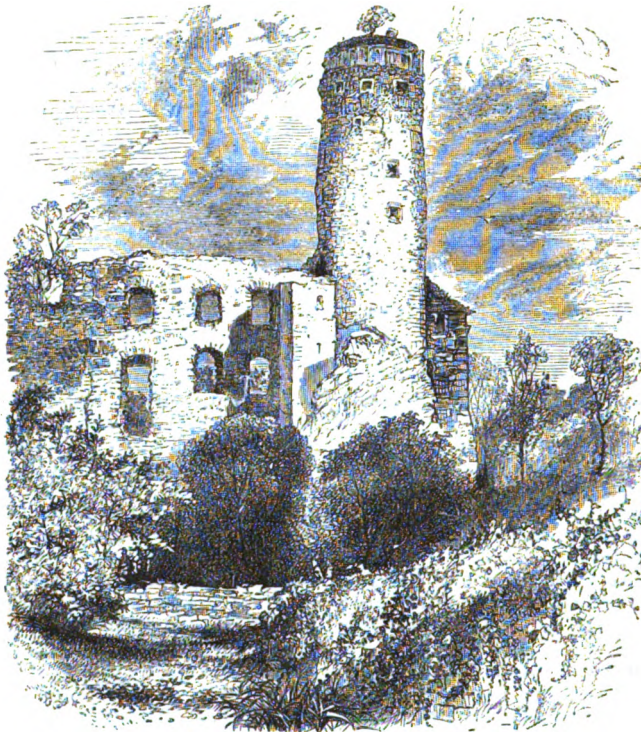
the destruction of the castle was resolved on before its evacuation by the garrison. With the intention of blowing up the whole upper rock, barrels of powder were placed in the cisterns, and covered with stones. The mine exploded before it was ready with prodigious noise and killing nine-and-twenty men, but with only partial damage to the castle. However the work of destruction was furthered in 1819 by a stroke of lightning, which shattered the roof of the tower, and placed the castle much in the condition in which it is now to be seen. It is never likely to be used again as a fortress in these days of long-range artillery, commanded as it is on every side by hills. After all its vicissitudes of fortune and changes of masters, Königstein is one of the grandest ruins in Germany, especially when viewed from the south-east, dark against the sunset.

From Königstein, as we look westward, we see a kind of gap in the hills, and a tower rising in the gap at the distance of some five English miles. The tower belongs to the castle of Eppstein. The way thither—at least one way—passes through the village of Schneidhain. This termination to names of places, "hain," is common enough in Germany. It

is supposed to denote the site of some ancient religious establishment. But "hain" means "grove," and the connection is not very evident between a grove and an establishment of monks or nuns. Perhaps "hain" implied the sacred grove of the heathen Germans, on whose site Christianity planted a chapel with ministers to serve it, as if to do battle with the ancient god, who had become a demon, on his own ground. Lower down in the valley of Münster, or rather on a hill to the right of it, as we ascend, we find a quaint village climbing up a steep, with a church at the top called Alten Hain, and on a hill more to the east Neuen Hain. These names may possibly denote three removals of a religious house belonging to Münster in the valley below; Schneidhain being the oldest of

all, and implying the grove given up to wood-cutting, as having been abandoned. A way through a wood leads to the village of Fischbach, and then the road winds through a pretty defile round the hill of Staufen, about 1500 feet high, and commanding a fine view, to the village of Eppstein. Near the brook we find an inn, the Oelmühle, or "Oil-mill," much visited in summer. Additional attraction is given to it by the erection of posts, bars, and gibbets for gymnastic exercises, which has lately become a national mania. There is every convenience, as usual, for taking refreshment in the garden. The Gartenwirthschaft is one of the pleasantest institutions of Germany. In the summer it is only necessary to go into the house to sleep. All the meals may

be taken out of doors. A question may be raised, whether it would not be possible, in spite of our much-abused climate, which cannot differ so very widely from that in the same latitudes on the Continent—at least, at a reasonable distance from the Gulf-stream—to do the same in England. There is one time at which the dew falls heavily in Germany—just after sunset; but the trees form an umbrella, and after that the nights are mild. At Eppstein there are



Eppstein.

trout to be had fresh from the brook, and a host of domestic animals as company—dogs, ducks, turkeys, and a peahen. The dogs consume the bones, the ducks, turkeys, and peahen pick up the crumbs, and so there is no waste. In fact, after a party has left a table, it is at once invaded by all the poultry, who are most effectual gleaners. But the gnats, which come from the marshy grounds about the brook, are a little troublesome. To avoid them, it may be as well to mount that hill on the other side of the brook, and enjoy the view of the three castles of Eppstein, Königstein, and Falkenstein, one behind the other, and the highest tops of the Taunus to the left. This view is unique in the Taunus; but on this subject we shall have more to say in a future number.

A DREAM OF LOVE.

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.



PART II.

"My great-niece, Amyce Cloyse—Mr. Hedworth Charlton."

The introduction was made in my uncle's quavering voice, when I shyly stole into the drawing-room before dinner the following day, and slightly bending in answer to the stranger's inclination, I crept into a seat close to Sir John's elbow.

Only those who like myself have been brought up in perfect seclusion, know the intense pain and awkwardness of such a moment to a young girl who has no lady friend to support her. I dared not raise my eyes; I felt my elbows and shoulders everywhere but in their proper positions, my cheeks burning, my whole appearance twice as ungainly as it usually was; and worse still, I knew from that ominous way in which Uncle John was clearing his throat that he was displeased

with my awkwardness, and wished to give me a hint to retrieve my character. It was in vain that Mr. Charlton tried to cover my confusion, by continuing the conversation in which he had been engaged, previous to my entrance. Uncle John seemed to have a malicious desire to bring me forward, to make me speak, act, show off—in short, to prove me to be a person of consideration; and he could not conceal his annoyance when, at every attempt, I grew more and more awkward, stammering, hesitating, answering at random.

Dinner was announced. My uncle desired Mr. Charlton to hand me in, and I rose mechanically, and accepted his proffered arm, noticing then, for the first time, how tall was my new acquaintance. The meal was very lengthy and very stiff. Mr. Charlton's efforts to make conversation gradually flagged as my shyness overpowered me, and my

uncle's politeness and self-command gave way before the irritation induced by my manifold misdemeanours.

Alas! Uncle John made no excuse for me. He forgot how ignorant I was of the world, how unused to company, and he was seriously disappointed and annoyed because I did not come out of my eggshell a fashionable, prepossessing young lady, well versed in my part as hostess: charming, affable, ready in conversation—in fine, the fascinating person whom he had recommended to my notice yesterday.

We had an old-fashioned dinner, and soup and fish being removed, I saw, to my horror, that a couple of spring chickens were being placed before me. Mr. Charlton offered to carve them, and though longing to accept his aid, some impulse of *mauvaise honte* prompted me to say *no*, instead of *yes*, and precipitately to commence hacking the breast of the nearest fowl in the vain hope of discovering the wing point.

Mr. Charlton had said he would take chicken; a servant was holding a plate at my side, and from the opposite end of the table I caught sight of my uncle's beady, black eyes watching every movement. I had no knowledge of carving, but I dared not avow my ignorance, and shyness increasing my awkwardness a hundredfold, I went on labouring hopelessly for some minutes, crimson to my hair roots, and with such a haze before my eyes that I could scarcely see.

Then came a loud explosion of wrath from the other end of the table. Uncle John had caught sight of the macerated morsels which I was endeavouring to convey in safety to the plate, and he stormed frantically. My hands fell nervelessly at my side, and the room seemed to swim round—oh, how I wished that the ground could have opened and swallowed me up!

But the next minute a goodhumoured voice beside me said "Allow me!" and Stephen had promptly moved the dish before Mr. Charlton, who was dexterously separating the joints. I could not even say *thank you*, for I was ashamed to look up and let him see that I had tears in my eyes. I began crumbling my roll, and endeavouring to swallow some drops of water, and happily a well-directed question from Mr. Charlton checked my uncle's wrathful tirade.

Dinner progressed; nobody spoke to me. I think Mr. Charlton wished to give me time to recover myself, and my uncle was too angry to appeal to me.

At length the dessert was set on the table, and I consoled myself with the hope of an early release. But I had counted without my host, I had overrated my own powers; over and over again I endeavoured to rise, and yet sat still defeated; over and over again I waited for a lull in the conversation, flushed like a peony at the mere thought of my own audacity—there; until at length my uncle gave me an unmistakeable hint when I got up, awkwardly dropped my handkerchief, had to wait till Mr. Charlton stooped under the table to recover it for me, forgot to thank him, and finally stumbled out of the room like one pursued by an enemy.

No wonder I provoked my poor uncle; no

wonder if Mr. Charlton thought me a baby, or worse than that, for children have a natural grace, and my awkwardness made me graceless.

But the evening was more hopeful. The gentlemen made their appearance early; Mr. Charlton coming at once to the little table where I sat at work, and beginning to speak to me so naturally about books and things, that I speedily forgot my fear of him, and grew interested. When a rapid glance towards my uncle's chair and closed eyes reassured me, I even ventured on a few remarks of my own, and found myself emboldened to look upon my companion's face.

He was an older looking man than I had expected to find him; he could not be less than thirty, and his face had a few furrows, and his hair some grey threads which might have added even more years to his age. But he was handsome for all that. His features were firm; rather solid, perhaps, when they were not lighted up by that rare, beaming smile which sparkled even to his eyes and teeth. Before the end of the evening I began to like him very much; he was so amusing, so good-natured; if it had not been for once or twice detecting a stealthy opening and shutting of Uncle John's eyes, which proved that he was sleeping with wide-awake ears, I think I should have thoroughly enjoyed myself.

But by the next morning I had time to freeze, and breakfast was but a modified repetition of yesterday's dinner. However, all came right again during the morning, which we spent together in the drawing-room. I had said I did not know Tennyson's "Idylls of the King," and Mr. Charlton read some passages from it aloud to me as I sat working. Uncle John did not make his appearance, and I had supposed he was not coming down before luncheon, until an unexpected sound in the library startled me, and suddenly revealed his presence.

The door between the two rooms was ajar, and I rapidly reviewed my last half hour's conversation with Mr. Charlton, and hoped that none of my remarks had been scandalous or unorthodox. How hot I felt for a minute. Mr. Charlton had been reading *Enid* to me, and we had been speaking of *love* in the abstract—oh, dear, I hoped it was not an improper subject.

"My companion had not detected my uncle's vicinity, and I dared not enlighten him. I sat on thorns; my conversation lost its spirit; I asserted no more opinions, and presently he surmised that I was tired of his reading, and shut up the book. And I felt disappointed. I don't know why.

A minute later, Stephen stood at the door:

"Master wished to speak to Miss Cloyse."

I rose precipitately. I was going to be reprimanded. Could I deserve it, had I said or done anything that was forward or improper in a young lady? I knew people had to be very particular, and I was so dreadfully ignorant.

But no reprimand was in store for me this time. Uncle John stood by the library door, looking very nervous and uncomfortable, but his discomfort had no connection with me. He wanted to go back to his room, and there was that new housemaid with the great crinoline dusting it out, and he dared not return while she was there; she

always apologised to him, and he couldn't bear being spoken to; and, besides, he never could get past her voluminous skirts in the doorway—so would I go and send her out, before he went upstairs?

I ran off on the errand, greatly relieved, dispatched Jane to another part of the house, and myself tidied the things on Uncle John's particular table. He came up as I was thus busied, and smilingly said, he must not keep me from my visitor. Instead of being angry with me this morning, he appeared to be in a singularly good humour, and I thought I had a favourable opportunity for consulting him as to whether it would be *proper* for me to go out riding with Mr. Charlton in the afternoon. Mr. Charlton had said something about wishing me to show him the country.

"*Improper.*" Uncle John was very near storming at the word. "Why was I to think things were improper. No, of course it was right, he would take care it was right. I was to make myself agreeable to my guest, and leave him to regulate the proprieties." I heard him muttering to himself as he moved away: "*Improper, I wonder who has put that crotchet into the girl's head!*"

Well, we had the ride, and another still more pleasant on Saturday afternoon. I speedily recovered from my shyness, and made great friends with my companion. My uncle being so much of an invalid, we were unavoidably thrown on one another's society, and he seemed somewhat to be amused by my honestly avowed ignorance of things and people, and glad to enlighten it. He conversed with me, he read with me, he drew me out, encouraged me, gave me manifold useful hints, and all in a brotherly sort of way, that set me indescribably at my ease. So we came to the Sunday, the day before that on which he was to return to London.

In the morning he and I went to the village church. Mr. Carmichael read the prayers. Mr. Charlton did not hesitate to draw back the red curtain which enveloped our pew, thus revealing to view a bevy of very pretty girls in the opposite seat. There, handsomest and foremost of all, was Rose Carmichael, her complexion like roses and lilies, her splendid dark eyes half asleep under their drooping lashes. She was a very beautiful girl, and wear what she would, she invariably appeared well-dressed.

That morning—how well I remember it—she had on a little white tulle bonnet, with pink roses in the cap, and her wavy brown hair, which the wind had disordered, was arranged in the most picturesque confusion about her face and neck, one long, silky curl falling down the front of her muslin mantle, and perpetually getting into her way, and requiring to be tossed aside by a plump white hand, the palm of which had a glow of shell-pink.

She sang. I had never heard her sing so loud or so well before. She did not look up at our pew, but she chose a seat directly fronting it, and sat there looking a perfect picture, her chin resting on her hand, and her eyes upraised to the pulpit, with the soft, earnest expression of a Madonna.

I saw Mr. Charlton watching her, and I felt proud and pleased,—he was admiring my friend!

After service Rose Carmichael waited for me in the porch. A child was ill in the village, and she wanted me to ask Mrs. Butterworth to send him some arrowroot.

It was the first time in her life Rose had ever so waited for me, or preferred such a request; but she did it so lovingly with respect to me, so thoughtfully with respect to the sick child, that she was irresistible. Mr. Charlton's face showed that he shared my admiration, and I was just beginning to reflect shyly that it might be proper to introduce the one to the other, when Rose herself took the initiative, and addressed to him some trifling remark about the weather, which opened the way to conversation. Presently, we reached the rectory gate, but Rose passed it, saying she should be glad of a little fresh air, after her long morning in school and church, and that she would accompany us part of the way home. And she did so, the longer part, and the remainder of our walk was taken up in talking of her. Mr. Charlton asked many questions about her family, and admired her openly, and for the first time I had a jealous misgiving.

When we came home, and joined my uncle at luncheon we avoided the topic. I never liked to mention Rose Carmichael at the Towers, and Mr. Charlton had forgotten her by this time, perhaps.

In the afternoon, the sky was threatening, and my uncle would not hear of my going to church a second time, so, at the last moment, Mr. Charlton started alone. There was a terrific thunderstorm later in the day, vivid flashes of lightning and heavy clouds clashing overhead. I grew uneasy as the time past, and watched anxiously from my window. Mr. Charlton did not make his appearance till nearly dinner-time, and then I hastened down to meet him. But he quite smiled to think I had been apprehensive on his account; he had been sitting most comfortably in the Rectory for the last hour and a half. The storm had been at its height at the close of the service, and Miss Carmichael had very kindly invited him to take shelter.

"It was so odd," he said, but he had found out that the rector was brother to that old Carmichael of Caius, who used to "coach" him years ago. And as he was going to Cambridge shortly, he had volunteered to take a parcel for his old friend; he was to call for it on his way to the station tomorrow morning. I suppose he did so. He started from the Towers a full hour before the train-time, and I ran up to the garret-window, and watched the dog-cart which conveyed him, driving down the avenue till the turn by the lodge-gates hid it from view, and then went back to the drawing-room with a very heavy heart, and spent all the morning in making an elaborate cover for the copy of the "*Idylls of the King*," which he had left behind him, with my name written in the title-page.

How long and lonely seemed the weeks that followed. My happiest times, now-a-days, were those evening hours when my uncle and I, sitting together, often spoke of our late visitor, and invariably hunted the papers to see if his name was

mentioned in any party question. Once or twice, when his speeches were recorded, how eagerly I read them, how hot I grew upon politics, blindly adopting his views; hating one paper, because it abused him, lauding another to the skies, because it pronounced him an able man. Well, such is life, woman's life at least; her reason invariably takes its colour from her heart!

One morning, post-time brought to me untold happiness. There was a short note in Mr. Charlton's handwriting, proffering his company at the Towers for a few days during the following week, if convenient to myself and uncle. Convenient to me? it was delightful, and I went about the house all that morning singing like a lark!—to my uncle?—I suppose so, for his lips relaxed with a rare smile, and he drew me to his heart, and kissed me again and again.

This time we made more preparations for our visitor; I had a box of handsome new dresses down from my London dressmaker, and I did my hair in a new way that was twice as becoming. I could not restrain my happiness, and surely both Uncle John and old Butterworth encouraged me in it. I met Rose Carmichael one day in the grounds, and told her who was coming, but she made me no answer; she was busy pulling to pieces the sprig of scarlet geranium which I had given her not five minutes before.

The day came, the hour, Hedworth Charlton himself—delighted to be back with us, in the highest spirits, thoroughly cordial in his greetings to me,—and I was in Paradise!

He had taken up very warm views on the subject of education since his former visit, and all through the evening he spoke of little else. He was an earnest, zealous, good man, interested in every charitable scheme, and he seemed to me to take great pains to interest me in the like. Perhaps I was not a very dull pupil when he taught!

He made endless inquiries about our parish and schools, expressed surprise and regret when I could tell him so little about them, proposed that we should walk over to the village the next morning, and I willingly acceded to his wish.

It may be that I should not have acquiesced so readily, had I foreseen that Rose Carmichael would be our escort to the schools and cottages. She knew everything, and for all the information he required, Hedworth Charlton appealed to her. She constantly taught the children—was well acquainted with the parents. I did neither—nothing, and I felt myself thrown into the shade, and walked silently behind, whilst Mr. Charlton and Rose were so eagerly discussing improvements.

I came home with a heavy heart. Hedworth Charlton had alluded to my useless life, almost with reproach, and I was burning with jealousy because he made so much of Rose Carmichael's puny efforts. I was beside myself. I could not rest content to be thus set aside. I determined to rival her—to out-do her. I went to my poor old uncle, and startled him with a highly-coloured picture of the ill-ventilated school-room; I begged him, excitedly, to have them re-built on a more extensive scale—the parish needed it, I said, and it was the Squire's duty.

He heard me—smiled, asked if Hedworth

Charlton thought so, too; then fondly added, that his fortune was his little Amyce's to do with as she willed, and he bade me go and consult Hedworth Charlton about the necessary arrangements.

"I was delighted, for Hedworth Charlton was gratified and warmly applauded me—delighted, I meant for a moment, when he said that he would take Rose Carmichael into our council to-morrow, I drew back mortified and displeased. Henceforward it was more Rose's scheme than mine; she had so much more sense and judgment than I had that she improved my every suggestion. The plans were drawn out, and she and Hedworth Charlton corrected them while I looked on. Oh, me, what it is to be jealous!

Again Hedworth Charlton went away; and this time my uncle parted from him with less cordiality, and was very cross all the day after he left, and I was very miserable.

But he had wanted some rare autumnal flower for his collection of dried plants. I had promised to get it, and send it after him. Rose knew the spot where the plant grew, and she volunteered to show me where it was. We went together, secured a favourable specimen, and Hedworth Charlton wrote back cordial thanks to me, sending, at the same time, a grateful message to Miss Carmichael for the trouble she had taken in his behalf, and saying something about valuing that flower all his life, wherewith my heart beat.

Uncle John read the letter, frowned over the allusion to Rose, smiled at the succeeding sentence; but I think he must have had some after-misgiving, which he mentioned to Butterworth; for she came to me that night, at bed-time, and warned me against "yon forward hussy, Rose Carmichael, who made such a palaver about her goodness, when there was none that thought much of it;—wasn't she one of them sort that's just bells calling other folks to church, and never gangs in theirselves?" She concluded by a trite saying that puzzled me; it was something about pretty women and pink gowns being allus a catching on tenter hooks.

Time wore on. Beyond reading in the papers of Mr. Hedworth Charlton's sayings and doings we knew nothing of his further proceedings. My uncle gradually gave over talking about him, and began to sneer when I did so, and those sneers went to my heart like arrows.

The building of the new school-houses was commenced, and their progress formed my one source of interest. Not an unclouded one though, for Rose Carmichael over-ruled me even in this matter, and so successfully too, that I found I could not get on without her assistance, and having on one occasion chosen to quarrel with her about the merest trifle, I was fain to apologise the following day, because the men were at a stand-still for orders, and Rose, not I, knew all about the plans.

But I kept away from her as much as I could,—away from the village even in order to avoid her. I began to mope, to tire of novel-reading, even of my own self, and hour by hour to sit lazily at the oriel window of the boudoir, dreaming idle day-dreams or reading my favourite

"Idylls," and feasting on the associations they conjured up.

The autumn was gliding away; the leaves were floating down from the copper beeches which skirted the flower garden, and my hopes were falling earthwards, too, one by one, withering and dying.

I had no mother or sister to whom to confide my grief, and I nursed it unwholesomely and miserably. My uncle was ill at the time, and Butterworth was too taken up in attending on him to observe me narrowly. I had nothing to amuse me—nothing pleasant to think about, and I was dissatisfied with myself. Had not Hedworth Charlton said I was leading a spoilt, useless life, letting my wide opportunities lie fallow? Perhaps if I had been better and wiser, I might have gained a higher place in his regard!

I used to sit pondering how I could improve myself—what great and good things I could do to benefit my fellow creatures. I was on a wrong track altogether; I wanted to do everything myself, not to win Grace and Help. The beautiful new schools would shortly be finished and opened; wouldn't that be a great work? And Uncle John had made vague promises of building some almshouses afterwards. I must keep him up to the mark; but meanwhile—meanwhile I was so idle and dreary.

Morning after morning I used to see the woman at the lodge turn out her little tribe to run riot in the lane and fields, to idle, trifle, squabble. The village-school was closed—it was too far to send them to Hemaley, and there was no one to teach them or keep them out of mischief. Well, I used to sit all those long mornings in dreary laziness, and if a thought suggested itself to me how I might have gathered the children together, and instructed them for an hour or two, I thrust it aside; it wasn't worth while; the school would be re-opened presently, and (the true reason) it would be too much trouble.

An infirm old woman lived in the cottage in the lane; she was a wretched object, bedridden with rheumatism; poor, friendless, helpless. I put her down as the first candidate for my projected hospital, and shut my ears to suggestions that a timely visit, a few verses of Scripture read in an audible voice, gifts of flannel, coal and other cottage comforts, or even a word of sympathy, or a morsel of pudding from my own luncheon-table would have been acceptable kindnesses. The door stood temptingly open whenever I passed, but I never entered, only I renewed to myself that promise about the almshouses: and the old woman died before they were built!

Why delay the end? It cannot come to anyone else with the like shock and bitterness it brought to me.

One Sunday morning, immediately after the close of the Session, I was startled by finding Hedworth Charlton in the rectory pew. When, through the opening of the crimson curtains, I first discovered him, he was looking over the same hymn-book as Rose Carmichael. The remainder of the service seemed to me as a trance.

I hurried blindly out of church. Some one

was waiting for me in the porch; a firm hand grasped mine, and whispered words of greeting. Oh! what a happy tone it was, especially at the conclusion!

"And congratulate me, Amyce. Dear Rose has consented to be my wife; that is why I am here to-day."

What I answered I know not; my brain was on fire—my eyes scorched with agony. The frosty autumn breeze blew keenly against my face; there was a clear unclouded sky over-head, and sunshine and the sharp shadows of gravestones lay before me on the grass.

"Are you obliged to go home immediately, Amyce? Cannot you spare one moment for good-wishes to Rose? See, she is waiting over yonder."

I looked up. Rose Carmichael was standing by the rectory-gate, playfully tapping the privet hedge with her parasol. She seemed waiting, but also she seemed watching us. Something in her expression—in those stealthy glances under her long eyelashes—nerved me to self-control, and I went forward and held out my hand:

"God bless you, Rose; and grant you all the happiness you deserve."

Was there sarcasm in my low accent? Perhaps there was.

Rapidly her liquid eyes sought mine, then the colour mounted to her forehead, and she looked down. I know not if for a moment she felt humiliated; she could not fail to have had a suspicion of my secret, and she had always professed herself to be my friend. So—but what are women-friends in this narrow-hearted world!

"You are not looking well, Amyce," Hedworth Charlton observed; "you have lost your colour, and grown thin. I fear you have been over-done during Sir John's illness. Couldn't I help you in any way while I am here? Do not hesitate to tell me if I can; you know I am always your friend, and shall be doubly so by-and-by, I hope—" His smiling eyes were resting on Rose.

His friend! I started away ungraciously and hurried home. His friend!—the friend of Rose Carmichael's husband—never! never!

When I reached the Towers I knew the news had travelled before me. Quickly as I gained my own room old Butterworth was there before me, crying and sobbing, trampling on some imaginary foe, circling me with loving arms and caresses. I had meant to be proud and self-restrained, and bear it all in silence, but grief and tears are infectious, and at the sight of her distress, I flung myself on to that sympathising breast just as I used to do in days of yore.

"Poor child!" Butterworth kept repeating, "poor child! poor child! and it's all our faults. Master's and mine, who threw you together! Oh, dear! poor fellow! he's crying in his room like a baby, and he says it's retribution. Amyce Dillon's son is revenging his mother,—honey, ye'll bear it bravely and not taunt the old man; he could not bear to see you miserable, and he'd blame himself all his life, if ye fretted and moaned.

"That nasty, mean hussy Rose, with her low, palavering ways! Didn't I warn ye about her

long sin; hadn't I seen her game once before? Why did she come smiling an' a mincing here every day last winter, worming herself round you, and as sweet as sugar on Master? Wasn't it that she thought, failing younger men, an auld baronet warn't to be despised, and that her doll's face would look well for a 'my lady?' Plague take her! An' there's that poor weak-eyed curate gone away all in a sudden, an' what d'ye think Dick Dawson's mother told me just now? Why that yon Rose had flirted wi' him, and made him no end of fine promises, an' then turned him over cool as a cucumber when t'other came. Well, she'll keep any man alive as gets her, I'll award her. She's as full of creases as an onion."

"Don't—don't—I can't bear it—oh, Butterworth, I think my heart will break!"

The old woman's manner changed. She clapped me on the back, and adopted the half-scolding tone by which she was wont to manage my uncle.

"Break! Stuff an' nonsense, it will none break; hold your noise, Amyce Cloyse, one would think nobody had iver had a bit o' trouble afore ye. It's allus the way wi' woman folks and childer, they mun hev measles, and cowpox, and love-fits, an' get over 'em, it's in the natur' on 'em, and it's a good thing done wi'. 'Tain't many as love carries off—lor', no!—not half so many as die o' King cough, an' those few, why they're better gone, they're poor weak criturs as has no constitutions. More heart folks have, longer life for 'em, for 'tain't so soon broken and worsted. Heart makes folk live, and do, and forget; if ane prop breaks down, it clings round 'tother, and ay, Amyce, a true heart allus looks up to the sun, that's to God, honey, an' it don't care then for a trampling heel, not it."

Rude as was Butterworth's consolation, it was genuine and wholesome, and, re-invigorated by it, I dare venture to my uncle's room, and assure him by a silent kiss, that my life's happiness had not been seriously impaired by a dream of love. Neither of us spoke of what had occurred, but after crying for a few minutes behind his handkerchief, the old man began as usual to fret and scold about the basin of beef-tea, which Stephen had brought up for his luncheon. He had forgotten my sorrow when I did not keep the memory alive by a show of misery. And what would have been the good of doing that?

But my uncle was at heart very kind and pitying to me, and in the first few days of compassion would willingly have conceded anything to my happiness. Was I lonely? I had *carte blanche* to go into society, and take the foremost place to which my position entitled me. Did I wish friends at home? there was a certain widowed cousin of his, who would be only too happy to come and bear me company. But Butterworth warned me against *her*. She said there "was never no getting Mrs. Arundel out o' t' house when she wor once in, and for her part (Butterworth's), she was allus wary o' folks wha left their hats i' the hall:" so I acted on her hint, and assured my uncle I was perfectly content to remain where, and as I was.

And so I did, despite the pain of witnessing the various preparations of Rose Carmichael's marriage. I was fortunately supplied with an excuse for

declining an invitation to act bride's-maid by the precarious state of my uncle's health, and that plea also served to keep me a close prisoner to the Towers for the few weeks that intervened between the announcement and the marriage.

But when the wedding-day came, I could no longer restrain myself. Imprudent as I knew the course to be, I donned my hat and cloak, and stole through the grounds to the village, gaining admittance to the church through a small side door, of which we had the key.

I was hid behind the red curtain of our pew when the wedding train came up the chancel; I could almost have touched the bride as she passed. I saw her folds of satin and lace; the pearl locket at her throat which had doubtless been his gift; the orange flowers amid her luxuriant brown hair. I looked on her face, so beautiful, so cold, so heartless, the face that had robbed me, and I could scarcely restrain a groan. I dared not look at *him*.

The service was progressing. I was in a trance. I saw him take her hand, I heard the clear tones of his dear voice "*for better for worse*"—they were kneeling aside by side.

Away! I could not bear it, I was maddened, I dared not stay, I could not command myself, I might do something rash! and the red curtain dropped from my hand, and I actually grovelled on the pew floor in agony.

There—they were safe in the vestry. I rearranged my disordered attire, and crept to the side-door. The crowd was round at the other side of the church where the carriages were waiting—only a little beggar-child leaning against a tomb saw me, and she came forward to ask charity. She was a piteous-looking little thing, with pinched, haggard features, and eyes unnaturally large and bright, and when I neglected her appeal she clung to my dress, and entreated me—for the love of God. But I thrust her aside, I was hurrying to avoid detection, and the next moment I had gained the postern in the park wall, and was safe on my way homewards.

At home again—no one had noticed my absence—I was breathless with running, fevered with excitement, and I flung myself down on a low chair in *my lady's boudoir*, and covered my face with my hands. How long I crouched there, I know not; the clear red fire in the grate flung a warm light over my clasped hands, chased shadows here and there amid my sandy hair. But I was impervious to heat and light, for I was asleep.

I woke with a start. Some one was bending over me, looking in my face. Eagerly I raised my head. Were not those Hedworth Charlton's soft brown eyes which met mine? and with what a rare expression of love and tenderness.

My heart beat frantically. Where was I—what had happened? See it *was* he, standing by the fireplace, and looking at me with an unmistakable glance of affection, such a glance as two months ago he had cast on Rose Carmichael by the privet hedge, only far softer, more pleading, more tender. Could it only have been a dream about Rose, and the marriage, and everything? Could he at heart care for me still and only for me!

Yes, he was surely by me, bending lower and lower, nearer and nearer, till I fancied I felt his breath on my forehead, and I stretched out my hands, and sprang upward to meet him. Alas! my arms grasped only the hollow air, and the sound of a coal falling on the hearth awoke me more thoroughly.

No one was there—the room was empty—my chair was in its old position, and the hat I had flung aside on my return from the village, was lying at my feet.

I raised my eyes to where I had beheld the vision, and there was the picture in the oval frame,—the thorn-encircled Head, and an expression of Divine Compassion in those sorrowful eyes. "*Je t'ai aimé d'un amour éternel*," spake from the scroll like the voice of an angel.

Conviction rushed upon me. I bowed down my head, and wept those tears which are at once prayers and the seed of a Higher Life. Like Peter of old, I wept bitterly because I had denied my Lord.

Through my tears I glanced up again, but my eyes were hazy, and I could not see distinctly. Try as I would, the portrait faded before me, the pitying gaze seemed averted; as I watched breathlessly, eagerly, it seemed to change, and no longer to regard me with love and compassion.

In the place of that picture of a crucified Saviour, there rose the pinched, careworn face of that little child to whose appeal I had lately turned a deaf ear. She was looking at me through the mist, haunting me with her hollow, reproachful eyes,—had she not urged me "for the love of God?"

I writhed in agony. A moment ago, hope and comfort had come to me from a Divine Source, now they were obscured by the very memory of my own sin. Where was that text which had spoken to me of God's love? What was it? I could remember nothing, no text whatsoever, save one which said: "Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to Me."

I started on to my feet; I faced the real picture. I told myself it was a dream, the delusion of a fevered brain; but for all that, I could not divest myself of the impression it had made. I was glad to see, through the window, the real beggar-child stealing up to the house to ask charity, glad for once in my life to go down and relieve the afflicted.

All this happened years ago, but I have never forgotten my Dream of Love! D. RICHMOND.

HELP FOR THE "WORKIES."

SINCE I spoke of the distress in Lancashire, six weeks ago, that distress has so far spread and deepened as to rouse and frighten a part of the public out of the apathy and optimism, which then appeared more strange to thoughtful people than the calamity itself can appear to the most inconsiderate. If there are persons everywhere who think the alarm a bore, or who smile and say they have lived through many panics, and do not find Old England at an end yet, there are also persons everywhere who feel their daily life clouded by

the thought of the depression, hunger, and destitution of a whole population which was lately the pride of the country for its high spirit, industry, and intelligence. As in times of plague and famine there are always persons who cannot believe that half their acquaintance will die, or that they shall ever see their neighbours actually hungry unto death, so there are now many who cannot perceive what *they* have to do with Lancashire distress, and who settle the business in their own minds and in their own houses by saying, that all industries have seasons of trouble, and that Lancashire will get over it somehow.

Many, again, choose to insist that it is an affair for the Lancashire gentry to manage. It is the business of the landowners; it is the business of the millowners. There is a great deal to be said about this: but we know better now than we did a month ago, that the sufferers cannot wait till it is agreed who should relieve them. We must help them first, and settle the doctrine of incidence afterwards. In the same way, we still hear it objected that the rates in Lancashire are yet not so high, as what some of us are paying in both town and country; but many more are ready with the answer than a month ago. The answer is, that if we leave it to the rates to deal with the distress, Lancashire will be like a submerged country, where all is destruction and ruin except a few scattered hills which stand above the flood. Whole classes would crumble and slide down into pauperism, till none would be left to pay the rates but a sprinkling of rich men. Many see now that it is better not to talk about the rates in self-excuse. The practical point, in fact, is to spare the rates to the last moment, and to the last farthing, for the sake of saving the poorer rate-payers.

Such points are better understood than they were: but still we have not got half-way towards that general consent to uphold and carry through our cotton operatives which we must attain by calamity, if we cannot by our own good sense. We still hear Members of Parliament talking of a possible time coming when others than Lancashire men must do something. We still see gentlemen and ladies giving shillings where they should send pounds, and pounds when they should give hundreds or thousands.

Among those whose eyes are open, however, the action is beautiful. Noble actions abound from day to day. Some of the millowners are generous and wise, and many are willing,—however the body generally have fallen below expectation, and their former repute for public spirit. But no extent of liberality in any of that class can exceed the expectation of society, because the wealth of the manufacturers ought always to be regarded as responsible for effectual aid to the operatives by whose industry, in conjunction with the employer's capital, that wealth was created. As the capitalist profits most in prosperous times, he cannot reasonably or fairly leave the heaviest weight of adversity to be borne by his partners, the labourers. Thus the utmost liberality of the millowners is a simple fulfilment of obligation. The same thing is true of the landowners whose estates have become more and more valuable, through the growth of wealth and numbers in

their neighbourhood. There are no sacrifices which they should not be prepared to make, as a moral condition of their holdings, when the industry of their district is in adversity.

The case is far otherwise with hundreds of subscribers to various relief funds. It makes one's heart glow to read of whole companies of artisans and labourers in several counties who have given up their Exhibition excursion, and sent the money to Lancashire. It is pleasant to hear of domestic servants, and warehouse clerks, and the workmen in builders' yards, and children in schools and families, clubbing their shillings and pence; but there is something more moving in the express and instant self-denial of hard-working and intelligent men and women who sacrifice the holiday, and the pleasure, and the improvement of a visit to the Exhibition which must be now or not at all. These classes of benefactors show that, if too many of the people of England are still asleep or drowsy, some are wide awake. If we consider that every man who gets up and bestirs himself rouses several others, we may hope that we are getting on, though the calamity seems to be advancing faster still.

The relief given is too small. There seems to be a general agreement about this,—supposing that it is possible to give more. The answer is, that if the people need more to keep them in health and hope, they must have it. We must all give, rather than that anybody should sink. It may be possible for people to live on eighteenpence a week, if they are clothed, and have beds to lie on; but, if bedding and clothes are in pawn, and the grate is empty, nobody can sustain life and health on a shilling, or fifteen, or even eighteenpence a week. Why should not relief be afforded by private benevolence in the form of releasing clothes and furniture from pawn, so that the eighteenpence might suffice? The objection is, that the things would soon be in pawn again, or that some of them would be sold for drink. On which it is again remarked, that the pawning was for the most part done before the regular relief was instituted, and that it is not likely to be repeated while the relief continues. As for the barter for spirits, the police reports show that there can be no great degree of that abuse. There are fewer offences committed in this time of stringent trial than in the gay days of prosperity; and the drinking and smoking are, in fact, restrained within very narrow limits. Anyone who is disposed for a promising experiment in benevolence may thus, it appears, be doing great good by releasing from pawn the serviceable clothing and bedding of impoverished families, who are not likely to get their property back in any other way.

The subject of employment,—regular paid employment for the factory people till the mills are going again,—is too large for my limits. Of course, it is the very foremost question in connection with relief; and we all have our own ideas upon it: but I must leave it on one side to-day, on account of its vastness as well as its difficulty. I am the less unwilling to do this for the impression I have that the readers of *ONCE A WEEK* will feel themselves more nearly concerned in the other points

of the case. They will probably say that it must be left to the authorities to devise occupation for so many thousands of people. It seems to me that nothing effectual will be done in that way unless ideas proposed by individuals are urged upon the guardians and dispensers of the funds: but I fully agree that the details of the various methods of giving aid concern everybody.

Emigration has been much discussed. Miss Rye's operations in Manchester are full of comfort and promise. There are wrongheaded people there as everywhere who object for reasons which show that either they do not understand the plan, or they do not feel that there is any duty to the colonies involved in the case. We may pass over the gentlemen who coolly propose that Miss Rye should take unsteady girls and young thieves off their hands, and leave them all the best of the young women. We may pass over the ladies who complain that trained house-servants emigrate, while the rough ones remain, who have everything to learn. We may pass over the wrangling which looks like a scramble for the best order of young women, as if there were not thousands more than can be by any means assisted as we could wish. We may pass on at once to the fact that Miss Rye and her aides are succeeding in a work which does good to everybody concerned, and harm to none. She disburdens the relief funds of a few (would they were more!) of the respectable, industrious and well-conducted young women, who would be doomed to idleness and hunger here while, in the colonies, the wives of clergymen, merchants, farmers and artisans are wearing their lives out by doing all the work of their own houses. These young women will soon repay the cost of their removal, while creating comfort where they go, and no doubt marrying as fast as their place can be supplied. One good way of helping, then, is by sending money to Miss Rye, or clothing to girls who might have a good chance if they could get an outfit.

But there are others who want to go. What can be more affecting than the letter to the "Times," dated September 12th, of the 130 Manchester overlookers, who are ruined and hopeless here, and long to get away! They have worked and saved: they have now lost all their savings: they are not a class who can endure to throw themselves on the rates; and they implore their countrymen to send them where they may conceal and yet retrieve their poverty. It is too probable that many of these are over the age prescribed, for sound reasons, as a condition of Government emigration: and there may be other disabilities in the particular cases: but the general truth remains that every family transplanted to a colony where labour is scarce is put in the way of fortune, and reduces the pressure at home. It is therefore a good way of helping to assist the emigration of men or women,—in families or singly, who are young and strong, and sincerely disposed for work. To inquire and use influence on their behalf; to raise a loan for their passage; to look to their outfit;—these are things which some of us can do; and some of us could hardly do better.

Every plan proposed seems to bring us round to the consideration of the clothing of these hun-

dreds of thousands of men, women and children : and therefore we may consider the plan of the Sewing-schools one of the very best which has been carried out in any degree. More of them are wanted ; and there is an earnest cry for the extension of such as exist. To these Sewing-rooms we must look for the possibility of carrying out Lord Palmerston's recommendation that the present dreary opportunity should be used for keeping the children and lads at school. If the Guardians were to agree to-morrow to pay the school pence of every boy and girl, a very large proportion would be prevented from attending by the state of their clothing. The Sewing-rooms might remedy this, if they were kept properly supplied with material. Stout dark flannel makes good blouses for boys : remnants of print and stuff and lineys make frocks and petticoats for girls. Remnants of almost any fabric will make bonnets, and also pinafores. The same dark flannel, in squares, bound with worsted binding, makes little shawls for children. While making these articles, and women's gowns and other garments, the factory girls are learning what has been hitherto deficient in their training ; they become more fit for domestic life ; they are in a safe place, free at once from the temptations and the *ennui* of idleness ; and they obtain clothing for themselves and their young sisters at the very cheapest rate. I am told that it is a heart-moving spectacle to see the struggle for admission to these rooms. The poor girls are almost frantic to get in. Will not the women of England help their sisters in this matter ? The way is easy, if only they are disposed. It rests with them to open these Sewing-rooms to as many as desire a seat there.

There have been letters in the newspapers about this which make the matter very clear. The main want is of material. One letter tells how much sound and seemly material for women's and children's dress has been bought for 5*l.* ; and the suggestion is made that the housewives of England who understand their business should go shopping, with such money as they can spare and raise, on behalf of these Sewing-schools. Remnants, soiled goods (of a washing quality), old-fashioned or faded articles, in short, unsaleable goods of substantial quality, may be had exceedingly cheap wherever there are clothing-shops : and almost every article may come into use for somebody, between the cradle and the grave. As the letter points out, everything should be sent prepared for the needle,—the raw calico washed soft, the dresses cut out,—in breadths at least, if not in shape,—the children's frocks and boys' blouses ; everything complete, to the supply of strings, buttons, and hooks and eyes ; and each kind made into a separate parcel, duly ticketed.

Now, if one hundred housewives, out of all the towns and villages in England, were to spend 5*l.* per month in this way while the distress lasts, the 500*l.* per month so laid out would clothe the greater number of the needy people, without any hurt to anybody ; for, however good-natured the shopkeepers may be (and they are good-natured, as a class), we must remember that it is an advantage to them to clear off their stocks in this way. Is it not reasonable to believe that so many as this

of our countrywomen will go to their own tradesmen, at their own time, and lay out their money according to their own judgment, in quiet and independence ?

To me it seems that this suggestion embraces exactly those homely housewives who dislike committees, and subscriptions, and publicity, and disputes. They can get the money from friends of their own sort, when they have not enough of their own : they will cut out their purchases at home, and send them off to some Relief Committee in Lancashire, paying the carriage, and feeling conscious that there is not an inch of rubbish in the package,—nor anything about it which can damp the pleasure of the poor young women in setting to work upon their gowns, or their fathers' shirts, or their mothers' caps, or the children's pinafores. I understand, in fact, that the proposal has been already widely adopted. Moreover, it has caused an appeal to be made in several newspapers to drapers, all over the kingdom, to look out their unsaleable goods, and remnants, and whatever they please to give, towards the support of the Sewing-schools. No doubt this appeal will be kindly met ; and it is a way in which a most substantial and extensive good may be done, at the smallest sacrifice on any hand.

This demonstration has been very properly followed by a petition on behalf of the men. First, the object was to clothe the young women who were going to service, while teaching the arts of the needle to those who remained. Then, the case of the children came up, when Lord Palmerston advised that they should be kept at school, and it was found that the Guardians had power to pay for the schooling of children whose parents were receiving relief. Thence it naturally followed that the claim of the men should be advocated. The letter of "A London Lad" in the "Times," called upon all good citizens to give their cast-off garments,—the tourists and sportsmen their shooting-coats and plaids, and all their shabby waistcoats, pantaloons, caps and hats, and old boots. We ought to note that there is particular urgency about shoes and clogs, for old and young. May not help be found in Northampton and Norwich, the centres of the shoe-manufacture ? Is it not the fact that there are unsaleable shoes and boots, as well as gowns and shawls ? and will not ladies in those towns go and see what can be done ? The children's schooling, and perhaps their parents' power of earning wages, depends on their being shod.

The letter of "A London Lad" wrought well. There was a deluge of letters poured in at the address he gave, very properly requesting means of information as to his being a real and respectable person. This being cleared up, the next incident was the Lord Mayor's proposal to his Relief Committee, that a depôt for such gifts should be provided, as an appeal on behalf of 3,000,000 of persons would cause a mountain of clothing to be accumulated as fast as it could come in. We must all hope that his expectation is being fast fulfilled. This is one direction in which gentlemen may act while the ladies are doing the shopping. The main objection will probably be that such clothes are the perquisites of

servants. My advice would be to speak to the servants about it, and see what terms could be made for the occasion with valets who stick to their rights: but valets have the same sort of heart as other people; and they may turn out as glad as other folk to do something for Lancashire. However the valets may behave, there must still be thousands of families where the boys outgrow their garments, and their fathers get new coats before the old are worn out. Will they not make them up in parcels for some Lancashire town?

It may do some service to both the sufferers and their protectors, if contributors should quietly discountenance the sectarian spirit which shows itself so strangely in some of the centres of relief. At Blackburn, contributors are asked which sects they wish to give their gifts to! and a letter to the "Times," from "A Churchman" assumes that there is something ridiculous and inconvenient, and improper, in young women of different religious denominations sitting in the same room to learn to sew, and earn a meal. At Ashton-under-Lyne, the Relief Committee resolved to exclude all clergymen; and religious quarrels ran so high that the sufferers were neglected by the wranglers. Such things seem scarcely credible. If there is to be singing of hymns at the work-tables, what then? Such trifling is real folly in the presence of a calamity which should make us all feel as brethren.

At Ashton, certain clergy and their flocks, of different denominations, have shown that they can work harmoniously together, if others will not work with them. They admit the hungry and downcast without inquiring what their theological profession is; and they consult and dispense relief together, without introducing topics which are unconnected with the business of the hour. The best rebuke that the bigots could receive would be an universal repudiation, on the part of all givers, of all sectarian ideas and feelings. The need, and how to meet it, is the one question for us all; and if we keep it before us in its simplicity, the bigots of all sects will understand the rebuke, and may be the better for it in all time to come.

There is yet another mode of relief; and to me it seems that none can be more important. It has an advantage in the probability of its being self-supporting; and it has a disadvantage in being dependent on local effort,—and especially the efforts of resident women. Money and something more may be given from a distance; but the aid in kind cannot be anything like the contributions that may be sent to the Sewing-schools. The appeal must therefore be made to the ladies of Manchester, and the other towns in the distressed district; and if I may be permitted to speak so strongly, I do conjure those ladies to set to work without one day's delay, to establish Cooking-schools in their own neighbourhood. It may be that the thing will be well begun before these lines are published. If so, let my entreaties be read as thanks and congratulation. If not, I would ask them whether any way was ever more plain before women anxious to do good; or whether there was ever a more urgent need that it

should be followed. Thus far, I understand the case to be this.

In the "Manchester Guardian" there appeared, lately, a letter from the chairman of one of the Relief Committees, declaring the strong need there was of a provision of cooked food, for certain cases of distress. The subject was taken up by some one who evidently understands the economy of good cookery, and is aware of the ignorant wastefulness which prevails among the factory-women, and which sorely aggravates their poverty. This writer, "E. L.," suggests that a house should be taken in Manchester, and supplied with stoves, fuel, and other requisites; and that the relief food, and other food, should be prepared by young women, under good instruction. They would have the same advantages of safety and occupation as in the Sewing-schools, and would be learning the art which it is above all important for them to understand. They would have their meals in return for their labour, and might essentially assist their families by improving their diet. It would cost less to have the relief food cooked at the schools, than to dispose of it as the poor people now do. They prefer having money; and then they spend it in getting new bread, warm from the oven, or watery potatoes, or something that has even less good nourishment in it. They loathe the regular dole of meal, which they do not know how to make pleasant; and they are apt to change it away for some relishing morsel which has a flavour of old days in it. With the very best management, the allowance is too small to do more than keep life in; and the best way to prevent the people from wasting away in hunger is to give them cooked food, or teach them to prepare it for themselves.

The thing has been done before on a smaller scale, and proved to be easily self-supporting, when once fairly established. There have been such kitchens attached to the National and other schools; and the results which have been published show how eagerly the cheap diets they provide are bought up.

In case of this being done at Manchester, as the editor of the "Guardian" earnestly advises, aid from a distance must be chiefly in money to supply implements, fuel, and provisions; but there is some help that might be given in kind. A hundredweight of rice would be a good present: and broken rice is extremely cheap, and just as good for nourishment and palatableness as the best-looking. Red rice is cheap, too. A barrel of sweet Indian meal is another good present; and a package of sugar and a cask of American or Irish beef or pork; and salt and dried fish, and barrels of potatoes, and many other imported articles, besides the gifts that might flow in from neighbouring market-gardens and butchers'-shops.

I remember an experiment made by a benevolent friend of mine at a time when it was necessary to the support of a whole town, that the greatest number of persons should be fed at the smallest cost; and the result of my friend's experience was, that the cheapest food,—really good and agreeable food,—was a compound of Indian meal and rice, well flavoured with condiments. The people liked it, and they especially liked

being able to get a substantial meal for a penny or somewhat less. If I remember right, the price was a penny for the hearty able-bodied men. It was by the magnitude of the scale on which the cooking was conducted, that the thing was possible. The same thing might be done at Manchester: but there must also be a good deal of variety for both the main objects,—the keeping up the health and spirit of the people, and the training of the women in homely cookery.

Mr. Blundell, the giver of 5000 tons of coal, stands, by general consent, at the head of the genial benefactors of Lancashire at the present crisis. He has written home from Canada, directing his agent to make this glorious present. It warms hearts already; let us hope it will kindle some. All the circumstances of the case work together to teach us, that there is something for everybody to do. Let each of us take our own course, provided we give no trouble by whimsies, but follow some established track. We may start ideas; but novelties in practice must be tried on the spot. On the whole, the prominent feature of the case is the insufficiency of the relief, generally speaking. If some benefactors would direct their bounty to paying small rents, and so sustaining the class of cottage owners; if others would release clothes and bedding from pawn, or keep up the Sewing-schools; and if others would institute Cooking-schools, and expand the existing soup-kitchens, the present scale of relief might possibly suffice. If these aids are not abundantly rendered, more must be done in the way of money gifts. Winter is coming; the sufferers must be sustained; and they cannot live on the present dole. Then let us each go to work, to do what we can.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

RUSSIAN POPULAR TALES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN BY GEORGE BORROW.

THE Russians have three grand popular tales, the subjects of which are thievish adventures. One is called the "Story of Klim," another is called the "Story of Tim," and the third is called the "Story of Tom." Below we present a translation of the "Story of Tim." That part of the tale in which Tim inquires of the drowsy Archimandrite as to the person to whom the stolen pelisse is to be awarded differs in no material point from a portion of a tale narrated in the Turkish story-book of the lady and the forty vizirs. The concluding part, however, in which we are told how Tim's comrades twice stole the pig from him, and how he twice regained it, is essentially Russian and original.

THE STORY OF TIM.

In a certain village there lived an old man who had lost almost the whole of his hair, partly from age, and partly from the friction of his fur cap, which he never laid aside, either by day or night. He had a helpmeet as ancient as himself, but who differed from him in having a hump. Our story, however, does not relate to them, but to a son of theirs, called Timoney, who was a sharp lad enough, but who had learnt nothing but to play on the fife. The old man thinking that music,

however sweet, would never fill the belly, and that it was quite impossible to live on an empty stomach, determined to have the boy taught some trade, but ere fixing on what it should be, he deemed it expedient to consult his old woman on the subject; and, accordingly, requested her opinion, adding that he would wish to see the boy either a blacksmith, or a tailor.

"No!" cried the old woman. "I'll have him neither the one nor the other. The blacksmith by always going amidst fire and soot is so begrimed that he looks rather like a devil than a man. Would you make a monster of him? As for a tailor—I don't deny that tailoring is a rare art, but sitting doubled up, in a little time brings on a consumption."

"Then what would you make of him?" cried the old man.

"Make of him?" said she; "why a goldsmith, or a painter, or something similar."

"And do you know," said the old man, "how much money one must lay down to have him bound either to a goldsmith or a painter? Why it would swallow up all we have, or more."

They disputed so long, that they almost came to blows. The old woman had already armed herself with the fire-pan. At last, however, they agreed to bind their son to the first master they should meet, whatever his trade might be. So the old man, taking with him the sum of ten roubles, which he destined for the binding his son out as an apprentice, set out, leading Tim by the hand. It happened, that the first people he met were two born brothers, who maintained themselves by levying taxes on the highway, and besides being tax-gatherers were expert tailors, using their needles so adroitly, that with a stitch or two they could make for themselves a coat or mantle; in plain language, they were robbers.

The old man, after saluting them, said:

"Are you craftsmen?"

"Oh, yes! and very skilful ones," replied the highwaymen.

"And what may be your trade?" inquired the old man.

"What is that to you?" they replied.

"Why, I wish to give my son a trade," said the old man.

"Oh! we will take your son with pleasure," they cried, "and instruct him in what we understand ourselves. As for our trade, we have particular reasons for not telling you what it is. Know, however, that you will never repent entrusting your son to our hands."

"But what must I give you for your trouble, good people?" cried the old man.

"Why, you can hardly give us less than twenty roubles," replied the craftsmen.

"O! where shall I get so much money?" cried the old man. "I have but ten roubles in all the world."

"O, very well! hand them over," said they. "We'll take them, though they be only ten roubles; we don't wish to higgler with you."

The old man gave them the money, and begging them to spare no pains in teaching his son their trade, he trudged homeward. Remembering,

however, that it was necessary to know where they dwelt, he turned back, and went along with them. After some time, they came to a house in a very great wood, where the thieves lived with a young girl who was their sister. On their arrival they took off from Tim his rough country caftan and breeches, and clothed him in habiliments of the very best quality, and regaled the old man with plenty of capital wine. So the old man, after staying an hour or two, left their dwelling quite happy and content.

As soon as it was night, the thieves thought that they would give Tim his first lesson in their art, so arming him in the same manner as they did themselves, with a pike and a long knife, they went out on the road. As soon as they were got there, one of the masters said to the pupil:

"Suppose, now, any people were to attack us, what would you do, Tim?"

"What's this for?" said he, grasping his knife; "with this I don't care a straw for a dozen men."

"It will be of service to you, no doubt, some time or other," said the thieves; "it will be best, however, that your first essay be in something not quite so dangerous as levying taxes on the high-ways generally is. We will go to the neighbouring monastery, and break into the treasury of the Archimandrite; we shall find there quite enough to enrich us."

"O! just as you please," cried Timoney; "where the master goes the 'prentice follows."

So away they went, all three in high spirits. When they came to the cloister, they flung an iron hook upon the roof of the treasure-room, and Tim climbing up by means of a rope which was attached to it, at once gave proof that he was anything but a dull pupil. In a trice, a hole was made in the roof—the chests in the treasury were broken open—money-bags were piled up upon the floor, and then flung down out of the treasury upon the ground, where they were gathered up by Tim's comrades, and what had taken a long series of years to acquire was in a few minutes lost to the proprietor. All would have gone on in the smoothest manner in the world, provided Tim had been anything of a fool. But he knew perfectly well that his friends below would take all the money by virtue of being his instructors, and would not give him a share; he, therefore, took from out of a chest the cloak of the Archimandrite, which was made of the choicest sable-skin, and flung it out of the hole upon the ground, intending it for himself, but had no sooner done so, than one of his masters took it up and put it on. Tim then, letting himself down began to feel for the cloak upon the ground, for it was very dark.

"What are you groping for?" said his masters.

"I am seeking for my cloak," answered Tim.

"What do you mean by calling it yours?" said one. "I have put it on myself. How should it belong to you?"

"Because," said Tim, "I took it for myself, and not for you."

"But we are your instructors," said they, "consequently whatever you take belongs to us."

"O! no," cried he, with a loud voice. "I got

the money for you, it is true, and no share of that belongs to me, but the cloak is mine."

"You lie, fool," said they.

"O! if you talk in that manner," said Tim, "I will go and ask the Archimandrite, and the one to whom he adjudges it shall have the cloak."

"Let's see how you'll go to work," said they.

"You shall," said he, "only don't be afraid."

Thereupon, he went to the window of the cell in which the Archimandrite and his servant slept, the latter a very lively lad, and a great teller of pleasant stories. Tim peeping in, perceived that the Archimandrite was asleep, and snoring like a hedgehog, but the lad was awake. Tim tapped with his finger against the window, whereupon the lad got up and looked out, but before he could ask who was there, Tim seized him by the ears with both his hands, dragged him out, and tying a handkerchief over his mouth, delivered him to the custody of his associates. Then climbing softly in at the window, he lay down in the young fellow's bed. After waiting a little time, he fell to arousing the Archimandrite. His masters who were listening under the window, hearing him try to awake the ghostly man, begged him to come out.

"What are you about?" they cried. "The devil take you and the cloak, too! Woe is us, that we ever came here with you!"

But without attending to them, he cried:

"Father Archimandrite! your reverence!"

"Hey! what!" replied the Archimandrite, in a voice half-suffocated with sleep.

"I have had a very bad dream," said Tim, "I dreamt that thieves broke into the treasure-room, and carried away all the money, and also your cloak of sable. He who climbed up to steal the treasure, took the cloak out of the box, intending it for himself. He gave his comrades all the money, and only wanted to keep the cloak; but they refused to give it him. Now, who do you say should have the cloak?"

The Archimandrite imagining that it was his chamberlain who was speaking to him, cried:

"Oh, how tiresome you are! People are sure to dream at night. Pray don't trouble my rest."

Tim was silent for a time, but no sooner had the Archimandrite fallen asleep again, than he again awoke him, crying:

"Whom is the cloak to be given to?"

"Oh, you tiresome fellow!" cried the Archimandrite. "Well, if you must know, I would have it given to him who broke in. But, pray, let me sleep."

Tim troubled him no more, and as soon as he was fast asleep got out of the window and took possession of the cloak without any opposition from his teachers, who extolled his cleverness to the skies. They set out for home, and the first thing they did when they arrived was to hide their booty. After this adventure, Tim's masters frequently discoursed with each other about their apprentice. His address and cleverness pleased them exceedingly. They hoped that he would be of the greatest assistance to them, and in order to keep him with them, they determined to give him their sister, who was rather a pretty girl. When they declared their mind to Tim, he was far from refusing so good a match, for

they offered plenty of money with her. So he married, and ceasing to be their apprentice, became their brother-in-law and comrade.

After some time his wife said to him :

"It is bad living with these brothers of mine, who are thieves to the very bone. Moreover, you know the rhyme, 'Though the thief may thrive for many a day, he becomes at last the hangman's prey.' So it is my wish and counsel that we separate from them at once and for ever, and go and live at your father's house, where, though we may not be so rich, we shall at any rate be in peace."

Tim approved of what she said, and communicated his intention to those honest gentlemen—his brothers-in-law. They were very much mortified at what he told them, and endeavoured to persuade him to stay with them, but in vain. At last they said :

"We will let you go on the following conditions : we will give you a swine, and if to-night we contrive to steal it from you, you shall pay us two hundred roubles, or remain in our service till you have gained for us that amount, and if we are unable to steal the swine, we will pay the same sum to you."

"Very good," said Tim, "I will see whether you can steal her away from me."

Then he loaded a cart with his property, and set off with his wife to the house of his father.

As soon as he got home he mixed up in the trough a mess of barley-meal and wine for the pig, who, after gorging herself with it, became senselessly drunk. Tim, then, dressing her in a sarafan or woman's long night-gown, placed her on the petach or stove in a corner, where she stretched herself out and lay without motion. He then went to bed with his wife in the chamber above. They were scarcely asleep when the thieves arrived, and searched in every nook and corner round about the house, but not finding what they were in quest of, they repaired to the kitchen, and, listening, heard something snoring. Forthwith one of them crept in, and moving about softly touched the swine, but feeling the nightgown at the same time, he jumped out of the kitchen almost frightened out of his wits.

"Who are you?" cried his comrade.

"Your brother," he replied. "Oh, I got into such a scrape. The thing which is snoring in the kitchen is the old beldame, Tim's mother. I took hold of her by the side, but 'so softly that I did not wake her, and such a stench came from her that I really thought I should have fainted. Now, what to do I don't know—but, stay! I will go and ask my sister where the swine is. Perhaps she will tell me whilst she is dozing." He then climbed softly on the top of the chamber, removed a board from the roof, and, poking his sister gently with his stick, said : "Wife! where did we put the sow?"

"Don't you remember," said she, "that we placed her in the kitchen, on the petach, dressed in a night-gown?"

No sooner did the thief hear this than he sprang like a madman from the roof, and rushing into the kitchen, dragged off from the petach the drunken swine. He and his brother then lugged her

away from the house, and when they had got to some distance, they tied her feet together, and thrusting a stick under, they carried her off on their shoulders at full trot. This riding on a stick—which was very different from lying in a cradle—soon brought the sow to her senses, who began to behave in a very obstreperous and disagreeable manner, and the faster they went the more obstreperous and disagreeable did she become. The thieves now began to repent of the expedient which they had devised for bringing back Tim to their society ; but, fearing to lose two hundred roubles, they bore all the nuisance of the swine, and hastened on their way.

Tim awoke a little time after the swine had been carried away, and, being quite drowsy, clean forgot what he had done with her.

"Wife! wife!" cried he, joggling his bed-fellow on the side with his elbow, "where did we hide the swine?"

"How long is it," said she, "since you asked me that? Did I not tell you that she lies on the petach in the night-gown?"

"When did you tell me that?" cried he.

"Not long ago," said she ; "but no doubt you were drowsy."

"Now, farewell to our swine!" said Tim. "No doubt they have taken her away." And springing from the bed he ran into the kitchen. But found no swine upon the petach. Tim felt his knees quake under him. But the prospect of living with the thieves, as their slave, compelled him to cast aside all useless despondency, and to seek a remedy for the misfortune. Flinging himself upon his horse he galloped off in the hope of overtaking the travelling swine, in which he succeeded. He came up with the party just as they were entering the wood, and rode gently after them ; the night, which was exceedingly dark, preventing the thieves from seeing him. By this time they were excessively weary, and wishing to take some rest, they flung the swine upon the ground in a rage, and one of them said :

"What a weight! It's enough to kill one! Yet one must not mind toiling when two hundred roubles are at stake."

Quoth the other : "I would almost give up the roubles for a horse or something to carry this load of carrion for us."

Meanwhile, Tim, leading his horse some way aside, tied it to a tree, then drawing softly nigh he began to make a jingling with the bridle and stirrups which he had taken off the horse. One of the thieves hearing the jingling said :

"Listen, brother! some horse is going about entangled in its harness."

As Tim still continued jingling, one of them fully persuaded that there was a horse close at hand set off to catch it, whilst the other rested himself sitting close by the swine. Tim moved on before the thief, who followed, expecting every moment to lay his hand upon the strayed horse. Imperceptibly he led him to a great distance, and then leaving him hurried back to the other. When he was not more than twenty yards from him he stopped and cried :

"Pray, brother, come and help me to untie this accursed brute."

The fellow, imagining that it was his brother, got up to help him, saying :

"A pretty baby you, who cannot untie a horse."

Tim, however, pretending that he could not hold the horse, moved away, and led him very far from the road. Then leaving him to seek his brother who was in vain pursuit of the horse, he ran to where the swine lay, and, seizing hold of her, placed her upon his horse and carried her off. As soon as he got home he tied her by the leg to the hand-mill which stood in the middle of the kitchen, round which he strewed a quantity of rye. Forthwith the swine fell to eating the rye, and, by moving round, set the mill a grinding. Tim then flung himself upon his bed, and without any care resigned himself to sleep.

In the meanwhile the thieves met each other.

One said, "Where's the horse?"

The other answered, that he had never caught a glimpse of it.

"Then why did you call me to help you to untie it?" said the first.

"You are mad!" replied the other; "I never spoke a word."

"Well, then," said his comrade, "it is plain that fellow Tim has played us a trick. Let us go and see whether the swine is where we left her."

But, after seeking her for a long time in vain, they concluded that their brother-in-law had carried her back with him home, whereupon they set off for Tim's house with all speed.

On arriving at the court-yard, they went to the kitchen, and one of them said :

"Brother, I am afraid we have lost our two hundred roubles. The old beldame, Tim's mother, is awake and up. Don't you hear her getting the mill in order? She is going to grind. However, I will go to my sister, and ask her, as I did before, where the swine is hid; perhaps it is not in the kitchen."

So he climbed up upon the roof as he had done before, and waking his sister said :

"Wife, where is the swine?"

"You must be asleep," she replied; "have you forgotten that she is tied to the hand-mill in the kitchen?"

The thief, having learnt where the swine was, ran to the kitchen, and seizing his booty, hastened away with his brother, saying :

"Master Tim has taught us a lesson; he will not deceive us again."

Shortly after this Tim awoke, and jumping up, ran to look after the swine. But on entering the kitchen, he perceived that she had been stolen a second time. Nothing now remained for him to do but to run and overtake the thieves, and discover some means of deceiving them again. He ran without any burden on his back, and besides, was all the fresher for having rested, consequently he had no difficulty in overtaking the tired thieves, who were carrying the swine between them. He went softly behind them till they came to the wood.

As soon as they had entered it one of the thieves said to his comrade :

"Let us rest awhile here."

But the other replied :

"No, brother; if Tim overtakes us here, he will trick us again by some means or other. But some way farther on you remember there is an empty cottage, near the road, there we can rest without danger."

"Very good," said his comrade, "we will stop there."

Tim, hearing what they said, turned aside, and, getting before them, daubed his face with clay; then, running as fast as he could to the cottage, he sat down within the ruined petach, holding in his hand a brick. He had not waited five minutes when they entered the cottage and cast the swine down upon the floor.

"Now, brother," said one, "we have nearly finished the business, let us smoke a pipe of tobacco."

"Capital!" replied the other, taking out his flint and steel; but though he struck and struck, he could not make the tinder take light. "Here's a pretty affair," said he, "the tinder got damp as I ran amidst the dew of the wood, endeavouring to overtake that rascal Tim."

"Go to the mouth of the petach," said the other, "perhaps a spark will take hold of the soot."

The other went up to the petach and began again to strike. In the meantime Tim, looking full at him, gnashed his teeth violently. The thief, hearing something gnashing, struck harder than before, and, looking into the petach by the light of the sparks, instantly fell to the ground, for seeing the face of Tim he took him for the devil, and was so terrified that he could only utter with a broken voice :

"Oh, brother!—the devil!—the devil!"

Thereupon, Tim knocked violently upon the petach, and hurled the brick at the other thief, who made for the door, but, striking his forehead against the lintel, he fell senseless. Tim then seizing one of their sticks began to belabour his brothers-in-law so lustily that they soon recovered their recollection and betook themselves to flight. Their legs trembled so with the fright they were in that they stumbled more than once; but Tim assisted them on their way by pelting them with bricks. Having driven them off, he took the swine and carried her home, where he arrived just as the day was beginning to break.

The first word which the thieves said on recovering their breath was about the wager with their brother-in-law.

"Now," said they, "as the devil has run away with the swine, Tim cannot produce her, so we will force him to come and live with us again."

Thereupon they set off straight for the house, because it was already getting light; but on their arrival they found that they had lost their wager, and that it was not the devil who had routed them in the deserted cottage, but their brother-in-law.

"Oh, you precious rascal!" said they, "you nearly killed us with terror."

"There's no help, brothers," he replied, "you were thinking of taking two hundred roubles from me, but now you have to pay them to me."

After some demur, he received the money from them, and began to live in a highly respectable manner.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNN."

CHAPTER XXIX. A SPECIAL VISION TOUCHING
MRS. PECKABY.

NOR until summer, when the days were long and the nights short, did the marriage of Lionel Verner take place. Lady Verner declined to be present at it: Decima and Lucy were. It was a grand ceremony, of course: that is, it would have been grand, but for an ignominious interruption which occurred to mar it. At the very moment they were at the altar, Lionel placing the ring on his bride's finger, and all around wrapt in breathless silence, in a transport of enthusiasm, the bridesmaids uncertain whether they must go off in hysterics or not, there tore into the church Master Dan Duff, in a state of extreme terror and ragged shirt sleeves, fighting his way against those who would have impeded him, and shouting

out at the top of his voice: "Mother was took with the cholic, and she'd die right off if Mr. Jan didn't make haste to her." Upon which Jan, who had positively no more sense of what was due to society than Dan Duff himself had, went flying away there and then, muttering something about "those poisonous mushrooms." And so, they were made man and wife; Lionel, in his heart of hearts, doubting if he did not best love Lucy Tempest.

A breakfast at Dr. West's: Miss Deborah and Miss Amilly not in the least knowing (as they said afterwards) how they comported themselves at it: and then Lionel and his bride departed. He was taking her to Paris, which Sibylla had never seen.

Leaving them to enjoy its attractions—and

Sibylla, at any rate, would not fail to do so—we must give another word to that zealous missionary, Brother Jarrum.

Thesed, scattered broadcast by Brother Jarrum, had had time to fructify. He had left the glowing promises of all that awaited them, did they decide to voyage out to New Jerusalem, to take root in the imaginations of his listeners, and absented himself for a time from Deerham. This may have been crafty policy on Brother Jarrum's part; or may have resulted from necessity. It was hardly likely that so talented and enlightened an apostle as Brother Jarrum, should confine his labours to the limited sphere of Deerham: in all probability, they had to be put in requisition elsewhere. However it may have been, for several weeks towards the end of spring, Brother Jarrum was away from Deerham. Mr. Bitterworth, and one or two more influential people, of whom Lionel was one, had very strongly objected to Brother Jarrum's presence in it at all; and, again, this may have been the reason of his quitting it. However it was, he did quit it; though not without establishing a secret understanding with the more faithful of his converts. With the exception of these converts, Deerham thought he had left it for good; that it was, as they not at all politely expressed it, "shut of him." In this, Deerham was mistaken.

On the very day of Lionel Verner's marriage, Brother Jarrum reappeared in the place. He took up his abode, as before, in Mrs. Peckaby's spare room. Peckaby, this time, held out against it. However welcome the four shillings rent, weekly, was from Brother Jarrum, Peckaby assumed a lordly indifference to it, and protested he'd rather starve, nor have pison like him in the house. Peckaby, however, possessed a wife, who on occasion wore, metaphorically speaking, his nether garments, and it was her will and pleasure to countenance the expectant guest. Brother Jarrum, therefore, was received and welcomed.

He did not hold forth this time in Peckaby's shop. He did not in public urge the delights of New Jerusalem, or the expediency of departure for it. He kept himself quiet and retired, receiving visits in the privacy of his chamber. After dark, especially, friends would drop in; admitted without noise or bustle by Mrs. Peckaby; parties of ones, of twos, of threes, until there would be quite an assembly collected up-stairs: why should not Brother Jarrum hold his levees as well as his betters?

That something unusual was in the wind, was very evident; some scheme, or project, which it appeared expedient to keep a secret. Had Peckaby been a little less fond of the seductions of the Plough and Harrow, he would not have failed to have had his suspicions aroused. Unfortunately Peckaby yielded unremittingly to the temptation, and spent every evening there, leaving full sway to his wife and Brother Jarrum.

About a month thus passed on, and Lionel Verner and his wife were expected home, when Deerham woke up one morning to a commotion. A flitting had taken place from it in the night. Brother Jarrum had departed, conveying with him a train of followers.

One of the first to hear of it was Jan Verner: and, curious to say, he heard it from Mrs. Baynton, the lady at Chalk Cottage. Jan, who, let him be called abroad in the night as he would, was always up with the sun, stood one morning in his surgery, between seven and eight o'clock, when he was surprised by the entrance of Mrs. Baynton; a little woman, with a meek, pinched face, and grey hair. Since Dr. West's departure, Jan had attended the sickly daughter, therefore he knew Mrs. Baynton, but he had never seen her abroad in his life. Her bonnet looked ten years old. Her daughters were named—at least, they were called—Flore and Kitty; Kitty being the sickly one. To see Mrs. Baynton arrive thus, Jan jumped to the conclusion that Kitty must be dying.

"Is she ill again?" he hastily asked, with his usual absence of ceremony.

"She's gone," gasped Mrs. Baynton.

"Gone—dead?" asked Jan, with wondering eyes.

"She's gone off with the Mormons."

Jan stood upright against the counter, and stared at the old lady. He could not understand. "Who is gone off with the Mormons?" was his rejoinder.

"Kitty is. Oh, Mr. Jan, think of her sufferings! A journey, like that, before her! All the way to that dreadful place! I have heard that even strong women die on the road of the hardships."

Jan had stood with open mouth. "Is she mad?" he questioned.

"She has not been much better than mad since—since—But I don't wish to go into family troubles. Can you give me Dr. West's address? She might come back for him."

Now Jan had received positive commands from that wandering physician not to give his address to chance applicants: the inmates of Chalk Cottage having come in for a special interdiction. Therefore Jan could only decline.

"He is moving about from one place to another," said Jan. "To-day in Switzerland, to-morrow in France; the next day in the moon, for what we can tell. You can give me a letter, and I'll try and get it conveyed to him, somehow."

Mrs. Baynton shook her head.

"It would be too late. I thought if I could telegraph to him, he might have got to Liverpool in time to stop Kitty. There's a large migration of Mormons to take place in a day or two, and they are collecting at Liverpool."

"Go and stop her yourself," said Jan, sensibly.

"She'd not come back for me," replied Mrs. Baynton, in a depressed tone. "What with her delicate health, and what with her wilfulness, I have always had trouble with her. Dr. West was the only one—but I can't refer to those matters. Flore is broken-hearted. Poor Flore! she has never given me an hour's grief in her life. Kitty has given me little else. And now to go off with the Mormons!"

"Who has she gone with?"

"With the rest from Deerham. They have gone off in the night. That Brother Jarrum and a company of about fifteen, they say."

Jan could scarcely keep from exploding into laughter. Part of Deerham gone off to join the Mormons!

"Is it a fact?" cried he.

"It is a fact that they are gone," replied Mrs. Baynton. "She has been out several times in an evening to hear that Brother Jarrum, and had got infected with the Mormon doctrine. In spite of what I or Flore could say, she would go to listen to the man, and she grew to believe the foolish things he uttered. And you can't give me Dr. West's address?"

"No, I can't," replied Jan. "And I see no good that it would be to you, if I could. He could not get to Liverpool in time, from wherever he may be, if the flight is to take place in a day or two."

"Perhaps not," sighed Mrs. Baynton. "I was unwilling to come, but it seemed like a forlorn hope."

She let down her old crape veil as she went out at the door; and Jan, all curious for particulars, went abroad to see what he could learn.

About fifteen had gone off, not including children. Grind's lot, as it was called, meaning Grind, his wife, and their young ones; Davies had gone, Mary Green had gone, Nancy from Verner's Pride had gone, and sundry others whom it is not necessary to enumerate. It was said that Dinah Roy made preparations to go, but her heart failed her at the last. Other accounts ran that she did start, but was summarily brought up by the appearance of her husband, who went after her. At his sight she turned without a word, and walked home again, meekly submitting to the correction he saw fit to inflict. Jan did not believe this. His private opinion was, that had Dinah Roy started, her husband would have deemed it a red-letter day, and never have sought to bring her back more.

Last, but not least, Mrs. Peckaby had *not* gone. No: for Brother Jarrum had stolen a march upon her. What his motive, in doing this, might be, was best known to himself. Of all the converts, none had been so eager for the emigration, so fondly anticipative of the promised delights, as Susan Peckaby; and she had made her own private arrangements to steal off secretly, leaving her unbelieving husband to his solitary fate. As it turned out, however, she was herself left: the happy company stole off, and abandoned her.

Brother Jarrum so contrived it, that the night fixed for the exodus was kept secret from Mrs. Peckaby. She did not know that he had even gone out of the house, until she got up in the morning and found him absent. Brother Jarrum's personal luggage was not of an extensive character. It was contained in a blue bag, and this bag was likewise missing. Not, even then, did a shadow of the cruel treachery played her, darken the spirit of Mrs. Peckaby. Her faith in Brother Jarrum was of an unlimited extent: she would as soon have thought of deceiving her own self, as that he could deceive. The rumour that the migration had taken place, the company off, awoke her from her happy security to a state of raving torture. Peckaby dodged out of her way, afraid. There is no knowing but Peckaby himself may

have been the stumbling block in the mind of Brother Jarrum. A man so dead against the Latter Day Saints as Peckaby had shown himself, might be a difficult customer to deal with. He might be capable of following them and upsetting the minds of all the Deerham converts, did his wife start with them for New Jerusalem.

All this information was gathered by Jan. Jan had heard nothing for many a day that so tickled his fancy. He bent his steps to Peckaby's, and went in. Jan, you know, was troubled neither with pride nor ceremony: nobody less so in all Deerham. Where inclination took him, there went Jan.

Peckaby, all black, with a bar of iron in his hand, a leather apron on, and a broad grin upon his countenance, was coming out of the door as Jan entered. The affair seemed to tickle Peckaby's fancy as much as it tickled Jan's. He touched his hair. "Please, sir, couldn't you give her a dose of jalap, or something comforting o' that sort, to bring her to?" asked he, pointing with his thumb indoors, as he stamped across the road to the forge.

Mrs. Peckaby had calmed down from the rampant state to one of prostration. She sat in her kitchen behind the shop, nursing her knees, and moaning. Mrs. Duff, who, by Jan's help, had survived the threatened death from "cholic," and was herself again, stood near the sufferer, in company with one or two more cronies. All the particulars, Susan Peckaby's contemplated journey, with the deceitful trick played her, had got wind; and the Deerham ladies were in consequence flocking in.

"You didn't mean going, did you?" began Jan.

"Not mean going!" sobbed Susan Peckaby, rocking herself to and fro. "I did mean going, sir, and I'm not ashamed on it. If folks is in the luck to be offered a chance of Paradise, I dun know many as ud say they wouldn't catch at it."

"Paradise, was it?" said Jan. "What was it chiefly to consist of?"

"Of everything," moaned Susan Peckaby. "There isn't a thing you could wish for under the sun, but what's to be had in plenty in New Jerusalem. Dinners and teas, and your own cows, and big houses and parlours, and gardens loaded with fruit, and garden stuff as decays for want o' cutting, and veils when you go out, and evening dances, like the grand folks here has, and new caps perpetual! And I have lost it! They be gone and have left me!—oh, o-o-o-h!"

"And husbands, besides; one for everybody!" spoke up a girl. "You forgot that, Mrs. Peckaby."

"Husbands besides," acquiesced Susan Peckaby, aroused from her moaning. "Every woman's sure to be chose by a saint as soon as she gets out. There's not such a thing as a old maid there, and there needn't be no widders."

Mrs. Duff turned up her nose, speaking wrathfully at the girl.

"If they call husbands their paradise, keep me away from 'em, say I. You girls be like young bears—all your troubles have got to come. You just try a husband, Bess Dawson; whether he's a

saint, or whether he's a sinner, let him be of a cranky temper, thwarting you at every trick and turn, and you'll see what sort of a paradise marriage is! Don't you think I'm right, sir?"

Jan's mouth was extended from ear to ear, laughing.

"I never tried it," said he. "Were you to have been espoused by Brother Jarrum?" he asked, of Susan Peckaby.

"No, sir, I was not," she answered, in much anger. "I did not favour Brother Jarrum. I'd prefer to pick and choose when I got there. But I had a great amount of respect for Brother Jarrum, sir, which I'm proud to own. And I don't believe that he has served me this shameful trick of his own knowledge," she added, with emphasis. "I believe there has been some unfortunate mistake, and that when he finds I'm not among the company he'll come back for me. I'd go after them, only that Peckaby's on the watch. I never see such an altered man as Peckaby: it had used to be as I could just turn him round my little finger, but he won't be turned now."

She finished up with a storm of sobs. Jan, in an ecstasy of mirth yet, offered to send her some cordials from the surgery, by way of consolation: not, however, the precise one suggested by Peckaby. But cordials had no charm in that unhappy moment for Mrs. Peckaby's ear.

Jan departed. In quitting the door he encountered a stranger, who inquired if that was Peckaby's shop. Jan fancied the man looked something the cut of Brother Jarrum, and sent him in. His coat and boots were white with dust. Looking round on the assembled women when he reached the kitchen, the stranger asked which was Mrs. Peckaby. Mrs. Peckaby looked up, and signified that she was.

"I have a message from the saint and elder, Brother Jarrum," he mysteriously whispered in her ear. "It must be give to you in private."

Mrs. Peckaby, in a tremble of delight, led the stranger to a small shed in the yard, which she used for washing purposes, and called the back'us. It was the most private place she could think of, in her fluster. The stranger, propping himself against a broken tub, proceeded, with some circumlocution and not remarkable perspicuity of speech, to deliver the message with which he was charged. It was to the effect that a vision had revealed to Brother Jarrum the startling fact, that Susan Peckaby was *not* to go out with the crowd at present on the wing. A higher destiny awaited her. She would be sent for in a different manner—in a more important form; sent for special, on a quadruped. That is to say, on a white donkey.*

"On a white donkey?" echoed the trembling and joyful woman.

"On a white donkey," gravely repeated the brother—for that he was another brother of the community, there could be little doubt. "What the special honour intended for you may be, me and Brother Jarrum don't pretend to guess at. It's above us. May be you are fated to be chose by our great prophet hisself. Any how, it's something at the top of the tree."

* A fact.

"When shall I be sent for, sir?" eagerly asked Mrs. Peckaby.

"That ain't revealed neither. It may be next week—it mayn't be for a year; you must always be on the look-out. One of these days or nights, you'll see a white donkey a-standing at your door. It'll be the messenger for you from New Jerusalem. You mount him without a minute's loss of time, and come off."

But that Mrs. Peckaby's senses were exalted, just now, far above the level of ordinary mortals', it might have occurred to her to inquire whether the donkey would be endowed with the miraculous power of bearing her over the sea. No such common question presented itself. She asked another.

"Why couldn't Brother Jarrum have told me this hisself, sir? I have been a'most mad this morning, ever since I found as they had gone."

The brother—this brother—turned up the whites of his eyes.

"When unknown things is revealed to us, and mysterious orders give, they never come to us a minute afore the time," he replied. "Not till Brother Jarrum was fixing the night of departure, did the vision come to him. It was commanded him that it should be kept from you till the rest were off, and then he were to send back to tell you—and many a mile I've come! Brother Jarrum and me has no doubt that it is meant as a trial of your faith."

Nothing could be more satisfactory to the mind of Mrs. Peckaby, than this explanation. Had any mysterious vision appeared to herself, showing her that it was false, commanding her to disbelieve it, it could not have shaken her faith. If the white donkey arrived at her door that very night, she would be sure to mount him.

"Do you think it'll be very long, sir, that I shall have to wait?" she resumed, feverishly listening for the answer.

"My impression is, that it'll be very short," was the reply. "And it's Brother Jarrum's also. Any way, you be on the look-out—always prepared. Have a best robe at hand, continual, ready to clap on, the instant the quadruped appears, and come right away to New Jerusalem."

In the openness of her heart, Mrs. Peckaby offered refreshment to the brother. The best her house afforded: which was not much. Peckaby should be condemned to go foodless for a week, rather than that he should depart fasting. The brother, however, declined: he appeared to be in a hurry to leave Deerham behind him.

"I'd not disclose this to anybody if I was you," was his parting salutation. "Leastways, not for a day or two. Let the ruck of 'em embark first at Liverpool. If it gets wind, some of them may be for turning crusty, because they are not favoured with special animals, too."

Had the brother recommended Susan Peckaby to fill the tub with water, and stand head downwards in it for a day or two, she was in the mood to obey him. Accordingly, when questioned by Mrs. Duff, and the other curious ones, what had been the business of the stranger, she

made a great mystery over it, and declined to answer.

"It's good news, by the signs of your face," remarked Mrs. Duff.

"Good news!" rapturously repeated Susan Peckaby, "it's heaven. I say, Mother Duff, I want a new gown: something of the very best. I'll pay for it by degrees. There ain't no time to be lost, neither; so I'll come down at once and choose it."

"What *has* happened?" was the wondering rejoinder of Mother Duff.

"Never you mind, just yet. I'll tell you about it afore the week's out."

And accordingly, before the week was out, all Deerham was regaled with the news; full particulars. And Susan Peckaby, a robe of purple of the stuff called lustre, laid up in state, to be donned when the occasion came, passed her time, night and day, at her door and windows, looking out for the white donkey that was to bear her in triumph to New Jerusalem.

CHAPTER XXX. A SURPRISE FOR MRS. TYNN.

In the commodious dressing-room at Verner's Pride, appropriated to its new mistress, Mrs. Verner, stood the housekeeper, Tynn, lifting her hands and her eyes. You once saw the chamber of John Massingbird, in this same house, in a tolerable litter: but that was as nothing, compared with the litter in this dressing-room, piles and piles of it, one heap by the side of another. Mary Tynn stood screwed against the wainscoting of the wall: she had got in, but to get out was another matter: there was not a free place where she could put her foot. Strictly speaking, perhaps, it could not be called litter, and Mrs. Verner and her French maid would have been alike indignant at hearing it so classed. Robes of rich and rare texture; silks standing on end with magnificence; dinner attire, than which nothing could be more exquisite; ball dresses in all sorts of gossamer fabrics; under-skirts, glistening with their soft lustre; morning costumes, pure and costly; shawls of Cashmere and other *recherché* stuffs, enough to stock a shop; mantles of every known make; bonnets that would send an English milliner crazy; veils charming to look upon; laces that might rival Lady Verner's embroideries, whose price was fabulous; handkerchiefs that surely never were made for use; dozens of delicately-tinted gloves, cased in ornamental boxes, costing as much as they did; every description of expensive *chaussure*; and trinkets, the drawn cheques for which must have caused Lionel Verner's sober bankers to stare. Tynn might well heave her hands and eyes in dismay. On the chairs, on the tables, on the drawers, on the floor, on every conceivable place and space they lay, a goodly mass of vanity, just unpacked from their cases.

Flitting about amidst them, was a damsel of coquettish appearance, with a fair skin, light hair, and her nose a turn-up. Her grey gown was flounced to the waist, her small cap of lace, its pink strings flying, was lodged on the back of her head. It was Mademoiselle Benoite, Mrs. Verner's French maid, one she had picked up in Paris.

Whatever other qualities the damsel might lack, she had enough of confidence. Not many hours yet in the house, and she was assuming more authority in it than her mistress did.

Mr. and Mrs. Verner had returned the night before, Mademoiselle Benoite and her packages making part of their train. A whole fourgon could not have been sufficient to convey these packages from the French capital to the frontier. Phœby, the simple country maid whom Sibylla had taken to Paris with her, found her place a sinecure since the engagement of Mademoiselle Benoite. She stood now on the opposite side of the room to Tynn, humbly waiting Mademoiselle Benoite's imperious commands.

"Where on earth will you stow 'em away?" cried Tynn, in her wonder. "You'll want a length of rooms to do it in."

"Where I stow 'em away!" retorted Mademoiselle Benoite, in her fluent speech, but broken English. "I stow 'em where I please. Note you that, Madame Teen. Par exemple! The château is grand enough."

"What has its grandeur got to do with it?" was Mary Tynn's answer. She knew but little of French phrases.

"Now, then, what for you stand there, with your eyes staring and your hands idle?" demanded Mademoiselle Benoite sharply, turning her attack on Phœby.

"If you'll tell me what to do, I'll do it," replied the girl. "I could help to put the things up, if you'd tell me where to begin."

"I like to see you dare to put a finger on one of these things!" returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "You can confine your services to sewing, and to waiting upon me; but not you dare to interfere with my lady's toilette. Tiens, I am capable, I hope! I'd give up the best service to-morrow where I had not sole power! Go you down to the office, and order me a cup of chocolate, and wait you and bring it up to me. That maudite drogue, that coffee, this morning, has made me as thirsty as a panthère."

Phœby, glancing across at Mrs. Tynn, turned somewhat hesitatingly to pick her way out of the room. The housekeeper, though not half understanding, contrived to make out that the morning coffee was not approved of. The French mademoiselle had breakfasted with her, and, in Mrs. Tynn's opinion, the coffee had been perfect, fit for the table of her betters.

"Is it the coffee that you are abusing?" asked she. "What was the matter with it?"

"Ciel! You ask what the matter with it!" returned Mademoiselle Benoite, in her rapid tongue. "It was everything the matter with it. It was all bad. It was drogue, I say; médecine. There!"

"Well, I'm sure!" resentfully returned the housekeeper. "Now, I happened to make that coffee myself this morning—Tynn, he's particular in his coffee, he is—and I put in—"

"I not care if you put in the whole canastre," vehemently interrupted Mademoiselle Benoite. "You English know not to make coffee. All the two years I lived in London with Madame la Duchesse, I never got one cup of coffee that was

not enough to choke me. And they used pounds of it in the house, where they might have used ounces. Bah! You can make tea, I not say no; but you cannot make coffee. Now, then! I want a great number sheets of silk paper."

"Silk paper?" repeated Tynn, whom the item puzzled. "What's that?"

"You know not what silk paper is!" angrily returned Mademoiselle Benoite. "*Quelle ignorance!*" she apostrophised, not caring whether she was understood or not. "*Ellé ne connaît pas ce que c'est, papier-de-soie!* I must have it, and a great deal of it, do you hear? It is as common as anything—silk-paper."

"Things common in France mayn't be common with us," retorted Mrs. Tynn. "What is it for?"

"It is for some of these articles. If I put them by without the paper-silk round them in the cartons, they'll not keep their colour."

"Perhaps you mean silver-paper," said Mary Tynn. "Tissue-paper, I have heard my Lady Verner call it. There's none in the house, Madamisel Bennot."

"Madmisel Bennot" stamped her foot. "A house without silk-paper in it! When you knew my lady was coming home!"

"I didn't know she'd bring—a host of things with her that she has brought," was the answering shaft lanced by Mrs. Tynn.

"Don't you see that I am waiting? Will you send out for some?"

"It's not to be had in Deerham," said Mrs. Tynn. "If it must be had, one of the men must go to Heartburg. Why won't the paper do that was over 'em before?"

"There not enough of that. And I choose to have fresh, I do."

"Well, you had better give your own orders about it," said Mary Tynn. "And then if there's any mistake, it'll be nobody's fault, you know."

Mademoiselle Benoite did not on the instant reply. She had her hands full just then. In reaching over for a particular bonnet, she managed to turn a dozen or two on to the floor. Tynn watched the picking-up process, and listened to the various ejaculations that accompanied it, in much grimness.

"What a sight of money those things must have cost!" cried she.

"What that matter?" returned the lady's-maid.

"The purse of a milor Anglais can stand anything."

"What did she buy them for?" went on Tynn.

"For what purpose?"

"Bon!" ejaculated Mademoiselle. "She buy them to wear. What else you suppose she buy them for?"

"Why! she would never wear out the half of them in all her whole life!" uttered Tynn, speaking the true sentiments of her heart. "She could not."

"Much you know of things, Madame Teen!" was the answer, delivered in undisguised contempt for Tynn's primitive ignorance. "They'll not last her six months."

"Six months!" shrieked Tynn. "She couldn't come to an end of them dresses in six months, if

she wore three a day, and never put on a dress a second time!"

"She want to wear more than three different a day sometimes. And it not the mode now to put on a robe more than once," returned Mademoiselle Benoite, carelessly.

Tynn could only open her mouth. "If they are to be put on but once, what becomes of 'em afterwards?" questioned she, when she could find breath to speak.

"Oh, they good for jupons—petticoats, you call it. Some may be worn a second time; they can be changed by other trimmings to look like new. And the rest will be good for me: Madame la Duchesse gave me a great deal. '*Tenez ma fille,*' she would say, '*regardez dans ma garde-robe, et prenez autant que vous voudrez.*' She always spoke to me in French."

Tynn wished there had been no French invented, so far as her comprehension was concerned. While she stood, undecided what reply to make, wishing very much to express her decided opinion upon the extravagance she saw around her, yet deterred from it by remembering that Mrs. Verner was now her mistress, Phœby entered with the chocolate. The girl put it down on the mantelpiece: there was no other place: and then made a sign to Mrs. Tynn that she wished to speak with her. They both left the room.

"Am I to be at the beck and call of that French madmizel?" she resentfully asked. "I was not engaged for that, Mrs. Tynn."

"It seems we are all to be at her beck and call, to hear her go on," was Mrs. Tynn's wrathful rejoinder. "Of course it can't be tolerated. We shall see in a day or two. Phœby, girl, what could possess Mrs. Verner to buy all them cart-loads of finery? She must have spent the money like water."

"So she did," acquiesced Phœby. "She did nothing all day long but drive about from one place to another and choose pretty things. You should see the china that's coming over!"

"I wonder Mr. Lionel let her," was the thoughtlessly-spoken reply of Tynn. And she tried, when too late, to cough it down.

"He helped her, I think," answered Phœby. "I know he bought some of that beautiful jewellery for her himself, and brought it home. I saw him kiss her, through the doorway, as he clasped that pink necklace on her neck."

"Oh well, I don't want to hear about that rubbish," tartly rejoined Tynn. "If you take to peep through doorways, girl, you won't suit Verner's Pride."

Phœby did not like the rebuff. She turned one way, and Mrs. Tynn went off another.

In the breakfast-room below, in her charming French morning costume, tasty and elegant, sat Sibylla Verner. With French dresses, she seemed to be acquiring French habits. Late as the hour was, the breakfast remained on the table. Sibylla might have sent the things away an hour ago: but she kept a little chocolate in her cup, and toyed with it. She had never tasted chocolate for breakfast in all her life, previous to this visit to Paris: now she protested she could take nothing else. Possibly she may have caught the taste for

it from Mademoiselle Benoit. Her husband sat opposite to her: his chair drawn from the table, and turned to face the room. A perfectly satisfied, happy expression pervaded his face: he appeared to be fully contented with his lot and with his bride. Just now he was laughing immoderately.

Perched upon the arm of a sofa, having there come to an anchor, his legs hanging down and swaying about in their favourite fashion, was Jan Verner. Jan had come in to pay them a visit and congratulate them on their return. That is speaking somewhat figuratively, however; for Jan possessed no notion of congratulating anybody. As Lady Verner sometimes resentfully said, Jan had no more social politeness in him than a bear. Upon entering, Sibylla asked him to take some breakfast. Breakfast! echoed Jan, did she call that breakfast? He thought it was lunch: it was getting on for his dinner-time. Jan was giving Lionel a history of the moonlight flitting, and of Susan Peckaby's expected expedition to New Jerusalem on a white donkey.

"It ought to have been stopped," said Lionel, when his laughter had subsided. "They are going out to misery, and to nothing else, poor deluded creatures!"

"Who was to stop it?" asked Jan.

"Some one might have told them the truth. If this Brother Jarrum represented things in rose-coloured hues, could nobody open to their view the other side of the picture? I should have endeavoured to do it, had I been here. If they chose to risk the venture after that, it would have been their own fault."

"You'd have done no good," said Jan. "Once let 'em get the Mormon fever upon 'em, and it must run its course. It's like the Gold fever: nothing will convince folks they are mistaken as to that, except the going out to Australia to the Diggings. That will."

A faint tinge of brighter colour rose to Sibylla's cheeks at this allusion, and Lionel knit his brow. He would have avoided for ever any chain of thought that led his memory to Frederick Massingbird: he could not bear to think that his young bride had been another's before she was his. Jan, happily ignorant, continued.

"There's Susan Peckaby. She has got it in her head that she's going straight off to Paradise, once she is in the Salt Lake City. Well, now, Lionel, if you, and all the world to help you, set yourselves on to convince her that she's mistaken, you couldn't do it. They must go out, and find the level of things for themselves: there's no help for it."

"Jan, it is not likely that Susan Peckaby really expects a white donkey to be sent for her!" cried Sibylla.

"She as fully expects the white donkey, as I expect that I shall go from here presently, and drop in on Paynton, on my way home," earnestly said Jan. "He has had a kick from a horse on his shin, and a nasty place it is," added Jan in a parenthesis. "Nothing on earth would convince Susan Peckaby that the donkey's a myth, or will be a myth; and she wastes all her time looking out for it. If you were opposite their place now,

you'd see her head somewhere: poked out at the door, or peeping from the up-stairs window."

"I wish I could get them all back again—those who have gone from here!" warmly spoke Lionel.

"I wish sometimes I had got four legs, that I might get over double ground, when patients are wanting me on all sides," returned Jan. "The one wish is just as possible as the other, Lionel. The lot sailed from Liverpool yesterday, in the ship American Star. And I'll be bound, what with the sea-sickness, and the other discomforts, they are wishing themselves out of it already! I say, Sibylla, what did you think of Paris?"

"Oh, Jan, it's charming! And I have brought the most enchanting things home. You can come upstairs and see them, if you like. Benoit is unpacking them."

"Well, I don't know," mused Jan. "I don't suppose they are what I should care to see. What are the things?"

"Dresses, and bonnets, and mantles, and lace, and coiffures," returned Sibylla. "I can't tell you half the beautiful things. One of my *cache-peignes* is of filigrane silver-work, with drops falling from it, real diamonds."

"What d'ye call a *cache-peigne*?" asked Jan.

"Don't you know? An ornament for the hair, that you put on to hide the comb behind. Combs are coming into fashion. Will you come up and see the things, Jan?"

"Not I! What do I care for lace and bonnets?" ungallantly answered Jan. "I didn't know but Lionel might have brought me some anatomical studies over. They'd be in my line."

Sibylla shrieked—a pretty little shriek of affectation. "Lionel, why do you let him say such things to me? He means amputated arms and legs."

"I'm sure I didn't," said Jan. "I meant models. They'd not let the other things pass the customs. Have you brought a dress a-piece for Deb and Amilly?"

"No," said Sibylla, looking up in some consternation. "I never thought about it."

"Won't they be disappointed, then! They have counted upon it, I can tell you. They can't afford to buy themselves much, you know: the doctor keeps them so short," added Jan.

"I would have brought them something, if I had thought of it; I would, indeed!" exclaimed Sibylla, in an accent of contrition. "Is it not a pity, Lionel?"

"I wish you had," replied Lionel. "Can you give them nothing of what you have brought?"

"Well—I—must—consider," hesitated Sibylla, who was essentially selfish. "The things are so beautiful; so expensive: they are scarcely suited to Deborah and Amilly."

"Why not?" questioned Jan.

"You have not a bit of sense, Jan," grumbled Sibylla. "Things chosen to suit me, won't suit them."

"Why not?" repeated Jan, obstinately.

"There never was any one like you, Jan, for stupidity," was Sibylla's retort. "I am young and pretty, and a bride; and they are two faded old maids."

"Dress 'em up young, and they'll look young," answered Jan, with composure. "Give 'em a bit of pleasure for once, Sibylla."

"I'll see," impatiently answered Sibylla. "Jan, how came Nancy to go off with the Mormons? Tynn says she packed up her things in secret, and started."

"How came the rest to go?" was Jan's answer. "She caught the fever too, I suppose."

"What Nancy are you talking of?" demanded Lionel. "Not Nancy from here!"

"Oh Lionel, yes! I forgot to tell you," said Sibylla. "She is gone indeed. Mrs. Tynn is so indignant. She says the girl must be a fool!"

"Little short of it," returned Lionel. "To give up a good home here for the Salt Lake! She will repent it."

"Let 'em all alone for *that*," nodded Jan. "I'd like to pay an hour's visit to 'em, when they have been a month in the place—if they ever get to it."

"Tynn says she remembers, when that Brother Jarrum was here in the spring, that Nancy made frequent excuses for going to Deerham in the evening," resumed Sibylla. "She thinks it must have been to frequent those meetings in Peckaby's shop."

"I thought the man, Jarrum, had gone off, leaving the mischief to die away," observed Lionel.

"So did everybody else," said Jan. "He came back the day that you were married. Nancy's betters got lured into Peckaby's, as well as Nancy," he added. "That sickly daughter at Chalk Cottage, she's gone."

Lionel looked very much astonished.

"No!" he uttered.

"Fact," said Jan. "The mother came to me the morning after the fitting, and said she had been seduced away. She wanted to telegraph to Dr. West—"

Jan stopped dead, remembering that Sibylla was present, as well as Lionel. He leaped off the sofa.

"Ah, we shall see them all back some day, if they can only contrive to elude the vigilance of the Mormons. I'm off, Lionel; old Paynton will think I am not coming to-day. Good-bye, Sibylla."

Jan hastened from the room. Lionel stood at the window, and watched him away. Sibylla glided up to her husband, nestling against him.

"Lionel, tell me. Jan never would, though I nearly teased his life out; and Deborah and Amilly persisted that they knew nothing. You tell me."

"Tell you what, my dearest?"

"After I came home in the winter, there were strange whispers about papa and that Chalk Cottage. People were mysterious over it, and I never could get a word of explanation. Jan was the worst: he was coolly tantalising, and it used to put me in a passion. What was the tale told?"

An involuntary darkening of Lionel's brow. He cleared it instantly, and looked down on his wife with a smile.

"I know of no tale worth telling you, Sibylla."

"But there *was* a tale told?"

"Jan—who, being in closer proximity to Dr. West than any one, may be supposed to know best of his private affairs—tells a tale of Dr. West's having set a chimney on fire at Chalk Cottage, thereby arousing the ire of its inmates."

"Don't you repeat such nonsense to me, Lionel; you are not Jan," she returned, in a half peevish tone. "I fear papa may have borrowed money from the ladies, and did not repay them," she added, her voice sinking to a whisper. "But I would not say it to any one but you. What do you think?"

"If my wife will allow me to tell her what I think, I should say that it is her duty—and mine now—not to seek to penetrate into any affairs belonging to Dr. West which he may wish to keep to himself. Is it not so, Sibylla mine?"

Sibylla smiled, and held up her face to be kissed.

"Yes, you are right, Lionel."

Swayed by impulse, more than by anything else, she thought of her treasures upstairs, in the process of disinterment from their cases by Benoitte, and ran from him to inspect them. Lionel put on his hat, and strolled out of doors.

A thought came over him that he would go and pay a visit to his mother. He knew how exacting of attention from him she was, how jealous, so to speak, of Sibylla's having taken him from her. Lionel hoped by degrees to reduce the breach narrower and narrower. Nothing should be wanting on his part to effect it: he trusted that nothing would be wanting on Sibylla's. He really wished to see his mother after his month's absence: and he knew she would be pleased at his going there on this, the first morning of his return. As he turned into the high road, he met the vicar of Deerham, the Reverend James Bourne.

They shook hands. And the conversation led, not unnaturally, on the Mormon flight. As they were talking of it, Roy, the ex-bailiff, was observed crossing the opposite field.

"My brother tells me the report runs that Mrs. Roy contemplated being of the company, but was overtaken by her husband and brought back," remarked Lionel.

"How it may have been, about his bringing her back, or whether she actually started, I don't know," replied Mr. Bourne, who was a man with a large pale face and iron-grey hair. "That she intended to go, I have reason to believe."

He spoke the last words significantly, lowering his voice. Lionel looked at him.

"She paid me a mysterious visit at the vicarage the night before the start," continued the clergyman. "A very mysterious visit, indeed, taken in conjunction with her words. I was in my study, reading by candle-light, when somebody came tapping at the glass door, and stole in. It was Mrs. Roy. She was in state of tremor, like I have heard it said she appeared the night the inquiry was held at Verner's Pride, touching the death of Rachel Frost. She spoke to me in ambiguous terms of a journey she was about to take—that she should probably be away for her whole life—and then she proceeded to speak of that night."

"The night of the inquiry?" echoed Lionel.

"The night of the inquiry—that is, the night of the accident," returned Mr. Bourne. "She said she wished to confide a secret to me, which she had not liked to touch upon before, but which she could not leave the place without confiding to some one responsible, who might use it in case of need. The secret she proceeded to tell me was—that it was Frederick Massingbird who had been quarrelling with Rachel that night by the willow pool. She could swear it to me, she said, if necessary."

"But—if that were true—why did she not say it at the time?" asked Lionel, after a pause.

"It was all she said. And she would not be questioned. 'In case o' need, sir, in case anybody else should ever be brought up for it, tell 'em that Dinah Roy asserted to you with her last breath in Deerham, that Mr. Fred Massingbird was the one that was with Rachel.' Those were the words she used to me: I dotted them down after she left. As I tell you, she would not be questioned, and glided out again almost immediately."

"Was she wandering in her mind?"

"I think not. She spoke with an air of truth. When I heard of the flight of the converts the next morning, I could only conclude that Mrs. Roy had intended to be amongst them. But now, understand me, Mr. Verner, although I have told you this, I have not mentioned it to another living soul. Neither do I intend to do so. It can do no good to reap up the sad tale: whether Frederick Massingbird was or was not with Rachel that night; whether he was in any way guilty, or was purely innocent, it boots not to inquire now."

"It does not," warmly replied Lionel. "You have done well. Let us bury Mrs. Roy's story between us: and forget it, so far as we can."

They parted. Lionel took his way to Deerham Court, absorbed in thought. His own strong impression had been, that Mr. Fred Massingbird was the black sheep, with regard to Rachel.

(To be continued.)

IVORY CARVING IN DIEPPE.

ALL English tourists visiting Boulogne, Caen, or Dieppe, are familiar with the ivory-carving,—brooches and other trinkets for the chimney-piece or for personal ornament, that fill the windows of every other shop you pass, along the quays and principal street. In Dieppe, however, the largest trade and the best carving are done; those at Boulogne and Caen are but offshoots—younger brothers of this *filz aîné* of Dieppe. This trade has been the source of money-making to Dieppe for generations; indeed the hardy fishermen of this flowery little harbour, claim the honour of being the first to introduce ivory into France. Thus the story goes, that, in 1364, a company of Dieppois equipped a couple of barques, of only one hundred tons burden each, for the purpose of exploring the coast of Africa. It proved a lucky expedition, stamping the signs of its progress, in the names it gave to its various stopping places, which may be seen to this day on any map; for instance, Cape Verd, Bay of France, and Petit Dieppe, near Sestos. The return

cargo of these frail craft was African spices, fruits and ivory. The former soon found its way into the interior, but much of the ivory, whose uses were less familiar, remained, as we may easily suppose, as trophies of their adventures, in the hands of the sailors and their families, until the ingenious fingers of Frenchmen cut, roughly at first no doubt, this compact but easily wrought substance into such domestic ornaments as might, at that time, be in use; sword and other handles, combs, and the like.

Such, then, is said to be the beginning of the Dieppe carving of ivory. Little seems to be known about its progress after this first step, until 1830, when the Duchess de Berri visited Dieppe, and she having taken great interest in the *ateliers*, has the credit of introducing the Italian taste for finely and deeply cut wreaths of flowers, cupids, and scrollwork.

Ivory work is done in Paris, but it differs from the Dieppe work, in that it is less elaborately carved. Articles of smooth and highly polished surface may easily be distinguished as Parisian ware, and, though beautiful, give more the impression of manufactured goods, than of being specimens of handicraft from an artist's workshop. Such are the polished glove-boxes, the toilet-brushes, the dainty *étuis* of gilt embroidery scissors, the delight of wealthy Parisiennes, but which minister more to the sense of touch than to the pleasure of a cultivated eye. It is true you may see such articles in the Dieppe shop-windows, but on inquiry it will be found they are made in Paris. Carving is the *specialité* of the Dieppe workshops, while that of Paris is polishing.

Both Paris and Dieppe are supplied with ivory imported from India and Africa in English ships. In London large purchases are made by a Paris company, whose capital enables them to keep larger and better stocks than individual workmen could themselves. This company will sometimes buy 4000*l.* worth of tusks at one time. The choicest ivory for the Dieppe work is the *green ivory*, the fresh or recently extracted tusk of the hunted elephant. It is clear and transparent at first, but with time and exposure becomes whiter and more opaque than the *dead ivory*, which is from the tusks shed by the living elephant, and is not held in high estimation, being small and often partly decayed.

Senegal, Guinea, and India, yield the best ivory, though small specimens from China are much used. The quality of all these ivories varies much, according to the place of its growth. A carver easily detects a piece of Indian from African ivory. Fossil ivory is brought in good quantities from Siberia; it is whiter and harder than any other, but is still esteemed and much used. The finest ivory is reserved for crucifixes and large objects. The fang or root of the tusk, being bony and opaque, is used only for common purposes and small inferior articles.

The carving of Dieppe is carried on partly by piece-work, and partly by the masters and their apprentices working together, in their *ateliers*. The Orphan Asylum often provides apprentices for this work. The boys are taken from the asylum at about twelve years of age, and are boarded,

clothed, and trained for four years. The priest of the parish, and, I believe, the heads of the asylum, take over-charge of these apprentices to secure their being well treated, and, by a late regulation, the masters are obliged to allow the boys two hours a-day for attendance at the School of Design. The bulk of the Dieppe carving is done in the winter and in the cold bleak months of spring. When the monster hotels are shut and boarded up, and the wintry wind howls in the channel, then, if you are lucky enough to have the entrée into the atelier of M. Hue, or of Madame Veuve Farge-Herbert or M. Binet, you will be made cheerful again by the sight of the earnest, lively workers with which they are filled. With the scrupulous cleanliness and order of both workshop and workmen, you will be alike struck. Workmen in white blouse, and with whiter fingers, bend over their respective vices ranged in front of long flat windows, such as are seen in weavers' houses in Spitalfields, and in the stockings' houses in Leicester and Derbyshire. The masters, men, and the apprentices are all working and talking together; miniature-like tools are strewn about; bright dainty files, gouges, and saws lie on his bench at the elbow of each workman, and bowls of water stand here and there. These bowls contain the roughly sawn pieces of ivory lying to soak before the carver begins his operation. In front of some of the less expert men lie their designs drawn out on paper, from which they are working, but the cleverer carvers simply sketch their idea on the piece of ivory, and work it out as they go along. Some of the older men—excellent carvers in certain departments—know nothing of drawing, and say they should find it difficult to sketch their intention at all. In these ateliers they work from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M., from which, of course, they have time allowed for their "second breakfast" at 11 o'clock, and their dinner at 5. A good deal of work is done "by the piece" by many workmen at their own homes,—this often proves to be carving of the best quality.

The general run of wages is from two to four francs a-day, though first-rate men have been known to earn as much as twelve by a day's work. When women do the carving it is by the piece—not in the ateliers—but there is a prejudice against their doing much at it; it is thought to be too sedentary, and to produce consumptive tendencies. Spite of this opinion against it, some exquisite carving has been done by women. Madame Binet has worked successfully, and her husband readily acknowledged the superior sculpturing of her roses to that of his own, or that of any of his men, and exhibited specimens to me even before his wife, pointing out at the same time the delicate turn of a petal, which he averred, in true Frenchman style, "gave quite a sentiment to the flower!" The first time I was in their shop, I was struck with Madame Binet's taste and pleasure in the carving, and I now remarked that Madame seemed to have a great love for the work. "Oh, yes," she replied, "she did a little whenever the affairs of her house allowed her time;" and in confirmation pointed to a little block of ivory and some tools lying on a table in her little sitting-

room opening from the shop, where she had been working before my entrance.

In visiting these domesticated ateliers, it occurred to me that here, as in the workshops of the artists of the middle ages, the son might be found inheriting at once his father's tools and his talents. In answer to my question if it were so, I was told that, though not common, it certainly had been so in the case of the Farge family. They had been earnest and successful carvers for two or three generations. Parents, brothers, and sisters worked together and had a common love of the cold ivory, and each excelling in the execution of its delicate sculpture. The industry and ingenuity of this family, is to this day notorious among their fellow townsmen, and I was told that the quantity of carving left by the father alone, was, at his death, a few years ago, sufficient to stock a shop for years to come. Of late a taste for the extremely fine work has grown into a fashion, and poor Mr. Farge's more simple designs are no longer regarded so highly as they once were. At one time this family employed thirty workmen.

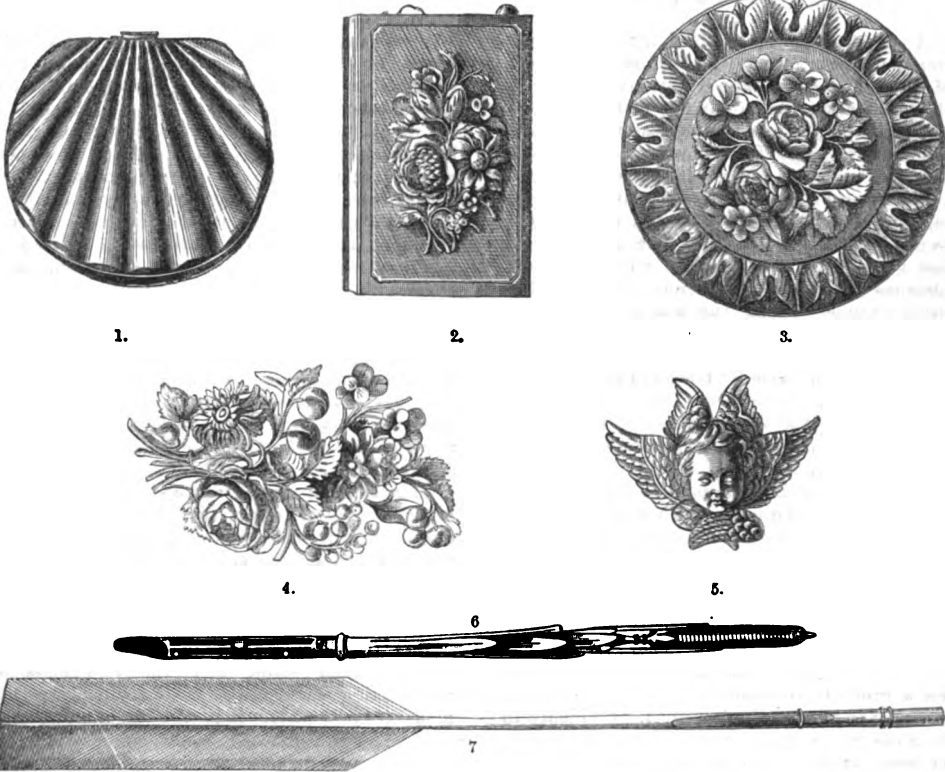
The carving done in Dieppe is much finer than that done elsewhere, and the Dieppe workman is esteemed more highly than any other. This is by many of the masters held to be owing to the quiet and somewhat primitive system of working, which, as we have said, is done very much at the workmen's own time and in their own houses, preparing in the winter months the articles which they sell during the gay summer season. They can regulate their labour by time and their own fitness for work. A Dieppe carver is sometimes tempted by the offer of high wages to go to Paris, where the system of contract prevails, and there working hurriedly to complete a great deal in a given time, such a carver, it is said, has frequently been known to lose entirely in the course of six months that very care and delicacy of execution for which he was before distinguished. The sculptors perhaps are, what the great art critic of the day would call too "servile" in their copy of nature; they perhaps do too *merely imitate* nature whenever they use flowers or leaves, and their execution of the blooms of a spray of lilac, for instance, is extraordinary in its exactness and minutia, but that higher artistic feeling, the exercise at once of fancy and restraint, the power over their subject and idea, shown in conventionalising leaves and sprays, you look for in vain in most of the articles sold in the shops. But to those who feel interest in the worker as a man not as a mere tool, and who believe that in so far as the worker is allowed to preserve his love and pride in his work, and to keep his own characteristic way of doing it, in so far the work he does will be more lovely and interesting to the beholder—to such the carving at Dieppe will be found so far satisfactory, that it may be regarded as an art, not as a manufacture, for men can work out their own ideas if they have any to express, and their individuality need not of necessity be lost in toiling year after year at but one part of their work only.

To particularise the names of all, or half indeed, of the articles which this ingenious people contrive to shape out of an elephant's tusk would be to make an endless catalogue, from Cupids and

Graces a foot or more in height, down to egg-spoons, dainty thimbles, studs and brooches in infinite variety. But the objects on which most artistic feeling and invention are displayed, are highly wrought crucifixes; sides for books, chiefly missals, and the well-known "Imitation Jesu" pyxes of such pure and simple form, and of such "sculpture rare," that the beholder instinctively guesses their holy use; *chapelets* or rosaries of large, smooth beads, or a perfect incrustation of carved roses; vases supported by Caryatides; exquisite salad-tongs, cups, boxes and interlacework trays for the toilet-table. It would occupy too much space to give more than a mere outline sketch

of a remarkable Venetian looking-glass, in a carved ivory frame ordered by the Empress Eugénie in 1852, and which gave constant work to the artist during six years. It is almost painful to reflect how much labour this piece of luxury has cost. The wreath which encircles the mirror, wrought of sprays and bunches of rose, lily, tulip, hyacinth, harebell, and a host of other flowers, *all diminutive*, are rendered with an exactness that is more marvellous as a feat of execution and dexterity of manipulation, than an exhibition of lovely design. The pillars supporting the glass are formed of an ingenious twisting of ivory chain and rope work, all cut from the solid ivory, yet so flexible that the chain yields

SPECIMENS OF IVORY CARVING FROM DIEPPE.



Nos. 1 and 2 are by Madame Veuve Farge-Herbert; Nos. 3, 4, and 5 by M. Huc; and Nos. 6 and 7 by Madame Binet.

to the touch, as an ordinary one of metal would. Under the oval of the mirror, stands an ivory basket of minute flowers, and over it an ivory cobweb is thrown, on which are seen a spider and a fly, almost as delicately formed as in nature, their organisation seeming all but too solid for their frail support of ivory web. In short, without any striking effect of design, the whole work is a somewhat incongruous elaboration of tiny flowers, shells, corals, laurel-wreaths, Cupids, and imperial monograms, that speaks French taste to be to-day very much the same as in the days of Louis XIV., when this profusion of ornament prevailed. The carver, Carpentière Beauregard, had

10,000 francs awarded him in payment of his six years' work; but it is sad to think, that health and eyesight as well as labour were all given away for the obtainment of this sum!

The Duchess de Berri did much to develop the trade during her visits to Dieppe, and on her leaving, the town presented her with the usual gift to royal visitors, an ivory ship. Napoleon I., Louis Philippe, his Queen, the Dukes de Nemours and Joinville, and the present Emperor, have all in turn "graciously accepted" such a token of Dieppois handicraft from the townspeople. These ivory vessels, perfect and full rigged in slender threads of ivory, are undoubtedly emblematical of

the brave little barques that brought the first cargo of ivory from the western coast of Africa to France.

The ivory carving of Dieppe, as our readers are aware, is well represented in the International Exhibition this summer, and many persons have doubtless felt an interest in comparing these specimens with the English carving which has been successfully carried on for the last few years in London, where the workers are all English—men and boys. An account of these artists, and the ways and means of carrying on their business, may interest the readers of *ONCE A WEEK*, and at some future time we may possibly recur to the Ivory Carving in England.

MACKAREL IN THE BAY!

ABOUT the centre of the large bay stretching from Portland to Berry Head lies the pleasant village of Seaton. Let us suppose ourselves rambling on the beach at Seaton on any fine morning from May to September, which is the season for mackarel coming up the bay. That common sea-side sight, the smoke of a distant steamer, is never seen here, as the mail packets going down Channel, after sighting the Bill of Portland, stretch across the bay to the Start, and then make the Lizard as their last landmark. Still there is no lack of bustle; pleasure boats and trawls from Beer, a celebrated fishing village, speck the sea in all directions. Often, too, a collier anchors near the beach, and by means of barges plying along, a rope made fast to the shore rapidly transfers her cargo to the carts. Teams of five horses are requisite, together with a plentiful allowance of lashes and shouting, to drag each load up the treacherous pebble beach to firm ground.

But at some sixty yards from shore are two or three large fishing boats, with a heap of nets in each; two or three men standing up in them, in the attitudes of the fishermen in Raphael's cartoon of the Miraculous Draught; and three or four more leaning on their oars and keeping her head out to sea, eager as an University crew before the starting gun is fired. Signs of mackarel have been noticed in the bay, and all eyes are turned on a group of comrades strongly relieved against the sky on the top of the cliffs. Suddenly these men observe a ripple in the offing, like a cat's paw of wind ruffling the surface, but which their experience tells them is the rush of shoals of sprats to the surface to escape the attacks of the mackarel, or these fish themselves playfully sunning their noses. With a loud shout up go their caps into the air; the captain in the boat below gives the word, "now boys," and the muscles on four pair of brawny arms simultaneously leap out, as each boat gives way before the vigorous stroke. The look-out men rush headlong down the cliffs to the shore ropes, and curious spectators begin to draw to them from all parts of the beach. The captain at the stern of each boat is paying out the net, leaving a long curve of floating corks to mark the track. Soon the boats turn, and taking a wide circuit in hopes of enclosing "the school," make for the shore, where the captain leaps out with the rope attached to that end of the net in

his hand. The panting fishermen rest on their oars a brief space to recover breath after the "spurt," and then following his example, dash through the foam to assist in hauling.

This is the most arduous part of the whole business. The nets, or "seines" as they are called, are from 130 to 300 fathoms in length; 220 is about the average at Seaton. They are heavily weighted with leads, and from enclosing such a large space of sea and so many fish (as the men hope), the tide also perhaps setting off the shore, are only dragged in with great difficulty. So all idlers on the beach are pressed into the service; workmen, and the whole seafaring population, wives often included, lend a hand at the two ropes. If it be the beginning of the season, the news of mackarel in the bay spreads like wildfire in the village. The hunting propensities of a lower civilisation break out afresh: the cobbler leaves his bench, the grocer's apprentice drops the scales, his master is seized with a like infection, shop-doors are bolted, and all make a stampede to the beach. Here you may see a brawny fisherman busily hauling, sprung from a long line of famous smugglers; next him is an eager Cockney, or an enthusiastic clergyman, pulling away manfully to the great detriment of his coat. All are glad to lend a helping hand, but it is hard work. The little Cockney soon succumbs. Can that be our friend the parson giving in? No, he is retiring a moment to deposit his coat at a safe distance from the throng, and now returns to the rope with a remembrance of the old days coming over him when he helped to pull his college boat to victory. He does not mean to give in if all the skin is frayed off his fingers by the rope (no uncommon accident to a beginner). "Fall to't yarely! Bestir, bestir!"

This is what passes at the seine nearest the village. Lower down the beach, where the enthusiasm is not so hearty, the fishermen are sitting down on the shingle, one above another, hauling from this position with a scornful affectation of *far niente*, as they see the crowds flocking to their rivals.

But now the gang we first visited are contracting their seine, and the two ends are approaching each other. Meanwhile we may mention that these nets are manufactured at Bridport, cost fifty or sixty pounds, and are sold at so much per lb. to the eight or ten fishermen who generally make up a company. It is necessary that they be thoroughly dried after each draught, or if replaced while damp in the boat, they "heat" in a day, and are so hot that they cannot be touched with impunity, after which they speedily decay.

Half-an-hour has been spent in vigorous hauling, the purse of the net will soon come in, and the catch be known. Now the excitement is intense. There may be three or four mackarel in it; there may be ten thousand. The cockney and his sisters fancy there will be three or four hundred, they do not quite know why. The fishermen are silent, watching two or three of their comrades in the boat, who bring up the end of the net, and peer into the depths to catch the welcome glitter of the mackarel. Not

much is said, but they look rather gloomy. Their mates on shore are not reassured, but pull with a will. Up comes the first waif of the deep, an old spider-crab, sprawling in the meshes. He is suddenly seized by a leg, and ignominiously flung out on his back. Next comes up a cabbage-stalk, to the amusement of the bystanders. Now for the last haul; it does not feel so heavy as it ought to do.

"Yo, ho!" sing out the men, and the purse is soon stranded. Alas! not a mackerel is visible! A confused heap of cuttles (*Sepia officinalis*), and sea pens (*Loligo vulgaris*), all very spiteful, and oozing out ink at every one who treads near them; ten or twelve worthless flat-fish, a large pebble and a mass of seaweed, make up its contents. The fishermen growl, and proceed to fling out the cuttles, and dry the seine, while the laughing spectators move on to the next net.

The same scene of hauling in is being enacted here. Now that the general interest is centred on them, the men feel the dignity of their position. They stand up now. The wives help as much as their tongues will allow them, for a very brisk quarrel is going on. A perspiring, wrathful individual, who looks like a broken-down tide-waiter, "armed with a little brief authority," has issued some order to these Naiads, in a manner their hot west-country blood resents:

"Us bain't a goin' to drag her any nigher," you hear them affirm.

The excited tide-waiter runs up to them over the nets, and by so doing, brings down a fresh nest of hornets about his ears, in the shape of the husbands, who angrily call him off. The ladies, reassured by the unexpected succours, venture to assume the offensive, and the head virago shakes her fist in his face, denouncing him as a thief. Here a general explosion ensues. A visitor standing by interferes to prevent a breach of the peace. Work is suspended by the husbands (gladly enough) for a moment, while they reduce their irate spouses to a grumbling submission; the quarrel resolves itself into an angry discussion between the virago and her would-be pacifier on the outskirts of the crowd. But the purse is approaching the shore. Surely there will be something this time! There are two or three dunlins coursing over the space circled by the corks, and a gull or two is stooping down in it, and reappearing with a sprat in its mouth. Good signs these, think the old hands. Here is the inevitable spider-crab again, fast in the meshes as before, looking as much out of his element as a hermit who should be suddenly dragged by his heels into a ball-room. No time to free him now; the net is piled over him. Murmurs of admiration run through the crowd, countless shoals of sprats are being dragged in, some dart through the meshes and so escape, others leap over the net in their fright, the sea is alive with them. Most of them are stranded on the beach, however, where the small boys fill their baskets. Here is the first mackerel entangled by his gills in the meshes! there is another. Now for the last pull! A shout breaks forth, and a panting heap of flapping mackerel, a thousand in number, though they only seem two hundred, is dragged on the shore. All press down to see

them. A wave breaks over the unwary one's feet; no matter, it is worth getting wet to see that iridescent mass of living purple and amber, and you must be quick, the colours fade when they are dead. Only just drawn to the edge, every other wave washes over them, and stimulates them to increased efforts to escape to their native element. But it is all in vain, they are soon stilled in death, flung into baskets, and deposited in a heap on the beach.

As a specimen of the uncertainty of the takes, we may mention that early in July this season, a haul such as we have attempted to describe took two fish. Bad weather followed, and no more shoals came in till the 25th, when 2000 were taken. These were sold at 9s. per hundred, or 14d. per dozen. Again, during the evening of the 28th nearly 8000 were captured. On the 1st of August 12,000 were taken in three hauls, while in the afternoon of that day 15,000 were caught at once! The scene that ensued beggars description. It was impossible, owing to their numbers, to pull the net on shore, so the men dashed in up to their necks (the beach is very precipitous), and stretching another net outside the first to take those which made their escape from it, proceeded to bale the fish on to the shore with iron bowls. The tide was coming in, and the utmost expedition had to be made. These were sold at 4s. 1d. per hundred, or a halfpenny each. On this day alone 30,000 mackerel were caught on the beach, by which the fishermen expected to clear 80l. A penny a-piece is the average price for the fish on the shore when tolerably plentiful. Some days, however, the boats go the whole length of the bay without being able to head the "schools," while at other times such numbers are taken that they are carted off to spread on the fields.

The owner or owners of the net take half of each catch; the other half is divided between the men in the boat and those who haul in from the shore, the former having the larger share. Every bystander who helps to pull in may claim a fish or two. Formerly, a tithe of every catch went to the vicar, but this has now fallen into disuse.

It is a great treat to a naturalist to assist at one of these takes. Many are the curiosities of the deep he may then obtain. The great parasitic anemone is often brought in; but perhaps the variety of fish caught with the mackerel is the most interesting feature of the whole business. You may speedily become an ichthyologist at Seaton. We have seen along with 3000 mackerel, two salmon taken at one haul, one of fourteen lbs. the other of seven lbs. weight, which were sold on the spot for a sovereign. Cuttles, squids, and jelly-fish of various kinds were also taken, dog-fish and whiting, "dun cows and long noses" (to use native names), bass, flat fish, turbot, gurnards, crabs of all kinds, mullets and congers, John Dories with their comfortable aldermanic corporations, thousands of sprats, &c., &c. There were also several green and red fish, far more brilliantly coloured than is generally seen out of tropical seas, such as the fisherman in the "Arabian Nights" might have caught.

But a fresh bustle is going on. The men have beached their boat high and dry, and elevated an

old coat, called "a scout," on an oar at her prow, to signify to intending purchasers that the market is ready for them. Down they troop: first the carts of richer speculators which will carry off the fish to Taunton or Exeter, these being the furthest points to which the Seaton fish are generally taken. Next come several worn-out fishermen, beating couples of sleepy-looking donkeys bearing panniers,—these will hawk the mackarel through the neighbouring villages. Mingled with them is a

crowd of private purchasers, and now is the time for *Paterfamilias* to pick and choose. If the take has been in the evening, the shades of night will fall before all the bargains are made and the chaffering concluded.

Perseus tells us that at Rome the doom of bad poetry was to be sent to the fishmongers for mackarel to be wrapped in it; we must, indeed, finally all "come to vile uses," but may the like fate never befall our prose! G.

THE MISTAKE OF THE LOVES.



TO-DAY, as idly in my chair,
I, hardly half-awake, was dreaming,
Methought, in through the sunny air,
A swarm of laughing loves came streaming,
Winged mischiefs, here and there, without
My leave, the wantons gleamed and fluttered,
Buzzing, like bees, the room about,
Ere half a sentence could be uttered.

In fact, with such glad hushed surprise,
I saw the little urchins flying,
Like humming-birds, before my eyes,
In every nook and corner prying,
Now handling this—now into that
With childish laughs and chatter peeping,
I did not care to stay their chat,
But silent sat as I'd been sleeping.

What would they do? Quick, every one
Found every moment new employment:
They paused at last; well, now what fun
Would yield their smallships fresh employ-
ment?

My scrap-book lay before me there;
One saw, and straightway courage mustered,
Helped by five more, the prize to bear
To where all close around it clustered.

Swift over, leaf on leaf was turned;
Small praise, each sketch, while passing under
Those tiny curious quick eyes, earned,
Till, ah! at last, one waked their wonder;
My pencil there had vainly tried,
How vainly! as it oft had striven,
To do that unto it denied—
Image the beauty to you given.

Yet passion there, to labouring art,
A strength beyond its own had granted;
Enough was there to make them start,
However much of you was wanted;
Eyes, dimples, hair, those peeping pearls,
As those red lips so archly show them,
They saw them, and, O flower of girls!
How strange! at once they seemed to know them.

O what a storm of pretty noise,
Of cries and clappings straight I heard then,
Of little feet that stamped the joys,
Enough their small tongues couldn't word then;
What with delight could thrill them so!
Hardly my wonder I could smother;
Till, listening, soon I laughed to know,
They, in your likeness, saw their mother.

W. C. BENNETT.

THE DEADLY AFFINITY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER I. SUNSHINE.

I WAS an only son, and my parents died when I was very young—too young, indeed, to remember them, and I was placed under the guardianship of my uncle, Mark Haughton,—Squire Haughton, as the neighbours round about Haughton Tower used to call him; and Uncle Mark, as he was always known to me.

Haughton Tower—a large, square, battlemented country-house, was situated among deep woods in the north of Yorkshire, and the family of the Haughtons had lived there for many generations. My father and his brother Mark had been brought up together, and they had always been warmly attached to one another. When my father died, the affection of my uncle seemed to be wholly transferred to me. He was an old bachelor, but he treated me exactly as if I had been his son.

But still to me, calling up the recollection of my early years, his memory seems less associated with the idea of a parent, than that of a gentle companion and a loving friend. He seemed never happy unless I was by his side, and until I was sixteen years of age, he superintended my physical and mental education himself. He was very fond of field sports, and whether shooting, fishing, or hunting, I was always with him. He was, moreover, tolerably versed in classics and mathematics, which we read and studied together; but his chief delight, within doors, was science, especially natural philosophy and chemistry. It is from this fact that I trace that deep love for science which has been, I may almost say, the ruling passion of my life.

Very few of the neighbours visited at Haughton Tower, and when my uncle went to any of the

adjoining country seats, he left me at home. By this means, as I seldom, if ever, came into contact with persons of my own age, I grew up with precocious ideas and tastes, which gained for me, when very young, the title of "old-fashioned," and as I grew older of "eccentric."

Thus, then, it had fared with me, until I arrived at the age of sixteen, when my uncle one morning received a letter, which threw our quiet household into a state of excitement. In order to explain this matter, I must refer to an event which happened early in the life of Mark Haughton. He was engaged to be married to a very pretty cousin of his own. Both families were agreeable, and the two young people seemed mutually attached to one another. Why or wherefore it was never understood, but one morning it was discovered that the pretty cousin had eloped with a Captain Maurice,—an officer, whom she had met at a county ball. Her father was extremely angry, and refused to see his daughter, or hear from her again. Poor Mark spoke very little about the matter, but he never said a word against his cousin, nor would he allow any one to do so, in his presence. Afterwards, when the poor runaway had written two or three heart-broken letters home, in which she said that her husband was going to India, and that she was going to accompany him, it was whispered that Uncle Mark had written her a letter, but what it contained, no one save himself and the recipient knew. These events occurred nearly twenty years before I ever heard anything of them, but the letter which now arrived at Haughton Tower seemed likely to bring forward again the circumstances of the past. The letter was dated from an hotel in London, and was written by a Captain Flemming, who had just returned on sick leave from Calcutta. A little girl had been intrusted to his care, and he had brought her to England. He was too unwell to proceed to Mr. Haughton's residence, but begged him to come up to town at once, and receive his charge. He also enclosed a note, which he expected would explain the matter more clearly.

The enclosed note was very small and was directed in a frail female hand to Mark Haughton. It ran as follows :

Cousin MARK,—When everyone else treated me with harshness and cruelty, you alone, who had been most wronged, looked with pity and kindness upon me. Your letter, with its promise, which I received just before leaving England, is not forgotten. You then said that "if ever it lay in your power to serve me, that I might rely upon you." That time has come. Major Maurice, my husband, whom misfortune seemed to mark as its own, is no more, and my physician says that I cannot survive him more than a few days longer. All my children are dead except one, my little daughter Mary, and she will now be left an orphan. I intrust her to you. I cannot send her to my father's house; those who have been so cruel to the daughter, will not be kind to the daughter's child. I rely on your generosity and goodness of heart, and I know that my hopes will be fully realised when I am dead. Good bye! Cousin Mark. Forgive me, and may Heaven reward you!

MARY.

I, who knew nothing of the matter then, was

astonished to see tears in my uncle's eyes, after reading this letter, and still more astonished when I saw him dash them hurriedly away, saying.

"God bless the woman! what on earth made her write to me in this way? It's impossible—she can't be dead. But in any case, I must be off to London at once. Take care of her child—of Mary's child? Of course I will—twenty of them, if there were as many! Here, Charlie, don't stand gaping at me in that way. See that my portmanteau is packed at once, and tell Thomas to bring the dog-cart round as soon as possible, for I want to catch the afternoon express for the south!"

I obeyed his orders, and soon after the dog-cart was brought round, and Uncle Mark, enveloped in great coats and mufflers, took his seat.

"Charlie," said he, leaning over, and speaking to me, just before starting. "I leave you as housekeeper until I return in a few days, and look here, Charlie, my boy, I'll probably bring home with me a little sister for you. See that you are kind to her, you young dog, or I'll pack you off, bag and baggage!"

"Never fear, uncle," I said. "Good bye!" and away went the dog-cart, my uncle waving farewell to me, until I lost sight of him far down the avenue.

I thought over the matter of this little sister that my uncle had promised to bring home, but I could not realise the subject. I determined to wait patiently till he returned. After he had been absent for a week, I received a letter from him, in which he said that he would be still longer detained in town, and that he would write and tell me when he should come back. I had never been left so much to myself before, and I rather enjoyed my freedom. September was well advanced, and I went every day with one of the keepers, and knocked about the partridges to my heart's content.

Another week, or more, had passed away, and I had been all day on the moors, and with my gun on my shoulder was taking a short cut through the garden to reach the house, when I was suddenly startled by an unusual sight. A little girl dressed in mourning, with a very pale face, very black hair, and very large, soft black eyes, met me, as I turned a corner of the garden-path. She carried in one hand a small bunch of newly-gathered blue flowers, which she was looking at admiringly, but, on hearing my footsteps, she stopped and we faced one another. I did not know which way to look, for I was very shy, and she seemed to scrutinise me so closely, that I believe I blushed. She was so different from any child or girl that I had ever seen before, that I was very much struck with her appearance. The buxom country lasses, and the dashing young amazons, whom I had seen and admired at the cover side, presented a strong contrast to the pale, fragile little form before me.

"I suppose you are cousin Charlie?" she said, after a slight pause. She spoke in such a sweet, musical childish voice that I seemed somehow to have known it from infancy, and my heart appeared to respond to it at once. At the same time, she held out to me a tiny little hand that reminded

me of some rare tropical shell with its delicate pink and white tints. I took it in my own, saying, bashfully :

"Charlie is my name, and you,—you are my new sister. Am I right?"

"No,—all my brothers and sisters are dead, and you are to be my cousin Charlie, and I am your cousin Mary, or Polly, as papa used to call me. You may call me which name you like."

"Cousin Polly, then—I am very glad to see you at Haughton Tower, and I hope you will be happy, but I fear you will find it dull."

"Don't be afraid about me, I am never dull when people are kind, and among these beautiful woods, and in this garden with its lovely flowers, how could any one be dull, cousin? I am so fond of blue flowers,—what is the name of this one, with its long clusters of blue helmets? Are they not just like helmets?"

"We sometimes call it Juno's chariot. See! when I pull away this petal, it is exactly like a fairy chariot drawn by two swans."

"Oh, how pretty! What a pity it is that it has no scent."

"Very few poisonous plants have any agreeable perfume, Cousin Polly, and that flower has another name,—Monkshood, and it contains a deadly poison."

"How dreadful; but this other pretty blue blossom, with the golden heart, I am sure that is harmless—is it not?"

"Wrong again, Polly, that one is more hurtful than the other, and is known by scarcely any other name than the Deadly Nightshade."

She trembled from head to foot, and threw away the little bunch, saying :

"Surely, cousin, your English flowers are not all poisonous?"

"Oh dear no, Cousin Polly; come with me, and I will soon gather you some that won't shock you."

We seemed to be on friendly terms at once, and wandered about for a considerable time among the gardens and shrubberies, which were very extensive. She was rather difficult to please, but some wild hare-bells and forget-me-nots, together with a moss-rose, pleased her extremely. We were still strolling about when we heard the dinner-bell sound from the house.

"Oh dear me, Cousin Charlie, what have I been thinking about! Uncle told me to come out and try to find you, and to bring you back immediately. What will he say?—will he be angry?"

"It's quite plain, Polly, that you don't know Uncle Mark. He will only be too glad to see us. I am the most to blame, for I am sure he is anxious to see me, and in the search for your flowers I quite forgot all about him. Let us go back to the house at once."

I remember that, at that time, I thought the trembling fit which came over her, when I pointed out the baneful nature of Monkshood and Nightshade, showed an amount of nervous susceptibility belied by her self-possession. But when I learned afterwards that her poor father, Major Maurice, had put an end to himself by poison, it seemed perfectly to explain her emotion.

My uncle was delighted to see me, and especially to find that Mary and I were such good friends. He seemed never tired of gazing at the black-eyed little girl. I fancy that he saw in her features some traces of her whom he had loved,—long ago.

She was not more than twelve or thirteen years of age, but knowing that she was the only "lady" in the establishment, she soon began to assume quite a matronly air. It was amusing to see the dignified air with which she took the head of the table at breakfast and tea-time, besides superintending the house-keeping, in her little way. Uncle Mark always treated her as if she were grown up,—listened to her with deference, and resigned his bunch of keys to her with an air at once of courtesy and pleasure.

Her presence produced a delightful pleasure for both of us, especially for me, who had never mingled in any female society. It was pleasant to listen to her musical voice while detailing her reminiscences of Calcutta and the East,—of strange tropical trees and flowers, and of the dusky Bengalese. Then, again, she would tell us of her passage to England, and of the ideas she had formed of her new home, of Uncle Mark, and myself.

We got at last into a regular routine, and it seemed as if Cousin Polly had always been with us, and that we could not do without her.

Some months elapsed before Uncle Mark explained why he had been detained so long in London. He had been making arrangements for Mary Maurice's education. A governess had been engaged, who would soon arrive, and there was an excellent school at the neighbouring town of Hetherington, where she could go for other masters. My Uncle had also taken into account that since I had been so long at home, it was time that I went out and saw a little of the world. Full of these thoughts he had fortunately met with an old college acquaintance who was desirous of going on the continent for a year or two, and anxious to get a pupil to accompany him. The two friends soon came to terms, and I now learned that, in a fortnight's time, I was expected at the house of my uncle's acquaintance—the Rev. Mr. Ellis—in London.

I was delighted with the news, and hardly knew how to control my excitement. Cousin Polly could not make it out at all. She could not see anything, she said, to be so pleased about. Surely I was happy where I was. And then she opened her large dark eyes and looked with a strange wistful gaze at me.

In due time I left Haughton Tower, and joined Mr. Ellis in London. I was amazed and positively enchanted with the town, never having seen any large town before, and, after a month's pleasant sojourn, we started for Paris, and from thence we went, by way of Brussels, up the Rhine, and from there into Italy.

We remained on the continent for two years, during which time I contrived to learn that England was not the whole world, and the hard angles of my character were knocked off. I heard regularly from my uncle, and sometimes I got a short note from Cousin Polly.

Time passed away, and the period at length arrived for my return. How strange it seemed to me after mingling in the busy world, after seeing so many different countries, after hearing so many different languages, to return to the little family circle at Haughton Tower. Still it was a relief, after the continual change of scenes and faces, to think that once more I was about to gaze on the well-known and well-loved haunts, and to meet once more the well-remembered smile and kindly voice of Uncle Mark.

It was close upon Christmas when I arrived at home. Home! what a cheering warmth there is about the very name! It was evening when I drew up at the hall-door, and my uncle met me on the steps. His face beamed with welcome, and although a little greyer than when I last saw him, he looked still the same dear old kind uncle I had left.

"My dear boy I'm so glad to see you," he said, after drawing me into the comfortable, well-lighted study. "Come in, Polly and I have done nothing but talk about you for the last month or two, and, Cousin Polly— Bless me, where's the little puss gone to? She has been watching for you, with me, on the steps for I don't know how long. Polly! Polly!"

And away went Uncle Mark to seek her. He was not long in bringing her into the room. But what a change had taken place. The little girl had grown up into a woman, seemingly. The long thick jet-black hair I recognised, and the dark eyelashes which she never raised; but the change of climate and the bracing country-air had brought such a glow of health into her cheeks that it was no wonder that I scarcely knew her again.

Before the evening was over, however, we were all on a more easy footing. I had much to tell, and was spokesman nearly all the night. Somehow or other, although I addressed my uncle whenever I spoke, I felt that I was speaking to Cousin Polly. Whenever I looked towards her, thinking that she was looking at me, down went the eyelashes again, and the faintest suspicion of a blush flashed across her face. Ah, how beautiful she looked, sitting low down in an easy-chair by the genial fire on that quiet winter's night. How deeply did her beauty sink into my heart, and how dearly I love its remembrance now that many—many years are gone!

I found that my uncle did not now go out as frequently in the fields as he was in the habit of doing formerly; not that he enjoyed his favourite sports less, but that he enjoyed the presence and sunny smiles of Mary Maurice more. When therefore I became once more a member of the household of Haughton Tower, I found, with great pleasure, that my uncle devoted a considerable portion of his leisure time to the pursuit of science. He had a room which was fitted up purposely for his studies, but it was only for experiments of a very limited character. Uncle Mark pursued science more as a relaxation or a pleasure, than for any specific object to be attained. He dipped into the surface of this abstruse subject, and skimmed over that, only extracting the little sweets of speculative philosophy as he passed. I was

differently constituted, and always wished to carry out any experiments that we commenced to the end. Often when he had started some new project, I still continued endeavouring, with our limited means to pursue the original idea. Although my uncle confessed his inability to follow in the same path, still he did not conceal his admiration for my patience and perseverance.

Seeing the pleasure and interest which I took in the subjects which we had been studying, he advised me to go to London for a time, and there add more fully to my knowledge by experimenting in the best laboratories, and by attending lectures by the most eminent men of science. I was, of course, charmed with the proposal, and although it was only six months since I had returned from abroad, it was soon arranged that I had to go up to London on the earliest possible opportunity. The son of a neighbouring gentleman had gone up to town a short time before. He was about to commence the study of medicine, and arrangements were made that I had to occupy rooms along with him. Fred Holdsworth was a light-hearted merry young fellow, about two years younger than myself, and with whom I had struck up a slight acquaintance in the hunting-field. I felt pleased to think that he was to be my companion.

There was consequently nothing but confusion and bustle for some time at Haughton Tower, for everyone was making preparations for the departure of "the young squire," as I was called.

All the time that I had been at home, Cousin Polly and I had been remarkably good friends. It was so pleasant, as we sometimes said to one another, to have a brotherly and sisterly feeling towards one another. But we were mostly silent,—provokingly and annoyingly silent,—after making this assertion. When it was fixed that I had to go to London for another indefinite period, Cousin Polly grew unusually quiet, and sometimes when I met her gaze I recognised the same wistful, inquiring look in her eyes, that I remembered on my last departure. But now it made my face tingle, and as I looked, Polly turned away hurriedly, and was, or pretended to be, very busy with some preparations for my departure.

The day arrived when I was to start. It was a lovely afternoon in June, and as I was all packed up and ready for starting in the evening, I wished to take a stroll over the grounds before leaving. I sought out Cousin Polly, and asked her to accompany me as usual, but she was so busy with arrangements for my comfort in travelling, that she could not come then, but said that she would meet me in a short while, promising to join me at a favourite seat of ours, on a knoll, where three or four beach trees stood, outside of the garden, in the park.

I walked along leisurely through the grounds, taking a farewell look at the gardens, green-houses and arbours, and then went out into the park, where I lay down on the grass, under the shade of the beech trees where I had promised to meet Mary.

How calm and peaceful everything was. One or two lazy snow-white clouds flecked the clear blue sky above. There was not enough wind even

to rustle the leaves overhead. The park stretched down the slope from where I lay, shadowless, until it reached the deep, dark wood which surrounded it about half-a-mile away, and the many-leaved wood itself seemed motionless in the still, summer air. The only sound that broke the silence was the murmur of a little brook which wandered round the bend of the neighbouring garden hedge. As I lay in the chequered shadow, lulled by the stillness of the scene and the musical murmur of the rippling stream, dreamy thoughts and fancies passed through my mind. How easy and smooth had the course of my life been, and how promising was the aspect of the future. When I came of age I should be in the possession of wealth. No trouble, no grief, no pain had ever crossed my path within my recollection, and my prospects were as bright and sunny as the scene around me. I was now about to pursue my favourite study, not for the sake of gain or ambition, but for the love of science alone. I longed to know more of the hidden secrets of Nature. I thirsted to drink a deep draught from that well at which I had hitherto only sipped. And yet, I thought, if I should make some great discovery,—if my name should be added to the roll of fame,—if it should be so. The murmur of the stream fell softer and softer on my senses and I fell asleep.

I was awakened by a sense of the air being perfumed, and a gentle, soft kiss was impressed upon my lips. At first I was scarcely conscious where I was; but I soon recognised the scene, and on looking round I saw Mary Maurice sitting by my side. She had taken off her hat, and her face was turned away from me, but I could see that her cheek and neck were suffused with a deep, rosy glow.

"Polly," I said, while a peculiar choking sensation prevented me from saying anything more. There was no answer, and still the little head, with the black, clustering hair, was turned away from me.

"Cousin Polly, you kissed me!" at length I blundered out.

Now the blushing face was turned towards me, and there were bright tears glancing in her beautiful eyes.

"Oh, don't Charlie—don't say anything more! I thought you were asleep—I did, indeed, cousin."

Need I go on—need I tell how in that still summer scene, our hearts told their own secrets, and we vowed that we would love one another for ever and for ever.

As we walked back slowly to the house, she gathered some forget-me-nots, and gave them to me, saying:

"Take these, Charlie; you remember you gave me some the first time that we met. I have them still; they are safely locked up in my writing-desk. Now I want to say something to you that will make you think me very silly, perhaps. Do you recollect that at our first meeting you told me that the flowers which I had gathered were poisonous?"

"Perfectly,—what about them?"

"Well, there is something in my heart,—don't laugh at me,—that tells me now, that you must beware of poisons. Pray do not interrupt me,—I

know that your studies will bring you in constant contact with poisonous substances, but it is not *that*,—something in my inmost heart tells me that your future, your fate will be intimately linked and associated with poisons. Forgive me if what I have said seems idle fancy; but I cannot tell you how I have longed to warn you. I seem to have been prompted to do so by a power stronger than I could control. I know you will forgive me, and promise to—beware."

I did promise; and I sealed the promise with a last fond kiss.

When we arrived at the house, I did not inform my uncle of what had taken place, but I am certain that he suspected something, from the change in our manner. However, I made no sign until just before leaving, when, in bidding him good-bye, I said:

"Uncle Mark, take care of Cousin Polly—take care of her *for me!*"

He took me by both hands, and gazed steadfastly in my face for a few seconds, and then fairly burst into tears.

"Heaven bless you, my dear boy," he said. "I have longed for many a day to hear this news. Don't stay long away, Charlie, but come back soon and make her your wife."

In an hour or two afterwards I was in the railway carriage, hurrying on to London, and as the night grew darker and darker, between pauses of sleeping and waking, I fancied that ever and anon I heard Mary's gentle voice whispering in my ear that strange warning—"Beware of poisons! Beware of poisons!"

(To be continued.)

A MYSTERIOUS LODGER.

THOUGH we could hardly hope to meet with a model lodger again, like the Rev. Mr. Adolphus, who had been with us ever since we began house-keeping, it was certainly desirable—so Annie and I concluded—to have a lodger of some kind, even if it were an inferior description of the article; for my salary at that time, as junior clerk in the respectable banking firm of Lawes and Fielding, was more prospective than real; sufficient, perhaps, for a bachelor of economic tastes, but sadly out of proportion with the needs of a married man.

It being decided, therefore, that a second lodger was a necessary evil, a card notifying that Apartments for a Single Gentleman were to be let within, took its place in our window; but week after week passed away, winter faded into spring, spring lost itself in summer, and still we remained without a single applicant for our very genteel and commodious rooms.

The hot days of June were drawing to a close when, on reaching home one evening from the office, I saw by the sparkle in my wife's eye that she had something particular to tell me, and I was scarcely seated before the news burst out.

"Tom, dear, we have got a lodger at last!"

"Did you say a lodger?" I cried, starting up.

"Another poor victim come to the net—to be cheated, worried, bullied, and fleeced unmercifully! What is the wretched individual's name?"

"Mr. James Twoshoes."

"A very ancient and honourable name, well known in nursery history. Describe him."

"There's not much about him to describe. He's like any other commonplace gentleman who is drawing on towards middle-age, with little in his appearance to distinguish him from any one else. He is about five-and-forty years old, as near as I can judge. Short black hair, with just a tinge of grey in it; no beard or whiskers; dressed in a new glossy suit of black clothes; wears black gloves, much too long in the fingers, and an old-fashioned black satin stock, fastened with a little pearl brooch. He has a good-tempered looking face, lighted up by two quick black eyes. He is deaf to a very slight extent, and you have to elevate your voice when speaking to him. He has a habit of carrying his head forward a little, and partly on one side, which gives him the appearance of being continually listening for something which he is expecting every moment to hear."

"A description worthy of a passport. When does he arrive?"

"About noon to-morrow. He sleeps at one of the hotels to-night. But I forgot to say that he will only be a temporary lodger. He has engaged the rooms by the week, as his stay in Mark-hallow will only be a short one. He may want the rooms for one month, two months, or three months, he said,—just as the fancy takes him, and dependent on how soon he grows tired of our little town."

"Ah, well! I suppose a temporary lodger is better than none. What references did he give?"

"References!" exclaimed Annie, in blank dismay. "Upon my word, I was so taken up with the idea of letting the rooms, that I forgot all about references."

"Through which forgetfulness," I said, severely, "you introduce into the house a person of whom we know absolutely nothing."

"Oh! he's thoroughly respectable, my dear; you may tell that at once from his appearance!"

"No doubt. Forgers and genteel pickpockets are generally men of very respectable appearance. Their respectability is part of their stock in trade. This fellow, for anything we know to the contrary, may be one of the two men who broke out of a London prison to-day, come down to this little place to hide till the affair has blown over." Seeing, however, that Annie was inclined to lapse into a "moist relentment," I added, with my usual good nature: "But don't distress yourself about it; it may turn out all right, you know; and I can ask him for his references when he comes to-morrow."

Punctual to appointment, Mr. Twoshoes arrived at noon the following day; and I may here say that my wife's description of him was so close and faithful, that I can find nothing to add to it. A portmanteau and a writing-case formed the whole of our new lodger's luggage.

"Mr. Starling, I suppose?" he said, with a pleasant smile, and a hearty shake of the hand. "I hope we shall suit one another; at least, I am sure it shall not be my fault if we don't. Fine old city this of yours," he went on, after we had introduced him into his rooms. "I am quite in

love with it already. I flatter myself that I have always retained a dash of poetry in my composition, notwithstanding that my life has been such a hard and practical one; and if anything could revive that sentiment within my breast, it would be the sight of your grand old cathedral; and I may tell you, in confidence, that when I, James Twoshoes, was rambling through its aisles this morning, I felt more than half-inclined to try my hand at a sonnet."

He sat down as he said this, and laughed in a hearty way that it did one good to listen to. Who could ask such a man for references? From that moment I gave up the idea as an absurdity.

"Your good lady," he went on, "has, I presume, told you that I am only here for a short time. My stay may be limited to three weeks, or it may extend over three months. For my part, I'm a fellow who always makes a point of giving way to my whims. So long as a place takes my fancy, there I stick, as fast as a barnacle,—till some fine morning a whim pops into my brain, and then, hey, presto! I'm off by the first train—whither I know, at the time, no more than the man in the moon. Rather an uncomfortable, vagabond sort of existence, you probably think. So it is. I grant it. But what can a fellow do whose whims are the master of him? Give way to them, of course; and that's just what I do. Well, well," he went on, "I've seen many a more lively and populous place than Markhallow that hasn't pleased me half so well. I'll take a cutlet for dinner, if you please; and any little pastry you may have on hand."

I saw nothing more of Mr. Twoshoes that day, for when I reached home in the evening, he was seated upstairs in his own room, as my wife told me, smoking an immense meerschaum, in company with some gin-and-water and a newspaper. To say that my wife and I were prepossessed in favour of our new lodger, is merely to state the bare fact of the case. We were delighted with him, and felt sure that he would bear comparison with even such a model individual as the Rev. Mr. Adolphus.

Mr. Twoshoes went out in the course of the following forenoon, and shortly returned, bringing with him a canary and cage, which he proceeded to hang up in his room with evident delight; and on the bird turning out to be a famous whistler, he had Annie and me specially upstairs to listen to it, and give him our opinion as to its qualifications. In the course of this day, too, we discovered that our lodger was a performer on the flute. We heard him tootle-tootle-ing in his rooms in a wandering, aimless sort of way for some minutes before he settled down into any tune; but he seemed to get into the proper groove at last, and then went on with one tune after another, from tea-time till dusk. I cannot say that he impressed me as being a very good player; and all his tunes were of an old-fashioned, sentimental kind, such as had had their day, and gone out of vogue, a dozen years before; indeed, to hear him at dusk, tootling feebly through his open window, you would have taken him to be some love-sick swain of eighteen, rather than the hard-headed practical

man of the world he laughingly declared himself to be.

At the end of a week, Annie and I were still as far as ever from being able to make out the profession of Mr. Twoshoes, though we considered the question in all its bearings, and gave due weight in our deliberations to the various vague hints thrown out at different times by our lodger. We concluded at last, in lack of all direct evidence, that whatever he might formerly have been, he could now be nothing more nor less than a gentleman living on his private means.

From the first day Mr. Twoshoes had bargained for the use of a latchkey, with free permission to come in and go out at whatever hours of the day and night he might think proper; and he was not long before he made frequent use of the privilege we had so readily conceded him. Not unfrequently he would leave the house at dusk, and not return till two or three o'clock next morning; at other times, he would set off early in the morning, and remain out the whole of the day. "When one of my whims lays hold of me," he laughingly observed to my wife on one occasion, "and whispers to me that I had better take a ramble, then must I obey, and call Shanks's mare into immediate requisition, whatever hour of the day or night it may be."

I confess, however, that it gave me "a turn," as my wife would say, when, on reaching home one evening, just after dusk, I encountered Mr. Twoshoes on the steps, as he was in the act of closing the door behind him, habited from head to foot in the garb of a groom. I could hardly believe in the reality of what I saw; but there he stood, benignantly smiling down upon me from the height of the steps, not disconcerted in the least, but calmly puffing away from the little black pipe between his lips. On his head he wore a Glengarry bonnet; round his neck a blue-and-white scarf, fastened with a horse-shoe pin; a waistcoat low down on the hips; a short cutaway coat, breeches and gaiters: decidedly "horsey." All these particulars I could make out by the light of the opposite lamp. He remarked that one of his whims had overtaken him, bade me a cheerful good-night, and walked off at a leisurely pace down the street. It was three o'clock next morning before Mr. Twoshoes returned, and having let himself quietly in, stole upstairs to his bedroom so gently that he would hardly have disturbed a mouse.

But worse was to follow.

Mr. Twoshoes had been with us about a month, when I was one day sent to R—, a neighbouring town about thirteen miles away, on business for the firm. There being no railway between the two towns, I had to hire a horse and gig. I had finished my business at R—, and was setting out late in the afternoon on my return, when it began to rain heavily, for which reason I determined to take the shortest road home. The road in question was not a very pleasant one, running as it did through a wide tract of barren moorland, dreary and desolate in the extreme, with not more than half a dozen houses on it in a distance of as many miles. The weather, however, decided me to adopt this route; and I had got half way across

the moor on my return when my horse, which was but a poor innkeeper's hack, betrayed such unmistakable signs of distress, that I pulled up at a roadside inn, the only one within a distance of several miles, in order to have my horse baited before continuing my journey. While the ostler was busy outside, I entered the little taproom to obtain some refreshment for myself. On one side of the room sat two or three individuals in the dress of labouring men, while opposite to them, and quite alone, sat a man on whom the whole of my attention was immediately concentrated. If not Mr. Twoshoes himself, it was his living presentment! I started back in amazement, as though I had seen a ghost, when my eyes first fell on him; and the next moment was about to accost him familiarly, but some inward feeling made me hesitate just as the words were forming on my lips. The stranger, if stranger he were, gave me one long steady glance, and then resumed his perusal of a ragged country newspaper. Was I right or wrong in imagining that a faint gleam of surprise shot for a moment out of his eyes, to be immediately quenched in that dull, unrecognising stare? As far as dress went, he certainly bore no resemblance to Mr. Twoshoes, for he was habited in a suit of blue cloth with gilt buttons, after the fashion of a mate or captain in the merchant service. He sat in silence during the whole time I was there, neither speaking to, nor being addressed by, any of the company. To make his likeness to the genuine Mr. Twoshoes still more startling, he had the very same slight stoop forward with his head and shoulders, and the same intent look about his eyes—as though he were listening to some imaginary conversation—which I knew so well. In about ten minutes the ostler announced that my horse was ready. As I quitted the room I cast another long inquisitive glance at the seafaring man sitting so silent and grim; but he never looked up again, and I left him still intent over his newspaper. When I reached home I found that Mr. Twoshoes was out, and had been for several hours. At whatever hour he might return, I determined to be on the watch for him, and judge from his dress whether it was really he whom I had seen in the roadside inn. I sat up patiently till twelve o'clock, but as he had not then returned, I put out all the lights, and stationed myself in a bedroom upstairs; and after waiting there three more hours, my patience was rewarded by seeing Mr. Twoshoes come down the street. Thanks to a friendly lamp opposite, I had no difficulty in seeing how he was dressed. It was still raining a little; and the first thing I perceived was that he carried an umbrella; but when he put it down on nearing the door, all I could make out was that he wore his ordinary black hat, and a waterproof cape that reached nearly to his heels. He let himself in with his latchkey, and stole upstairs to bed in his usual stealthy manner.

These mysterious and suspicious proceedings on the part of our lodger naturally became a source of much disquiet both to Annie and myself; indeed my wife began to get quite nervous on the point, and to imagine all kinds of terrible and unlikely things as the results of our harbouring

such an unaccountable personage in our house. Mr. Twoshoes was, however, as I have said before, such a model lodger in every other respect, so kind and considerate in every way, such a punctual and liberal paymaster, that, debate the question as we would, we could by no means make up our minds to part with him. So we decided at last to keep our apprehensions and suspicions to ourselves, and mention them neither to Mr. Twoshoes nor to any prying neighbour, and to put down everything in our lodger's ways of life for which we could not find a natural solution to the score of eccentricity—a term of very wide application indeed.

Mr. Twoshoes had been with us about five weeks, when Annie's brother, Mr. Dick Dereham, came down from London to spend his holidays with us, for the sake of the fishing for which the neighbourhood of Markhallow is celebrated. He was in those days a tall raw-boned young fellow, with fair complexion, large blue eyes, cold and sceptical in expression, and a nose as sharp and inquisitive as that of a ferret; with, to crown all, a most excellent opinion of his own acuteness and general abilities, dashed with that slight superciliousness of tone and manner which, especially towards homely country-folk, is such a common characteristic of the middle-class Cockney. He had not been three hours in the house before he had wormed out of Annie everything that we knew, surmised, and imagined concerning Mr. Twoshoes. Here was a promising pie ready for an acute young Cockney to poke his finger into! No fishing to be done till it was disposed of to his satisfaction. Really the country was not such a dull place after all! He met me that afternoon at the bank door, and, linking his arm in mine, unburdened his mind as we walked home together.

"Nan has been opening her mind to me this afternoon about your lodger, Mr. Twoshoes," he began.

"Indeed," said I, dryly; "you were immensely interested, no doubt."

"Oh! you may jest about it if you like, but the question is a serious one. There's something bad about that fellow, you may depend upon it; and if I were you, I'd either report him privately to the police or else give him a week's notice, and so get rid of him altogether."

"Thank you," I replied; "but, as I have no particular fault to find with Mr. Twoshoes, I don't feel quite inclined to adopt either of your suggestions."

"But consider, my dear fellow; it's really not safe to have a man like that in your house—who frequently stays out all night—who dresses one day as a groom, another day as a merchant seaman, and the next as a curate or private gentleman. It arises from no mere eccentricity, you may depend on it. There's some villany afloat, and it will be well if you are not implicated in it when the *exposé* comes—as come it must, some of these fine days."

"Now, see you here, my pert young Cockney," I replied; "Mr. Twoshoes is my lodger, and a man whom I respect, so don't attempt to pull him to pieces in my presence. You always were a tolerable hand at discovering mares'-nests, but,

please, don't try to find any in my house. Whatever may be the little eccentricities of Mr. Twoshoes, they are no business of yours or mine. That he is a very worthy gentleman, and thoroughly honest and upright, I am fully convinced. My advice to you, therefore, is to go and look after the little fishes, and let my estimable lodger alone."

Dick was terribly huffed by my plain speaking, and did not fail to complain to my wife about it; but what annoyed me more was to find that he had contrived to affect her to some extent with his own absurd fears, so that when we went to bed that night she would insist on having the bedroom door locked, a precaution she had never cared to exercise before, saying, in her circumlocutory, feminine way:

"There's no knowing what may happen with such mysterious people in the house."

A day or two after my conversation with Dick, our senior partner sent for me into the parlour, and informed me that he wanted me to set out for France by the mail that evening, on business of importance which would probably occupy me about a week. Having received my instructions, I hurried home, dined, made my few preparations as speedily as possible, sent for my Aunt Barbara to come and stay with Annie during my absence, and then lingered a moment to give a parting injunction to my wife and Dick respecting Mr. Twoshoes. I would not go till I had received an assurance from both of them that matters should go on as usual during my absence—that Mr. Twoshoes should be allowed to come and go as he might think proper, without notice or comment. Dick's promise of neutrality was given too readily to satisfy me, and I thought I detected a malicious twinkle in his eye, as I shook his hand at parting, which boded no good to somebody. But there was no help for it—business called, and I must obey.

My visit to France, instead of occupying a week, lasted for a fortnight; and during the time I was away Markhallow races took place, the great festival of the year at our little town.

On the third and last day, Mr. Dick Dereham, growing tired of the monotony of rod and line, betook himself for a little variety to the race-course. The last race was over, and Dick had just turned his face homeward, and lighted a cigar to beguile the dusty way, when he was accosted by a fashionably dressed individual, who politely requested the favour of a light. Having obtained what he wanted, it was only natural, as they both happened to be going the same way, that the stranger should enter into conversation with Dick respecting the events of the day. Dick was charmed at once with his new acquaintance, who seemed to be thoroughly at home on all matters connected with the turf, and proved by a simple sporting equation how, instead of losing his little bet of eight half-crowns, Dick might just as easily have won as many pounds. In ten minutes they were on the footing of old friends; mutually pleased with each other, and each doing his best to impress the other with the extent and variety of his information and the brilliance of his remarks—a friendly rivalry in which Dick, self-conceited as he was,

could not help feeling himself considerably distanced by his affable friend. When they reached the town, nothing would suit Captain Julius—for by that name the stranger had introduced himself—but that they must call in at the first hotel and have a bottle of champagne together. One bottle necessitated another; and by the time the second was half empty, Dick had grown very talkative indeed; and ranging with a loose and glowing tongue from one topic to another, found himself at last, almost to his own surprise, for he could not remember by what pleasant but devious path he had reached that point—dilating to his fashionable friend on the whims, eccentricities, and unaccountable vagaries of that mysterious Mr. Twoshoes. Captain Julius seemed mightily interested in the subject, and cross-questioned Dick upon it in a smiling affable way, and reverted to it again and again whenever Dick felt inclined to wander off into some other mazy streamlet of talk, till there was really nothing more to be learnt. Having finished their wine, they left the hotel, and strolled arm in arm through the streets, now lighted up and thronged with a busy crowd, till they reached the house of Dick's brother-in-law; and then, after a hearty shake of the hand, and an arrangement that Dick should call on the captain at his hotel at eleven the next morning, they separated. Dick, who was still in a somewhat elevated mood, lingered at the door for a few minutes to finish his cigar. While thus standing he heard the Minster clock strike ten, and put his hand to his pocket to draw out his watch. But there was no watch left for him to find,—his pocket had been neatly and dexterously picked of his gold repeater, value twenty-five guineas. Quite sober by this time, and in a very queer humour, Master Dick walked down to the police-station to give notice of his loss. How Captain Julius would laugh at him in the morning for being such a greenhorn as to allow his pocket to be picked! If he could only induce the captain to go fishing with him, he would let him see that with a rod and line he knew a thing or two—that in matters piscatorial he was not altogether a novice! But when he reached the hotel on the following morning, the captain had flown, leaving a message that he had been telegraphed for, and obliged to depart by the six a.m. train; but that he hoped to revisit Mark-hallow in the course of a few weeks, and would not then fail to hunt up his friend Mr. Dereham. Dick returned home in a pensive mood, and spent a melancholy day in the manufacture of artificial flies.

A certain evening, about a week later, found Dick enjoying his cigar as usual on the step outside the door. Mr. Twoshoes was from home on some mysterious errand; my wife and her aunt were drinking tea at a neighbour's in the next street; the servant was supposed to be gone to see her mother, but was in reality taking a pleasant ramble among the lanes with her "young man," so that Dick had the whole establishment to himself. The shadows were creeping up the streets, and Dick was thinking about turning in, when his attention was drawn to the peculiar movements of a stranger on the other side of the way. Dick had noticed him a minute or two

before, staring very earnestly at the house; had then seen him move slowly down the street; then slowly return in a sidling purposeless sort of way; and now for the second time he had planted himself directly opposite the house, and seemed to be taking a silent mental photograph of it. While Dick was still looking at him, and wondering what he could possibly be about, the stranger, in a cautious manner, beckoned him to approach; and on his repeating the movement, Dick quitted the steps and lounged across the street, by no means pleased at receiving so undignified a summons. The stranger was a burly, whiskerless man, with shifty quick-glancing eyes, and a mouth that seemed purposely formed for the imbibition of strong waters; his voice being a *basso profundo*, with a slight chronic wheeze in the lower notes.

"Your name is Richard Dereham, is it not?" he said, seizing Dick by a button as soon as the latter got within arm's length.

"I have reason to believe that it is," answered Dick, "but would not like to take long odds on the point."

"None of your chaff, young gentleman, if you please. All I want is a few straightforward answers from you. Attend. Is there not living in the same house with you an individual who goes by the name of Mr. James Twoshoes?"

Dick rubbed his nose: he began to feel interested.

"I cannot answer any of your questions," he said, "till I know what your object is in asking them; and something more about you."

"If you must know, you must," said the other. "My name is Jibble. I am, in fact, Inspector Jibble, of the Metropolitan Detective Force, and I am not asking these questions without a purpose in view."

"Now I can answer you," said Dick. "Mr. James Twoshoes does live in the house opposite."

"Good. Have you noticed anything out of the common, anything eccentric or mysterious in the conduct or habits of this Mr. Twoshoes?"

"I have," replied Dick, eagerly. And without further questioning he told all that he knew, suspected, and surmised respecting the unhappy Twoshoes.

"Quite coincides with the information I have received from head-quarters," remarked the inspector, patronisingly, when Dick had finished. "One or two more questions, and I have done. Is Mr. Twoshoes in his rooms at the present time?"

"He is not—he will probably not be home for several hours; in fact, there's no one in the house at present—and that reminds me that I have left the front door open."

"No one in the house at present, eh?" said the inspector, musingly, as he balanced himself on his heels, and jingled the loose cash in his pocket. "Now, Mr. Dereham, I'll be frank with you. I have in my pocket at the present moment a warrant for the apprehension of James Twoshoes. You may well start. He is one of the cleverest and most thorough-paced rogues going. I have been on his track for a long time, but he is such a slippery customer that I have hitherto had nothing tangible to go upon. I have never been

able to take him in the fact. But I have got something certain to work on at last, and I should have taken him this morning had I not received a telegram from head-quarters requesting me to wait till to-morrow. This little delay will probably enable us to secure the whole gang of forgers with which he is connected, and of which he is the chief. They are all to meet at a certain place at noon to-morrow. At present Twoshoes is out—a fact, by the way, of which I was perfectly aware before I came to see you; and what I now want is to make an investigation of his rooms before he returns, for I have reason to believe that among his papers there is a list of names of which I am exceedingly desirous of having a private view before going on my little expedition to-morrow. Will you, therefore, my good Mr. Dereham, just wait outside the door for a few minutes, while I proceed upstairs and do my duty? and should Mr. T. arrive in the meantime, you must contrive to detain him for a minute or two, till I have time to get out of the way. I must really compliment you, my young friend, on your powers of discrimination in this matter. You were not deceived by the specious pretences of this clever rogue!"

They walked across the road together, and Dick stationed himself outside the door, while Jibble went about his little perquisition up-stairs. He was not away more than five minutes, and Dick was still on the watch when he came down.

"Just as I expected," he said. "Most valuable information. Must say good-bye for the present. Shall be happy to take a glass of wine with you when this little affair is over. In the meanwhile, silence—secrecy!" and with an affable wave of the hand the burly inspector lumbered rapidly down the street, and was quickly lost to view.

In a happy frame of mind, and perfectly satisfied that he had just rendered an important service to society, Dick lighted another cigar, and still maintained his post of observation outside the door. His thoughts had gone wandering off by degrees towards a certain young lady, and he felt himself getting quite sentimental, a most unusual frame of mind for him, when, much to his surprise, he saw the cheery figure of Mr. Twoshoes bearing down on him from the other side of the way. "How innocent he looks—the cunning old fox!" murmured Dick to himself. "He little thinks how neatly the trap is baited for him. I durst wager five yellow boys that he won't look quite so cheerful to-morrow night at this time."

Mr. Twoshoes was evidently in a hurry, for, without pausing, he bade Dick a pleasant good night, and then passed rapidly up-stairs to his own room, where Dick heard him the next minute striking a light.

"Mr. Richard Dereham," called Mr. Twoshoes, gently over the balusters, a minute or two afterwards, "will you oblige me by stepping up-stairs?"

Wondering greatly, Dick complied, though not without some hesitation. Mr. Twoshoes was slowly rubbing his chin with one hand as Dick entered the room. His eyebrows were contracted, and there was a perplexed look on his face, such as Dick had never noticed before.

"Are you aware, Mr. Dereham, that during my absence this afternoon my room has been rifled of various articles belonging to me—among other things, of a set of gold studs, a silver lever watch, and a porte-monnaie containing two five-pound notes?"

"Rifled!" gasped Dick. "Really I was not aware of it!"

"I don't suppose you were. But are you aware whether any one, not an inmate of the house, has had access, either directly or indirectly, to this room while I have been out?"

"As far as my knowledge goes, there has only been one person here beyond the ordinary inmates of the house."

"And who may that one person have been?"

"Inspector Jibble, of the London police."

"Inspector Jibble! And what might be the fellow's business in my room?"

"Why, to tell the truth, he said he had got a warrant out for your apprehension, and came up to search the room for some document or other which he wanted."

Mr. Twoshoes gave a long, low whistle. "And where were you, Mr. Dereham, during the time this person was in my room?"

He looked very grim as he asked this question, and Dick quaked in his shoes as he replied, "Outside the door—keeping watch, in fact."

"Just so—to prevent his being disturbed. Neat, by Jove! uncommon neat! Perhaps it will be as well to see how you yourself have fared, Mr. Dereham. Oblige me by taking the light, and leading the way into your own room."

Dick complied in fear and trembling; and on looking round his room, found that a ring and a breastpin had vanished—the only available property there.

"Then you have contrived to save your watch?" said Mr. Twoshoes.

In sorrow and humiliation Dick related the story of his meeting with Captain Julius, and how he had taken more wine than was good for him, and had had his pocket picked as he came home through the crowd.

"And serve you right, too!" was the comment of Mr. Twoshoes. "Here comes Mrs. Starling. It will be as well to inquire whether she has lost anything."

Search was made down-stairs, which resulted in the discovery that our few silver spoons and forks had been taken; as also, sorrow of sorrows!—the silver teapot, my rich uncle's wedding gift.

"A tolerably clean sweep," remarked Mr. Twoshoes, when the search was ended; "and—I say it again—an uncommon neat stroke of business! As for you, sir," turning to the disconcerted Dick, "like the man in the play, you may ask your friends to write you down an ass. You have been most transparently duped, and if you had been the sole sufferer, it would only have taught you a useful lesson. Your particular friend, Captain Julius, was without doubt a member of the swell mob; he it was who took your watch; and the impudent rascal who came here to-night was probably instructed by him, and will hand over to him a fair share of the plunder."

"I see it all now! What a fool I have been!"

groaned poor Dick. "But you, sir," turning on Mr. Twoshoes—"had it not been for your mysterious goings on—had you only acted like any other reasonable man—this would never have happened."

"So long as my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Starling, are satisfied with their lodger, I do not recognise your right to interfere in my concerns. As, however, my business in this neighbourhood will be over in a few days, I will at once give Mrs. Starling that explanation which, under the circumstances, she has a right to expect; and which you, Mr. Dereham, are at liberty to listen to, if you think well to do so. Know, therefore, all persons whom it may concern, that I, James Twoshoes (though whether that is my real name or not does not in the least matter), am a member of the Metropolitan Detective Force—not a sham officer like your friend Jibble, Mr. Dereham; that I came down here to hunt out a certain nest of forgers, whose handiwork we had traced to this part of the country, without being exactly able to lay our fingers on the rogues themselves; that, as a natural consequence, a certain amount of secrecy and mystery were essential to my plan, which plan, I am happy to say, has proved completely successful. And now, Mr. Dereham, you and I had better step down to the police station, and furnish the details of the robbery. Perhaps we may succeed in tracing the rascals. Anyhow, we have been charmingly sold."

Mr. Twoshoes had quite recovered his good humour by breakfast time next morning, and could afford to laugh as heartily as any one at his mishap; but Dick was nowhere to be found. He had, in fact, risen with the lark, and set out for London by the first train; and from that day to this we have never seen his face in Markhallow.

Of Captain Julius and his confederate, it is only necessary to say that they were captured some three months later, in consequence of a second robbery in which they again acted as partners; and that they finally met with the reward which their peculiar talents merited so well. T. S.

THE PERCH.

As it is now the season when this interesting and beautiful fish may be said to afford most sport to the fresh-water angler, and when indeed it is perhaps more sought after than any other river-fish whatever, a few words concerning some of its habits and peculiarities may possibly be acceptable to the generality of readers.

The perch may be reckoned (with the exception perhaps of the trout) the most beautiful of all fresh-water fish; it is well known and common in most of the countries in Europe, inhabiting ponds, rivers, lakes, and all pieces of fresh water where its natural food is abundant. The largest of the species are to be taken in the river Danube, where, as a rule, they run far higher (that is, are of heavier weight) than in British waters, or indeed than in those of most other European states. Very fine perch are also caught in the Scotch and Irish lakes; but there is no question that those of the Danube are usually the finest and best. In that river—one of the most noble and picturesque

of the Continent—this fish is taken of three, four, six, and seven pounds weight; and instances have been known of still heavier ones; but in Great Britain the weight of the perch rarely exceeds three pounds, and one of two pounds weight would be considered a fine fish. The average weight in English waters is from half a pound to one pound and a half. The writer took one of three pounds and a quarter at Godstow, near Oxford, in the May of 1853, and one of nearly four pounds at Henley-on-Thames in the autumn of 1848; the bait in each case being a minnow; but such cases are quite exceptional, and rarely happen but to those who—as the writer has done—may make fish and fishing a study as well as an occasional pastime.

In the months of September, October, November, and so on until February, there is no fresh-water fish that affords the angler more sport than the perch—perhaps none that affords *so much*—as he is a very greedy feeder, and, when the rivers and ponds begin to get clear of weeds, may be taken with almost any bait at any hour of the day. When the days are warmish, very early and very late is the best time for perch-fishing; but on a cool, cloudy day in autumn and winter they feed best in the middle of the day. An easterly wind is very bad for this sport, as it is indeed for the taking of all fresh-water fish. There are many ways of catching the perch into which the writer cannot enter at length; but the three best are by what is termed "spinning" (which, however, all true sportsmen eschew as next door to poaching), by cork-float fishing, and by using what is termed a paternoster, which is a line having a leaden weight at the end, and three hooks baited with three different baits, each bait being of a different size to the other two. The line is gently drawn through the water, somewhat after the fashion of trolling, but more slowly. The second, however, of these methods is, in my opinion,—and I am a perch-fisher of many years' experience,—the best of the three I have mentioned. Use, with a stoutish line, a cork float, the body of which shall be the size of a pigeon's egg, neither larger nor smaller, and a hook in proportion to the kind of bait you employ, since it is obvious that that used for a live-bait would be far too large for a worm. Perch anglers use in the way of live-bait a gudgeon, minnow, small dace, or bleak, at discretion; and I have often heard the first mentioned as the best, but I have no hesitation in giving my own testimony and opinion in favour of the minnow, with which bait I have killed perch in all waters, at all seasons, and at all hours of the day, when I had tried all the others, and also the brandling, in vain. The perch-fisher may obtain all the tackle he requires at Farlow's in the Strand, and suit himself there far better than he could from any description of mine.

Perch can be taken in almost all our rivers, especially the Thames, Colre, Lea, Mole, and Dove, as well as in most large lakes and ponds. Henley, Marlow, Wargrave, Reading, Walton, Shepperton, Shiplake, Sunbury, and Kingston-on-the-Thames are excellent places for sport, and the intending perch-angler may note that from September to February a deep pool near a mill-stream,

a clay-hole under a bank, and the piles beneath the arch of a bridge are certain haunts for this bold and beautiful fish. I have taken (in October) from ten to twelve brace of good fish, none under half a pound, under the wooden piles of old Walton Bridge; and should a skilful angler get amongst a shoal at this season of the year he may catch every fish. Still the perch, though a bold feeder, is wary, and if one hooked fish escape, in all probability you will fish in vain near the spot for another fish. Under such circumstances it is but lost time, and I would advise immediate removal to another hole. I may cite a striking example of this which came under my experience. Fishing one autumn in the river Isis, I had come upon a shoal of perch, and had taken upwards of a dozen—nay, so greedy were they, I could even see them swim up and take the bait—when two college friends, in sheer wantonness, knocked the rod out of my hand as I was playing a very fine fish (I should judge more than a pound), and of course the fish escaped. From that moment I could not take another perch, although I could see more than a score round the hook. I tried successively a gudgeon, a dace, a small frog, a brandling, a gentle, and a minnow *again*, but to no purpose; they peered at my bait, they swam round and round, and touched it with their noses, but not a fish would bite, though I had before been pulling them out of the water as fast as I could bait my hook. Since then the same curious wariness in these fish (after one of them has felt the hook) has often come under my notice.

Apart from the amusement which the perch affords to lovers of angling, it is by no means a despicable fish. The flavour is delicate, and the flesh firm and white, and many think (and I am of that number) that a water souchet of perch in season may challenge comparison with any fish delicacy that comes to table. An excellent way of dressing this fish is as follows:—Take four perch of from half a pound to a pound and stuff them with thyme, marjoram, bread crumbs and sweet herbs; dip them in egg and bread crumbs, and fry till they are a rich brown, then lay them on a clean dish (but with no napkin), and serve up with mashed potatoes and clear melted butter. A glass of claret or Madeira I think an improvement to the sauce, but that is purely a matter of taste. This dish, if properly cooked, is really a very superior one, and one which I can recommend to a "gourmand" without any misgiving.

The perch is a very hardy and, I am sorry to add, a most pugnacious fellow, and two fish of this species will frequently engage in desperate combat. Even the cruel and voracious pike is slow to attack the perch, and when urged to it by extreme hunger usually gets the worst of it. The formidable fin on the back of the perch, armed as it is with excessively sharp spikes, causes it to be much feared by other fish, and a roach or dace of a pound weight will often fly from a perch not one quarter the size. It is not at all uncommon for a baby-perch not two inches in length to attempt to swallow a minnow, and, as the perch has a most capacious mouth, the attempt is sometimes successful.

The scales of the perch are very beautiful, having serrated edges, not unlike the ends of the petals of a pink or carnation. Very handsome screens are embroidered with these curious ornaments, and the writer knows a lady who is very expert at making exquisite imitations of white moss-roses and white pinks with the scale of the perch. The scales, after having been frequently washed in salt-and-water, become of the most delicate snowy whiteness, and few readers of this paper who have not seen specimens of perch-scale embroidery would form any just idea of the chaste and beautiful effect they produce.

Perch spawn usually in April and May, and they are in perfection for the table and for the pastime of the amateur fisherman from September until the end of January.

ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

DEAD LOVE.

ABOUT the time of the great troubles in France, that fell out between the parties of Armagnac and of Burgundy, there was slain in a fight in Paris a follower of the Duke John, who was a good knight called Messire Jacques d'Aspremont. This Jacques was a very fair and strong man, hardy of his hands, and before he was slain he did many things wonderful and of great courage, and forty of the folk of the other party he slew, and many of these were great captains, of whom the chief and the worthiest was Messire Olivier de Bois-Percé; but at last he was shot in the neck with an arrow, so that between the nape and the apple the flesh was cleanly cleft in twain. And when he was dead his men drew forth his body of the fierce battle, and covered it with a fair woven cloak. Then the people of Armagnac, taking good heart because of his death, fell the more heavily upon his followers, and slew very many of them. And a certain soldier, named Amaury de Jacquville, whom they called Courtebarbe, did best of all that party; for, crying out with a great noise, "Sus, sus!" he brought up the men after him, and threw them forward into the hot part of the fighting, where there was a sharp clamour; and this Amaury, laughing and crying out as a man that took a great delight in such matters of war, made of himself more noise with smiting and with shouting than any ten, and they of Burgundy were astonished and beaten down. And when he was weary, and his men had got the upper hand of those of Burgundy, he left off alaying, and beheld where Messire d'Aspremont was covered up with his cloak; and he lay just across the door of Messire Olivier, whom the said Jacques had slain, who was also a cousin of Amaury's. Then said Amaury:

"Take up now the body of this dead fellow, and carry it into the house; for my cousin Madame Yolande shall have great delight to behold the face of the fellow dead by whom her husband has got his end, and it shall make the tiding sweeter to her."

So they took up this dead knight Messire Jacques, and carried him into a fair chamber lighted with broad windows, and herein sat the wife of Olivier, who was called Yolande de Craon,

and she was akin far off to Pierre de Craon, who would have slain the Constable. And Amaury said to her :

"Fair and dear cousin, and my good lady, we give you for your husband slain the body of him that slew my cousin ; make the best cheer that you may, and comfort yourself that he has found a good death and a good friend to do justice on his slayer ; for this man was a good knight, and I that have revenged him account myself none of the worst."

And with this Amaury and his people took leave of her. Then Yolande, being left alone, began at first to weep grievously, and so much that she was heavy and weary ; and afterward she looked upon the face of Jacques d'Aspremont, and held one of his hands with hers, and said :

"Ah, false thief and coward ! it is great pity thou wert not hung on a gallows, who hast slain by treachery the most noble knight of the world, and to me the most loving and the faithfulest man alive, and that never did any discourtesy to any man, and was the most single and pure lover that ever a married lady had to be her knight, and never said any word to me but sweet words. Ah, false coward ! there was never such a knight of thy kin."

Then, considering his face earnestly, she saw that it was a fair face enough, and by seeming the face of a good knight ; and she repented of her bitter words, saying with herself :

"Certainly this one, too, was a good man and valiant," and was sorry for his death.

And she pulled out the arrow-head that was broken, and closed up the wound of his neck with ointments. And then beholding his dead open eyes, she fell into a great torrent of weeping, so that her tears fell all over his face and throat. And all the time of this bitter sorrow she thought how goodly a man this Jacques must have been in his life, who being dead had such power upon her pity. And for compassion of his great beauty she wept so exceedingly and long that she fell down upon his body in a swoon, embracing him, and so lay the space of two hours with her face against his ; and being awaked she had no other desire but only to behold him again, and so all that day neither ate nor slept at all, but for the most part lay and wept. And afterward, out of her love, she caused the body of this knight to be preserved with spice, and made him a golden coffin open at the top, and clothed him with the fairest clothes she could get, and had this coffin always by her bed in her chamber. And when this was done she sat down over against him and held his arms about her neck, weeping, and she said :

"Ah, Jacques ! although alive I was not worthy, so that I never saw the beauty and goodness of your living body with my sorrowful eyes, yet now being dead, I thank God that I have this grace to behold you. Alas, Jacques ! you have no sight now to discern what things are beautiful, therefore you may now love me as well as another, for with dead men there is no difference of women. But, truly, although I were the fairest of all Christian women that now is, I were

in nowise worthy to love you ; nevertheless, have compassion upon me that for your sake have forgotten the most noble husband of the world."

And this Yolande, that made such complaining of love to a dead man, was one of the fairest ladies of all that time, and of great reputation ; and there were many good men that loved her greatly, and would fain have had some favour at her hands ; of whom she made no account, saying always, that her dead lover was better than many lovers living. Then certain people said that she was bewitched ; and one of these was Amaury. And they would have taken the body to burn it, that the charm might be brought to an end ; for they said that a demon had entered in and taken it in possession ; which she hearing fell into extreme rage, and said that if her lover were alive, there was not so good a knight among them, that he should undertake the charge of that saying ; at which speech of hers there was great laughter. And upon a night there came into her house Amaury and certain others, that were minded to see this matter for themselves. And no man kept the doors ; for all her people had gone away, saving only a damsel that remained with her ; and the doors stood open, as in a house where there is no man. And they stood in the doorway of her chamber, and heard her say this that ensues :—

"O most fair and perfect knight, the best that ever was in any time of battle, or in any company of ladies, and the most courteous man, have pity upon me, most sorrowful woman and handmaid. For in your life you had some other lady to love you, and were to her a most true and good lover ; but now you have none other but me only, and I am not worthy that you should so much as kiss me on my sad lips, wherein is all this lamentation. And though your own lady were the fairer and the more worthy, yet consider, for God's pity and mine, how she has forgotten the love of your body and the kindness of your espousals, and lives easily with some other man, and is wedded to him with all honour ; but I have neither ease nor honour, and yet I am your true maiden and servant."

And then she embraced and kissed him many times. And Amaury was very wroth, but he refrained himself : and his friends were troubled and full of wonder. Then they beheld how she held his body between her arms, and kissed him in the neck with all her strength ; and after a certain time it seemed to them that the body of Jacques moved and sat up ; and she was no whit amazed, but rose up with him, embracing him. And Jacques said to her :

"I beseech you, now that you would make a covenant with me, to love me always."

And she bowed her head suddenly, and said nothing.

Then said Jacques :

"Seeing you have done so much for love of me, we twain shall never go in sunder : and for this reason has God given back to me the life of my mortal body."

And after this they had the greatest joy together, and the most perfect solace that may be

imagined : and she sat and beheld him, and many times fell into a little quick laughter for her great pleasure and delight.

Then came Amaury suddenly into the chamber, and caught his sword into his hand, and said to her :

"Ah, wicked leman, now at length is come

the end of thy horrible love and of thy life at once;" and smote her through the two sides with his sword, so that she fell down, and with a great sigh full unwillingly delivered up her spirit, which was no sooner fled out of her perishing body, but immediately the soul departed also out of the body of her lover, and he became as



one that had been all those days dead. And the next day the people caused their two bodies to be burned openly in the place where witches were used to be burned : and it is reported by some that an evil spirit was seen to come out of the mouth of Jacques d'Aspremont, with a most pitiful

cry, like the cry of a hurt beast. By which thing all men knew that the soul of this woman, for the folly of her sinful and most strange affection, was thus evidently given over to the delusion of the evil one and the pains of condemnation. ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE.

HEIMKEHR (THE RETURN).

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GEIRL.

THAT was a day of bitter smart,
The day that witnessed our farewell,
When thou didst turn thee from a heart
Thine own, and passing rich as well.

I know too well my fault was great,
Yet less than that thy memory kept,
And I have borne its woeful weight,
And tears of blood my sin bath wept.

And years have passed, and now my star
Conducts me near thy paths once more,
I feel anew my bosom's war,
The joy and pain well known of yore.

Methinks from thee I would not sever,
And I would speak the word "Forgive!"
For, though the world would part us ever,
Thou'rt loved and lovely, and I live.

If to new aims I turned away,
Through joy and sorrow struggling free,
Yet through life's various hazard-play
My thought would still come home to thee.

I strove for pleasure, honour, truth,
Prizes I won, and wear them now;
Yet boon is none so rich as youth—
The boon of youth to me wert thou.

G. C. SWAYNE.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXI. LIONEL'S PRAYER FOR FORGIVENESS.

LADY VERNER, like many more of us, found that misfortunes do not come singly. Coeval almost with that great misfortune, Lionel's marriage—at any rate, coeval with his return to Verner's Pride with his bride—another vexation befel Lady Verner. Had Lady Verner found real misfortunes to contend with, it is hard to say how she would have borne them. Perhaps Lionel's marriage to Sibylla was a real misfortune; but this second vexation assuredly was not: at any rate, to Lady Verner.

Some women—and Lady Verner was one—were fond of scheming and planning. Whether it be the laying out of a flower-bed, or the laying out of a marriage, they must plan and project. Disappointment with regard to her own daughter—for Decima most unqualifyingly disclaimed any match-making on her own score, Lady Verner had turned her hopes in this respect on Lucy Tempest. She deemed that she should be fulfilling the responsibilities of her guardianship, unless when Colonel Tempest returned to England, she could present Lucy to him, a wife: or, at least, engaged to be one. Many a time now did she unavailingly wish that Lionel had chosen Lucy, instead of her whom he had chosen. Although—and mark how we estimate things by comparison!—when, in the old days, Lady Verner had fancied Lionel was growing to like Lucy, she had told him emphatically it "would not do." Why would it not do? Because, in the estimation of Lady Verner, Lucy Tempest was less desirable in a social point of view than the Earl of Elmsley's daughter, and upon the latter lady had been fixed her hopes for Lionel.

All that, was past and gone. Lady Verner had seen the fallacy of sublunary hopes and projects. Lady Mary Elmsley was rejected—Lionel had married in direct defiance of everybody's advice—and Lucy was open to offers. Open to offers, as Lady Verner supposed; but she was destined to find herself unpleasantly disappointed.

One came forward with an offer to her. And that was no other than the Earl of Elmsley's son, Viscount Garle. A pleasant man, of eight-and-twenty years; and he was often at Lady Verner's. He had been intimate there a long while, going in and out as unceremoniously as did Lionel or Jan. Lady Verner and Decima could tell a tale that no one else suspected. How, in the years gone by—some four or five years ago now—he had grown to love Decima with his whole heart; and Decima had rejected him. In spite of his sincere love; of the advantages of the match; of the angry indignation of Lady Verner; Decima had steadfastly rejected him. For some time Lord Garle would not take the rejection: but one day, when my lady was out, Decima spoke with him privately for five minutes, and from that hour Lord Garle had known there was no hope; had been

content to begin there and then and strive to love her only as a sister. The little episode was never known: Decima and Lady Verner had kept counsel, and Lord Garle had not told tales of himself. Next to Lionel, Lady Verner liked Lord Garle better than any one—ten times better than she liked unvarnished Jan; and he was allowed the run of the house as though he had been its son. The first year of Lucy's arrival—the year of Lionel's illness, Lord Garle had been away from the neighbourhood; but somewhere about the time of Sibylla's return, he had come back to it. Seeing a great deal of Lucy, as he necessarily did, being so much at Lady Verner's, he grew to esteem and love her. Not with the same love he had borne for Decima—a love, like that, never comes twice in a lifetime—but with a love sufficiently warm, notwithstanding. And he asked her to become his wife.

There was triumph for Lady Verner! Next to Decima—and all hope of that was dead for ever—she would like Lord Garle to marry Lucy. A real triumph, the presenting her to Colonel Tempest on his return, my Lady Viscountess Garle! In the delight of her heart she betrayed something of this to Lucy.

"But I am not going to marry him, Lady Verner," objected Lucy.

"You are not going to marry him, Lucy? He confided to me the fact of his intention this morning before he spoke to you. He *has* spoken to you, has he not?"

"Yes," replied Lucy; "but I cannot accept him."

"You—cannot! What are you talking of?" cried Lady Verner.

"Please not to be angry, Lady Verner! I could not marry Lord Garle."

Lady Verner's lips grew pale.

"And pray why can you not?" she demanded.

"I—don't like him," stammered Lucy.

"Not like him!" repeated Lady Verner.

"Why, what can there be about Lord Garle that you young ladies do not like?" she wondered; her thoughts cast back to the former rejection by Decima. "He is good-looking, he is sensible; there's not so attractive a man in all the county, Lionel Verner excepted."

Lucy's face turned to a fiery glow.

"Had I known he was going to ask me, I would have requested him not to do so beforehand, as my refusal has displeased you," she simply said. "I am sorry you should be vexed with me, Lady Verner."

"It appears to me that nothing but vexation is to be the portion of my life!" uttered Lady Verner. "Thwarted—thwarted always!—on all sides. First from one, then the other—nothing but crosses and vexations! What did you say to Lord Garle?"

"I told Lord Garle that I could not marry him; that I should never like him well enough—for he said, if I did not care for him now, I might, later.

But I told him no; it was impossible. I like him very well as a friend, but that's all."

"Why don't you like him?" repeated Lady Verner.

"I don't know," whispered Lucy, standing before Lady Verner like a culprit, her eyes cast down, and her eyelashes resting on her hot crimsoned face.

"Do you both mean to make yourselves into old maids, you and Decima?" reiterated the angry Lady Verner. "A pretty pair of you I shall have on my hands! I never was so annoyed in my life."

Lucy burst into tears.

"I wish I could go to papa in India!" she said.

"Do you know what you have rejected?" asked Lady Verner. "You would have been a peeress of England. His father won't live for ever."

"But I should not care to be a peeress," sobbed Lucy. "And I don't like him."

"Mamma, please do not say any more," pleaded Decima. "Lucy is not to blame. If she does not like Lord Garle she could not accept him."

"Of course she is not to blame—according to you, Miss Verner! You were not to blame, were you, when you rejected—some one we know of? Not the least doubt that you will take her part! Young Bitterworth wished to have proposed to you: you sent him away—as you send all. And refuse to tell me your motive! Very dutiful you are, Decima!"

Decima turned away her pale face. She began to think Lucy would do better without her advocacy than with it.

"I cannot allow it to end thus," resumed Lady Verner to Lucy. "You must reconsider your determination, and recall Lord Garle."

The words frightened Lucy.

"I never can—I never can, Lady Verner!" she cried. "Please not to press it; it is of no use."

"I must press it," replied Lady Verner. "I cannot allow you to throw away your future prospects in this childish manner. How should I answer for it to Colonel Tempest?"

She swept out of the room as she concluded, and Lucy, in an uncontrollable fit of emotion, threw herself on the bosom of Decima, and sobbed there. Decima hushed her to her soothingly, stroking her hair from her forehead with a fond gesture.

"What is it that has grieved you lately, Lucy?" she gently asked. "I am sure you have been grieving. I have watched you. Gay as you appear to have been, it is a false gaiety, seen only by fits and starts."

Lucy moved her face from the view of Decima.

"Oh, Decima! if I could but go back to papa!" was all she murmured. "If I could but go away, and be with papa!"

This little episode had taken place the day that Lionel Verner and his wife returned. On the following morning Lady Verner renewed the contest with Lucy. And they were deep in it—at least my Lady was, for Lucy's chief part was only a deprecatory silence, when Lionel arrived at Deer-

ham Court, to pay that visit to his mother which you have heard of.

"I insist upon it, Lucy, that you recall your unqualified denial," said Lady Verner. "If you will not accept Lord Garle off hand, at any rate take time for consideration. I will inform Lord Garle that you do it by my wish."

"I cannot," replied Lucy, in a firm, almost a vehement tone. "I—you must not be angry with me, Lady Verner—indeed, I beg your pardon for saying it—but I will not."

"How dare you, Lucy——"

Her ladyship stopped at the sudden opening of the door, turning angrily to see what caused the interruption. Her servant appeared.

"Mr. Verner, my lady."

How handsome he looked as he came forward! Tall, noble, commanding. Never more so; never so much so in Lucy's sight. Poor Lucy's heart was in her mouth, as the saying runs, and her pulses quickened to a pang. She did not know of his return.

He bent to kiss his mother. He turned and shook hands with Lucy. He looked gay, animated, happy. A joyous bridegroom, beyond doubt.

"So, you have reached home, Lionel?" said Lady Verner.

"At ten last night. How well you are looking, mother mine!"

"I am flushed just now," was the reply of Lady Verner, her accent a somewhat sharp one from the remembrance of the vexation which had given her the flush. "How is Paris looking? Have you enjoyed yourself?"

"Paris is looking hot and dusty, and we have enjoyed ourselves much," replied Lionel. He answered in the plural, you observe: my lady had put the question in the singular. "Where is Decima?"

"Decima is sure to be at some work or other for Jan," was the answer, the asperity of Lady Verner's tone not decreasing. "He turns the house nearly upside down with his wants. Now a pan of broth must be made for some wretched old creature; now a jug of beef tea; now a bran poultice must be got; now some linen cut up for bandages. Jan's excuse is that he can't get anything done at Dr. West's. If he is doctor to the parish, he need not be purveyor; but you may just as well speak to a post as speak to Jan. What do you suppose he did the other day? Those improvident Kellys had their one roomful of things taken from them by their landlord. Jan went there—the woman's ill with a bad breast, or something—and found her lying on the bare boards: nothing to cover her, not a saucepan left to boil a drop of water. Off he comes here at the pace of a steam-engine, got an old blanket and pillow from Catherine, and a tea-kettle from the kitchen. Now, Lionel, would you believe what I am going to tell you? No! No one would. He made the pillow and blanket into a bundle, and walked off with it under his arm; the kettle—never so much as a piece of paper wrapped round it—in his other hand! I felt ready to faint with shame when I saw him crossing the road opposite, that spectacle, to get to Clay Lane, the kettle

held out a yard before him to keep the black off his clothes. He never could have been meant to be your brother and my son!"

Lucy laughed at the recollection. She had had the pleasure of beholding the spectacle. Lionel laughed now at the description. Their mirth did not please Lady Verner. She was serious in her complaint.

"Lionel, you would not have liked it yourself. Fancy his turning out of Verner's Pride in that guise, and encountering visitors! I don't know how it is, but there's some deficiency in Jan; something wanting. You know he generally chooses to come here by the back door: this day, because he had got the black kettle in his hand like a travelling tinker, he must go out by the front. He did! It saved him a few steps, and he went out without a blush. Out of my house, Lionel! Nobody ever lived, I am certain, who possessed so little innate notion of the decencies of life as Jan. Had he met a carriage full of visitors in the courtyard, he would have swung the kettle back on his arm, and gone up to shake hands with them. I had the nightmare that night, Lionel. I dreamt a tall giant was pursuing me, seeking to throw some great machine at me, made of tea-kettles."

"Jan is an odd fellow," assented Lionel.

"The worst is, you can't bring him to see, himself, what is proper or improper," resumed Lady Verner. "He has no sense of the fitness of things. He would go as unblushingly through the village with that black kettle held out before him, as he would if it were her Majesty's crown, borne on a velvet cushion."

"I am not sure but the crown would embarrass Jan more than the kettle," said Lionel, laughing still.

"Oh, I dare say: it would be just like him. Have you heard of the disgraceful flitting away of some of the inhabitants here to go after the Mormons?" added my lady.

"Jan has been telling me of it. What with one thing and another, Deerham will rise into notoriety. Nancy has gone from Verner's Pride."

"Poor deluded woman!" ejaculated Lady Verner. "There's a story told in the village about that Peckaby's wife—Decima can tell it best, though. I wonder where she is?"

Lucy rose. "I will go and find her, Lady Verner."

No sooner had she quitted the room, than Lady Verner turned to Lionel, her manner changing. She began to speak rapidly, with some emotion.

"You observed that I looked well, Lionel. I told you I was flushed. The flush was caused by vexation, by anger. Not a week passes but something or other occurs to annoy me. I shall be worried into my grave."

"What has happened?" inquired Lionel.

"It is about Lucy Tempest. Here she is, upon my hands, and of course I am responsible. She has no mother, and I am responsible to Colonel Tempest and to my own conscience for her welfare. She will soon be twenty years of age—though I am sure nobody would believe it, to look at her—and it is time that her settlement in life should, at

all events, be thought of. But now, look how things turn out! Lord Garle—than whom a better *parti* could not be wished—has fallen in love with her. He made her an offer yesterday, and she won't have him."

"Indeed?" replied Lionel, constrained to say something, but wishing Lady Verner would entertain him with any other topic.

"We had quite a scene here yesterday. Indeed, it has been renewed this morning, and your coming in interrupted it. I tell her that she must have him: at any rate, must take time to consider the advantages of the offer. She obstinately protests that she will not. I cannot think what can be her motive for rejection: almost any girl in the county would jump at Lord Garle."

"I suppose so," returned Lionel, pulling at a hole in his glove.

"I must get you to speak to her, Lionel. Ask her why she declines. Show her——"

"I speak to her!" interrupted Lionel, in a startled tone. "I cannot speak to her about it, mother. It is no business of mine."

"Good heavens, Lionel! are you going to turn disobedient?—And in so trifling a matter as this!—trifling so far as you are concerned. Were it of vital importance to you, you might run counter to me: it is only what I should expect."

This was a stab at his marriage. Lionel replied by disclaiming any influence over Miss Tempest. "Where your arguments have failed, mine would not be likely to succeed."

"Then you are mistaken, Lionel. I am certain that you hold a very great influence over Lucy. I observed it first when you were ill, when she and Decima were so much with you. She has betrayed it in a hundred little ways: her opinions are formed upon yours; your tastes unconsciously bias hers. It is only natural. She has no brother, and no doubt has learnt to regard you as one."

Lionel hoped in his inmost heart that she did regard him only as a brother. Lady Verner continued:

"A word from you may have great effect upon her: and I desire, Lionel, that you will, in your duty to me, undertake that word. Point out to her the advantages of the match: tell her that you speak to her as her father: urge her to accept Lord Garle: or, as I say, not to summarily reject him without consideration, upon the childish plea that she 'does not like him.' She was terribly agitated last night: nearly went into hysterics, Decima tells me, after I left her: all her burthen being that she wished she could go away to India."

"Mother—you know how pleased I should be to obey any wish of yours: but this is really not a proper business for me to interfere with," urged Lionel, a red spot upon his cheek.

"Why is it not?" pointedly asked Lady Verner, looking hard at him and waiting for an answer.

"I do not deem it to be so. Neither would Lucy consider my interference justifiable."

"But, Lionel, you take up wrong notions! I wish you to speak in my place, just as if you were her father; in short, acting for her father.

As to what Lucy may consider or not consider in the matter, that is of very little consequence. Lucy is so perfectly unsophisticated, so simple in her ideas, that were I to desire my maid Thérèse to give her a lecture, she would receive it as something proper."

"I should be most unwilling to——"

"Hold your tongue, Lionel. You must do it. Here she is."

"I could not find Decima, Lady Verner," said Lucy, entering. "When I had been all over the house for her, Catherine told me Miss Decima had gone out. She has gone to Clay Lane on some errand for Jan."

"Oh, of course for Jan!" resentfully spoke Lady Verner. "Nothing else, I should think, would take her to Clay Lane. You see, Lionel!"

"There's nothing in Clay Lane that will hurt Decima, mother."

Lady Verner made no reply. She walked to the door, and stood with the handle in her hand, turning round to speak.

"Lucy, I have been acquainting Lionel with this affair between you and Lord Garle. I have requested him to speak to you upon the point; to ascertain your precise grounds of objection, and—so far as he can—to do away with them. Try your best, Lionel."

She quitted the room, leaving them standing opposite each other. Standing like two statues. Lionel's heart smote him. She looked so innocent, so good, in her delicate morning dress, with its grey ribbons and its white lace on the sleeves, open to the small fair arms. Simple as the dress was, it looked, in its exquisite taste, worth ten of Sibylla's elaborate French costumes. Her cheeks were glowing, her hands were trembling, as she stood there in her self-consciousness.

Terribly self-conscious was Lionel. He strove to say something, but in his embarrassment could not get out a single word. The conviction of the grievous fact, that she loved him, went right to his heart in that moment, and seated itself there. Another grievous fact came home to him; that she was more to him than the whole world. However he had pushed the suspicion away from his mind, refused to dwell on it, kept it down, it was all too plain to him now. He had made Sibylla his wife: and he stood there, feeling that he loved Lucy above all created things.

He crossed over to her, and laid his hand fondly and gently on her head, as he moved to the door. "May God forgive me, Lucy!" broke from his white and trembling lips. "My own punishment is heavier than yours."

There was no need of further explanation on either side. Each knew that the love of the other was theirs, the punishment keenly bitter, as surely as if a hundred words had told it. Lucy sat down as the door closed behind him, and wondered how she should get through the long dreary life before her.

And Lionel? Lionel went out by Jan's favourite way, the back, and plunged into a dark lane where neither ear nor eye was on him. He uncovered his head, he threw back his coat, he lifted his breath to catch only a gasp of air. The sense of dishonour was stifling him.

CHAPTER XXXII. STIFLED WITH DISHONOUR.

LIONEL VERNER was just in that frame of mind which struggles to be carried out of itself. No matter whether by pleasure or pain, so that it be not that particular pain from which it would fain escape, the mind seeks yearningly to forget itself, to be lifted out anywhere, or by any means, from its trouble. Conscience was doing heavy work with Lionel. He had destroyed his own happiness: that was nothing; he could battle it out, and nobody be the wiser or the worse, save himself: but he had blighted Lucy's. There was the sting that tortured him. A man of sensitively refined organisation, keenly alive to the feelings of others—full of repentant consciousness when wrong was worked through him, he would have given his whole future life, and all its benefits, to undo the work of the last few months. Either that he had never met Lucy, or that he had not married Sibylla. Which of those two events he would have preferred to recall, he did not trust himself to think: whatever may have been his faults, he had, until now, believed himself to be a man of honour. It was too late. Give what he would, strive as he would, repent as he would, the ill could neither be undone nor mitigated: it was one of those unhappy things for which there is no redress; they must be borne, as they best can, in patience and silence.

With these thoughts and feelings full upon him, little wonder was there that Lionel Verner, some two hours after quitting Lucy, should turn into Peckaby's shop. Mrs. Peckaby was seated back from the open door, crying and moaning and swaying herself about, apparently in terrible pain, physical or mental. Lionel remembered the story of the white donkey, and he stepped in to question her: anything for a minute's divertisement; anything to drown the care that was racking him. There was a subject on which he wished to speak to Roy, and that took him down Clay Lane.

"What's the matter, Mrs. Peckaby?"

Mrs. Peckaby rose from her chair, curtsied, and sat down again. But for the state of tribulation she was in, she would have remained standing.

"Oh, sir, I have just had a upset!" she sobbed. "I see the white tail of a pony a-going by, and I thought it might be some 'at else. It did give me a turn!"

"What did you think it might be?"

"I thought it might be the tail of a different sort of animal. I be a-going a far journey, sir, and I thought it was, may be, the quadruple come to fetch me. I'm a-going to New Jerusalem on a white donkey."

"So I hear," said Lionel, suppressing a smile, in spite of his heavy heart. "Do you go all the way on the white donkey, Mrs. Peckaby?"

"Sir, that's a matter that's hid from me," answered Mrs. Peckaby. "The gentleman that was sent back to me by Brother Jarrum, hadn't had particulars revealed to him. There's difficulties in the way of a animal on four legs, which can't swim, doing it all, that I don't pretend to explain away. I'm content, when the hour comes, sir, to start, and trust. Peckaby, he's awful

sinful, sir. Only last evening, when I was saying the quadruple might have miraculous parts give to it, like Balum's had in the Bible, Peckaby he jeered, and said he'd like to see Balum's, or any other quadruple, set off to swim to America—that he'd find the bottom afore he found the land. I wonder the kitchen-ceiling don't drop down upon his head! For myself, sir, I'm rejoiced to trust, as I says; and as soon as the white donkey do come, I shall mount him without fear."

"What do you expect to find at New Jerusalem?" asked Lionel.

"I could sooner tell you, sir, what I don't expect: it 'ud take up less time. There's a'most everything good at New Jerusalem that the world contains—Verner's Pride's a poor place to it, sir—saving your presence for saying so. I could have sat and listened to Brother Jarrum in this here shop for ever, sir, if it hadn't been that the longing was upon me to get there. In this part o' the world we women be poor, cast-down, half famished, miserable slaves; but in New Jerusalem we are the wives of saints, well cared for, and clothed and fed, happy as the day's long, and our own parlours to ourselves, and nobody to interrupt us. Yes, Peckaby, I'm a telling his honour, Mr. Verner, what's a waiting for me at New Jerusalem! And the sooner I'm on my road to it, the better."

The conclusion was addressed to Peckaby himself. Peckaby had just come in from the forge, grimed and dirty. He touched his hair to Lionel, an amused expression playing on his face. In point of fact, this New Jerusalem vision was affording the utmost merriment to Peckaby and a few more husbands. Peckaby had come home to his tea, which meal it was the custom of Deerham to enjoy about three o'clock. He saw no signs of its being in readiness; and, but for the presence of Mr. Verner, might probably have expressed his opinion openly upon the point. Peckaby, of late, appeared to have changed his nature and disposition. From being a timid man, living under wife-thralldom, he had come to exercise thralldom over her. How far Mrs. Peckaby's state of low spirits, into which she was generally sunk, may have explained this, nobody knew.

"I have had a turn, Peckaby. I caught sight of a white tail a-going by, and I thought it might be the quadruple a-coming for me. I was shook, I can tell you. 'Twas more nor a hour ago, and I've been able to do nothing since, but sit here and weep: I couldn't red up after that."

"Warn't it the quadrepid?" asked Peckaby, in a mocking tone.

"No, it weren't," she moaned. "It were nothing but that white pony of Farmer Blow's."

"Him, was it," said Peckaby, with affected scorn. "He is in the forge now, he is; a having his shoes changed and his tail trimmed."

"I'd give a shilling to anybody as 'ud cut his tail off!" angrily rejoined Mrs. Peckaby. "A deceiving of me, and turning my inside all of a quake! Oh, I wish it 'ud come! The white donkey as is to bear me to New Jerusalem!"

"Don't you wish her joy of her journey, sir?" cried the man, respectfully, a twinkle in his eye,

while she rocked herself to and fro. "She have got a bran new gownd laid up in a old apron upstairs, ready for the start. She, and a lot more to help her, set on and made it in a afternoon, for fear the white donkey should arrive immediate. I asks her, sir, how much back the gownd 'll have left in him, by the time she have rode from here to New Jerusalem."

"Peckaby, you are a mocker!" interposed his lady, greatly exasperated. "Remember the forty-two as was eat up by bears when they mocked at Elishah!"

"Mrs. Peckaby," said Lionel, keeping his countenance, "don't you think you would have made more sure of the benefits of the New Jerusalem, had you started with the rest, instead of depending upon the arrival of the white donkey?"

"They started without her, sir," cried the man, laughing from ear to ear. "They give her the slip, while she were abed and asleep."

"It were revealed to Brother Jarrum so to do, sir," she cried, eagerly. "Don't listen to him. Brother Jarrum as much meant me to go, sir, and I as much thought to go, as I mean to go to my bed this night—always supposing the white donkey don't come," she broke off in a different voice.

"Why did you not go, then?" demanded Lionel.

"I'll tell you about it, sir. Me and Brother Jarrum was on the best of terms—which it's a real gentleman he was, and never said a word nor gave a look as could offend me. I didn't know the night fixed for the start; and Brother Jarrum didn't know it; in spite of Peckaby's insinuations. On that last night, which it was Tuesday, not a soul came near the place but that pale lady where Dr. West attended. She stopped a minute or two, and then Brother Jarrum goes out, and says he might be away all the evening. Well, he was; but he came in again, I can be upon my oath he did, and I give him his candle and wished him a good night. After that, sir, I never heard nothing till I got up in the morning. The first thing I see was his door wide open, and the bed not slept in. And the next thing I heard was, that the start had took place: they a walking to Heartburg, and taking the train there. You might just have knocked me down with a puff of wind."

"Such a howling and screeching followed on, sir," put in Peckaby. "I were at the forge, and it reached all the way to our ears, over there. Chuff, he thought as the place had took fire and the missis was a burning."

"But it didn't last; it didn't last," repeated Mrs. Peckaby. "Thanks be offered up for it, it didn't last, or I should ha' been in my coffin afore the day were out! A gentleman came to me: a Brother he were, sent express by Brother Jarrum, and had walked afoot all the way from Heartburg. It had been revealed to Brother Jarrum, he said, that they were to start that partic'lar night, and that I was to be left behind special. A higher mission was—what was the word? resigned?—No—reserved—reserved for me, and I was to be conveyed special on a quadruple, which was a white donkey. I be to keep myself in readiness, sir, always a looking out for the quadruple's coming and stopping afore the door."

Lionel leaned against the counter, and went into a burst of laughter. The woman told it so quaintly, with such perfect good faith in the advent of the white donkey! She did not much like the mirth. As to that infidel Peckaby, he indulged in sundry mocking doubts, which were, to say the least of them, very mortifying to a believer.

"What's your opinion, sir?" she suddenly asked of Lionel.

"Well," said Lionel, "my opinion—as you wish for it—would incline to the suspicion that your friend, Brother Jarrum, deceived you. That he invented the fable of the white donkey to keep you quiet while he and the rest got clear off."

Mrs. Peckaby went into a storm of shrieking sobs. "It couldn't be! it couldn't be! Oh, sir, you be as cruel as the rest! Why should Brother Jarrum take the others, and not take me?"

"That is Brother Jarrum's affair," replied Lionel. "I only say it looks like it."

"I telled Brother Jarrum, the very day afore the start took place, that if he took off my wife, I'd follor him on and beat every bone to smash as he'd got in his body," interposed Peckaby, glancing at Lionel with a knowing smile. "I did, sir. Her was out"—jerking his black thumb at his wife—"and I caught Brother Jarrum in his own room and shut the door on us both, and there I telled him. He knew I meant it, too: and he didn't like the look of a iron bar I happened to have in my hand: I saw that. Other wives' husbands might do as they liked; but I warn't a going to have mine deluded off by them Latter Day Saints. Were I wrong, sir?"

"I do not think you were," answered Lionel.

"I'd Latter Day 'em! and saint 'em too, if I had my will!" continued wrathful Peckaby. "Arch-deceiving villuns!"

"Well, good day, Mrs. Peckaby," said Lionel, moving to the door. "I would not spend too much time, were I you, looking out for the white donkey."

"It'll come! it'll come!" retorted Mrs. Peckaby in an ecstasy of joy, removing her hands from her ears, where she had clapped them during Peckaby's heretical speech. "I am proud, sir, to know as it'll come, in spite of opinions contrairey and Peckaby's wickedness; and I'm proud to be always a looking out for it."

"This is never it, is it, drawing up to the door now?" cried Lionel, with gravity.

Something undoubtedly was curvetting and prancing before the door; something with a flowing white tail. Mrs. Peckaby caught one glimpse, and bounded from her seat, her chest panting, her nostrils working. The signs betrayed how implicit was the woman's belief; how entirely it had taken hold of her.

Alas for Mrs. Peckaby! alas for her disappointment! It was nothing but that deceiving animal again, Farmer Blow's white pony. Apparently the pony had been so comfortable in the forge, that he did not care to leave it. He was dodging about and backing, wholly refusing to go forward, and setting at defiance a boy who was striving to lead him onwards. Mrs. Peckaby sat down, and burst into tears.

"Now, then," began Peckaby, as Lionel departed, "what's the reason my tea ain't ready for me?"

"Be you a man to ask?" demanded she. "Could I red up, and put on kettles, and see to ord'nary work, with my inside a turning?"

Peckaby paused for a minute, "I've a good mind to wallop you!"

"Try it," she aggravatingly answered. "You have not kep' your hands off me yet, to be let begin now. Anybody but a brute 'ud comfort a poor woman in her distress. You'll be sorry for it when I'm gone off to New Jerusalem."

"Now look here, Suke," said he, attempting to reason with her. "It's quite time as you left off this folly: we've had enough on't. What do you suppose you'd do at Salt Lake? What sort of a life 'ud you lead?"

"A joyful life!" she responded, turning her glance sky-ward. "Brother Jarrum thinks as the head saint, the prophet hisself, has a favour to me! Wives is as happy there as the day's long."

Peckaby grinned: the reply amused him much. "You poor ignorant creatur," cried he, "you have got your head up in a madhouse; and that's about it. You know Mary Green?"

"Well?" answered she, looking surprised at this divertisement.

"And you know Nancy from Verner's Pride as is gone off," he continued, "and you can just set on and think of half-a-dozen more nice young girls about here. How 'ud you like to see me marry the whole of 'em, and bring 'em home here? Would the house hold the tantrums you'd go into, d'ye think?"

"You hold your senseless tongue, Peckaby! A man 'ud better try and bring home more nor one wife here! The law 'ud be on to him."

"In course it would," returned Peckaby. "And the law knowed what it was about when it made itself into the law. A place with more nor one wife in it 'ud be compairable to nothing but that blazing place you've heerd on as is under our feet, or the Salt Lake City."

"For shame, you wicked man."

"There ain't no shame in saying that; it's truth," composedly answered Peckaby. "Brother Jarrum said, didn't he, as the wives had a parlour a-piece. Why do they? 'Cause they be obleeged to be kep' apart, for fear o' damaging each other, a tearing and biting and scratching, and a pulling of eyes out. A nice figure you'd cut among 'em! You'd be a wishing yourself home again afore you'd tried it for a day. Don't you be a fool, Susan Peckaby."

"Don't you!" retorted she. "I wonder you ain't afraid o' some judgment falling on you. Lies is sure to come home to people."

"Just take your thoughts back to the time as we had the shop here, and plenty o' custom in it. One day you saw me just a kissing of a girl in that there corner—leastways you fancied as you saw me," corrected Peckaby, coughing down his slip. "Well, d'ye recollect the scrimmage? Didn't you go a'most mad, never keeping your tongue quiet for a week, and the place hardly holding of ye? How 'ud you like to have eight

or ten more of 'em, my married wives like you be, brought in here?"

"You are a fool, Peckaby. The cases is different."

"Where's the difference?" asked Peckaby. "The men be men, out there; and the women be women. I might pertend as I'd had visions and revelations sent to me, and dress myself up in a black coat and a white choker, and such like paycock's plumes—I might tar and feather myself if I pleased, if it come to that—and give out as I was a prophit and a Latter Day Saint: but where 'ud be the difference, I want to know? I should just be as good and as bad a man as I be now, only a bit more of a hypocrite. Saints and prophits, indeed! You just come to your senses, Susan Peckaby."

"I haven't lost 'em yet," answered she, looking inclined to beat him.

"You have lost 'em: to suppose as a life, out with them reptiles, could be anything but just what I telled you—a hell! It can't be otherways. It's again human female natur. If you went angry mad with jealousy, just at fancying you see a innocent kiss give upon a girl's face, how 'ud you do, I ask, when it come to wives? Tales runs as them 'saints' have got any number a-piece, from four or five, up to seventy. If you don't come to your senses, Mrs. Peckaby, you'll get a walloping to bring you to 'em; and that's about it. You be the laughing-stock o' the place as it is."

He swung out at the door and took his way towards the nearest public-house, intending to solace himself with a pint of ale, in lieu of tea, of which he saw no chance. Mrs. Peckaby burst into a flood of tears, and apostrophised the expected white donkey in moving terms, that he would forthwith appear and bear her off from Peckaby and trouble, to the triumphs and delights of New Jerusalem.

Lionel meanwhile went to Roy's dwelling. Roy, he found, was not in it. Mrs. Roy was: and, by the appearance of the laid-out tea-table, she was probably expecting Roy to enter. Mrs. Roy sat, doing nothing: her arms hung listlessly down, her head also; sunk apparently in that sad state of mind—whatever may have been its cause—which was now habitual to her. By the start with which she sprang from her chair, as Lionel Verner appeared at the open door, it may be inferred that she took him for her husband. Surely nobody else could have put her in such tremor.

"Roy's not in, sir," she said, dropping a curtesy, in answer to Lionel's inquiry. "May be, he'll not be long. It's his time for coming home, but there's no dependence on him."

Lionel glanced round. He saw that the woman was alone, and he deemed it a good opportunity to ask her about what had been mentioned to him, two or three hours previously, by the Vicar of Deerham. Closing the door, and advancing towards her, he begun.

"I want a word with you, Mrs. Roy. What were your grounds for stating to Mr. Bourne that Mr. Frederick Massingbird was with Rachel Frost at the Willow-pool the evening of her death?"

Mrs. Roy gave a low shriek of terror, and

flung her apron over her face. Lionel ungallantly drew it down again. Her countenance was turning livid as death.

"You will have the goodness to answer me, Mrs. Roy."

"It were just a dream, sir," she said, the words issuing in unequal jerks from her trembling lips. "I have been pretty nigh crazed lately. What with them Mormons, and the uncertainty of fixing what to do—whether to believe 'em or not—and Roy's crabbed temper, which grows upon him, and other fears and troubles, I've been a-nigh crazed. It were just a dream as I had, and nothing more; and I be vexed to my heart that I should have made such a fool of myself, as to go and say what I did to Mr. Bourne."

One word, above all others, caught the attention of Lionel in the answer. It was "fears." He bent towards her, lowering his voice.

"What are these fears that seem to pursue you? You appear to me to have been perpetually under the influence of fear since that night. Terrified you were then; terrified you remain. What is its cause?"

The woman trembled excessively.

"Roy keeps me in fear, sir. He's for ever a threatening. He'll shake me, or he'll pinch me, or he'll do for me, he says. I'm in fear of him always."

"That is an evasive answer," remarked Lionel. "Why should you fear to confide in me? You have never known me take an advantage to anybody's injury. The past is past. That unfortunate night's work appears now to belong wholly to the past. Nevertheless if you can throw any light upon it, it is your duty to do so. I will keep the secret."

"I didn't know a thing, sir, about the night's work. I didn't," she sobbed.

"Hush!" said Lionel. "I felt sure at the time that you did know something, had you chosen to speak. I feel more sure of it now."

"No I don't, sir; not if you pulled me in pieces for it. I had a horrid dream, and I went straight off, like a fool, to Mr. Bourne and told it, and—and—that was all, sir."

She was flinging her apron up again to hide her countenance, when, with a faint cry, she let it fall, sprung from her seat, and stood before Lionel.

"For the love of heaven, sir, say nothing to him!" she uttered, and disappeared within an inner door. The sight of Roy, entering, explained the enigma: she must have seen him from the window. Roy took off his cap by way of salute.

"I hope I see you well, sir, after your journey."

"Quite well. Roy, some papers have been left at Verner's Pride for my inspection, regarding the dispute in Farmer Hartright's lease. I do not understand them. They bear your signature: not Mrs. Verner's. How is that?"

Roy stopped awhile: to collect his thoughts, possibly. "I suppose I signed it for her, sir."

"Then you did what you had no authority to do. You never received power to sign from Mrs. Verner."

"Mrs. Verner must have give me power, sir, if I have signed. I don't recollect signing anything."

Sometimes when she was ill, or unwilling to be disturbed, she'd say 'Roy, do this,' or, 'Roy, do the other.' She—"

"Mrs. Verner never gave you authority to sign," impressively repeated Lionel. "She is gone, and therefore cannot be referred to; but you know as well as I do, that she never did give you such authority. Come to Verner's Pride to-morrow morning at ten, and see these papers."

Roy signified his obedience, and Lionel departed. He bent his steps towards home, taking the field way: all the bitter experiences of the day rising up within his mind. Ah! try as he would, he could not deceive himself: he could not banish or drown the one ever-present thought. The singular information imparted by Mr. Bourne; the serio-comic tribulation of Mrs. Peckaby, waiting for her white donkey; the mysterious behaviour of Dinah Roy, in which there was undoubtedly more than met the ear; all these could not cover for a moment the one burning fact—Lucy's love, and his own dishonour. In vain Lionel flung off his hat, heedless of any second sun-stroke, and pushed his hair from his heated brow. It was of no use: as he had felt when he went out from the presence of Lucy, so he felt now—*stifled* with dishonour.

Sibylla was at a table, writing notes. Several were on it, already written, and in their envelopes. She looked up at him.

"Oh, Lionel, what a while you have been out! I thought you were never coming home."

He leaned down and kissed her. Although his conscience had revealed to him, that day, that he loved another better, *she* should never feel the difference. Nay, the very knowledge that it was so, would render him all the more careful to give her marks of love.

"I have been to my mother's, and to one or two more places. What are you so busy over, dear?"

"I am writing invitations," said Sibylla.

"Invitations! Before people have called upon you?"

"They can call all the same. I have been asking Mary Tynn how many beds she can, by dint of screwing, afford. I am going to fill them all. I shall ask them for a month. How grave you look, Lionel!"

"In this first, early sojourn together in our own house, Sibylla, I think we shall be happier alone."

"Oh, no, we should not. I love visitors. We shall be together all the same, Lionel."

"My little wife," he said, "if you cared for me as I care for you, you would not feel the want of visitors just now."

And there was no sophistry in this speech. He had come to the conviction that Lucy ought to have been his wife, but he did care for Sibylla very much. The prospect of a house full of guests at the present moment, appeared most displeasing to him, if only as a matter of taste.

"Put it off for a few weeks, Sibylla."

Sibylla pouted.

"It is of no use preaching, Lionel. If you are to be a preaching husband, I shall be sorry I married you. Fred was never that."

Lionel's face turned blood-red. Sibylla put up her hand, and drew it carelessly down.

"You must let me have my own way for this once," she coaxingly said. "What's the use of my bringing all those loves of things from Paris, if we are to live in a dungeon, and nobody's to see them? I must invite them, Lionel."

"Very well," he answered, yielding the point. Yielding it the more readily from the consciousness above spoken of.

"There's my dear Lionel! I knew you would never turn tyrant. And now I want something else."

"What's that?" asked Lionel.

"A cheque."

"A cheque? I gave you one this morning, Sibylla."

"Oh! but the one you gave me is for house-keeping—for Tynn, and all that. I want one for myself. I am not going to have my expenses come out of the housekeeping."

Lionel sat down to write one, a good-natured smile on his face. "I'm sure I don't know what you will find to spend it in, after all the finery you bought in Paris," he said, in a joking tone. "How much shall I fill it in for?"

"As much as you will," replied Sibylla, too eagerly. "Couldn't you give it me in blank, and let me fill it in?"

He made no answer. He drew it for a £100, and gave it her.

"Will that do, my dear?"

She drew his face down again caressingly. But, in spite of the kisses left upon his lips, Lionel had awoke to the conviction, firm and undoubted, that his wife did not love him.

(To be continued.)

THE STRANGE STORY OF KITTY HANCOMB.

BY HER GREAT NIECE.

HER portrait hangs opposite to me—above the piano; it is very delicately painted, only the most transparent shadows have fallen upon that exquisite oval face.

Tradition says that this likeness was taken abroad by an Italian artist, and all picture-loving strangers, who enter our drawing-room, look at it again and again, as if they knew instinctively that a story must belong to the owner of the remarkable countenance which confronts them with so much cold dignity, and a calm defiant expression of proud reserve. Nor are these visitors mistaken. The original of that portrait was a most prosperous and undetected criminal, who buried in her own breast all the secret penalties and harassing anxieties which inevitably pursue THE GUILTY; having sinned advisedly, and made her own bargain with her own soul, she kept her dark counsel securely to the last half hour of her life, and was carried to her grave with all the pomp which became a most virtuous and right honourable matron, attended by two chief mourners, who had courted and wedded her in true love and faith—both of whom she had cruelly deceived, yet both forgave her, and were bitterly grieved to find her so guilty at last. She must have been a very lovely woman. The brown hair is turned off her fine forehead, but one shadowy curl wanders over her neck and

bust; her eyes have a more glowing tone of colour, they are singularly liquid and melting; her profile is slightly aquiline, and an indescribable expression of *finesse* and determination lurks about her full but firmly-closed mouth; the carriage of the lady's head is haughty, and she looks perfectly conscious of her commanding beauty, as, with one slender bloodless hand, she daintily fingers a blue scarf, which falls over the right side of her dusky pink dress. The original of this portrait was, for a short time, the wife of one of my great-uncles, whom I will call Mr. St. George, therefore hers is a family story, which I am often called upon to tell whether in the vein



Kitty Hancomb (Photographed from the Original Painting).

or not; so, once for all, I have resolved to put it on paper, this dreary summer day, when the wind is whistling an autumnal tune, and the leaves and flowers are weeping in the rain, and the air is heavy with the scent of the large white syringa blossoms which are laid in foreign countries about the beloved dead; the monotonous tolling from a distant cemetery falls upon my ear meanwhile, in grave concord with the melancholy weather, and the task to which I have set myself.

On the 11th day of February, 1720, Robert Hancomb, and Judith his wife, brought their little daughter to be baptised, and they gave her the name of Catherine. Her father was a prosperous yeoman, dwelling on a fertile promontory which juts out boldly into the German Ocean. He farmed several hundred acres of the best corn lands in England; they are salted by the sea fogs, and a tract of marine marshes lies beyond, where his cattle fed, and the plovers grey and golden came in autumn, and long strings of wild fowl alighted in frosty nights—the wild white swans, and dun birds were among them, and the heavy black geese. A picturesque old manor house was the residence of the occupying tenant of this

great farm; it is built of dark bricks, with curious round gables, and a tiled roof. On one side, among a few fine elms, stands the parish church, at a considerable distance from the village and parsonage to which it belongs. On the other is the old-fashioned plentiful kitchen-garden, with sunny fruitful walls, and a many-coloured margin of well-known English flowers, while the wealthy stackyard, and extensive range of farm-buildings are grouped on a green opposite the house.

The happiest and most innocent years of Kitty Hancomb's life were spent in this pleasant home, but the old hall, in its most manorial days, had never sheltered a spirit so restless and aspiring as hers. The fame of her great loveliness spread early: before she had advanced far in her teens she was the beauty and popular toast of her agricultural district. The eyes of every man she met paid her the same tacit homage of involuntary admiration; but she looked down upon her equals among the wealthy yeomanry, for her thoughts wandered to the two great houses of the neighbourhood, where "the faithful Commons" were powerfully represented by a selfish placeman, enjoying the most lucrative appointments, of whose character and career we may read in Lord Stanhope's "Life of Pitt," and "Selwyn's Memoirs;" while a great Earl, who descended illegitimately from the Princes of Orange, did the honours for the House of Peers on the same promontory; so, when time went heavily at these fine places, a gay band of guests would sally forth in quest of amusement, and very gallant gentlemen, and ladies, whom Sir Joshua painted, sometimes found their way to the lonely old hall, to gaze at the rare young beauty who blossomed among her native corn-fields; and, while they patronised and flattered her, the girl adroitly caught something of their tone and air, as well as the fashion of their dresses. But though the fine gentlemen stared very boldly, and whispered with her when the great ladies were not looking that way, not one of them talked to her of marriage—it remained for that rash step to be taken by the young vicar of a neighbouring parish. He bore the name and arms of a knightly family, now ennobled, and long resident in a midland county: he was the second of three brothers who had received their education at the University of Cambridge, and were afterwards well beneficed clergymen in our Church. When Alexander St. George had resolved on taking so much beauty and restless pride to his retired parsonage, he invited the youngest of his fraternal band to accompany him on one of his visits to Kitty Hancomb.

Now, Maurice St. George was a far shrewder man than Alexander. Though a popular preacher, he enjoyed the reputation of being the best hand at whist in his county: he was a fine scholar, a genial, intelligent *bon-vivant*. Of course, such a man was the chaplain and intimate friend of the Earl, and the constant guest of the wealthy placeman we have described: his social and literary talents were rewarded by a vicarage, and a rectory, and a prebendal stall; moreover, he had himself made a prudent marriage; there-

fore he was not prepared, perhaps, to look very favourably on the dowerless yeoman's daughter of whose airs and graces he had heard so much. Family tradition does not say that Alexander St. George asked for the advice which, after half an hour's conversation with Kitty, Doctor Maurice emphatically tendered as they drove home side by side.

"Don't do it, brother, don't!" reiterated the prebendary. "A beautiful creature, a lovely woman—who will play you a trick, depend upon it, Alexander!—who will play you a trick, if you only give her the chance."

However, of course the young vicar married our heroine, and the sequel of their history verified my grandfather's prediction; he, probably saw that the girl did not love his brother, and knew that she was totally unfitted for the duties and position of a clergyman's wife. She brought many disturbing qualities and great bitterness of spirit into the remote parsonage and quiet study at Stoke, but no children were born of their ill-starred union, and, unsoftened and undisciplined, remained the singular and selfish character which has left its subtle, but discernible traces among lineaments and colouring of so much refinement.

The name of Mrs. St. George had not been injuriously associated with that of any gentleman up to the hour of her disappearance; but she had been always discontented with her own lot, and very confident in the power of her beauty. At last she resolved to break away from every relationship and connection, to quit the scenes of her past life for ever, and to start afresh on another stage, unincumbered by any ties or duties. Two accounts are given concerning the manner of her departure: in the first it is stated that Catherine was present, with Mr. St. George, at a masquerade in the house of a friend whom they were visiting in London; and that during the course of the evening she walked from the crowded reception rooms, unobserved by her husband, with a mysterious companion, whose name and rank have never transpired, or been surmised. The second version says, that our heroine set forth from home alone, one fine day, without making any explanation, or leaving the vaguest clue behind by which her route or destination could be traced. She had taken all her measures with an extraordinary ingenuity and deliberation; the inmates of Stoke Vicarage watched and waited for her return, but she never came back to them alive. She has not been charged with defrauding Mr. St. George of anything besides herself: she must therefore have started on her enterprise with a very light purse and slender wardrobe. But here occurs a hiatus in her story which her husband's family have never been able to fill up. It was reported that she frequented places of public amusement, and lived disreputably in London for a time. If this account be correct, she certainly never endured the hardships, or passed through the degrading vicissitudes to which she had rendered herself liable. However, the owner of that reticent mouth and able forehead was no common character among our unhappy sisters, who have "forsaken the guides

of their youth, and forgotten the covenant of their God." She speedily met with a powerful protector, and gained all that she had learned to covet in very early days; but nothing was heard of her at Stoke until the summer of 1752, and to find her again we must travel far away from the great farm, its corn lands and marine marshes; far from Mr. St. George's parsonage on our eastern coast, to "Verona's Champain," as Dante and his faithful Carey have it, to a sick room in an Italian villa. On her deathbed lay the lost wife, and among the terrible bloom and brightness of hectic fever the haunted soul looked out in the anxious intensity of her glowing brown eyes, and mental emotion and physical suffering were indicated by the painful working of her thin nostrils. A young man knelt beside her, listening and watching for every word, symptom, or look. He remained there night and day, with his fingers linked in hers, and on one of them he had placed the only wedding ring which she wore then. His was that fearfully prodigal love which the reverent mind contemplates mournfully, since it is doomed to end in darkness—so idolatrous was his devotion to a human being, so complete and desperate his abandonment to an earthly passion: he had given all indeed—heart and spirit—to the perishing woman before him, and he never counted the cost, or reckoned how large was his venture, until she was taken, and he had made utter shipwreck.

John Viscount Dalrie might have been about twenty-five years of age: he was the heir to an earldom, and his countess-mother descended from the house of "proud Argyle." Her son was distinguished for personal grace and beauty; he possessed a highly cultivated exquisitely sensitive mind, and the hapless young nobleman proved himself as gravely enduring and courageously faithful as the stoutest and most chivalric knight in the long rolls of his ancestry. He met Mrs. St. George during one of his visits to London; but tradition is silent as to how, or under what circumstances, he made her acquaintance. Her great beauty and charming grace of manner captivated him, and he appears to have accepted, without inquiry, the account which she found it convenient to give of herself. He actually married her, and they went abroad together immediately after the ceremony. It was not at all probable that this friendless, mysterious woman could be graciously received as a daughter by his noble parents, and concealment was everything to Catherine; a prolonged absence from England would give her far better chance of escaping detection, and, without doubt, she urged this plan upon him.

During the next four years they travelled over the greater part of Europe, never remaining long in any place, since Catherine was more restless than even in former days, and she now carried in her own bosom certain fierce pursuers, from whom there is no escape. Lord Dalrie's confidence in her merit and truth was never clouded by suspicion or doubt; but the increasing delicacy of his dear companion's health occasioned him great uneasiness. The keeping her guilty secret, the constant watchfulness, anxiety, and relentless

self-restraint attendant on the consistent maintenance of the imposture in which she had embarked, were slowly consuming her natural spirits and sapping her strength; during those years of external prosperity she had known little peace, for He whom she had forsaken took his place permanently in her thoughts beside Him whom she had deceived.

Catherine could not forget all that she would; inextinguishable memories and an unwonted tenderness for lost friends and former scenes came over her in her sickness; she found it very difficult to smother these feelings sometimes. The fragrance of her native bean-fields was remembered among the orange-trees of Italy; the shadow of the tall churchyard elms still reached her there; the cheery chiming or measured tolling of the bells in the belfry beside her early home; and the sullen murmurings of that distant restless northern sea.

But the season for the indulgence of mournful sentiments and subdued regrets was past; the uncontrollable terrors of death and judgment were upon her. If she would do anything, it must be done quickly—some decision was imperative; and her heart failed within her as she seemed to be sinking lower and lower in her tenderly guarded deathbed. She could not deceive herself; her crime was utterly selfish. Happily, no voice ever called her mother. No children were born of her second worthless marriage, to give her a motive, colourable even to herself, for maintaining her successful deception. Maternal affection could not interpose to mask the enormity of any part of her guilt; and all that she had acquired, at such a ruinous price, was passing from her,—and become, long before dissolution, entirely void, indifferent, and wearisome. Of the many luxuries with which her lover had surrounded her,—of all the costly, beautiful, and delicious things that she had won or worn,—only a bed to die upon, only some cold water to moisten her lips, could she use or accept then. In her state of painful languor, even the gentle tokens of that lover's inextinguishable affection, were a trial and trouble to her. Had she dared to act according to her inclinations, she would have thrust away the hand that imprisoned her own, and the fine young face that pressed towards hers. She would have motioned him to stand aside, and turned her face to the wall, while an avenging conscience wrung from her proud, unwilling spirit the graceless and tardy resolution to confess her hidden guilt *before, but only just before*, she died. She knew that this revelation must change the beloved and honoured wife, the dignified lady of title, into a criminal impostor, with the branding irons, and all the horrors of the prisons of the time, before her. No wonder that she did not wish to survive her confession one hour; her plan was to make it *at the last, the very last*, and to be gone!

When exhaustion and unconsciousness would have been quieting human care in almost any other brain, that which worked under the pale high forehead before me was engaged in calculating the amount of her diminishing strength, and keeping watch lest death should surprise her before she had completed the work which she had

reserved for the last minutes of her life; and she was able to execute her plan, and to time her confession with the utmost accuracy.

She had not over-estimated the strength of her own will, or the tenacious vitality of her brain; she could act deliberately, and reason, after her speech was gone; her mind could dictate, and her hand obey then, and she made signs for pen and ink. With the death-dews bursting over her forehead, she lived to complete these sentences, which, containing no superfluous syllable, reveal the truth, and indicate faintly her own slow repentance.

"I am the wife of the Rev. Alexander St. George, Vicar of Stoke, in Dashshire. My maiden name was Catherine Hancomb. My last request is to be buried at Stoke."

Great was the dismay of Lord Dalrie on reading the contents of the paper which fell from beneath his wife's fingers, as her ears closed against his passionate appeals for explanation.

She was gone before he had gathered the astounding meaning of the lines she had written. At first he discredited them altogether; it was quite impossible to believe that the dear companion of his happiest years was so strangely guilty. A shocking hallucination had passed before a diseased and fading mind; the indistinct remembrance of some trouble connected with her early friends might have recurred to her in these last moments, and taken this confused and distressing form. Only one passage of that writing was intelligible to Lord Dalrie, and he instantly prepared to comply with her earnest request "to be buried at Stoke, in Dashshire."

The body of this beautiful and much loved woman was carefully embalmed, and secured "in a very fine coffin decorated with six large silver plates;" it was then placed in a strong wooden case, which entirely concealed the ominous shape and hue of the burden within. The jewellery and handsome wardrobe which had belonged to the deceased were packed in other chests; and with this cumbrous baggage the young Viscount set forth on his mournful and tedious pilgrimage, from Verona, by land, to the coast of France. The ordinary difficulties of such a journey in those days seem almost incredible in these; but Lord Dalrie considered neither trouble nor cost; he derived his only consolation from fulfilling Catherine's dying wishes.

Most probably the lurking doubts which must have beset him gathered strength by the way, for we find him engaging a ship to carry him and his freight to Dover, under the assumed name of Mr. Williams, a Hamburg merchant; and he does not seem to have retained a single attendant in his service. On landing, he discharged this vessel, thus destroying one more clue to detection; and he hired another to convey him and his chests to the seaport which lay nearest the village of Stoke. However, all his calculations were disconcerted by contrary winds, which drove him into the harbour of H—, several miles lower down the coast. It was here that the Custom-house officers came upon the scene. Though the signature of the King of France was appended to the carefully

drawn credentials of Mr. Williams, they refused to identify as a Hamburg merchant this gentleman in deep mourning, of very distinguished manners and figure, who declared that he could only speak French and Latin, and sat despondingly among his suspicious chests, resolutely declining to give any further account of himself or his baggage.

We must remember that only seven years had elapsed since the disastrous rebellion of '45; there was a popular Pretender on the continent, and many intriguers on the alert at home. But setting aside this political aspect, and regarding the affair in a businesslike manner, it certainly became the duty of the officials to examine the contents of the traveller's boxes, since not only did Cognac, Schiedam, and tobacco arrive there in an illicit manner, but French gloves and brocades, Mechlin and Lille laces, and costly trimmings of Court Point found their way into England under very curious disguises along our eastern coasts. We know of some valuable pieces of ornamental china that came from the Celestial Empire by way of Holland, plunged deeply in firkins of innocent butter, which passed unexamined through a Dashshire custom-house. Therefore, without paying the slightest attention to the French and Latin remonstrances of Mr. Williams, the revenue officers were proceeding to plunge their hangers into the largest chest, when the Hamburg merchant clapped his hand on his sword, and commanded them to desist, for therein was laid awaiting burial, at the place which she had appointed, the corpse of his dear wife; but this violent explanation, so far from giving the officials any confidence or increased satisfaction, only deepened and darkened their suspicions against this eccentric traveller. They now most probably held the clue to some terrible case of mysterious murder! They immediately broke into the case, wrenched off the lid of the coffin, and the boldest hand among them lifted the cere-cloths from the face of the embalmed body. The gentleman in whose possession the corpse had been found was then taken, with his supposed victim, to the vestry of the church at H—, and detained there several days under strict surveillance: he was not to be allowed to bury his dead until he had cleared himself of all suspicion; and as the churchyard to which he was bound happened to be situated in the same county, it was hoped that the corpse, or its guardian, might be recognised by some one among the crowds of curious people from the town and neighbourhood, who came and went as they pleased, to see and consider the strange spectacle of this embalmed lady and the foreign gentleman who so faithfully attended upon her. He showed no inclination to abscond, and they pronounced him a "very genteel person," and a "man of quality." But as he sat there, the object of so much wonder and idle curiosity, Lord Dalrie sometimes burst into tears of passionate indignation at the unseemly exposure of his dear wife's remains. An awful change had been passing over that beloved face ever since the light and air of the living world had been admitted to this citizen of the grave. We can remember no recorded instance of a similar ordeal of an equally

prolonged duration. Though Iñes de Castro was raised from her coffin to receive the homage of the Portuguese nobles: her mouldering form was carried immediately afterwards to its marble resting-place in the Monastery of Alcobaca, and very brief was the visit which a crazy king of the adjoining realm paid to his entombed Louise.

Lord Dalrie strictly preserved his incognito, until a visitor came into the vestry, who understood French and Latin, who spoke like an educated courteous gentleman to the lonely mourner, and it happened to be this person also who first recognised the changing features of the inmate of the rich coffin, and told the young widower what were the names which had once belonged to his beloved Catherine. Mr. St. George was immediately communicated with, and he learned the manner of his lost wife's return to her native country, and her strange adventures since she had parted from him. It is not surprising that he should have "put himself into a passion," as our printed authority states, nor, considering the social tone of the day, that he so far forgot his clerical obligations as "to threaten to run Lord Dalrie through the body." But when he had had time to consider the whole piteous truth, the deception which had been practised on this true nobleman, and the passionate constancy which had upheld him through his toilsome land journey, and the rude annoyances following his passage by sea, and still kept him at his post beside her coffin in the church at H—, the first husband of Kitty Hanccomb consented to meet the young Viscount, who yet persisted in calling her "his dear wife" also.

The interview is said to have been "very moving," and Lord Dalrie earnestly assured Mr. St. George of his entire innocence, and of the honest intentions which he had entertained throughout the affair; but even this discovery of Catherine's guilt did not put his love to shame, nor shake his determination to attend upon her, even to the last. He accompanied the body to its interment at Stoke, followed by mutes and hired mourners muffled in crape and silk, and drawn by black-plumed horses. He gave this wretched woman the burial of a legitimate Lady Dalrie. The pompous *cortège* staid for a few minutes before the gate of the vicarage at Stoke, and the young nobleman hurried into the house, from whence he presently reappeared leading forth Mr. St. George, clothed in weeds as deep as those worn by himself, and they both stood, the chief mourners, beside her grave on the 9th day of July, in the year of our Lord, 1752.

In great depression, apparently inconsolable, Lord Dalrie departed, declaring that he should leave England immediately, and for ever; since he could not bear to enter it again. He survived Kate Hanccomb exactly three years, dying on the 11th of August, 1755; during the lifetime of the Earl, his father, who expired in the following November. We gather these particulars from an old "Debrett's Peerage" for 1814:—the very existence of John, Lord Dalrie, is passed over unrecorded in modern, and more popular "Peerages." The name of this unhappy heir has been

struck out of the history of his prosperous house. Mr. St. George took the evils of life more easily, but he never married again, and was laid in his quiet churchyard, on the 11th July, 1774. The family of Hancomb is extinct; Kitty's monument has been lately removed by the vicar, and a flat stone put down over her remains to make the floor of the vestry. So there she is shut up out of sight and mind, along with the parish registers, and every Sunday, the officiating parson and clerk tramp solemnly over the author of a scandal, too great and romantic to be quite forgotten even in the third or fourth generation.

DIANA BUTLER.

LINDESFARN;

"SAINT CUTHBERT'S HOLY ISLE."

LINDESFARN, or, as it is more generally called, Holy Island, is situated upon the east coast of Northumberland, about midway between Berwick and North Sunderland, and though comparatively unknown to the tourist, possesses much historical and antiquarian interest deserving of a better acquaintance. Hallowed as the spot where Aidan, the apostle of the North, founded his first monastic retreat, and where St. Cuthbert performed most of his miracles, it has been poetically immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in "Marmion,"—nowhere is his influence over the imagination more powerfully exemplified than by the involuntary homage rendered by the primitive race of islanders, to whom the tragedy of Constance's trials and entombment has become a matter of tradition; for even at this day the little fisher lads drop their shrill voices, and point, with half-averted eye, to Constance's tomb, now—

Burst open to the sea winds' sweep,—

and tell how her death-shriek still startles the echoes of the ruined abbey, mingling with the war of the tempest, and that not a man in the island will put to sea if the "white men" have appeared.

Bede calls Lindesfarn a semi-island, as upon the north-west the sands are left dry by the receding tide, forming a communication with the mainland, of some four miles in distance, which, although safe enough at the ebb tide, and with a guide, directly the flow sets in becomes buried with quicksands: these, too, are of such a deceptive character, that it is impossible to guard against them, except by being in time,—a fact impressed strongly on my memory, in consequence of having, on one occasion, literally to ride for my life, the sands quaking at every step; and even, after having got past the danger in this sense, the tide rising with such rapidity that my saddle-flaps were deep in the salt water long before I gained the landing-place at Beal: thus bidding fair to test the possible truth of the legend, telling how a certain Alice Foster, mounted upon a famous roan mare, once swam the Taw to reach the death-bed of her husband.

Yet dangerous as these sands undoubtedly are, accidents seldom occurred: three only happened during the years I lived near the island; two resulting in death, and one in which the late Mr. Trevillian was obliged to leave his phaeton and horses to their fate, himself narrowly escaping on

foot. The safest plan of crossing is to go down to a point of land which forms the northern boundary of Bridle Bay, and there, hiring a boat, row across the narrow spit of water which here divides the island from the main.

The actual surface, though computed at 1000 acres, does not embrace more than half that quantity in cultivable land, the remainder consisting of sand hills covered with a short coarse bent. The village or town—(every collection of cottages, however miserable, is in the north a "toon")—numbers a few fishermen's huts, one or two lodging-houses, a couple of fish-stores and salting-houses, and also the manor-house and parsonage; the last being "Pastor's" house in Miss Porter's charming old novel.

Although the ruins of the abbey are the centre of attraction, the castle is wedded to many a romantic legend of war arising in the quarrelsome days of the Border raids: it bears the tell-tale signs of hard blows upon its time-worn walls; and every fisherman would be up in arms if the visitor took his departure without exploring the caves and wetting his lips at the miraculous wishing-well. Just at the foot of the heights crowned by the ruins, and some quarter of a mile below high-water mark, is a curious rock known as the Chair, or Workshop—

Where good St. Cuthbert toils to frame

The heaven-born beads that bear his name,

and whence the fishermen say that the chipping of his hammer may yet be heard, and when audible always portends a storm—the benevolent saint still keeping the advantage and safety of his friends in mind. The beads known as St. Cuthbert's are Entrochi, and with many beautifully marked fossils abundant in the limestone worked on the island.

The first special notice I can find of Lindesfarn is that in the reign of Oswald, when a Scottish monk named Aidan followed the footsteps of Paulinus, carrying out the good work so successfully that in seven days he made 15,000 converts, all of whom he baptised in the river Glen, at Yeving, one of the royal residences. Such signal success found many admirers in Scotland, and a number of Aidan's old friends soon joined him, anxious to bear the heat and burthen of the day, or, if happily that was over, to share in the reward. These formed themselves into a brotherhood, and adopting the monastic rule of St. Colomba, established themselves on Lindesfarn on account of its retirement and safety, its proximity to the favourite residence of Oswald—Babbaun, now Bamburgh Castle,—and the solemnising effect produced by the contemplation of the "mysterious sea."

A very primitive structure, erected with split oak and rushes, served as their home and place of worship, the foundation of the abbey being laid by St. Cuthbert, and "so mightily" improved by Eadbert and his successors that it attracted the rapacity of the Danes in 743, who, landing upon the peaceful little island, pillaged the abbey and murdered or drove the monks into the sea. Such a calamity filled the North with consternation, considering, as they had taught themselves to do,

that the dead presence of the saint would preserve the place from desecration. After this the abbey did not regain its former magnificence until 830, when Egfrid being consecrated bishop, he devoted his fortune, talents, and time to its restoration, and thus again Lindesfarn began to rear its head as proudly as of yore.

When the remains of the saint were deposited at Chester-le-Street, the bishopric was transferred from the island, which, from that date, ceased to be an episcopal see, and is at the present day an archdeaconry in the see of Durham.

The inhabitants or islanders, as they prefer to be called, are direct descendants of the old Saxons, and though large and heavily built, the men are active and muscular.

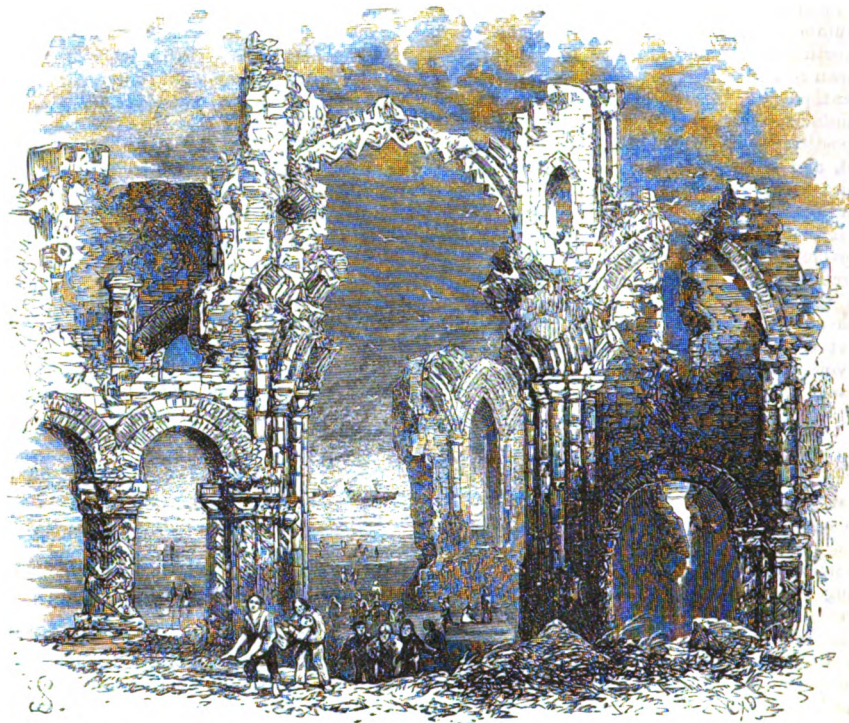
The ruins of the abbey have been sadly neglected,

and indeed ruthlessly dismembered to build the houses in the village. Yet sufficient still remains to prove its former magnificence, and the strength that, for twelve hundred years, resisted the ravages of wind and weather, turning its cheeks—

Like veteran worn, but unsubdued,

to meet the storms of generation after generation.

The ancient church was built in the cruciform style; the body and chancel are still standing; the other portions completely ruined, and in some parts level with the ground. The diversity of architecture renders it evident that the building must have been repaired and enlarged at different periods, as we find examples of every age, from the simplest description of early Saxon down to the graceful arches of Henry II. : it is plain that



the square tower was erected long after the first building of the church; the pillars supporting the arches in the centre of the cross are clustered, with plain capitals, each forming a corner of the great tower, the south wall of which, about fifty feet high, is standing. This tower once formed, as in most cathedrals, what is termed a lanthorn; and, from the angles, arches were sprung, crossing diagonally, to form a canopy roof. The bows of one arch still remain, and though so light and delicate in its workmanship, and so beautifully hollowed upon its pillars as to give the idea that a breath would over-turn it, I have often heard my father say, that climbing across it was one of his boyhood's feats.

The fragments of offices belonging to the abbey are scattered over a space of nearly five acres, and

especially about the rocky eminence upon which these buildings stand, round the edge of which the grey walls still cling, fretted and worn by the spray of centuries, and awakening many a wild remembrance of former times, forcing upon the mind the instability of man's greatest works. The rocks and sea are there in all the wild beauty they wore twelve hundred years ago, when the walls of the wealthy abbey rose proudly above them. Where are those walls now? Crumbled, broken and dismantled.

This world is all a fleeting show,
For man's illusion given.

The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
Deceitful shine, deceitful flow;

There's nothing true but Heaven.

ISABELLA FENTON.

THE DEADLY AFFINITY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER II. COMING SHADOWS.

I FOUND Fred Holdsworth located in one of the many streets leading from the Strand towards the river. He had secured rooms for me in the same house; and although I did not like the place (it was noisy all day in front with heavy carts; and noisy all night behind with cats), still, as he approved of it, and as I wanted company, I stayed, and was soon reconciled. I rapidly became immersed in my studies, and Holdsworth seemed also immersed in pleasure and all the jollities of medical student life. We were very unlike in disposition, and probably for that very reason were the better friends. We never had the semblance of a quarrel, and consequently lived on very comfortably. He could not comprehend my wish to study chemistry only for the love of science. When in his sensible moments, however, I could see that he was very fond of his profession, and he was continually advising me to enter myself as a student of medicine and surgery. But I had no taste for therapeutics.

Many of his studies, however, led him in the same direction as myself, and at last he had to undergo the ordeal of some examination which he was desirous of passing creditably; and to do him justice, he worked very hard. He used to sit in the house at night (a very unusual thing for him), and pore over his books, while I, on the other side

of the table, was arranging my notes, or jotting down memoranda of the experiments which I had completed during the day. He found me of some assistance to him in his chemical studies, and was in the habit of consulting me at times. I remember a conversation that we had one evening which led in the end to very strange and awful results, brought me misery and pain, and led me close to the gate of death.

We had been conversing on that mysterious and fascinating portion of chemistry which relates to attraction and repulsion, chemical combinations and decompositions and elective affinity. I recollect now that I startled myself by some of the strange fancies which I indulged in.

Holdsworth had confessed that he had been perplexed in trying to class together several substances which had been placed before him in a mixed solution. He could not arrange the acids and bases to his satisfaction, and complained bitterly that he believed it was all empiricism to say that one could tell accurately which substances were in conjunction. After trying to explain the subject to him, I remember saying that if he would listen to me for a short time, he might be able to gain some hints which might be useful to him.

"You must have observed," I said, "that some chemical substances are of such a nature that

when brought into contact, they immediately lay hold of one another, so to speak. They unite together ultimately, and form a substance entirely different from either of the original. The impulse by which these bodies join together is called chemical attraction, or affinity—names given, I presume, for want of a better. Now, it appears to me as if these inorganic, inanimate substances possessed a sort of spirit—an intelligence—a will of their own. Don't shake your head so disbelievingly, but hear me out. Take the case of *elective affinity*, which, by its very title, gives to these so-called dead substances the property of a *power of choosing*. As an example of what I mean generally let me remind you of a very common mineral, chalk, or carbonate of lime; in it a solid substance, lime, is combined with a colourless gas called carbonic acid. Now, the instant that another acid, say sulphuric acid, is brought in contact with chalk, what is the result? The new acid and the lime spring to each other and combine together at once, while the colourless carbonic acid gas is thrown off into the air. What power is this, that the new acid possesses? What makes the lime throw up its alliance with the gas? I believe myself that it is intimately connected with a law that exists throughout creation both in the animate and inanimate world,—that opposite natures should be drawn together. Inorganic substances which have the strongest "attraction" for one another, are those which differ most entirely in their qualities. You may take acids and alkalis as an example. Look around, too, in the world of your acquaintances, and do you not everywhere see persons of opposite natures strongly attracted to one another, especially in the cases of friends, lovers, or husbands and wives? I do not mean to say that we do not see the contrary sometimes, and meet with cases of like joining to like. Even in chemistry we find that some acids when mixed form a more powerful acid than when separate. But still I hold that throughout the organic and inorganic worlds, opposite natures attract each other and combine the most strongly."

"Oh, Charlie, Charlie," said Holdsworth, "you are getting quite beyond the subject. I should make the Professor stare with astonishment if I were to come out with such fantastic notions. But I could not help thinking, while you were speaking, that Old Walstein would just suit you."

"Old Walstein! Who is Old Walstein?"

"Nobody seems to know, but he is a very clever old fellow,—Doctor Walstein I believe he calls himself. He has taken out a card for practical chemistry at our place, and works all day in our laboratory. He is deep in organic chemistry, and has prepared, while he has been with us, a splendid collection of rare crystals, both from animal and vegetable substances. He is very talkative, and has taken a great fancy to me, but there is something about the look of his eyes that I don't like. In fact, there is no 'elective affinity,' as you call it, between us, as far as I am concerned. He was speaking to me only the other day, in the same strain as you have been talking to me. Would you like to know him? I'll introduce you."

"I should like to know him very much,—what is he? where does he live?"

"I haven't the slightest idea what his occupation is; I have, however, a notion that, like you, he is studying chemistry merely for the love of it. As to where he lives, I believe it is somewhere in Wales, but at present he is staying in Piccadilly—Albemarle Street, number—"

"You seem to know his address pretty well."

"Well, I saw his daughter—that is—I mean, I saw his carriage stop there one day."

"Oh, he has a daughter, has he? Well, you need not blush so, Fred."

"I'm not blushing. I have only seen her once or twice. The doctor's carriage used to come for him in the afternoon, and I have seen a young lady in it, who I fancy is his daughter. She is very pretty—fair with blue eyes, but she seems dreadfully delicate, for she is always wrapped up in furs, even in this warm weather. I've not seen her for the last month, either in the carriage or at the window of the house—"

"Oh, you have been looking out for her, have you? Come—come, don't begin to blush again,—if you will allow me to go with you to the laboratory to-morrow, I should like to meet this doctor friend of yours."

"I shall be happy to introduce you, and I think you will get on well together," said Fred, and we dropped the subject.

The next afternoon I called at the laboratory according to appointment. It was a large dingly-lighted apartment, looking out on the Thames under arches. There were wooden benches fitted up with shelves filled with bottles and phials, retorts, lamps, crucibles, and all the paraphernalia required in the study of chemistry. The room was full of young students, from the midst of whom Holdsworth emerged and led me forward to introduce me to Doctor Walstein.

The old man seemed quite out of place among the crowd of youthful students around him. His appearance struck me as being very peculiar. He was dressed in a coarse dark blouse, made with tight fitting sleeves, and fastened round the waist with a leathern strap. He wore a black velvet skull-cap, from under which his snow white hair appeared. But his face impressed me the most strongly. I was both attracted and repulsed by it—attracted by the evident fire of genius which glowed in its every feature, and repulsed by the expression of his eyes, which produced an indescribable feeling of fear and submission. His skin was bronzed; evidently by much exposure whilst travelling, and his small keen grey eyes scintillated with a strange light under his overhanging white eyebrows. His nose was long, thin, and aquiline, and his massive forehead was deeply furrowed between the eyebrows, as we often see in men who have suffered deeply or studied much and painfully. The lower part of his face was concealed by a thick white moustache and beard; but he smiled as Holdsworth introduced me, and took my hand with seeming cordiality.

Even at this lapse of time I can remember that smile and that pressure of the hand, vividly. Every feature in his face smiled, but his eyes did not change their fixed, piercing look, and, as he continued to talk upon various subjects, they seemed to hold me under a fascination, for which

afterwards I vainly endeavoured to account. He showed me several exquisite crystalline substances and chemical preparations, each inclosed in a curiously carved wooden case. These, he informed me, he had produced while he had been in the laboratory, and that he had come to London in order to prepare them, as they were intended to assist him in a series of experiments, on which he was engaged in the country. He said, also, that his stay in town would not be long, and giving me his address, told me that he would be happy to see me in the evening, whenever I could call upon him.

I left the place without even speaking to Holdsworth. I was lost in thought, and my mind seemed overcome with an unaccountable presentiment of evil. I tried to shake off this feeling, but found that it was impossible to do so,—the glittering eyes of the old man seemed to haunt me. When I got to my rooms I began to consider what there was about the Doctor that had produced so singular and disagreeable an effect upon me. One thing I thought that I detected, namely, that Fred Holdsworth had evidently been speaking to him about some of my fanciful ideas with regard to the connection between organic and inorganic nature. This I presumed, not from any direct remark from the Doctor, but rather from observations that he had made to me, seemingly by chance, while showing to me his chemical preparations. I also remembered, with a shudder, that nearly all the substances which he displayed were virulent poisons. When I pondered on this fact, again the shadow of impending evil fell upon me, and once more I seemed to hear the sweet, low voice of Mary Maurice whispering at my side, "Beware of poisons! beware of poisons!" I started from my reverie, almost expecting to find her in the room, but I found it was all the work of imagination. Still the remembrance of my loved cousin was enough to dissipate my gloom. I endeavoured to cast off the evil foreboding which overshadowed me, and I succeeded. What was Doctor Walstein to me, or I to Doctor Walstein, that I should care for him? I declared to myself that I would have nothing more to do with him or his poisonous experiments, and when Holdsworth arrived in the evening, he found me in better spirits than usual.

"Well, Charlie," said he, "what do you think of our Doctor? I can assure you that he has taken a strong liking to you; indeed, he told me to tell you that you must not forget to call upon him."

"To tell you the truth, Fred, I have no great partiality for your old friend, and have no desire to meet him again."

"I think, however, that you ought to call, if it was only to see his daughter. She is really a most beautiful girl,—and you see—knowing that we live together,—you might get an invitation for me on another occasion."

"Oh! that's how the land lies, is it, Fred? I thought there was a little bit of self in it; but you must excuse me. I cannot explain my reasons to you, but my wish is, to avoid Doctor Walstein if possible; besides, you cannot care very much for a girl whom you have never spoken to."

Holdsworth was a handsome, strong young

fellow, but he had one weakness, which was, that he could not conceal a blush. He turned very red at my last remark, and was silent.

After a week had elapsed, I received a note from the Doctor, inviting me to his lodgings on the following evening, and as I had really no valid excuse for declining, I went, to the great envy of my companion. But I saw that his envy was tempered with the hope that my visit would result advantageously for himself.

An evil-faced servant in black opened the door for me, and told me to walk upstairs, where I found Doctor Walstein, who received me cordially, almost affectionately. He was alone, and we immediately began to converse about ordinary topics. He had evidently seen much, and studied much, and on every subject he spoke shrewdly, and with a touch of satire that suited my youthful taste exactly. I did not perceive it at first, but I found out afterwards, that notwithstanding his light and fluent mode of guiding the conversation, he was drawing me out, and making me speak of subjects that I would not have ventured upon with anyone else. He had even got me to speak in somewhat glowing terms about my Yorkshire home and my Uncle Mark. In doing this, however, I felt that I was saying too much before a complete stranger, and I became silent.

The shades of evening filled the room, and the old man was sitting with his back to the window, so I could not see the expression on his face, but I felt that those piercing grey eyes of his were bent upon me, with their strange, fascinating glance. I was roused by the Doctor informing me that coffee was awaiting us in the adjoining room. He put his arm through mine, and opened the folding-doors leading into the inner apartment. A lamp in the middle of the table lighted the room brightly, and I saw a young girl of the most dazzling beauty, who stood looking at us with a startled expression. It was only for an instant or two, for the Doctor said sternly:

"How is this, Minna? You informed me that you were so unwell, that you would remain in your own room!"

She murmured some words in reply which I could not distinguish, and the doctor turned to me, asking me to excuse him for an instant, and then passed through the folding-doors, closing them behind him, and leaving me alone in the outer room.

Even in the darkened apartment, rendered more dark by the glimpse of light afforded by the opening of the doors, the beautiful figure of that young girl seemed still before me,—a mental picture that appeared indelible. I do not know what length of time elapsed,—it seemed an age,—when the Doctor returned, and invited me into the inner room. He was profuse in his apologies. His daughter was seriously unwell, and he had cautioned her to take care of herself. She was unaware that a stranger was present. He hoped, however, that on my next visit, his daughter would be able to join us. I noticed, as he spoke, that the old man seemed agitated, but he proceeded to say, more calmly, as we sat down to our coffee, that his daughter had lived till within the last year in Southern Europe, and that he feared the

treacherous climate of England had made inroads on her health. I said that from the slight glance I had had, his daughter did not appear delicate.

"Ah," said he, "that is one of the deceptions practised by that fiend Consumption in this country, when he has made sure of his victim."

Was it reality, or was it fancy on my part, that made me think there was a grim smile on the old man's face as he said these words? His eyes belied it, and his beard concealed it—but most assuredly I thought that he smiled. I know, however, that I felt rather faint at the time, for there was a strange perfume in the air, like the faint scent of geranium leaves. I glanced round the room, but could not see any flowers. Gradually the perfume died away.

"You may think it unfeminine," the Doctor continued, "but my daughter is well versed in our favourite science—if you will allow me to call it so; from her earliest years she has been my companion, and as she showed a taste for the study of chemistry, I encouraged it, and in many of my researches and discoveries she has been my copartner, and often, indeed, my guide and director.

I was astonished at what he said, but I remarked that the influence of a loving daughter and a kind voice must go far to cheer the dark and intricate paths of science which he was following.

"You are right, my young friend—you are right," he said, with a seemingly broken voice. But again I saw, or fancied I saw, a grim smile playing about his features.

The evening passed away pleasantly enough for me. The Doctor's great experience, the number of countries he had visited, and the varied universities in which he had studied, together with the unusual direction in which his studies had tended, held me entranced while listening to him. I may divide the topics of our conversation, or rather of his instruction, into three parts. First, the subject which seemed to afford him the greatest pleasure and interest—namely, the mysterious principle of life—the *vis viva*. Secondly, he touched lightly but lucidly upon a subject which he knew interested me—the mutual and reciprocal laws which govern the animal, vegetable, and mineral worlds. Lastly, he astounded but charmed me by almost confessing that he was no unsubstantial believer in the theories of the alchemists, both in regard to the elixir of life and the transmutation of metals.

It was late when I left Doctor Walstein, but I did not do so without promising to visit him on the following evening. Holdsworth was disappointed that I could give him so little information about Miss Walstein, and looked very sceptical when I told him that she was conversant with the science of chemistry, declaring that it was utterly unnatural and impossible.

I went to the Doctor's house the next evening—in fact, I was there every night for a week, and became more and more attracted by my new acquaintance on every visit. Let me be understood: I neither liked nor respected the old man. He treated every subject of morality or virtue

that I had been in the habit of reverencing with the utmost levity. But I fancied that I saw my danger, and thought myself secure. The desire for his acquaintance was intellectual, not moral—it was a friendship of the *head*, and not of the *heart*.

About a week had passed away, and I went as usual to Albemarle Street. I had received through the post that morning from Cousin Polly a rose-bud which had bloomed out freshly after being placed in water. This rose-bud I had placed in the breast of my coat before my visit. The servant at the door told me that Doctor Walstein had not yet returned, but that he had requested me to wait for him. I had noticed one peculiarity about the Doctor's household, which was that there seemed to be only one servant, and that was the evil-faced man in black who opened the door. I never saw any female domestic about the establishment, and the evil-faced man only admitted me, he never entered the apartments.

I went up-stairs alone, and passed into the drawing-room. Miss Walstein was sitting on a sofa near the window. I knew her in an instant, although I had only seen her hurriedly on the night of my first visit. Lovely as she had then appeared in that momentary glance, she appeared even more so now in the softened twilight. Her light golden hair, which was very luxuriant, was drawn back from her forehead, and clustered gracefully round her beautifully formed head. Her features were small and regular, and her complexion was absolutely brilliant. Her large blue eyes, which were fixed upon me, seemed however to be lighted up with the same strange fire that rendered her father's so remarkable. She wore a rich silk dress trimmed with white fur round the throat and also round the sleeves, out of which her small perfectly shaped hands peeped, rivalling the down itself in their whiteness. She rose slightly, pointing to a chair at some distance from where she was, and begged me to be seated.

"My father purposes to leave London in a few days, and has many arrangements to make before leaving. You will therefore have to put up with my company this evening, Mr. Haughton, until he returns."

Of course I expressed the pleasure I had in meeting her, and congratulated her on her recovery. She said that her father was always imagining that she was unwell, but that she considered that it was only the effect of the confined London air. As soon as she got into Wales again she would be certain to recover. After that, we spoke upon many subjects. I found that she had read considerably, was well acquainted with the topics of the day, and could sustain a conversation with spirit. But another circumstance at this time began to attract my attention.

When I first entered the room I perceived that the air was faintly perfumed with a scent like that of geranium leaves. I recognised it as being the same perfume which had pervaded the inner room on my first visit, and, as before, I looked round vainly for any trace of flowers, except the rose-bud in my breast. While I remained in the

room the strength of the aroma did not seem to increase, but at times it made me feel faint and giddy.

My fair companion noticed that I raised my hand once or twice to my forehead, and said in a slightly faltering tone that her father was in the habit of burning perfumes in the room—that she was accustomed to them—and that she trusted their traces did not annoy me.

I met her eyes as she spoke, for there was something in her tone that startled me. She looked steadfastly at me, but I did not like her expression. A feeling of distrust shot through me: but at this moment the Doctor entered the room.

He was cheerful and even gay and brilliant in his discourse, and his presence seemed to communicate a life and energy to our conversation. Once more he turned the discussion to his favourite subject of abstruse, mystical science. The very tones of his voice seemed to fascinate me, and I observed the countenance of his daughter brighten up as he spoke. She seemed the most interested of all, and kept her eyes fixed upon his face as if enthralled by his words. But when she spoke herself, she perfectly astounded me by her weird and fanciful ideas. I scarcely spoke, but was deeply interested in what they said. The air of the room still remained perfumed, and doubtless acted upon my brain, so that I listened to their wild flights of fancy into the region of conjecture with comparative calmness. I feel now that I could not have done so under ordinary circumstances.

An occurrence took place, however, which was sufficient to call me back to rationality. The room had become rather dark, and Doctor Walstein, after lighting the lamp, drew from his breast-pocket one of the small, carved, wooden cases which I had observed him using when he was working in the laboratory. He opened it and held it out for my inspection. There was an inner glass lid, and through this I could see that the case was filled with pink cotton-wool, in the midst of which was a tuft of delicate crystalline needles of a bright green colour.

"What is this, Doctor?" I inquired.

"You have no doubt observed, Mr. Haughton, that I am unusually elated this evening. I have cause to be so, for I have to-day not only completed the whole of the chemical preparations which were necessary for a great secret discovery that I am resolved to make, but I have also succeeded in producing a substance which I have been vainly attempting to arrive at for years. You see it in that case which you hold. It is the pure, essential principle of the poison of one of the most fatal snakes—the Cobra di Capello!"

"Good heavens! Doctor Walstein!" I exclaimed, putting the case far from me on the table, "all your practical chemistry seems to tend in the direction of poisons."

"Young man, my aim—my object—my ambition is to fathom the deep secret of Life; to trace its origin, and to analyse its nature. I see in the future that I am destined to discover the wondrous Elixir of Life. I have already arrived at great results, but before I can go further I must penetrate far into the dark and mysterious

secrets of Death. These deadly poisons which you seem to look upon with such loathing, are the stepping-stones by which I intend to arrive at the nature of Life itself."

As he spoke these words his daughter smiled, and taking up the case in her hands, gazed fixedly on the bright green poison. As she continued to look at it, I observed that her eyes lost their strange light, and appeared even soft and gentle. She seemed absolutely to look upon the deadly crystals with love and tenderness, whilst I could not suppress a shudder of horror. My brain, too, was overburdened with the delicate, but subtle and oppressive odour which pervaded the chamber, and I rose to go. They both pressed me to stay, but seeing that I was most anxious to go, Miss Walstein bowed her farewell to me from the sofa, from which she had never risen, and the Doctor descended with me to the front door.

When I got into the open air I was almost unconscious for a second or two, but the cool air soon revived me, and I proceeded homewards. But whenever I allowed my recollection to dwell on the scene that I had left, I was seized with an uncontrollable feeling of terror. Notwithstanding the old man's extraordinary knowledge and ability, and his daughter's beauty and intelligence, my mind was filled with suspicion and distrust. Once more I made the resolution that my path and Doctor Walstein's should be separate. I felt that our intercourse could tend to no good result, and again the unheeded warnings of my betrothed recalled themselves to my thoughts.

Ah! why had I ever ceased to remember them? As this self-reproach struck me I looked at the rose-bud in my breast, that had bloomed so freshly a few hours before. It was withered and dead!

(To be continued.)

MY TOADS.

"THE toad," observes an old and quaint writer, "is the most noble kind of frog, most venomous, and remarkable for courage and strength," such qualities being evidently indicative of nobility in the mind of the narrator. So, among the Hindoos, the cobra is honoured as the creature of highest caste next to the Brahmin, and an old and very vicious Hoonuman is deeply respected as a very high caste monkey; and so, throughout all oriental nations, the surest road to respect is to insult their chiefs and thrash the people in general, giving no reason for either proceeding. In the present case, however, there are but little grounds for the respect which our author evidently entertained for the toad, as, after a long and somewhat intimate acquaintance with this batrachian, I have found his venom impotent, have never witnessed any display of his courage, and think his strength to be, bulk for bulk, inferior to that of a frog. Still, the toad is a respectable animal enough, and to those who will wisely discard the prejudice attached to its name, a very curious and interesting animal. Ever since I used to potter up and down our garden, a small six-year old naturalist, with magnifying glass always open in one hand, and an empty pill-box in the other, the

toad has been a great favourite with me, though, perhaps, considering the rude handling to which it was continually subjected, the feeling was hardly reciprocated on the part of the reptile.

En passant, let me speak in the highest terms of the benefit conferred on children by letting them run about as they will in a rough and ready kind of garden, where they may work their own sweet wills, dig, plant, sow, build, and play, just as they like, without being subjected to the annoyance of being confined to the gravel, and forbidden under severe penalties to place a foot on the beds. It is an education in itself to them, this wild freedom. They learn a thousand things that books will never teach them; the use of their limbs, the use of their eyes, readiness of resource, and quick appreciation. They are sure to realise in vivid action every event of which they hear or read, and thus indelibly fix their knowledge on their childish memory.

For my own part, I know that there was not an event in Robinson Crusoe, the Swiss Family Robinson, Persian Fables, or Arabian Nights, that we did not act over and over again; while the histories of England, Greece, and Rome were delineated with equal force.

Not only were we wrecked on desert islands—not only did we rescue Men Fridays (darkening our faces with black-lead, in order to represent that suave savage in character)—not only did we build “falcons’ nests” in the apple tree, and make rope-ladders out of clothes lines—not only, in fine, did we reduce to practice any practicable event in our favourite books, and “make believe” fervently in all impracticable cases, but we pursued the same system with severer studies, and acted in turn every historical person of whom we read, though the originals might have found some difficulty in recognizing their representatives, or the localities in which the particular adventure occurred. For us, however, the result was perfectly satisfactory. If we pushed each other out of the loft window, the Tarpeian rock was sufficiently indicated; and if the representative of the criminal happened to hurt himself by the fall, it only made things look more real. And so, whether we gained our kingdoms by seeing flights of vultures, killed our brothers for jumping over the wall, got killed ourselves by an arrow in the eye at an imaginary Hastings, or one through the heart in an equally imaginary New Forest, the rocking-horse being of great service in the latter catastrophe, we certainly contrived to impress on our minds a tolerably vivid idea of the circumstances.

Children thus learn at the earliest years to distinguish one plant from another, to know a flower from a weed, and to learn something of their various properties; while, with regard to the animal kingdom, they gain a fund of practical experience that is sure to be valuable in after life.

It is no small matter for them to get rid of a fear, to distinguish between the harmless and hurtful beings, and by watching their interesting habits, to feel a sympathy with their fellow creatures, and to appreciate too keenly the infinite value of life to kill any living thing without just cause.

We were never afraid of black beetles, daddy long-legs, or of any of the insect tribe, except the few that wore stings; while the frogs and toads were our special pets, lived in magnificent edifices made of bricks and flowerpots, and had each its own name. Long before we read about them in books, we knew all about their absorption of water through the skin, their sudden cry of fear when alarmed, the equally sudden change of colour, and the curious fact that a frog which lived in a dark hole was always brown, and one that lived in the open air was yellow; while, as to the venomous nature of the toads, as energetically detailed by our nursery maids, we treated the notion with supreme contempt, and handled a toad as easily as if it had been a ball. I am sure that many persons,—young ladies especially,—who cannot rid themselves of real terrors at the sight of many a harmless and useful creature, would have been much happier if their early lives had been spent in a garden such as has been described.

Having always felt an interest in these ungainly but truly useful batrachians, I begged from a friend a fine pair of toads that had just been sent from Jersey, and placed them in a glass fern-case.

Their first proceeding was to establish hiding-places, each choosing its own corner for that purpose. The method in which a toad ensconces itself is rather curious. Supposing, for example, that it wishes to burrow into the base of a small mound, it begins by finding some small spot where the earth is tolerably loose; it plants the extremity of the back against the mound, wriggles about in a position that reminds the observer of the green crab shovelling itself under the sand, and pushes the earth from beneath it with the hind feet, passing it forwards under the body, where it is taken up by the fore feet and put out of the way. Inadequate as the means may seem, the soft, skinny feet of the toad being apparently the worst spades that could well be devised, the creature will sink itself below the ground in a wonderfully short space of time. It is remarkable that a toad never enters its hole except by backing into it—at least I have never seen one do so, whether it be at liberty or in confinement.

Having fairly established themselves, they looked out for food, although, with all of their kin, they were capable of sustaining a very prolonged fast without any apparent inconvenience. As at that time I was living in the very heart of London, it was not easy to procure the proper kind of food for the toads, who feed wholly upon living creatures, and will touch nothing that does not move. However, I contrived to bring home a miscellaneous collection in several boxes, and tried experiments with them.

They would eat earthworms, provided that they were clean and lively, so as to write about in that manner which a toad cannot resist. They were captured after the usual custom, namely, by a sudden “flick” of the curious tongue, which is so rapidly moved that, with the most careful attention, the eye can only distinguish a pink streak suddenly appear and as suddenly vanish.

A slight slapping sound is heard as the tongue is thrown towards the prey.

The fact has long been known, but the details have, I believe, not yet been fully described. It is by no means necessary, as has been repeatedly asserted, for the toad to remain motionless, with its eyes intently fixed on its victim. On the contrary, I have often seen the toad catch beetles in spots where it could not see them, and without even attempting to look for them. The tongue can be flung in any direction, and always with equal certainty of aim, at right angles to the head for example, out of either corner of the mouth, or even under the body. I have repeatedly seen the creature aim at an insect that was crawling under its body, and mostly with success; if not so, a second shot was sure to be effectual.

I used frequently to feed them with blue-bottle flies, by the simple process of putting them into the fern-case and closing the entrance. In spite of the wings and activity of the insect, the toad was sure to have it before long. At the first buzz, the toad would come all in a hurry out of his hole, tumbling over stones and sticks in his eagerness, and evidently listening for the sound of the fly's wings. As soon as the insect settled within reach of the tongue (and when the reptile stood on its hind legs it had a marvellous reach), the toad used to raise its head with an oddly knowing air, and looked as eager as a cat which hears a mouse behind the door. It would then scramble hastily towards the fly, when a red streak would be seen to flash from its mouth, a slight slap was heard, and the fly had vanished. If the insect took alarm, the toad was quite content to wait, and was certain to hunt it down at last.

It may be here mentioned that the root of the toad's tongue is set on the front of the lower jaw, the point being directed backward; so that when an insect is captured, the mere return of the tongue flings it down the throat. A few decided gulps are, however, needful to complete the operation, and the aspect of the toad while engaged in swallowing is most absurd, the elevated eyes being closed and disappearing entirely by the exertion. The dimensions of the insect make no difference in the magnitude of the gulp and the disappearance of the eyes.

Few persons who have not personally watched a toad can form any idea of the dexterous manner in which it uses its fore-paws, these apparently clumsy members serving the purpose of hands, and being frequently employed in lieu of those important limbs. If, for example, the toad has snapped up a tolerably long worm, it will probably be incommoded by the natural objection entertained by the annelid with respect to its lodgment in its captor's stomach, and the struggles which it makes to escape, its head and tail usually protruding at opposite sides of the mouth.

Now, the toad is strangely indifferent to wounds and injuries, and even if nearly severed in two seems to be as unconcerned as if it had no personal interest in the calamity. But nothing appears to annoy the strange creature so much as any object sticking in the sides of the mouth, and it displays a vast amount of uneasiness until it has removed

the annoyance. In order to effect this object, the fore-paws are brought into play, the creature grasping at the irritating object just as a monkey would do under similar circumstances, and either pushes it down the throat or throws it away, according to its fitness or unfitness for food. I have known the leg of a beetle, or even the wing of a fly, worry the toad sadly, while a small blade of grass excited it to such a degree that it very nearly looked angry.

There is one curious point connected with the toad, which I never have been able to comprehend. Supposing it to be pursuing a fly, and the insect to have settled out of reach, the toad sits watching it just as the lion is said to watch a baboon or a human being who takes refuge in a tree. While thus watching, the last joint of the middle toe of the hind feet is continually jerked with a convulsive kind of movement, twitching in unison, at irregular intervals. The movement seems to be quite involuntary, and I suppose is analogous to the waving of the lion's tail while the animal is crouching in view of its intended prey.

Although the toad can endure a very long fast, there seems to be no limit to its gormandising capacities when it meets with a plentiful supply of food. The smaller of my specimens ate successively several worms, a great "woolly bear" caterpillar (i.e. the larva of the tiger moth *Arctia caja*), a large grub, apparently the larval state of some beetle, a number of smaller insects, and a large ground beetle (*Carabus violaceus*). These various capabilities render it a most useful animal, and one which should be carefully guarded by every owner of a garden. For at night, when the obnoxious slugs, flies, beetles, and other insects are on the move, the toad comes out to prey on them, and quietly performs very great service by the steady, thorough-going manner in which it clears the plants of every creature that moves.

Some entomologists, whose zeal for the enrichment of their cabinets exceeds their humanity, are in the habit of sallying out into the fields at early dawn, killing all the toads that they can find, and opening them for the purpose of getting the insects that have been swallowed during the night. Some of the rarest British specimens have been taken in this manner, beetles being the usual denizens of the locality. Conchologists are accustomed to employ a similar mode of collecting the objects of their research, and find some of the best specimens in the stomachs of several deep sea fishes; and microscopists in like manner find a vast museum of beautiful objects within the digestive organs of various molluscs.

The beautiful eye of the toad is proverbial, redeeming the ungainliness of its general aspect, and having in all probability given rise to the fabled jewel within the head. Bright and richly coloured as is the eye, with its round, bold, fiery chestnut hue, it is without the least vestige of expression, and retains its full brilliancy long after the animal is dead. As to the venomous powers of the toad, they are not to be found in the mouth, as is popularly imagined, but in two rather large glands on the sides of the head, which project boldly and are plainly visible. If

one of these protuberances be squeezed between the fingers, a whitish, creamy-looking liquid will be ejected, and perhaps to some little distance. While performing this operation, it will be as well to hold the toad in such a manner that the secretion may not be shot into the eyes, as in that case it would certainly cause severe pain, and might probably produce violent inflammation. Still, it will not be ejected without the employment of considerable force, and is never injurious to human beings.

Briefly to sum up the character of the toad: it is not pretty, is entirely harmless, extremely useful, easily tamed, and worthy of being cherished by those who prefer deeds to outward seeming; it is a creature of curious and interesting habits, and affords a rich field to any one with time and opportunity, for clearing up several important but disputed points in physiology. J. G. Wood.

A DUTCH ADVENTURE.

"LET'S go to Holland," said Fred Paynter, who was one of a party of four, assembled in the dining-room of an old farm-house on the banks of the Thames.

Fred was a Cambridge man, and the time of year was the Christmas vacation. I was doing duty as host to the party, and had the house and its belongings at my command. My father might be expected in about a fortnight, to see if the cattle were improving upon their winter diet, and if we kept the land well drained. My brother Geoffrey, who was at Oxford, had come down for a few days' rabbit shooting, and brought his *alter ego* in the shape of Tom Tregan. Paynter had been invited to join us, and in this lonely, quaint old house, we were living the happy life of a reading party, without any reading to speak of.

We tired ourselves with dogs and guns over the frost-bound fields by day, and Mr. Peggs, the bailiff, used to say that he often heard Fred playing the old piano, and our voices joining in chorus, when the cawing from the rookery warned him it was time for farmers to be rising. But even this was not liberty and licence enough for us, and a wild expedition to the continent was resolved upon.

Fred's suggestion of Holland was received with great applause, for we had an idea that civilisation had less hold there than in France or Belgium, but there was no longer a doubt about our destination when Tregan remembered that he had a friend who held a position in the household of His Dutch Majesty, to whom, if impecuniosity beset us—as was very likely—we might apply for succour.

It was resolved unanimously to go to Holland, and the next question was that of ways and means. Boy friends of course—like the early Christians—have all things in common, but our money heaped together made only 18*l*. However, we were not much discouraged by this insignificant total, for we meant to travel in the least luxurious fashion; and, moreover, possessed a large stock of Micawberism.

Fred and I had, notwithstanding, whatever soberness and matter-of-fact there was in the com-

pany, and we could see no other way of going than by the General Steam Company's ship, which would be off the Essex coast at 8 a.m. the next morning. My brother and Tom were for joining a fishing boat or a fruit vessel, and working our passage over before the mast. However as a boat would put us off to the steamer, and as the romance of the other *façon de voyage* seemed likely to prove ideal, the first plan was accepted. It being then close upon midnight, there was no time for anything but a nap on the floor, after making the necessary preparations for our journey.

I trust that no Dutch Hogarth has placed upon immortal canvas, a representation of our travelling costume as typical of our countrymen in general, for we rummaged the house, not for becoming, but for warm clothing, and were as regardless of the general effect as savages rejoicing in the possession of a drowned mariner's wardrobe. Fred looted a blue fisherman's jersey that one of my uncles had employed for duck-shooting. I seized with great satisfaction a monster pair of stockings, constructed to carry water boots, while Tom made himself the happy master of a top coat, which, wherever it appeared, was sure to astonish the natives.

The night wore on, and after two hours passed upon the carpet in a deceitful silence, since no one slept, I voted for an early breakfast before starting, and helped to prepare some coffee and grilled rabbit. Then after taking a spoonful each of "Dutch Courage," as particularly appropriate, we packed ourselves and then our two small bags, and made ready for a start.

Leaving a note for the bailiff, and another for my father, to explain—in case he should arrive—our sudden and astonishing absence, I unbarred the door, and with the dash of a drizzling rain upon my face, felt the first chill of a wavering resolution. Bear in mind, reader, that it was December, and our destination was Holland! But my companions were firm, particularly he of the top coat. We closed the door behind us, and as we passed under the rookery a few of the old watchers cawed a wondering and melancholy adieu. I doubt if Mark Tapley himself could have been more creditably jolly under graver circumstances than we experienced. The morning was dark and cold; gusts of wind came in quick succession over the damp marsh lands which lay between our house and the shore. We had three miles to walk before we reached the boat house, and there was every prospect that the rain would increase as the day broke.

The boatman was in bed, but a very few words made him acquainted with our wishes, and he made a quick appearance at his door.

"It's a nasty morning to stand out to the weasel, young genlm'n," said he.

"It's safe enough, I hope," I ventured to remark.

"Well, it's rayther squally, but there ain't no fear," said the weather-beaten coaster, and soon we were seated in the stern sheets of his boat, the sail was set, and we were running over the long grey waves into the track of the steamer.

Soon we heard the noise of her paddles, and saw

her long train of black smoke above the mist. Hollering all together we heard an answer which might have been in Chaldee, but the slackened speed of the steam-packet quickly showed that we, at least, were understood, and we pulled hard to get alongside. It was rather a difficult operation, with the waves running high, but we were none of us bad climbers, and soon gained the deck of the steam packet, and "Go on a-head" was passed down to the engine-room.

"When shall you get to Rotterdam?" asked Tom of one of those amphibious sailors, neither landsman nor seaman, who are to be found in the debatable water of London Bridge, and are nautical or land-lubberish according as they wear a sou'-wester, or a wide-awake.

"We're a goin' to Calais," he rejoined; adding, with the most unsympathetic coolness, "you've bin an' got aboard the wrong boat, you 'ave, you wanted the Batavier, she'll be about 'arf-an-hour arter us."

I think he was a little annoyed to see how stoically we accepted our destiny. There were plenty of spare berths in the fore-cabin, and we quickly took possession of a shelf a-piece. To this day I have a sort of feeling, that in a moment we were transported from the Nore, to the still waters of Calais harbour. But Paynter declares he heard me snoring, and the inference is that I fell unconsciously asleep.

But now our real troubles began. We were soon in the Douane, worried by hotel touters, and watching the searchers as they thrust their hands into our little leathern bags. We had entirely forgotten all about passports (this was in the days before passports were superfluous), and now an official, with spectacles and a sword between his legs, was standing before us, demanding the necessary accompaniment. We were marched hither and thither, up-stairs and down-stairs, interrogated, examined, and cross-questioned, until at length, after what was to us a considerable drain upon our exchequer, we became the happy possessors of a document, that, under the hand of a consul, bade the subjects of the Emperor to admit to all the realm of France the four young Englishmen whose eyes, noses, and general physical appearance were specified below. We passed, by-the-by, as a pair of brothers, and it often taxed our memories to remember who we were. At length we regained our luggage, and soon found ourselves within the walls of Calais. We spent the night there, and early the next morning took the train to St. Omer, where Tom betook him to the classic emporium of "the pipes of Fiolet," while the rest of us strolled about with a vague idea of seeing the Jesuit College.

We were bent upon going to Holland, and as we did not wish to beg our way through Belgium, we felt we must get on. So we travelled on the same day to Ghent, having our passports *visé* at a place on the road, principally memorable for its beer. How thoroughly we enjoyed the foreign air of the old town; innocent yet, by 104. odd, of any care for the future, we rambled through its quaint streets, peopling in our talk the gabled houses with the burghers of the olden time, when this was one of the centres of European industry.

We walked through its splendid churches, and for the first time saw a religious procession, with, I can say, thoughtless as we were, a decent reverence for a faith which was not our own.

But "*Excelsior*," or rather "*au Pays Bas*," was the stern moral of our financial position, and Antwerp was our next halting-place. We have since so-journed in many cities, but recall few more interesting than this. After two happy days which we could have wished twenty, my brother, who acted as courier, being the only one of the party able to speak French, was set about inquiring the mode of proceeding to Rotterdam. We were glad to hear that we were to drive the whole distance by diligence, and accordingly secured four places. I have a strong suspicion that we were cheated at the coach-office mercilessly, as between guilders and francs Geoffrey's financial ideas were much confused. At all events, we were greatly dismayed on learning that after our seats were paid for, there remained only a sum equal to about ten shillings, which seemed, even to us, rather a slender provision for four persons intending to make a tour through the Netherlands.

How the weakness of such a position would worry some of us now, when to travel we must be sure that our circular letters are pretty round and all right, and our passports, if needed, safely secured in a neat leathern case, guaranteeing the immediate protection of the Secretary for Foreign Affairs. We took our seats in the queer-shaped diligence, a jumbling compound of a railway carriage, a stage coach, and a mail phaeton, leaving all to come right of itself, and thought only of the pleasure of seeing the Dutchmen at home.

At night, we arrived at Breda, where on behalf of the King of Holland, and in consequence of the inferior "*chie*" of our passport, we underwent a very rigorous examination. However, I suspect our characters and our designs were written pretty legibly in our faces and manner; and, at last, in guttural accents, the officer graciously announced his contentment. We were free to invade the Netherlands. But the diligence would stop at Breda for the night, and we were not equal to an hotel bill. At this moment an obvious thought struck Fred:

"I'll go and ask the fellow to let us sleep in the diligence," said he, and out he ran.

But the conductor was obdurate, and probably fearful of losing his occasional glass of schnaps from the hotel-keeper, obliged us to retreat to the *salle-à-manger*. It was then ten o'clock, and as the diligence started at five A.M., we might very well dispense with going to bed. After a supper in which we studiously avoided any expensive dishes, we ordered a bottle of the liquor of the country, and assumed rather than felt a jolly determination to make a night of it. We agreed, too, that when the waiter was gone, we would divide the chairs, and at least make believe we were in bed.

The landlord was certainly desirous that we should try his bedding, but we resisted his invitation, retentive of our last few guilders, saying we should certainly lose the diligence if we did so, and had our own way. Morning will follow night, however uncomfortably its dark hours may pass,

but we had certainly achieved a little sleep when we resumed our places in the vehicle.

Well, here was Holland, and surely no Dutchman would contend that his country is picturesque. Turner himself could not have made a pleasing landscape, with only ditches, meadows, willow trees and windmills for materials. The cattle and the milkwomen would help him a little, but the straight lines of Dutchland are dreadful.

The road from Breda to Rotterdam is like a story without a purpose, beginning anywhere and ending nowhere. There is no resting-place for the eye or the mind. There is neither up-hill nor down-hill to change the monotonous tune of the wheels upon the road, which is fringed with Dutch poplars and willows and paved with Dutch tiles. Any one mile might be a sample of the whole number, and none but the freeholder would probably be able to suggest any distinctions. There was an episode, however, in this dull journey. We came to an arm of the sea, and alighted for the lumbering diligence to be put into a barge-like boat, with the passengers congregated about it, and the horses in another. But we were soon on the road again, jogging along over the never-ending marsh.

The afternoon was well advanced before we stopped at a ferry-house opposite Rotterdam. Landing upon one of the many quays of this flat-bottomed city, we found that we possessed something like half-a-crown in money, and presented an appearance not likely to procure for us a high valuation from the thrifty Dutchmen. It was not prudent, perhaps, under these circumstances to go to the best hotel in the place, but this was the course we adopted, and few who have visited Rotterdam can fail to have observed the very pretentious edifice to which we gave our doubtful patronage. Upon gaining the dignified elevation of its coffee-room we held a council, in which it was resolved that Tom and Geoffrey should at once proceed to the Hague, and endeavour to draw funds from Tregan's friend at the Palace, while Fred and I lived a life of expectation in Rotterdam.

After they had started, we resolved to make the best of it, and joined in the *table d'hôte* with faith and satisfaction. Apples, cheese, and cigars formed the concluding courses, and we had hardly done our duty by the last of these good things when we were surprised by the appearance of my brother and Tom at the door, and much dismayed at their rueful countenances.

"We couldn't find him," Tom whispered in my ear.

"Well, you're doing it brown, you fellows," said my brother, looking to the yet remaining remnants of our dinner.

"Wasn't he at the Palace?" said Fred, with ill-concealed anxiety.

"No," rejoined Tom; "but we've got scent of him. He is staying with a Dr. Reehault, some seven miles the other side of this precious Dutch town."

Matters were becoming serious. We examined the railway bills, and found that we had just enough money left to take one man by third-class to the station nearest to which Dr. Reehault

lived, and to enable him to return to Rotterdam. Tom knew he must go, but he naturally grumbled at his lot. To begin with, the object of his mission was not in itself the most agreeable, although he knew that his friend—who was acquainted with all our belongings—would be pleased with the opportunity of rendering assistance. But he had not been written to, as we hoped that our funds would have enabled us to reach home from Rotterdam. Tom could not speak a word of any language but his mother tongue, and was as ignorant of the road as he was of the navigation of the Maas.

We resolved that if possible funds should be raised to give him a companion, and gravely proceeded to cast lots which of the party should offer his watch at the shrine of a Dutch Mont de Piété. Fred laughed as he unhooked his silver hunter, and declared that he had a right to be excused from making the bargain. This my brother undertook, and after breakfast he set out in search of guilders. Meanwhile, Tom must go, or he would not be able to get back at night; so we three walked to the station, having previously made Geoffrey aware of the time at which the train started. Just as we were about to expend the whole of our joint fortune upon the ticket, we discovered Geoffrey running up the road leading to the station, and waving his hat in a most reassuring manner. He had obtained the magnificent sum of twelve guilders, and left the watch in the honoured name of "John Russell." Giving me and Fred one to amuse ourselves with, he and Tom took the train.

We soon spent our money in coffee and billiards, and again joined the *élite* of commercial Rotterdam at the *table d'hôte*, haunted with an uncomfortable consciousness that our bill was growing to alarming dimensions. Soon after in came our companions, bringing Tom's friend along with them.

But Tom had spoken lightly of the situation, and his friend had no immediate means of getting more money than that he carried with him, and, moreover, he was unknown at the hotel, and particularly anxious that his name and position should not be endangered by roving and impecunious countrymen. However he had something like forty guilders, and this we felt sure would much more than pay our bill; so, as he kindly volunteered to go at once to a less expensive inn, where he was well known, and make arrangements for our reception, it was agreed that my brother and I should follow after we had packed the bags and settled our bill.

We were rather startled on receiving the bill to find that it amounted to ten guilders more than we possessed. We rang the bell, and told the landlord our exact position and circumstances. The conference, however, ended in his declaring that one of us must stay, and in a waiter mounting guard, to see that the hostage was properly secured. My brother lit a cigar, and remained a prisoner, while I set off, assuring him that I would neither eat nor drink until I had redeemed him from his unpleasant situation.

I knew that our friends had gone to an inn on the Spanish Quay, and inquiring my way thither

of many a Dutchman, I found them very comfortably located, making pleasant preparations for our reception. They were much surprised to hear of Geoffrey's position, and Tom's friend, Mr. Winter, at once offered to get the required amount from our new host. Soon I had set off at top speed, with the sum in my hand, and on reaching the hotel, went straight to the coffee-room. But Geoffrey had vanished. I knew he would not have attempted to get away unseen, so I began to be rather fearful that he had been removed to a place of greater security. When the waiter appeared in answer to my vigorous summons, he was a little frightened by my angry demand for my brother.

"Oh, please sar, he ist gone!"

"Where?" I interjected.

"Please, sar, he found zat ze landlord had made a meestake in ze bill, and ze landlord beg he's pardon, and geef him back five guilders, which made it all right."

This was gratifying, and I walked back in a contented frame of mind to the inn on the Spaniah Quay, where I found Geoffrey had joined the party.

We were obliged to abandon our design of seeing more of Holland, as we did not wish to trespass to a greater extent than was absolutely necessary upon our friend's credit. Our new host, Mynheer Winkelried, was very willing that we should leave our bill unpaid, and also to advance the money necessary for our passage home. We gladly accepted this arrangement, as we felt unable to write to our friends for supplies, when we had not consulted the domestic authorities before starting. But we had three wintry days, which must needs be passed in Rotterdam, before the packet sailed for England.

They who know this busy, trading Dutch city as tourists, will feel that this compulsory sojourn was the greatest misfortune of our journey. Cut off eastern from western London, at the first of the bridges, and from Billingsgate to Blackwall you have the nearest representation which London can afford to Rotterdam. The streets of the Dutch city are wider, certainly, than those of Wapping, and often partly occupied by canals, which, to the credit of Holland be it spoken, are generally fringed with trees. It is some ten years since we were there, but allowing for the lapse of time, if I were now asked for an opinion as to the chief feature of Rotterdam, my impressions would lead me to say,—Dutch cheese. Round and flat they are rolling everywhere, over the quay sides into billy-boys and warehouses from country carts. The canal bridges are another and a less important feature of Rotterdam. During our three days' imprisonment we often watched the hoisting of these cumbersome machines, to let some boat pass through, while the attendant obtruded upon the notice of the boatman his little money bag, fastened at the end of a long pole, and in which he received the bridge dues from those who passed.

Worthy Hollanders, forgive us if we could not find many beauties in your city. We do indeed remember that art was represented by a statue of Erasmus, which was as noticeable as that of Pitt, in Hanover Square; and certainly we did see a

large church and a very large organ. But we had come from Antwerp, we had seen Rubens illustrating the divine mysteries of our religion, and high pews and whitewash had no charm for us.

We walked the Hof Strasse, and penetrated the questionable purlieus of the Sand Strasse. Dutch vrows and Dutch mynheers doubtless have warm and honest hearts, perseverance, intelligence, and—after their own fashion—activity; Dutch pictures are full of quaint humour and homely interest; but descriptions of Dutch cities and Dutch scenery will never be acceptable unless they are microscopic, and we have not the materials for manufacturing a representation of Rotterdam in mosaic.

We were truly glad when the morning of departure arrived, and we saw the "King William" getting up her steam for the voyage to England. With many thanks to Mynheer Winkelried for his kindness, and with a friendly greeting of our good friend Mr. Winter, who had stayed with us the whole time, we went on board. Scarcely had we left the mouth of the Maas, when even we could see that a storm was brewing. We remained on deck for some time, watching the misery of the cattle with which the ship was partly freighted. Soon, however, we were ordered to go below, as the waves were coming on deck in a manner which might be dangerous to an incautious landsman. The hatches were fastened down, and the tossing of the ship was only varied by an occasional trembling as she received the shock of a wave upon her broadside. Three of us were stomach-proof against the effects of the storm, but the cabin was full of groans and sickness, and every moveable article, except the passengers, was rolling about in a state of the utmost confusion. Towards morning the storm abated, and we were released from our confinement, but yet the effects of the rough night were very visible on deck. Twelve calves lay dead of sea-sickness and salt water, and high up the funnel and the rigging were traces of the aspiring rudeness of the waves. Soon we gained the quiet waters of the Thames, and signalling a fishing-boat off the spot where we wished to land, lowered ourselves into the fishermen's skiff, and rowed for the shore. Ten days had elapsed since we left the old farm-house. My father was there, and seemed uncertain as to whether he should scold or praise us for an adventure which he evidently thought showed some spirit. On the whole, I think he was more pleased with his sons than they were with themselves. We sent good Mynheer Winkelried his money, with a silver snuff-box for a present, and have ever since profited by the moral of our expedition, which is—never undertake a journey without possessing the means to the end.

A. A.

SHORT CUTS.

DID you ever know a path across a level field to be straight, when formed by the feet of wayfarers alone? There is the opposite stile which you seek, there is nothing to turn you to the right hand or to the left, but your own swerving fancy; and that makes the field-path crooked, invariably. It seems as if no one could walk straight alone,

nor indeed correct himself, once for all, when wrong. The moment he becomes conscious of a deviation from the true track, he leaves it again in the other direction. When the object to be reached is obvious, corrections are more frequently repeated. So it comes to pass that the fresh-stamped path over the mould is never straight, but a calendar of successive mistakes. Thus difficult is it to take the shortest cut. None but a ploughman can do so; and he can do little or nothing, except it be after long years of patient experience.

Walking the other day for some miles through fields, in which the track from gate to gate had been marked out by the passengers themselves, and lay always crooked on the ground, I fell into such an entanglement of thought about short cuts that, like as with a tune which you can get rid of only by humming it again and again, I found myself putting some of them on paper when I came home. And if the great excuse for an essay or soliloquy is its power of arousing reflections which the reader accepts as his own, perhaps my familiar reverie may not be uttered without some such effect. Short cuts: let me first beg the privilege of using them now, and whenever I see a fresh thought, make straight for it, though I may risk a blunder, and leave the correct progress of meditation.

Somebody said once that "there was no royal road to geometry," and that neat reproof to a vulgar king has been caught up by so many, that no doubt there is a great principle involved in the saying. The principle is, that money will not buy genius; that the splendour of rank does not necessarily make the brain shine. But the philosopher's rebuke is telling only on the assumption that regal power is external alone.

I hold it as certain, that there is a royal road to most ends, if the traveller be a born king. Every successful short cut is made by a regal mind. Some object has been hitherto approached only by tedious pains. The wise and the weak, alike, labour and wait. All at once the labyrinth in whose turns they are creeping is burst through, and one man's force of brain and will destroys the inviolable hedge. Others follow over the gap; his short cut becomes in a common way but a royal road, for it was a king who first found it out.

Indeed, every true leader and ruler of mankind guides them thus. No nation will ever advance far at the word of command. The national wit stagnates, the schools hang on hand. The tutors teach the old formulas. The pupils thumb the old books. Everything is done, and must be done, with true conservative pains: no princely patronage can quicken the pace or the thought of the workers.

But all at once some mighty mind makes a short cut; invents a steam engine, say, and the whole nation, prince and all, masters and scholars, tutors and taught, follow in the wake of the new guide. The four Georges in succession might have patronised, bribed, threatened the united coach-makers of the kingdom, without finding any route from St. James's to Windsor which a well-mounted butcher-boy could not take as well

as they. But at last a great king came, and before long the successors of the Georges and their subjects sat behind Stevenson. There was a short cut: a royal road. Had there been no pains taken before this to carry travellers to their destination at the highest possible speed? Was not the posting system elaborated? Were not the coaches swift? What could you do more? There was a limit to motion. Horses have but four legs, and the suggestive whipcord fails beyond a certain point. But the commanding brain summons an iron steed, swifter and stronger than the fabled Pegasus himself. Possibly, however, some servant may be hereafter found better for our purposes than steam itself.

There is generally a long pause after a discovery. It is as if the energies of invention spend themselves, and need a lapse of years for another effort. The wheel and axle were an incalculable addition to our means of locomotion. Steam used and developed their powers: may be, however, our successors will see the railroad superseded, and future historians entertain their readers with accounts of the clumsy complication of locomotives, iron ruts, and express trains.

Generally, the royal road becomes at last not only vulgar but tedious, and then the independent genius makes a new short cut. But they must be made naturally. The stream which has to gain the ocean through a long tract of country, may not be taken without danger by a sudden leap into the sea. It may have its waterfalls and rapids, but it has duties to perform by the way; the meadow has to be irrigated, the mill to be turned. The cattle must be watered—nay, the linen must be washed. Don't say that the sole object of the stream is to reach the sea. There is a gain in occasional slowness. So with man's mind, with the progress of the sciences and arts. There may be sudden leaps or waterfalls, but it is well to pause when stage after stage of advance is gained. People must have time to take the good things in as they are found out. When the river has watered the fields of wholesome fruit and food, it takes another plunge; then the short cut is natural and right. Delay has done its healthy work; the last discovery has been understood and digested—we may make a fresh start. But if you force the journey, you may fail before the end. The river which circles slowly through the flat, receives as much as it gives. Rain and rivulets have time to make an impression, whereas if it goes whisking by in a cataract, it issues from the chasm of smaller bulk than it descended. The fertile stream of progress must give itself time to be fed.

There is another thing to be remembered about short cuts. You may take them selfishly, uselessly, except as far as you yourself are concerned. The heavy diligence surmounts the Alps by a series of patient zigzags. It grinds on, climbing slowly up above itself with many halts, with much sweat and cracking of whips. Now, of course, if you choose, you can get down and cut off the corners of the road; but you do not thus help the party of travellers; nay, as often as not, you are hotter and more blown than they when at the summit you all take your seats for the descent. Besides, you have broken your shins and torn a large triangular rent

in the back of your coat. Short cuts like these are generally mistakes. Indeed, as a rule, any invention, which you cannot share with others, is no gain in the long run. The construction of the zigzag was a short cut if you will; before that, the pass could be traversed only by men on foot or lines of mules, picking out an ill-marked, circuitous and jolting route; now that you have made your broad zigzag, however tedious it may seem, you can carry the contents of an hospital or a warehouse over the Splügen. If you are to help others, you must be content to make your short cut with deliberation and breadth. It is the same coming down-hill, if you want to do more than come down, for there are short descending cuts which land you speedily at the bottom, and—break your neck.

There are many other false short cuts. The most deceptive of all is an inherited good fortune or position in society. Don't suppose I am going to jest at these things; they carry genuine influence, and are supposed by many to introduce the possessor at once to legislative and political power. They facilitate intercourse with the wit and wisdom of the country. Much of what others, little people, learn by books, these, fortunately born, acquire in the daily society of their lives. They mix with philosophers, statesmen, and lions. But do the noblest beasts themselves thus grow to be famous? Can you learn to roar merely from living in the Zoological Gardens? Do you suppose a man gets to the head of affairs from being familiar with the celebrities of his day? Have our greatest statesmen risen thus? Did the men who have the greatest influence in Parliament and literature learn it all of philosophers in their boyhood? Pooh! Great men have been their own masters. They have generally learnt much more from the toes than the heads of society. Skill in interpreting the complaints of the small, ears to hear, and sense to understand them, give political power more than the wise sentences and maxims of the great. There is no short cut to be made to statesmanship by living in the society of the rulers alone.

Of all short cuts, though, protect us most from any epitome, abbreviation, or analysis of a book. It is sad to think how numerous they are. Crams are the curses of education. If a book is so diffuse that it can be cut down to one-fourth of its size without loss of influence, the residue is sure not to be worth the trouble bestowed upon it. Reading the analysis of a good book, instead of the book itself, is like swallowing a meal without mastication or decent delay. The facts are there, inside you, no doubt; but the genius of the interior can make nothing of them. They are too solid. They have come in too suddenly. They are dry, tasteless, and unmanageable.

Suppose we had doors to us—like patent stoves—and could put in our dinners, all at once, as we do coals on a fire, with a scoop; do you think we should save either time or digestion? But this is what the cram does. He pops a shovelful of dates, conclusions, formulas and likely facts into the pupil's head just where he thinks the examiner will dip in his net. They no more belong to the pupil than the goods which are brought over-night by train and are carried away

next morning by the van to the goods-station do to the porter. The pupil is no better than he. He is not so good—he is not so honest. The porter merely transfers the parcel from one man to another; the pupil is encouraged to put a new direction on the hamper and make the receiver believe that it came from *him*,—that it was his; that he packed it full of his own honest property; that it is a sample of his own possessions. In fact, the tutor sends a load of learning to the examiner, with instructions for the bearer to cheat the latter, if he can. Of course the examiner can say nothing if the right answer is given to the question he puts, though he may feel sure that it no more comes from the examinee than a telegram does from the sparrow which sits upon the wire. The reply passes under the pert little animal's claw or hand while his empty head has no conception of the reservoirs of intelligence and learning at either end of the course on which he is perched. He flies off, when it is all over, in conceited ignorance of the science whose machinery he has grasped for a minute.

If the student must have an analysis, let him make it himself. An epitome is tolerable only for a grown-up man, whose education has been fragmentary,—who has got together a good many facts and gained experience of the world, but wants some pegs in the storehouse of his memory to hang his goods upon. But to a boy, it is like supplying a larder with nothing but pegs. When dinner-time comes, lo! the safe is empty. At the most, he has some dry bones instead of solid ribs of beef and legs of mutton. I pity the man, however, who thinks he is compelled, by sheer want of years, to make any short educational cut. It is like learning to skate after you are grown up. You fall heavily, and likely enough make a fool of yourself, perhaps before your wife and children. Better stay on the bank and honestly admire what you cannot, or at least, do not choose to try to perform. Who knows but that you might have made a famous skater!

Some short cuts are temporary and legitimate, or at least legal. The barrister must not unfrequently "cram" the language of a trade or profession in order to examine a witness; but, in this case, the quickly acquired knowledge is dismissed from the brain without harm or reproach. It is wanted only for an hour. It serves its purpose, and may go. It would be impossible for a man to master thoroughly the details of any business he might be mixed up in. He has not time enough for such a course. Instead of it he cultivates the power of cram; of a vigorous grasp which can catch the passing situation. Thus a barrister is retained by a "Patent Ramoneur Society;" give him a day, and he will cross-examine an expert among sweeps in the professional language and details of his business. Twenty-four hours beforehand, probably he could not have told you how often his chimneys were swept: certainly not what became of the soot.

As the last toast is "the Ladies," I can't help repeating the stale remark, that women are best in making short, common-sense cuts. They don't reason;—pardon me, I am not rude. They do not find it necessary to set that machinery of judg-

ment in operation of which man is so vain. They have a way of their own—an instinct peculiar to their sex—a gift which elevates them. Within certain limits and on certain subjects they pounce with unerring aim upon a truth. They can't give reasons for their conclusions. They are, at least, very silly if they try to do so, and not improbably disturb the successful impression of their impromptu sentence. If they are wise they give no reasons but an answer; and, if sudden, it is probably right. They have a power of discernment in many things not possessed by man. With them it is no guess, but a common instinctive perception. To most men it is a mysterious faculty, and redeems the short cuts of common life from the general charge of fool-hardiness or chance.

H. J.

KING HAROLD'S ANSWER TO HAROLD HALFAGAR.

(A NORSEMAN'S SAGA. TEMP. SEPT. 1066, A.D.)

FROM Norway onwards sailing, with breakers on their lee,
Like falcons, in their galleys came the Norsemen o'er the sea,
To the broad green fields of England came these iron hearts of war,
From the ice-bound steppes of Norway under* Harold Halfagär.

'Twas a clear September morning the war-horns first did sound
By Stanford Bridge, awakening the quiet welkin round,
As the Norsemen, bee-like swarming, strode onwards to the fight,
While before them rode their Viking, the Norsemen's tallest knight.

Oh! grim looked Stanford Castle, with the spearmen at the keep,
And bright flashed back their spear-heads, as they stood in order deep,
And bright in morning's sunrise gleamed the golden stubble fields,
But brighter far the glitter of the English swords and shields.

Down falls the snorting war-horse of the fierce Norwegian king,
Like a hammer on an anvil loud his clashing trappings ring;
His knights close in around him—he leaps up before them all,
And unhurt their Viking tells them†—"Well forbodes a traveller's fall!"

"Knights!" quoth stout English Harold to his Saxons standing by,
"Who is that giant Viking whose downfall we espy,
That man of giant sinews—his like are none in height?"
"Tis Norway's king, stern Halfagär"—outspeaks an English knight.

"A truce!" shouts English Harold—"let twenty men ride forth
To parley with these ravagers, Væringers of the North—

* Harold Halfagär, as Hume names this Norwegian Viking, is styled Harold Hardrada by other chroniclers. See Lord Dufferin's "Letters from High Latitudes," page 375.
† A Norse proverb.

My brother's banded with them‡—we were dear in days of yore;
There's blood upon my hands enow—I would not make it more."

"Rides Earl Tosti with ye, Norsemen? 'Gainst his brother makes he war?"

"Aye," says Tosti—"for my brother now is Harold Halfagär!"

Says the Saxon—"English Harold offers thee of English land

The third part of his kingdom, if thou'lt come and take his hand."

Then outspake Tosti—"I would take my brother at his word,

But how would then fare Halfagär, who helps with his sword?

What will English Harold give him?"—Grimly glanced the envoy round—

"He will give him in an English grave full seven feet of ground!"

"Forwards! horse and foot," shouts Tosti—"let my brother do or die,

Win or lose, we'll ride together, King Halfagär and I!

Dear unto me"—quoth Tosti—"is the sight of English home,

But dearer is the oath I swore in Norway o'er the foam!"

Then outspake Harold Halfagär—"I pray thee, Tosti, tell,

Who was that haughty envoy who answered thee so well?"

"King Halfagär," quoth Tosti—"Christ that envoy sain and see!

My brother, English Harold, is the man who answered me."

"On! on! brave sons of Odin! the foremost man that falls,

To-night shall sit high honoured in high Valhalla's halls;

Shoot! bowmen true and stalwart, let your shafts fly thick as hail."

Shouts hardy Harold Halfagär—"the Norsemen never fail!"

* * * * *

Alas! alas! bold Halfagär! the English Harold's won!

Thou'lt never see the rising or to-morrow's golden sun;

Tosti in death is sleeping, with an arrow in his brain;

Thou with thy stout Væringers wilt never charge again!

Ha! liest thou there, stern Halfagär! That arrow sped too well;

There'll be curses deep in Norway when our Viking's death they tell.

And tears will fall from dark blue eyes when the Saga sad goes round,

How the English gave our Halfagär seven feet of English ground!

W. B. B. STEVENS.

‡ "The Duke William of Normandy, that he might increase the number of Harold's enemies, encouraged Tosti (King Harold's brother), in concert with Harold Halfagär, King of Norway, to infect the coasts of England."—HUME.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XXXIII. SHADOWED-FORTH EMBARRASMENT.

THE September afternoon sun streamed into the study at Verner's Pride, playing with the bright hair of Lionel Verner. His head was bending listlessly over certain letters and papers on his table, and there was a wearied look upon his face. Was it called up by the fatigue of the day? He had been out with some friends all the morning: it was the first day of partridge shooting, and they had bagged well. Now Lionel was home again, had changed his attire, and was sitting down in his study—the old study of Mr. Verner. Or, was the wearied look, were the indented upright lines between the eyes, called forth by inward care?

Those lines were not so conspicuous when you

last saw him. Twelve or fourteen months have elapsed since then. A portion of that time only had been spent at Verner's Pride. Mrs. Verner was restless; ever wishing to be on the wing; living but in gaiety. Her extravagance was something frightful, and Lionel did not know how to check it. There were no children: there had been no signs of any: and Mrs. Verner positively made the lack into a sort of reproach, a continual cause for querulousness.

She had filled Verner's Pride with guests after their marriage—as she had coveted to do. From that period until early spring she had kept it filled, one succession of guests, one relay of visitors arriving after the other. Pretty, capricious, fascinating, youthful, Mrs. Verner was of excessive popularity in the county, and a sojourn

at Verner's Pride grew to be eagerly sought. The women liked the attractive master; the men bowed to the attractive mistress, and Verner's Pride was never free. On the contrary, it was generally unpleasantly crammed: and Mrs. Tynn, who was a staid, old-fashioned housekeeper, accustomed to nothing beyond the regular, quiet household maintained by the late Mr. Verner, was driven to the verge of desperation.

"It would be far pleasanter if we had only half the number of guests," Lionel had said to his wife in the winter. He no longer remonstrated against *any*: he had given that up as hopeless. "Pleasanter for them, pleasanter for us, pleasanter for the servants."

"The servants!" ejaculated Sibylla. "I never knew before that the pleasure of servants was a thing to be studied."

"But their comfort is. At least, I have always considered so, and I hope I always shall. They complain much, Sibylla."

"Do they complain to you?"

"They do. Tynn and his wife say they are nearly worked to death. They hint at leaving. Mrs. Tynn is continually subjected also to what she calls insults from your French maid. That of course I know nothing of; but it might be as well for you to listen to her on the subject."

"I cannot have Benoit crossed. I don't interfere in the household myself, and she does it for me."

"But, my dear, if you would interfere a little more, just so far as to ascertain whether these complaints have grounds, you might apply a remedy."

"Lionel, you are most unreasonable! As if I could be worried with looking into things! What are servants for? You must be a regular old bachelor to think of my doing it."

"Well—to go to our first point," he rejoined. "Let us try half the number of guests, and see how it works. If you do not find it better, more agreeable in all ways, I'll say no more about it."

He need not have said anything, then. Sibylla would not listen to it. At any rate, would not act upon it. She conceded so far as to promise that she would not invite so many next time. But, when that next time came, and the new sojourners arrived, they turned out to be more. Beds had to be improvised in all sorts of impossible places; the old servants were turned out of their chambers and huddled into corners; nothing but confusion and extravagance reigned. Against some of the latter, Mrs. Tynn ventured to remonstrate to her mistress. Fruits and vegetables out of season; luxuries in the shape of rare dishes, many of which Verner's Pride had never heard of, and did not know how to cook—all of the most costly nature—were daily sent down from London purveyors. Against this expense Mary Tynn spoke. Mrs. Verner laughed good-naturedly at Tynn, and told her it was not her pocket that would be troubled to pay the bills. Additional servants were obliged to be had; and, in short, to use an expression that was much in vogue at Deerham about that time, Verner's Pride was going the pace.

This continued until early spring. In February Sibylla fixed her heart upon a visit to London; "of course," she told Lionel, "he would treat her to a season in town." She had never been to London in her life to stay. For Sibylla to fix her heart upon a thing, was to have it: Lionel was an indulgent husband.

To London they proceeded in February. And there the cost was great. Sibylla was not one to go to work sparingly in any way; neither, in point of fact, was Lionel. Lionel would never have been unduly extravagant; but, on the other hand, he was not accustomed to spare. A furnished house in a good position was taken; servants were imported to it from Verner's Pride; and there Sibylla launched into all the follies of the day. At Easter she "set her heart" upon a visit to Paris, and Lionel acquiesced. They remained there three weeks: Sibylla laying in a second stock of *toilettes* for Mademoiselle Benoit to rule over: and then they went back to London.

The season was prolonged that year. The house sat until August, and it was not until the latter end of that month that Mr. and Mrs. Verner returned to Verner's Pride. Though scarcely home a week yet, the house was filled again—filled to overflowing: Lionel can hear sounds of talking and laughter from the various rooms, as he bends over his table. He was opening his letters, three or four of which lay in a stack. He had gone out in the morning before the post was in.

Tynn knocked at the door and entered, bringing a note.

"Where's this from?" asked Lionel, taking it from the salver. Another moment, and he had recognised the hand-writing of his mother.

"From Deerham Court, sir. My lady's footman brought it. He asks whether there is any answer."

Lionel opened the note, and read as follows:

"MY DEAR LIONEL,—I am obliged to be a beggar again. My expenses seem to outrun my means in a most extraordinary sort of way. Sometimes I think it must be Decima's fault, and tell her she does not properly look after the household. In spite of my own income, your ample allowance, and the handsome remuneration received for Lucy, I cannot make both ends meet. Will you let me have two or three hundred pounds?"

"Ever your affectionate mother,

"LOUISA VERNER."

"I will call on Lady Verner this afternoon, say, Tynn."

Tynn withdrew with the answer. Lionel leaned his brow upon his hand; the weary expression terribly plain just then.

"My mother shall have it at once—no matter what my own calls may be," was his soliloquy. "Let me never forget that Verner's Pride might have been hers all these years. Looking at it from our own point of view, my father's branch in contradistinction to my uncle's, it ought to have been hers. It might have been her jointure-house now, had my father lived, and so willed it. I am glad to help my mother," he continued, an

earnest glow lighting his face. "If I get embarrassed, why I must get embarrassed; but she shall not suffer."

That embarrassment would inevitably come, if he went on at his present rate of living, he had the satisfaction of knowing beyond all doubt. That was not the worst point upon his conscience. Of the plans and projects that Lionel had so eagerly formed when he came into the estate, some were set afloat, some were not. Those that were most wanted—that were calculated to do the most real good—lay in abeyance; others, that might have waited, were in full work. Costly alterations were making in the stables at Verner's Pride, and the working man's institute at Deerham, reading-room, club—whatever it was to be—was progressing swimmingly. But the draining of the land near the poor dwellings was not begun, and the families, many of them, still herded in consort—father and mother, sons and daughters, sleeping in one room—compelled to it by the wretched accommodation of the tenements. It was on this last score that Lionel was feeling a pricking of conscience. And how to find the money to make these improvements now, he knew not. Between the building in progress and Sibylla, he was drained.

A circumstance had occurred that day to bring the latter neglect forcibly to his mind. Alice Hook—Hook, the labourer's eldest daughter—had, as the Deerham phrase ran, got herself into trouble. A pretty child she had grown up amongst them—she was little more than a child now—good-tempered, gay-hearted. Lionel had heard the ill news the previous week on his return from London. When he was out shooting that morning he saw the girl at a distance, and made some observation to his gamekeeper, Broom, to the effect that it had vexed him.

"Ay, sir, it's a sad pity," was Broom's answer; "but what else can be expected of poor folks that's brought up to live as they do—like pigs in a sty?"

Broom had intended no reproach to his master; such an impertinence would not have crossed his mind; but the words carried a sting to Lionel. He knew how many, besides Alice Hook, had had their good conduct undermined through the living "like pigs in a sty." Lionel had, as you know, a lively conscience; and his brow reddened with self-reproach as he sat and thought these things over. He could not help comparing the contrast: Verner's Pride, with its spacious bed-rooms, one of which was not deemed sufficient for the purposes of retirement, where two people slept together, but a dressing-closet must be attached; and those poor Hooks, with their growing-up sons and daughters, and but one room, save the kitchen, in their whole dwelling!

"I will put things on a better footing," impulsively exclaimed Lionel. "I care not what the cost may be, or how it may fall upon my comforts, do it I will. I declare I feel as if the girl's blight lay at my own door!"

Again he and his reflections were interrupted by Tynn.

"Roy has come up, sir, and is asking to see you."

"Roy! Let him come in," replied Lionel. "I want to see him."

It frequently happened, when agreements, leases, and other deeds were examined, that Roy had to be referred to. Things would turn out to have been drawn up, agreements made, in precisely the opposite manner to that expected by Lionel. For some of these, Roy might have received sanction; but, for many, Lionel felt sure Roy had acted on his own responsibility. This chiefly applied to the short period of the management of Mrs. Verner: a little, very little, to the latter year of her husband's life. Matiss was Lionel's agent during his absences: when at home, he took all management into his own hands.

Roy came in. The same ill-favoured, hard-looking man as ever. The ostensible business which had brought him up to Verner's Pride, proved to be of a very trivial nature, and was soon settled. It is well to say "ostensible," because a conviction arose in Lionel's mind afterwards that it was but an excuse: that Roy made it a pretext for the purpose of obtaining an interview. Though why, or wherefore, or what he gained by it, Lionel could not imagine. Roy merely wanted to know if he might be allowed to put a fresh paper on the walls of one of his two upper rooms. He'd get the paper at his own cost, and hang it at his own leisure, if Mr. Verner had no objection.

"Of course I can have no objection to it," replied Lionel. "You need not have lost an afternoon's work, Roy, to come here to inquire that. You might have asked me when I saw you by the brick-field this morning. In fact, there was no necessity to mention it at all."

"So I might, sir. But it didn't come into my mind at the moment to do so. It's poor Luke's room, and the missis, she goes on continual about the state it's in, if he should come home. The paper's all hanging off it in patches, sir, as big as my two hands. It have got damp through not being used."

"If it is in that state, and you like to find the time to hang the paper, you may purchase it at my cost," said Lionel, who was of too just a nature to be a hard landlord.

"Thank ye, sir," replied Roy, ducking his head. "It's well for us, as I often says, that you be our master at last, instead of the Mr. Massingbirds."

"There was a time when you did not think so, Roy, if my memory serves me rightly," was the rebuke of Lionel.

"Ah, sir, there's a old saying, 'Live and learn.' That was in the days when I thought you'd be a over strict master: we have got to know better now, taught from experience. It was a lucky day for the Verner Pride estate when that lost codicil was brought to light! The Mr. Massingbirds be dead, it's true, but there's no knowing what might have happened: the law's full of quips and turns. With the codicil found, you can hold your own again the world."

"Who told you anything about the codicil being found?" demanded Lionel.

"Why, sir, it was the talk of the place just about the time we heard of Mr. Fred Massing-

bird's death. Folks said, whether he had died, or not, you'd have come in all the same. T'other day, too, I was talking of it to Lawyer Matias, and he said what a good thing it was, that that there codicil was found."

Lionel knew that such a report, of the turning up of the codicil, had travelled to Deerham. It had never been contradicted. But he wondered to hear Roy say that Matias had spoken of it. Matias, himself, Tynn and Mrs. Tynn, were the only persons who could have testified that the supposed codicil was nothing but a glove. From the finding of that, the story had originally got wind.

"I don't know why Matias should have spoken to you on the subject of the codicil," he remarked to Roy.

"It's not much that Matias talks, sir," was the man's answer. "All he said was as he had got the codicil in safe keeping under lock and key. Just put to Matias the simplest question, and he'll turn round and ask what business it is of yours."

"Quite right of him, too," said Lionel. "Have you any news of your son yet, Roy?"

Roy shook his head.

"No, sir. I'm a beginning to wonder now whether there ever will be news of him."

After the man had departed, Lionel looked at his watch. There was just time for a ride to Deerham Court before dinner. He ordered his horse, and mounted it, a cheque for three hundred pounds in his pocket.

He rode quickly, musing upon what Matias had said about the codicil—as stated by Roy. Could the deed have been found?—and Matias forgotten to acquaint him with it. He turned his horse down the Belvedere Road, telling his groom to wait at the corner; and stopped before the lawyer's door. The latter came out.

"Matias, is that codicil found?" demanded Lionel, bending down his head to speak.

"What codicil, Mr. Verner?" returned Matias, looking surprised.

"The codicil. The one that gave me the estate. Roy was with me just now, and he said you stated to him that the codicil was found—that it was safe under lock and key."

The lawyer's countenance lighted up with a smile.

"What a meddler the fellow is! To tell you the truth, sir, it rather pleases me to mislead Roy; to put him on the wrong scent. He comes pumping here, trying to get what he can out of me: asking this, asking that, fishing out anything there is to fish. I recollect he did say something about the codicil, and I replied 'Ay, it was a good thing it was found, and safe under lock and key.' He tries at the wrong handle when he comes pumping me."

"What is his motive for pumping at all?" returned Lionel.

"There's no difficulty in guessing at that, sir. Roy would give his two ears to get into place again: he'd like to fill the same post to you that he did to the late Mr. Verner. He thinks if he can hang about here and pick up any little bit of information, that may be let drop, and

carry it to you, that it might tell in his favour. He would like you to discover how useful he could be. That is the construction I put upon it."

"Then he wastes his time," remarked Lionel, as he turned his horse. "I would not put power of any sort into Roy's hands, if he paid me in diamonds to do it. You can tell him so if you like, Matias."

Arrived at Deerham Court, Lionel left his horse with his groom, and entered. The first person to greet his sight in the hall was Lucy Tempest. She was in white silk: a low dress, somewhat richly trimmed with lace, and pearls in her hair. It was the first time that Lionel had seen her since his return from London. He had been at his mother's once or twice, but Lucy did not appear. They met face to face. Lucy's turned crimson, in spite of herself.

"Are you quite well?" asked Lionel, shaking hands, his own pulses beating. "You are going out this evening, I see?"

He made the remark as a question, noticing her dress; and Lucy, gathering her senses about her, and relapsing into her calm composure, looked somewhat surprised.

"We are going to dinner to Verner's Pride; I and Decima. Did you not expect us?"

"I—did not know it," he was obliged to answer. "Mrs. Verner mentioned that some friends would dine with us this evening, but I was not aware that you and Decima were part of them. I am glad to hear it."

Lucy continued her way, wondering what sort of a household it could be where the husband remained in ignorance of his wife's expected guests. Lionel passed on to the drawing-room.

Lady Verner sat in it. Her white gloves on her delicate hands as usual, her essence bottle and laced handkerchief beside her. Lionel offered her his customary fond greeting, and placed the cheque in her hands.

"Will that do, mother mine?"

"Admirably, Lionel. I am so much obliged to you. Things get behind-hand in the most unaccountable manner, and then Decima comes to me with a long face, and says here's this debt and that debt. It is quite a marvel to me how the money goes. Decima would like to put her accounts into my hands that I may look over them. The idea of my taking upon myself to examine accounts! But how it is she gets into such debt, I cannot think."

Poor Decima knew only too well. Lionel knew it also; though, in his fond reverence, he would not hint at such a thing to his mother. Lady Verner's style of living was too expensive, and that was the cause.

"I met Lucy in the hall, dressed. She and Decima are coming to dine at Verner's Pride, she tells me."

"Did you not know it?"

"No. I have been out shooting all day. If Sibylla mentioned it to me, I forgot it."

Sibylla had not mentioned it. But Lionel would rather take any blame to himself, than suffer a shade of it to rest upon her.

"Mrs. Verner called yesterday, and invited us. I declined for myself. I should have declined

for Decima, but I did not think it right to deprive Lucy of the pleasure, and she could not go alone. Ungrateful child!" apostrophised Lady Verner. "When I told her this morning I had accepted an invitation for her to Verner's Pride, she turned the colour of scarlet, and said she would rather remain at home. I never saw so unsociable a girl; she never cares to go out, as it seems to me. I insisted upon it for this evening."

"Mother, why don't you come?"

Lady Verner half turned from him.

"Lionel, you must not forget our compact. If I visit your wife now and then, just to keep gossiping tongues quiet, from saying that Lady Verner and her son are estranged, I cannot do it often."

"Were there any cause why you should show this disfavour to Sibylla—"

"Our compact, our compact, my son! You are not to urge me upon this point, do you remember? I rarely break my resolutions, Lionel."

"Or your prejudices either, mother."

"Very true," was the equable answer of Lady Verner.

Little more was said. Lionel found the time drawing on, and left. Lady Verner's carriage was already at the door, waiting to convey Decima and Lucy Tempest to the dinner at Verner's Pride. As he was about to mount his horse, Peckaby passed by, rolling a wheel before him. He touched his cap.

"Well," said Lionel, "has the white donkey arrived yet?"

A contraction of anger, not, however, unmixed with mirth, crossed the man's face.

"I wish it would come, sir, and bear her off on't!" was his hearty response. "She's more a fool nor ever over it, a whining and a pining all day long, 'cause she ain't at New Jerusalem. She wants to be in Bedlam, sir; that's what she do! it 'ud do her more good nor t'other."

Lionel laughed, and Peckaby struck his wheel with such impetus that it went off at a tangent, and he had to follow it on the run.

CHAPTER XXXIV. THE YEW-TREE ON THE LAWN.

THE rooms were lighted at Verner's Pride: the blaze from the chandeliers fell on gay faces and graceful forms. The dinner was over, its scene "a banquet hall deserted;" and the guests were filling the drawing-rooms.

The centre of an admiring group, its chief attraction, sat Sibylla, her dress some shining material that glimmered in the light, and her hair confined with a band of diamonds. Inexpressibly beautiful by this light she undoubtedly was, but she would have been more charming had she less laid herself out for attraction. Lionel, Lord Garle, Decima, and young Bitterworth—he was generally called young Bitterworth, in contradistinction to his father, who was "old Bitterworth"—formed another group; Sir Rufus Hautley was talking to the Countess of Elmsley: and Lucy Tempest sat apart near the window.

Sir Rufus had but just moved away from Lucy, and for the moment she was alone. She sat within the embrasure of the window, and was looking on the calm scene outside. How different from the

garish scene within! See the pure moonlight, side by side with the most brilliant light we earthly inventors can produce, and contrast them! Pure and fair as the moonlight looked Lucy, her white robes falling softly round her, and her girlish face wearing a thoughtful expression. It was a remarkably light night: the terrace, the green slopes beyond it, and the clustering trees far away, all standing out clear and distinct in the moon's rays. Suddenly her eye rested on a particular spot: she possessed a very clear sight, and it appeared to detect something dark there; which dark something had not been there a few moments before.

Lucy strained her eyes, and shaded them, and gazed again. Presently she turned her head, and glanced at Lionel. An expression in her eyes seemed to call him, and he advanced.

"What is it, Lucy? We must have a set of gallant men here to-night, to leave you alone like this!"

The compliment fell unheeded on her ear. Compliments from him! Lionel only so spoke to hide his real feelings.

"Look on the lawn, right before us," said Lucy to him, in a low tone. "Underneath the spreading yew tree. Do you not fancy the trunk looks remarkably dark and thick?"

"The trunk remarkably dark and thick!" echoed Lionel. "What do you mean, Lucy?" For he judged by her tone that she had some hidden meaning.

"I believe that some man is standing there. He must be watching us."

Lionel could not see it. His eyes had not been watching so long as Lucy's, consequently objects were less distinct. "I think you must be mistaken, Lucy," he said. "No one would be at the trouble of standing there to watch us. It is too far off to see much, whatever may be their curiosity."

Lucy held her hands over her eyes, gazing attentively from beneath them. "I feel convinced of it now," she presently said. "There is some one, and it looks like a man, standing behind the trunk, as if hiding himself. His head is pushed out on this side, certainly, as if he were watching these windows. I have seen the head move twice."

Lionel placed his hands in the same position, and took a long gaze. "I do think you are right, Lucy!" he suddenly exclaimed. "I saw something move then. What business has anyone to plant himself there?"

He stepped impulsively out as he spoke: the windows opened to the ground: crossed the terrace, descended the steps, and turned on the lawn, to the left hand. A minute, and he was up at the tree.

But he gained no satisfaction. The spreading tree, with its imposing trunk—which trunk was nearly as thick as a man's body—stood all solitary on the smooth grass, no living thing being near it.

"We must have been mistaken, after all," thought Lionel.

Nevertheless, he stood under the tree, and cast his keen glances around. Nothing could he see;

nothing but what ought to be there. The wide lawn, the sweet flowers closed to the night, the remoter parts where the trees were thick, all stood cold and still in the white moonlight. But of human disturber there was none.

Lionel went back again, plucking a white geranium blossom and a sprig of sweet verberna on his way. Lucy was sitting alone, as he had left her.

"It was a false alarm," he whispered. "Nothing's there, but the tree."

"It was not a false alarm," she answered; "I saw him move away as you went on to the lawn. He drew back towards the thicket."

"Are you sure?" questioned Lionel, his tone betraying that he doubted whether she was not mistaken.

"Oh yes, I am sure," said Lucy. "Do you know what my old nurse used to tell me when I was a child?" she asked, lifting her face to his. "She said I had the Indian sight, because I could see so far and so distinctly. Some of the Indians have the gift greatly, you know. I am quite certain that I saw the object—and it looked like the figure of a man—go swiftly away from the tree across the grass. I could not see him to the end of the lawn, but he must have gone into the plantation. I daresay he saw you coming towards him."

Lionel smiled.

"I wish I had caught the spy. He should have answered to me for being there. Do you like verberna, Lucy?"

He laid the verberna and geranium on her lap, and she took them up mechanically.

"I do not like spies," she said, in a dreamy tone. "In India they have been known to watch the inmates of a house in the evening, and to bowstring one of those they were watching, before the morning. You are laughing! Indeed, my nurse used to tell me tales of it."

"We have no spies in England—in that sense, Lucy. When I used the word spy, it was with no meaning attached to it. It is not impossible but it may be a sweetheart of one of the maid-servants, come up from Deerham for a rendezvous. Be under no apprehension."

At that moment, the voice of his wife came ringing through the room.

"Mr. Verner!"

He turned to the call. Waiting to say another word to Lucy, as a thought struck him.

"You would prefer not to remain at the window, perhaps. Let me take you to a more sheltered seat."

"Oh no, thank you," she answered impulsively.

"I like being at the window. It is not of myself that I was thinking." And Lionel moved away.

"Is it not true that the fountains at Versailles played expressly for me?" eagerly asked Sibylla, as he approached her. "Sir Rufus won't believe that they did. The first time we were in Paris, you know."

Sir Rufus Hautley was by her side then. He looked at Lionel.

"They never play for private individuals, Mr. Verner. At least, if they do, things have changed."

"My wife thought they did," returned Lionel, with a smile. "It was all the same."

"They did, Lionel; you know they did, vehemently asserted Sibylla. "De Coigny told me so: and he held authority in the Government."

"I know that De Coigny told you so, and that you believed him," answered Lionel, still smiling. "I did not believe him."

Sibylla turned her head away petulantly from her husband.

"You are saying it to annoy me. I'll never appeal to you again. Sir Rufus, they did play expressly for me."

"It may be bad taste, but I'd rather see the waterworks at St. Cloud than at Versailles," observed a Mr. Gordon, some acquaintance that they had picked up in town, and to whom it had been Sibylla's pleasure to give an invitation. "Cannonby wrote me word last week from Paris—"

"Who?" sharply interrupted Sibylla.

Mr. Gordon looked surprised. Her tone had betrayed something of eager alarm, not to say terror.

"Captain Cannonby, Mrs. Verner. A friend of mine just returned from Australia. Business took him to Paris as soon as he landed."

"Is he from the Melbourne port? Is his christian name Lawrence?" she reiterated, breathlessly.

"Yes—to both questions," replied Mr. Gordon.

Sibylla shrieked, and lifted her handkerchief to her face. They gathered round her in consternation. One offering smelling-salts, one running for water. Lionel gently drew the handkerchief from her face. It was white as death.

"What ails you, my dear?" he whispered.

She seemed to recover her equanimity as suddenly as she had lost it, and the colour began to come into her cheeks again.

"His name—Cannonby's—puts me in mind of those unhappy days," she said, not in the low tone used by her husband, but aloud—speaking, in fact, to all around her. "I did not know Captain Cannonby had returned. When did he come, Mr. Gordon?"

"About eight or nine days ago."

"Has he made his fortune?"

Mr. Gordon laughed.

"I fancy not. Cannonby was always of a roving nature. I expect he got tired of the Australian world before fortune had time to find him out."

Sibylla was soon deep in her flirtations again. It is not erroneous to call them so. But they were innocent flirtations—the result of vanity. Lionel moved away.

Another commotion. Some great, long-legged fellow, without ceremony or warning, came striding in at the window close to Lucy Tempest. Lucy's thoughts had been buried—it is hard to say where, and her eyes were strained to the large yew-tree upon the grass. The sudden entrance startled her, albeit she was not of a startled temperament. With Indian bow-strings in the mind, and fancied moonlight spies before the sight, a scream was inevitable.

Who should it be but Jan! Jan, of course.

What other guest would be likely to enter in that unceremonious fashion? Strictly speaking, Jan was not a guest—at any rate, not an invited one.

"I had got a minute to spare this evening, so thought I'd come up and have a look at you," proclaimed unfashionable Jan to the room, but principally addressing Lionel and Sibylla.

And so Jan had come, and stood there without the least shame in drab trousers and a loose, airy coat, shaking hands with Sir Rufus, shaking hands with anybody who would shake hands with him. Sibylla looked daggers at Jan, and Lionel cross. Not from the same cause. Sibylla's displeasure was directed to Jan's style of evening costume; Lionel felt vexed with him for alarming Lucy. But Lionel never very long retained displeasure, and his sweet smile stole over his lips as he spoke.

"Jan, I shall be endorsing Lady Verner's request—that you come into a house like a Christian—if you are to startle ladies in this fashion."

"Whom did I startle?" asked Jan.

"You startled Lucy."

"Nonsense! Did I, Miss Lucy?"

"Yes, you did a little, Jan," she replied.

"What a stupid you must be!" retorted galling Jan. "I should say you want doctoring, if your nerves are in that state. You take—"

"Oh, Jan, that will do," laughed Lucy. "I am sure I don't want medicine. You know how I dislike it."

They were standing together within the large window, Jan and Lionel, Lucy sitting close to them. She sat with her head a little bent, scenting her verbena.

"The truth is, Jan, I and Lucy have been watching some intruder who had taken up his station on the lawn, underneath the yew-tree," whispered Lionel. "I suppose Lucy thought he was bursting in upon us."

"Yes, I did really think he was," said Lucy, looking up with a smile.

"Who was it?" asked Jan.

"He did not give us the opportunity of ascertaining," replied Lionel. "I am not quite sure, mind, that I did see him; but Lucy is positive upon the point. I went to the tree, but he had disappeared. It is rather strange who it could be, and why he was watching."

"He was watching this room attentively," said Lucy, "and I saw him move away when Mr. Verner went on the lawn. I am sure he was a spy of some sort."

"I can tell you who it was," said Jan. "It was Roy."

"Roy!" repeated Lionel. "Why do you say this?"

"Well," said Jan, "as I turned in here, I saw Roy cross the road to the opposite gate. I don't know where he could have sprung from, except from these grounds. That he was neither behind me nor before me as I came up the road, I can declare."

"Then it was Roy!" exclaimed Lionel. "He would have had about time to get into the road, from the time we saw him under the tree. That

the fellow is prying into my affairs and movements, I was made aware of to-day; but why he should watch my house I cannot imagine. We shall have an account to settle, Mr. Roy!"

Decima came up, asking what private matter they were discussing, and Lionel and Lucy went over the ground again, acquainting her with what had been seen. They stood together in a group, conversing in an under-tone. By and by, Mrs. Verner passed, moving from one part of the room to another, on the arm of Sir Rufus Hautley.

"Quite a family conclave!" she exclaimed, with a laugh. "Decima, however much you may wish for attention, it is scarcely fair to monopolise that of Mr. Verner in his own house. If he forgets that he has guests present, you should not help him in the forgetfulness."

"It would be well if all wished for attention as little as does Miss Verner," exclaimed Lord Garle. His voice rung out to the ends of the room, and a sudden stillness fell upon it: his words may have been taken as a covert reproof to Mrs. Verner. They were not meant as such. There was no living woman of whom Lord Garle thought so highly as he thought of Decima Verner; and he had spoken in his mind's impulse.

Sibylla believed he had purposely flung a shaft at her. And she flung one again—not at him, but at Decima. She was of a terribly jealous nature, and could bear any reproach to herself, better than that another woman should be praised beside her.

"When young ladies find their charms have been laid out in vain, wasted on the desert air, they naturally do covet attention, although it be but a brother's. Poor Decima's growing into an old maid: of course she cannot help the neglect, and may be excused for being sore upon the point."

Perhaps the first truly severe glance that Lionel Verner ever gave his wife he gave her then. Disdaining any defence of his sister, he stood, haughty, impassive, his lips drawn in, his eyes fixed sternly on Sibylla. Decima remained quiet under the insult, save that she flushed scarlet. Lord Garle did not. Lord Garle spoke up again, in the impetuosity of his open, honest nature.

"I can testify that Miss Verner might have ceased to be Miss Verner long ago, had she so willed it. You are mistaken in your premises, Mrs. Verner."

The tone was pointedly significant, the words were unmistakably clear, and the room could not but become enlightened to the fact that Miss Verner might have been Lady Garle. Sibylla laughed a little laugh of disbelief, as she went onwards with Sir Rufus Hautley; and Lionel remained enshrined in his terrible mortification. That his wife should so have forgotten herself!

"I must be going off," cried Jan, good naturedly interrupting the unpleasant silence.

"You have not long come," said Lucy.

"I didn't leave word where I was coming, and somebody may be going dead while they are scouring the parish for me. Good-night to you all; good-night, Miss Lucy."

With a nod to the room, away went Jan as un-

ceremoniously as he had come; and, not very long afterwards, the first carriage drew up. It was Lady Verner's. Lord Garle hastened to Decima, and Lionel took out Lucy Tempest.

"Will you think me very foolish if I say a word of warning to you?" asked Lucy in a low tone, as they reached the terrace.

"A word of warning to me, Lucy!" Lionel repeated. "Of what nature?"

"That Roy is not a good man. He was greatly incensed at your putting him out of his place when you succeeded to Verner's Pride, and it is said that he cherishes vengeance. He may have been watching to-night for an opportunity to injure you. Take care of him."

Lionel smiled as he looked at her. Her upturned face looked pale and anxious in the moonlight. Lionel could not receive the fear at all: he would as soon have thought to dread the most improbable thing imaginable, as to dread this sort of violence, whether from Roy, or from any one else.

"There's no fear whatever, Lucy."

"I know you will not see it for yourself, and that is the reason why I am presumptive enough to suggest the idea to you. Pray be cautious! pray take care of yourself!"

He shook his head laughingly as he looked down upon her.

"Thank you heartily all the same for your consideration, Lucy," said he, and for the very life of him he could not help pressing her hand warmer than was needful as he placed her in the carriage.

They drove away. Lord Garle returned to the room; Lionel stood against one of the outer pillars, looking forth on the lovely moonlight scene. The part played by Roy—if it was Roy—in the night's doings disturbed him not; but that his wife had shown herself so entirely unlike a lady did disturb him. Bitterly did she stand out that night to his mind, in contrast to Lucy. He turned away, after some minutes, with an impatient movement, as if he would fain throw remembrance and vexation from him. Lionel had himself chosen his companion in life, and none knew better, than he, that he must abide by it: none could be more firmly resolved to do his full duty by her in love. Sibylla was standing outside the window alone. Lionel approached her, and gently laid his hand upon her shoulder.

"Sibylla, what caused you to show agitation when Cannonby's name was mentioned?"

"I told you," answered Sibylla. "It is dreadful to be reminded of that miserable time. It was Cannonby, you know, who buried my husband."

And before Lionel could say more, she had shaken his hand from her shoulder, and was back amidst her guests.

Jan had said somebody might be going dead while the parish was being scoured for him: and, in point of fact, Jan found, on reaching home, that that undesirable consummation was not unlikely to occur. But we must leave Jan, and make an evening call upon Mrs. Duff.

Mrs. Duff stood behind her counter, sorting silks. Not rich piece silks that are made into

gowns; Mrs. Duff's shop did not aspire to that luxurious class of goods; but humble skeins of mixed sewing-silks, that were kept tied up in a piece of wash-leather. Mrs. Duff's head and a customer's head were brought together over the bundle, endeavouring to fix upon a skein of a particular shade, by the help of the one gas-burner which flared away over head.

"Drat the silk!" said Mrs. Duff at length. "One can't tell which is which, by candle-light. The green looks blue, and the blue looks green. Look at them two skeins, Polly: which is the green?"

Miss Polly Dawson, a showy damsel with black hair and a cherry-coloured net at the back of it,—one of the family that Roy was pleased to term the ill-doing Dawsons, took the two skeins in her hand.

"Blest if I can tell!" was her answer. "It's for doing up mother's green silk bonnet, so it won't do to take blue. You be more used to it nor me, Mrs. Duff."

"My eyes never was good for sorting silks by this light," responded Mrs. Duff. "I'll tell you what, Polly; you shall take 'em both. Your mother must take the responsibility of fixing on it herself, or let her keep 'em till the morning and fix on the right, then. She should have sent by daylight. You can bring back the one you don't use to-morrow; but mind you keep it clean."

"Wrap 'em up," curtly returned Miss Polly Dawson.

Mrs. Duff was proceeding to do so, when some tall thin form, bearing a large bundle, entered the shop in a fluster. It was Mrs. Peckaby. She sat herself down on the only stool the shop contained, and let the bundle slip to the floor.

"Give a body leave to rest a bit, Mother Duff! I be turned a'most inside out."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Duff, while Polly Dawson surveyed her with a stare.

"There's a white cow in the pound. I can't tell ye the turn it give me, coming sudden upon it. I thought nothing less, at first glance, but it was the white quadruple."

"What! hasn't that there white donkey come yet?" demanded Polly Dawson; who, in conjunction with sundry others of her age and sex in the village, was not sparing of her free remarks to Mrs. Peckaby on the subject, thereby aggravating that lady considerably.

"You hold your tongue, Polly Dawson, and don't be brazen, if you can help it," rebuked Mrs. Peckaby. "I was so took aback for the minute, that I couldn't neither stir nor speak," she resumed to Mrs. Duff. "But when I found it was nothing but a old strayed wretch of a pounded cow, I a'most dropped with the disappointment. So I thought I'd come back here and take a rest. Where's Dan?"

"Dan's out," answered Mrs. Duff.

"Is he? I thought he might have took this parcel down to Sykes's, and saved me the sight o' that pound again and the deceiver in it. It's just my luck!"

"Dan's gone up to Verner's Pride," continued Mrs. Duff. "That fine French madmizel, as rules

there, come down for some trifles this evening, and took him back with her to carry the parcel. It's time he was back, though, and more nor time. 'Twasn't bigger neither nor a farthing bun, but 'twas too big for her. Isn't it a getting the season for you to think of a new gownd, Mrs. Peckaby?' resumed Mother Duff, returning to business. "I have got some beautiful winter stuffs in."

"I hope the only new gownd as I shall want till I gets to New Jerusalem, is the purple one I've got prepared for it," replied Mrs. Peckaby. "I don't think the journey's far off. I had a dream last night as I saw a great crowd o' people dressed in white, a coming out to meet me. I look upon it as it's a token that I shall soon be there."

"I wouldn't go out to that there New Jerusalem if ten white donkeys come to fetch me!" cried Polly Dawson, tossing her head with scorn. "It is a nice place, by all that I have heard! Them saints—"

A most appalling interruption. Snorting, moaning, sobbing, his breath coming in gasps, his hair standing up on end, his eyes starting, and his face ghastly, there burst in upon them Master Dan Duff. That he was in the very height of terror, there could be no mistaking. To add to the confusion, he flung his arms out as he came in, and his hand caught one of the side panes of glass in the bow window and shattered it, the pieces falling amongst the displayed wares. Dan leaped in, caught hold of his mother with a spasmodic howl, and fell down on some bundles in a corner of the small shop.

Mrs. Duff was dragged down with him. She soon extricated herself, and stared at the boy in very astonishment. However inclined to play tricks, out of doors, Mr. Dan never ventured to do it, in. Polly Dawson stared. Susan Peckaby, forgetting New Jerusalem for once, sprang off her stool and stared. But that his terror was genuine, and Mrs. Duff saw that it was, Dan had certainly been treated then to that bugbear of his domestic life—a "basting."

"What has took you now?" sharply demanded Mrs. Duff, partly in curiosity, partly in wrath.

"I see'd a dead man," responded Dan, and he forthwith fell into convulsions.

They shook him, they pulled him, they pinched him. One laid hold of his head, another of his feet; but, make nothing of him, could they. The boy's face was white, his hands and arms were twitching, and froth was gathering on his lips. By this time the shop was full.

"Run across, one of you," cried the mother, turning her face to the crowd, "and see if you can find Mr. Jan Verner."

(To be continued.)

CASTLES OF THE TAUNUS.

PART III.

THE tall tower of Eppstein has somewhat the aspect of one of the Irish round towers. The castle itself stands on a rock of its own, separated on one side by a deep ravine from the hill which hangs over it. The dell below could be flooded formerly by means of sluices—so tradition says—though,

in that case, it is difficult to know what became of the village, whose houses bear the signs of a high antiquity.

The name Eppstein has been derived from the ivy which covers the ruin or the rock, so that it was originally Epheustein; but this derivation is more picturesque than accurate.

The other derivation from Eppo—a man who built the castle—is much more according to analogy, as we find Eppenhain at a short distance, and it is connected with an old legend. Once a knight named Eppo lost his way while hunting, and was resting from his fatigue at the foot of a rock, when he was startled by a female voice in tones of stifled lamentation, behind a neighbouring thicket. He made his way according to the direction of the sounds, and saw at the mouth of a cave a beautiful damsel in chains. She told him that she was kept in durance and watched by a giant who slept on the rock above. Those were the days when game was driven into nets. Eppo was provided with a hunting-net, whose meshes could hold a struggling wild boar, or even on occasion a struggling giant. He approached the monster warily, who, overcome with Rhine-wine, was sleeping heavily, and completely invested him. The rock was to the giant on the scale of a German bed to the sleeper, and like a German bed, too short for him, and with a considerable slope. The giant, in his struggles to get free, rolled off and broke his neck. Eppo, of course, married the young lady,—built a castle to commemorate the event, and hung a rib of the giant over the principal entrance, where it was to be seen some time ago; how long ago we are not informed.

Certain it is, that the Mouse-tower was no more originally than a *Mauth* or toll-tower, built for the purpose of collecting toll for the robber-knights of the Rhine. First the name was corrupted in the mouths of the people, then the primeval legend was adapted to account for it, the name of Bishop Hatto being added, who had probably made himself unpopular by fleecing his flock.

All that appears certain about the castle of Eppstein is that it was standing at the beginning of the twelfth century. There is an old story that the site of the building was originally intended to be at Walderstein, near Lorschach, in the valley below, but that Eppstein was found more convenient, probably as commanding the roads which converged from four valleys. There is also an ancient account, but one of doubtful authority, that between 1111 and 1137, one Count Udalovich presented the two castles of Etichenstein and Eppstein to the archiepiscopal see of Mainz in the time of Archbishop Adalbert. Certainly, in 1122, a man of this name lived, calling himself Count of Etichenstein and Eppstein. Oue Gottfried or Godfrey, in 1173, is the first positive historical ancestor of the Eppstein family. This family gave five archbishops to Mainz and a patriarch to Jerusalem, and continued to hold the castle of Eppstein till 1522, as well as other widely extended possessions. Its fates were as changeful, perplexing, and uninteresting to the general reader, as those of most of the other castles of the middle ages. It often belonged to more than one owner at a time; and, at one time was held in pawn by the free

town at Frankfort, which retained for some time to come a right of entrance.

In the beginning of 1648, during the reign of Louis XIV., the French, under Turenne, occupied the town of Eppstein. They made the church into a stable, and warmed it by burning the seats. The inhabitants had taken refuge in the castle, but a fire breaking out in the town, the French called them out of the castle to assist in extinguishing it, probably having kindled it first as a means of drawing the townspeople into their power. The ruse, if ruse it was, was successful. In the beginning of the revolutionary war, the Prussians turned the castle into an hospital, which completed the ruin of a part of it, which it was soon afterwards judged expedient to pull down. That side which belonged formerly to the see of Mainz is still inhabited, and the catholic church adjoining is still used for divine service.

In 1803, the Diet assigned the territory to Nassau; the castle itself passed into the hands of some private gentleman, who held it on condition of taking care of it, and ornamenting its grounds with shrubs and flowers.

From Eppstein a road leads down to the beautiful valley of Lorschbach, whose sandstone hills are covered with fine beech and birch woods, past the town of Hofheim, over which is a chapel on a promontory of the Taunus, to the station of Hattersheim on the railway which leads to Frankfort. Hattersheim probably means the home of Hatto, which was the name of the notorious bishop of the mouse story. A man of the same name built the castle of Hattstein, whose antecedents appear to have been as bad as those of the Right Reverend Prelate, as it was the most noted nest of brigands in the neighbourhood. Vengeance, however, has overtaken it, for its site in the woods is somewhat hard to find now.

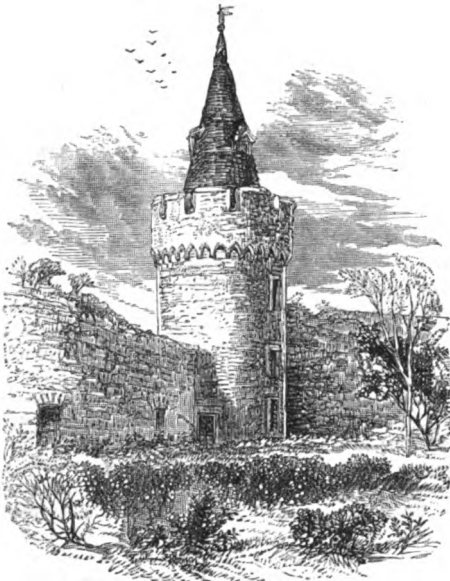
If, instead of returning to Frankfort, we stop at the Höchst station, a road as straight as if the Romans had made it leads up to Königstein. Whether it was originally a Roman road is not quite clear. There was a Roman station at Höchst, where the Nidda flows into the Main: and Höchst itself is thought to be a corruption of Ostium.

A little beyond Reiffenberg are the ruins of the castle of Hattstein. These ruins are overgrown with maple, and other trees, and even the remains of the ditch are nearly hidden by vegetation. The place is solitary, and "the path of the dead," the name given to the foot-path by which the Hattsteiners brought their dead to Arnoldshain, is consistent with the general melancholy effect. Hatzicho, or Hatto, of Reiffenberg, is said to have built this castle in the latter half of the twelfth century, so that Reiffenberg, contrary to expectation, would be older, since so much more remains of Reiffenberg than of Hattstein. There was a chapel, dedicated to St. Anthony, in the meadows below, served by the brotherhood of Arnoldshain. But, notwithstanding their pious offices, Hattstein was the terror and pest of the whole neighbourhood. The first account of a siege of Hattstein dates from 1369, when it was taken by Cuno, Archbishop of Trèves, of the Falkenstein family, yet given up again to the original joint-heirs on payment probably of heavy damages and promise of

future good behaviour. Five years afterwards, however, we find it besieged by the same prelate, in conjunction with Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, Philip of Falkenstein, the Prince of Hanau, and the towns of Frankfort, Wetzlar, Friedberg, and Gelnhausen; and this time probably without success, for in July of the same year, 1374, we find a battle taking place at Rodheim, to the east of Homburg, which may have been occasioned by a retaliatory expedition of the Hattsteiners against Friedberg. In this battle several of the Hattstein family were taken prisoners, but released again on oath; which they, of course, took the first opportunity of breaking. Nothing is more surprising in reading the dry records of this time, than the extraordinary long-suffering of the poor Frankfurters, poor in one sense, though rich in another. These robber-knights seemed to have lived entirely upon them, and to have preyed on their commercial prosperity, like human vermin. Yet the number of times they were forgiven, would suggest the prevalence of an almost romantic charity among the burghers, did not subsequent events show that the mild measures were dictated by fear. All the robber knights in Germany, though in chronic feud with each other, would band together to take vengeance for any summary proceedings taken against any of their body. At last, one Dieterich, of Hattstein, made himself such a prodigious nuisance, by carrying off sheep, oxen, and pigs, belonging to Frankfort, and inflicting personal outrages on unoffending travellers, messengers, and even religious persons, that in 1432, the Frankfurters and their allies, one of the most powerful of whom was the Archbishop of Mainz, succeeded at last in storming the castle, and getting it into their own hands, with a store of arquebuses, cross-bows, and ammunition, which the Hattsteiners had not time to carry off. After their victory, they took measures for the arming and provisioning of the castle; which afterwards, the Hattsteiners and their friends made several vain attempts to recover, both by force and fraud. The castle was surprised and destroyed by Walter of Reiffenberg, in 1468, but restored again in 1494. Through a variety of complications, the castle came again into possession of the Hattstein family, whom we find living there during the thirty years' war. At last it came into the exclusive possession of Canon Philip Ludwig of Reiffenberg, then it fell to Mainz, and was abandoned, and suffered to fall to ruin. But connexions of this man appear still to be the owners of the ruin, and the land about it. The Hattstein family became extinct in the male line in 1767, having lasted through little good and much ill report six hundred years. Their crest was a pair of eagle's wings, so that they were connected with the Wing branch of the Cronberg family. To this day, on the feast of the Ascension, a popular festival, which dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, is held near the lonely site of the castle. If the festival is prolonged to a late hour of the night, it is said that a white figure appears at one of the castle windows, ordering the people, with a cry thrice-repeated, to go home.

The castle of Reiffenberg is the most conspicuous object in the middle distance, if you take stand near Brunhilde's rock on the top of the Great Feldberg, and look to north-west. Its two tall towers, one round and the other square, crown a knoll at the foot of the mountain. The solitary and starved aspect of the surrounding country gives it a weirdness which does not belong either to Cronberg or Königstein; and the pinched look of the people when we come to the village of Reiffenberg, is enough to tell us that we are in Electoral Hesse. These Hessians, the descendants of the Catti, are a fine race to this day. They are to be seen in greatest perfection in the neighbourhood of Marburg, where the costumes of the women are most remarkable. The Cattian females are not fair, but stalwart, fit to be the mothers of a race of warriors. With a Spartan disregard of the graces, they still brush

their hair back from their brown foreheads and pile it up behind with a comb, and bind it with black stuff, as they did when their husbands defied the Romans; and wear their skirts so short as to display to the knee their legs, which look like fluted pillars in their ribbed and embroidered cotton-stockings. Their ambition consists in an endeavour to make themselves as tall as their husbands, who are the highest of the high Germans. Yet the fineness of the race makes more deplorable their poverty-stricken aspect, which is evident at once to one who enters a Hessian village from any of the neighbouring states. Selfish misgovernment is doubtless at the bottom of this. Nor do matters appear to have mended since the time when the Elector of Hesse, to his disgrace and ours, hired out his subjects against their will for war between England and a continental nation. The present Elec-



Old Tower at Bergen.



Watch-Tower on the Field of Bergen.

tor also is not very pleasantly known. However, those Germans who happen still to be governed by an obsolete feudalism may be quite sure that they are ten times better off than their fathers who lived in the times of the robber-knights. One tyrant can harm but few now, and public opinion is some restraint upon him; but then in every one of those picturesque castles, lurked a human spider, to whom the surrounding farmers were flies, and even the bees of the industrial towns were occasionally ensnared and their blood sucked, though they wore stings for defence and retaliation. The castle of Reiffenberg is separated from the rest of the crag on which it stands by a great ditch hewn out of the solid rock. Little is left of it but the towers before named, the round one ninety, the square one seventy feet high. Some of the castle fell to pieces about twenty years since. A rock jutting out to the eastward was added to the works of

defence by burrowing and cutting out loop-holes, making it a Gibraltar on a small scale.

As there was no opening into the tower below a height unattainable except by a ladder, from which point the winding stair began, the people believed that a subterranean passage gave access to the lower part of the tower, and that great treasures were secreted there, the solid masonry being only a blind to hidden chambers; and there is a story that a man of the village of Reiffenberg once found out this underground way, which is now undiscoverable, and penetrated through it into a bright white chamber, when his lamp was blown out suddenly, and he was hunted out the way he came by screeching spectres. The name is said to have been derived from the Reif, or circle of mountains with which the castle is surrounded. However this may be, the family which gave it its name, or derived its name from it, appears to have existed as early as the fourth century. The

family had two branches: one like the Hattsteiners had eagle's wings for a crest, and were called the Weller family, the other bore a crest of asses' ears, and were called the family of Wetterau. They also bore for a difference an azure bridge on their shield. The asses' ears appear not to have been a degrading but an honorary distinction. It is said that an ancestor of the family had this difference in the arms granted him by the emperor because on one occasion he carried a bridge by assault, sitting on a donkey after he had lost his horse, exactly as old Admiral Napier is reported to have stormed Sidon. This cognisance appears to have been in use as early as 1280. The misdoings of the knights of Reiffenberg were much on a par with those of their brethren of Hattstein, and it would be difficult to assign the palm of sheep-stealing and highway robbery between the two neighbouring castles. The castle and village of Reiffenberg suffered much from the natural quarrels of the different claimants and joint-heirs of the castle among themselves. It is surprising that most of these castles were held not by a single owner, but by partners, who possessed legal claims in different proportions. The thirty-years' war did not spare Reiffenberg. It was taken in 1631 by a Graf Von Lippe and the Lower Hessians, and again in 1635 by the imperialists, and held by them for a long time, till they lost it in 1646 to General Mortaigne, and then it was given by Gustavus Adolphus, King of Sweden, to his secretary, who gave it up again at the conclusion of peace to the only surviving representative of the Wetterau family, the Canon Philip Ludwig, but in a most dilapidated condition. It was, however, restored and inhabited in the second half of the seventeenth century by the Marquis de Villeneuve, who had married Anna of Reiffenberg, a sister of the Canon, and used it as a recruiting station for France. The Canon himself had been thrown into prison for seven years by the Archbishop and Elector of Mainz, because he would not give up his right, the Mainzers having long had privilege of entrance to the castle, and he was not released till the death of the Elector. The Mainzers had so spoilt his castle in the meantime, that on his return he was obliged to hire a house elsewhere. He appears, though a churchman, to have broken an oath which was forced upon him at his release, so he was imprisoned again at Königstein, where he died in 1686. The subsequent claims to the ruin and adjacent property gave rise to much litigation and genealogical research; at last they came into the possession of the Graf Von Bassenheim by adjudication of the Nassau courts. From the castle of Reiffenberg we may return to the Feldberg, which almost overshadows it.

This name appears to denote a mountain with a fell or field at the top, to distinguish it from a peak. It is borne also by the highest eminence in the Black Forest. Its summit is distant some fifteen English miles from Frankfort, 2721 feet above the sea-level, and at present crowned like most eminences in Germany by an inn, kept by one Herr Ungeheuer, whose name would be rendered in English by Mr. Monster. On the north-east side of the grassy platform at the top is a rock of quartz some thirteen feet high and eighty

feet round. It is called the Brunhildenstein, and also the Devil's Pulpit. It was known in former times by the names of Venusstein, and the Temple of Agrippina. This Brunhilde is not the heroine of the Nibelungen, but almost as notorious a virago. She was the wife of Siegbert, king of Austrasia, beautiful but cruel. She lived till the age of eighty, and in the course of her long life this northern Athaliah had occasioned the deaths of ten persons of the royal house. At last she met with a fearful end, it is said, in 613. She was put to the rack for three days, then placed on a camel and carried round the army as a spectacle, then tied to the tail of a wild horse and dragged to death. This lady, to whom a tradition ascribes the foundation of Frankfort, used to love to look at her wide domains from the top of the Feldberg, which she was in the habit of ascending, and, to see it better at sunrise, used to sleep on the rock which bears her name, there being then no inn there. Some say that she built a castle there which she called her bed, and some that she was buried under the rock.

This stone is also connected with a legend of St. Hildegard, the Abbess of the Convent of Rupertsberg by Bingen. This holy lady made a pilgrimage to the Feldberg, in order to pray to Heaven for the success of the crusade which Bernhard of Clairvaux was then preaching in Frankfort. From morning to evening she prayed; then fatigued, sank to sleep on the hard rock. But the rock became miraculously soft for her repose, and she slept as if her couch had been a spring-bed. When she rose it became again hard, but the impression where her head lay remained, and remains till this day. The holy Hildegard died in 1180, in her 82nd year.

There is a hill in the neighbourhood of Soden called the "Nadelkissen," or "Pincushion," where there was an ancient convent, where another holy lady lived who was as cleanly as she was godly, for her mundane accomplishment was the getting-up of linen. She did not, however, hang her linen on a cord as usual, but in the air by miraculous agency, the air of Soden being as remarkable for giving whiteness to linen as roses to ladies' cheeks. The white linen hanging in the air to dry was regarded by the Sodeners as a sign of fine weather. When the convent fell to ruin, and the white clothes were seen no more, it was supposed that the holy lady had gone to a better place. The inhabitants tried to remove the ruins of the convent and build a new one, but their new buildings always fell down again. And they could only remove the stones by carting them to Frankfort, where they formed the Frohnhof, or "soccage" farm, which gave its name to the yet existing Frohnhofstrasse.

The Altkönig, though some hundred feet lower than the Great Feldberg, is a much more remarkable mountain. Even as seen from Frankfort-on-the-Main its outline is deeply cut into by those remarkable circular trenches with remains of rough walls about them which crown the summit. This strange fortress is older than any history. Some suppose it to have been a refuge for the neighbouring German population in the time of the Roman wars; some think it much older, and

ascribe it to the Celts, who inhabited the country before the Germans, and are as convenient to antiquaries as the Pelasgians to historians. The origin of the name itself, "the Old-king," is doubtful. Some think it was the site of an ancient court of justice. But the name may have been given from the old quartz ramparts which crown the summit, suggesting to the peasantry the idea of a king of the giants turned into a mountain, like the classical Atlas.

If we descend from the Taunus again to Frankfort, and take the Main-Weser railroad as far as Vilbel, we have an opportunity of visiting the castle there, and ascending to the eminence of Bergen, which rises gradually from the Frankfort plain, and though not a part of the Taunus, may well be included in a notice of it.

Vilbel is a long, straggling village on the sluggish and often muddy Nidda. Of its castle little is left but a square tower, bridge, and gate,



Remains of the Castle of Vilbel.

and the remains of some walls. The race of the knights of Vilbel was first heard of at the beginning of the thirteenth, and were extinct in the seventeenth century. They belonged to the household of the Imperial palace at Frankfort, and their arms are believed to exist on a monument of the Roman king Günther, of Schwarzburg, who was buried in 1349 in the Frankfort Cathedral. The knights of Vilbel had the usual character of the knights of those days, and we find one Bechtram obtaining a nickname by plundering the market-boat between Frankfort and Mainz. The Arch-

bishop of Trèves, Werner of Falkenstein, obtained the castle by purchase in 1399, and rebuilt it after its destruction. His arms are still to be seen over the gateway. The misdoings of Bertram von Vilbel, captain of the Frankfort mercenaries, and his execution, have been already noticed. The castle was for a long time in possession of Frankfort, then of Mainz. When, in 1796, the Austrian army, under General Wartensleben, was retreating from the French to the left bank of the Nidda, the French General Kleber required of the Mainz authorities the restoration of the Nidda

bridge, which had been destroyed by the Austrians. The Nidda is a kind of river just made to obstruct an army, cutting its quiet way through deep loamy banks with bottomless mud at its bottom. The authorities escaping in order to avoid complying with this requisition, Kleber had the principal buildings of the castle set on fire and burnt down. From Vilbel a gradual ascent leads up to the watch-tower of Bergen, which is a conspicuous object from Frankfort and all the country round about, standing on a round rising ground in the middle of a vast corn-field. The town of Bergen itself is distant about half a mile from it, on the side where the hill slopes down into the valley of the Main. This simple watch-tower bears the date 1557 on it, and was made accessible by an external winding stair in 1844. It is far too inconsiderable for defensive purposes. If the watchers were in expectation of an enemy, they probably took refuge in the town, or drew up the ladder by which the door was entered.

The watch-towers round Frankfort have a court and walls which could have resisted an enemy for a considerable time, and held a garrison of fifty men at a pinch. The view from the Bergen tower is immense, considering the elevation of the hill on which it stands, which is about 600 feet over the sea, and it is the only point really commanding a beautiful view within easy walking distance of Frankfort. This view is said to comprise nearly 200 towns, villages and hamlets, with a setting of distant mountains, the Taunus being nearest. The Main winds like a silver serpent in the valley to the south-west. It strikes the visitor at once, like the field of Waterloo, as exactly the place for a battle. And a battle was fought here in 1759 in the seven years' war, between Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick, commander of the German allies, and the French under the Duc de Broglie. The Germans were the attacking party; the French had the advantage of position, and made it good. There appears to have been much loss of life on both sides, the advantage remaining with the French. The principal traces which the battle has left are balls which have been built into the walls of houses at Bergen. Bergen itself is half-lost among its fruit trees; and the slope below it has a good aspect for its vines. It is a perfect specimen of a little mediæval town, quadrilateral, walled all round, with towers at intervals. Two of these are more remarkable than the others: they have both little spires of masonry, and one is surrounded with a very picturesque frieze. One straight main street pierces the town, with old gates at each end. In the middle of the market-place there is a quaint old town-hall. The whole town is quaint, "bizarre" as the French call it; small in scale irregular, brown and yellow and black, oddly gabled, and swarming with dirty children. These last seem to abound in all the old towns of the Rhine-land, where one does not see enough men and women to account for them. They look as if they had been hatched from the ancient dirt by the modern sunshine, after having been dormant in it for centuries.

Bergen was formerly the property of a family belonging to the imperial household in Frankfort, bearing the strange name of the Schelms, or

Skinner of Bergen. The castle which belonged to them is of more modern date than the town and outside it, so that at first they lived in the town itself, as notices of them are as old as 1194. To account for so noble a family with so ignoble a name, there are several traditions. The word "Schelm," which now means a rogue, signified in old German, "a corpse," or "carion," then "a flayer," or "skinner," then "a hangman." The Emperor Frederic Barbarossa, or the Red Beard, of glorious memory, once gave a promiscuous masked ball at his palace in Frankfort. His new Empress was very fond of dancing. A stately mask came up and asked for the honour of her hand. She accorded it gladly; for she recognised in the mask the comeliest shape and the best dancer of the evening. The partners pleased each other well. At last came the hour for unmasking, and who should the partner of the Empress be but the public hangman, who, from the odiousness of his office, was obliged to live out at Frankfort, at Bergen. The first impulse of the Emperor in the midst of the universal horror, was to order the executioner to instant execution. The latter, however, plucked up a spirit, and addressed the Emperor:—"Reverse the matter, Sir Kaiser, and we may be good friends. Instead of saying that the Empress has been dishonoured by touching me, say rather that I have become honourable by touching her." The Emperor was touched, likewise, and laughingly said, "You have too much wit for a hangman: rise up ennobled, Sir Schelm of Bergen." The family died out in 1844; but the eastern end of the wood by Bergen still bears the names of Schelm's Corner. Another story is, that the Emperor had lost his way, and missed his hunting company, in the forest near Dreieichenhain. He was thirsty and tired. Meeting a waggoner, he asked for a draught and a seat. The waggoner gave both. When the retinue came up, the gentlemen cried out in horror, "the Schelm of Bergen!" But the Emperor made him a knight under that name. Yet another account. Barbarossa had just finished his castle in Gelnhausen, beyond Hanau, whose ruins are still to be seen. He lay down to rest in his new stronghold, and pleased with the work, said: "Whoever it is who puts his foot first in the castle-yard to-morrow morning, shall be ennobled." The first comer in the morning was the hangman of Bergen. But the Kaiser could not break his word, and gave a remarkable illustration of the German proverb—"The morning hour has gold in its mouth," or its English counterpart—"The early bird picks up the corn," by making the hangman of Bergen both rich and noble. And the Schelm of Bergen bore henceforward as his arms: on a field argent two bloody ribs, gules. It is an easy walk from Bergen to Frankfort, either by the edge of the hill through the interminable village of Bornheim, "the home of the springs," or by the Friedberg watch-tower, through the gate of Friedberg, famous for the trophy commemorating the gallant resistance of the Hessians in the first French revolutionary war, and infamous for the murder of Auerswald and Lichnowsky by the mob, in 1848.

GEORGE C. SWAYNE.

THE DEADLY AFFINITY.

A STORY IN THREE CHAPTERS.



CHAPTER III. NIGHT AND DAWN.

A FEW days after my interview with Doctor Walstein and his daughter, I learned from Holdsworth that they had left London for their house in Wales. This did not surprise me, as I had expected their departure; but I thought it rather strange that the doctor had neither written nor sent any message to me. If Fred had ever been really smitten with the charms of Minna Walstein, he was no longer so. I think that he could never get over the idea that she was deeply versed in chemical science. At all events, he never blushed now when her name was mentioned, and he had even the temerity to taunt me with having a *penchant* in that direction myself. Notwithstanding my energetic denials, he persisted in his assertions, so that I could almost have been angry, if it had not been for his constant good humour.

Very gradually there came over me a peculiar feeling, for which I tried vainly to account. I had only seen Minna Walstein on two occasions; but both these interviews were associated in my mind with that strange, subtle perfume of geranium leaves. At first, when I began to allow my recollection to dwell upon this scent, I thought of it with dislike. Very gradually, however, this feeling wore away, and I began to think of it with a strange unrest, and at last with a fierce

sort of pleasure. I dreamt of it at night; I seemed to inhale with it a vital atmosphere, necessary for my existence. I soon lost all interest in my studies, and longed to be alone, so that I could let loose the reins of imagination and fancy. I became more and more reserved, and my mind became more morbid every day.

Every one with whom I met noticed an alteration in my appearance, and I could see that Fred Holdsworth was very solicitous about my health. But I was impatient at all notice, and preferred being left alone to my thoughts. On one occasion, however, he made a remark that called up a vague apprehension, since it corroborated a mysterious sensation which I had lately experienced. After telling me how pale and thin I looked, he said that there was a peculiar expression in my eyes,—a sort of glittering, that reminded him of Doctor Walstein. The same idea had occurred to me of late, when looking at the mirror; but the glittering somehow reminded me more of the eyes of Minna Walstein. He saw by my manner that I was annoyed, and did not allude to the subject again; but I could not forget it: and this new fancy, added to my morbid thoughts concerning the perfume, harassed me almost beyond endurance. A longing to breathe once more that scented atmosphere took possession of me; it seemed now an absolute necessity

of my life. I could not, however, disconnect the remembrance of it from Doctor Walstein's poisonous experiments. Was that subtle perfume a poison? If so, what affinity had it with me, that I should feel thus strongly attracted towards it? Questions like these were continually recurring to me, and filled me with a mysterious foreboding.

The poisoned perfume—for such I had begun to consider it—haunted my dreams more than ever. Some of these dreams were almost too horrible to bear. I remember that, after one night of feverish and troubled sleep, I seemed to lie in a state between sleeping and waking in the grey dawn. The perfume appeared to steal into the air around, and suddenly something heavy, cold, and slimy seemed to pass slowly over my neck and cheek and across my throat, down between my arm and breast. I knew, although I had not seen it, that it was a snake. I lay motionless, but in a dreadful agony of suspense. The slightest sound, the slightest movement, I thought, would be a signal for the deadly fangs of the reptile. At last it seemed that, roused by the warmth, the creature was uncoiling itself, and soon I felt it repass across my throat, and in the dim light I thought I saw the green head of a Cobra di Capello, with its hood distended, rising close before my face. The glittering eyes flashed brilliantly, but, strangely enough to me, they seemed to be the eyes of Minna Walstein! I awoke with a scream, but the dream was too vivid to pass away. I was trembling with terror. It was then that the idea first rose to my mind,—Why not go to Wales and see this old man, and there learn from himself what truth there might be in the vague fears that beset me? The thought no sooner occurred to me, than it superseded all others. I determined to lose no time, but to set out as soon as possible for Wales.

I knew where the doctor lived; he had spoken to me of his house on several occasions. It was called Pwlldu, or Black-pool House, and was situated somewhere in the wild region of Gower. I made my arrangements for leaving during the day, not even telling my intention to Fred. As soon as I had made up my mind to undertake this journey, I felt drawn and attracted in the direction I had fixed upon, by an almost resistless force. It seemed the one great object of my life. I was as careless of the future as I was utterly forgetful of the past. I thought only of breathing once more that strange atmosphere,—of meeting once more that old man whom I hated,—and of seeing again the serpent-glitter of his daughter's eyes.

I remember very little of my journey. I arrived about eleven at night in the little town of —. Late as it was, I procured a carriage, and was soon hurrying forward at a good pace to Pwlldu House, some ten miles distant.

The carriage was obliged to stop at a little village, where I had to knock up the inmates of a small inn, who instructed me as to my road to the house. It was down by the cliffs, close to the sea, and as there was only a footpath, I paid off the coachman, who drove back to —, and I proceeded on my lonely walk to Pwlldu House.

There was sufficient light from the stars to

enable me to see my way, but I believe that if there had been such darkness as might have been felt, I would have gone unerringly on my path.

I was approaching the cliffs, for the mournful monotonous sound of falling waves met my ears, and I found that I was advancing upon a dark grove of trees, through which lights glimmered. I passed through a small gate and under the trees, until I met with a gravel path that led up to the door of a large and substantial looking house. The hall door was open, and in the light stood Doctor Walstein, dressed in the coarse blouse and velvet skull-cap that I had seen him wear in the laboratory, when I first met him.

"Ah, you are here at last,—I have been expecting you," he said, holding out his hand.

I grasped it eagerly, and in an instant was conscious of a strange feeling of relief. The very touch of his hand, and the sound of his voice, seemed to bring to me a feeling of calm and security. He took my valise from me and led me within, and as I stood talking with him in a cheerfully lighted room, all the bitter, heart-burning questions which I had intended to ask vanished into air. The moment that I stepped within his door my anguish and suspense disappeared; I felt all the soft and soothing sensation of a condemned prisoner's sudden release. I was treated by Doctor Walstein as an invited guest, and I made no effort to influence his treatment. The perfect rest and composure of my mind was delicious, after the agony that I had endured, and I would not allow even conscience to whisper to me a word of warning.

After showing me to my apartment he informed me that, fancying I had not dined during my journey, he had caused a slight repast to be prepared. Would I join him even at that late hour? I acquiesced at once, and in a short time he rejoined me, having altered his dress. We descended together.

Subtle, crafty fiend! I thought I saw that hideous grim smile on his face, but I put my arm through his, and walked with him in all good faith. Subtle, crafty fiend! Another day to wait, and it might have been too late. Had I known his devil's cunning, I would have strangled him then and there, old man though he was.

We passed across the entrance-hall, and along a passage, at the end of which was the evil-faced servant, still dressed in black, who opened the door for us. I was not in a very observant condition at the moment of which I am writing, but I could not help being struck with the appearance of the room which we entered. The walls were covered with dark green paper, on which was a scroll work of gold, composed, seemingly, of cabalistic characters. A soft carpet, of a deep, rich purple, covered the floor; and the further end of the room was concealed by a heavy green velvet curtain. In the centre of the room was a table, on which a *recherché* little banquet was laid out. The apartment was lighted by one lamp, which hung from the ceiling, and cast a bright but soft and even light around. The prevalence of green and gold, for even the crystal and porcelain on the table had these hues predominating,

and the cabalistic golden scroll, affected me at first, but as my host sat down and invited me to sit opposite to him, all feeling except that of repose and relief left me. I had had no appetite all day, but now I was hungry, and did full justice to the repast before me. The evil-faced servant only appeared now and then, to remove the dishes, and the doctor spoke very little, seeing that I was busily engaged. At last the meal was over, and the servant removed everything but the wine. There were several kinds of wine, and crystal goblets of antique shape, on the table. There was also a small gold flask, beautifully chased, the top being closed with a clasp, in which a large emerald was set. This flask stood on the doctor's right hand, but was not opened.

My companion's conversation was as interesting and fascinating as ever for me, and I listened to him in a dreamy state of pleasure. The influence of the wine, the soft light, and the strange gold characters on the wall, produced a feeling of calm excitement (if I may use the term), that I wished could last for ever.

The velvet curtain, which concealed one end of the room, was behind me, and I sat facing the old man, listening once more to his wild and fanciful speculations. My mind was in a perfect state of rest and security, and I was not startled—not a muscle moved nor a nerve quivered—when I was conscious that the mysterious perfume was gradually pervading the air and stealing around me. My eyes were fixed upon the doctor's face, and I saw him, while still looking at me and talking to me, stretch out his hand, and take hold of the flask with the emerald clasp. He opened it mechanically, still looking at me, and pushed it across the table in my direction; signalling to me, at the same time, to take it. I did so, and following the direction of his eyes, I looked behind me. The heavy green curtain was opened in the centre, and Minna Walstein stood in the opening.

She was dressed in a soft white dress, which fell about her form in long graceful folds. Her beautiful golden hair was unbound, and rippled over her shoulders nearly to the ground, as she stood with her arms stretched out before her, gazing at her father, with a fixed expression of fear and anxiety. She was deadly pale, and moved forward slowly and hesitatingly, never by a single look acknowledging my presence. When she arrived at a few paces from where I sat, I observed that in one hand she carried a curious golden goblet, set with emeralds, and similarly fashioned to the flask which I held.

There was a dead silence. I glanced at the doctor; he rose and signalled to me to fill the goblet, which his daughter held from the flask. His eyes glanced fiercely under his white eyebrows, and I felt compelled to obey. Raising the flask and moving forward, I filled the gold goblet. The liquid was colourless, and limpid as water, but as I poured it out, I was conscious that the perfume in the air was growing more powerful and oppressive, every instant. I watched her raise the draught to her lips, and her eyes met mine for an instant. Suddenly the room seemed to swim before my eyes,—strains of wonderful,

fairy-like music sounded in my ears,—my head throbbed violently, and I fell forward, and down at her feet.

* * * * *

It was broad daylight when I recovered from a long swoon. I was lying on a large sofa or couch, in an elegantly furnished room, with two large French windows, which were open to the ground, and led into a lovely garden outside. In front of one of the open windows was a writing-desk, on which were a number of papers, a semi-spherical steel hand-bell, and a row of stoppered phials in a rack, over the top of the desk. It was a beautiful day, not a cloud disturbed the serene blue of the sky, and far away I could see the ocean calm and unruffled, with here and there a small white sail gliding along, and the soft murmur of summer waves fell gently on my ears. Roses and jessamine seemed to clamber up the front of the house, for I could see some crimson blossoms of the former, and some of the little white stars of the latter, peeping round the sides of the open windows. But, I looked at everything apathetically. I was quite indifferent as to where I was or how I had chanced to get there. I felt as if I had been prostrated by an attack of fever for months, and was now only recovering, weak and worn out. I was so powerless (physically) that I felt unable to move a finger. I simply lay on the couch, gazing rapidly out of the windows, and then inactively round the room. I was alone. Then suddenly, like a shock of electricity, came the remembrance of the evening of my arrival at Pwlldu. All my former belief and blind confidence in Dr. Walstein flashed away in an instant, and nothing filled my mind but a feeling of intense hatred and horror of the man. But I was physically so weak that I had no more strength than an infant. I tried to rise, and succeeded, with difficulty, in raising myself on one arm, but the exertion was too much for me, I fell back stunned and fainting on the couch.

"Nine hours he has now been insensible; if he remains five more, then I know that my plans will succeed. Death and Life—Life and Death—how wondrously are ye linked together!"

These words were uttered in a low, distinct tone, and although I made no sign, I recognised the voice of Dr. Walstein. I kept my eyes closed and listened. He was evidently alone, for there was no response, and I could hear the sound of his pen as he wrote rapidly at his desk. I have before said that I felt powerless; but as I lay there, with closed eyes, I began to perceive with joy that my mind had really assumed a stronger and healthier tone. I began now to see that this old man, for some purposes unknown to me, had been employing me as a subject on which to try some of his diabolical experiments. By some process of mesmerism or animal magnetism he had led me on involuntarily step by step, until I had become entirely subject to his power. I resolved to make a determined resistance against any further proceedings on his part. In the meantime, I made up my mind to remain still and passive. The doctor evidently believed that I was still insensible, and I wished him to remain in that belief, and I lay there, listening intently, in case anything might be said

by the old man that might enlighten me with regard to his intentions regarding myself.

I don't know how long I had lain in this state, when it suddenly dawned upon me that the subtle perfume of geranium leaves was, and had been, lingering about me, ever since I had regained consciousness. On assuring myself of this fact, a feeling of terror came over me which is impossible to describe. However, I rallied, and endeavoured calmly to reflect on every circumstance that had characterised my intercourse with Doctor Walstein and his daughter. I then remembered that I had never noticed the perfume except when Minna Walstein was present. I felt perfectly assured that she was not in the room, before the Doctor came in, and even now I was convinced that she was not near me. Like a lurid gleam of lightning an idea flashed across my mind,—an idea that filled me with horror and dismay.

The perfume existed in my own breath !

I shuddered from head to foot, and gave an involuntary cry.

Still I had enough presence of mind to keep my eyes closed, for I felt that if I met that piercing glance of Dr. Walstein, he would once more control my senses and my will, and compel me to act as he desired. As I uttered the short sharp cry of agony which I have referred to, I was conscious that he had risen from his chair, and was watching me intently. He uttered a few impatient syllables, and then struck sharply two or three times upon the steel bell. Some one entered the apartment almost immediately afterwards. I presumed that it was the evil-faced servant.

"Your young mistress—where is she, Cosmo?" said the Doctor, rapidly.

"Miss Walstein went out nearly two hours ago, sir, and I believe that she has gone down to the beach—I saw her take the path that leads down to the cliffs."

"Run at once, Cosmo—find her, and tell her to come to me. I want her immediately. Haste!"

The servant left the room, and I was aware that the old man was pacing rapidly to and fro in the lower part of the room, and from his expressions of impatience I learned that he was very anxious for his daughter's return. Still, he neither came near me, nor addressed me. This perplexed me. I had an unaccountable impression that he was afraid of me. And yet it seemed absurd that he should fear one whose strength was so far gone, that it was with an effort he kept his eyes closed. Nevertheless, the belief that he was afraid to approach me grew stronger and stronger every instant. What was the cause of his fear? How I tried to drive back the thought that insidiously crept upon me! How I tried to prevent its passing even as a shadow across my brain! That perfume—that deadly perfume in my breath! Had this old man,—I had heard of such a thing,—by his fiendish acts, contrived to assimilate that poisonous vapour with my being, so that he was afraid to approach the finished object of his design? I tried to banish the thought, but gloom and dismay made my heart sink within me.

Nearly half an hour passed away, and I became aware that Doctor Walstein's impatience was increasing. He vented his rage in sullen, muttered

curses at the delay of his servant and daughter. It appeared to me that he was afraid to leave me out of his sight, and at the same time, was afraid to come near me. At last he stopped suddenly, as it seemed to me, near one of the open windows, and spoke:

"Charles Haughton, I know that you are conscious, and have been so, for a considerable time. For some reason, known only to yourself, you have declined to speak to me, or even to look towards me. I say nothing of the ingratitude you display in not acknowledging the services rendered to you by my daughter and myself. You have since last night been rescued by us from impending death. But putting that aside, I beg that you will rouse yourself and speak to me, or I cannot answer for the consequences."

Still he did not come near me. I now felt sure that he was afraid to approach me, and I remained fixed in the determination to keep motionless and silent. For some time the Doctor appeared to wait, expecting my answer; but at length, seeing that I was resolved not to speak, he again began to pace rapidly backwards and forwards, muttering impatiently at intervals. All that I could gather was, that he was anxious for the arrival of his daughter. It seemed however, that his impatience was at length overcome, for after two or three wild outbursts of rage, he again addressed me, but in a different tone:

"Young man, you force me to speak, and to tell you the whole truth. For some time past, I have been endeavouring to subjugate and control your mind and will by the force of my own. I have succeeded. Listen to me,—and force yourself to comprehend thoroughly what I mean. You are now, as much under my bidding and control as the action of my own muscles, and I defy you to move from the place where you now lie. I hope you are taking heed of what I say, for I wish you to understand what kind of a man you have to deal with. I am not only a student of the mysteries of Nature, but I worship Nature, and have no religion except science. I have no belief in what are called the feelings of the heart, they have, at least, never troubled my rest, and there are no such qualities as love and hate in me. I have often told you that in all my researches I have had one great object in view. In striving to reach that object, no obstacle has ever hindered my progress. Health, wealth, and laborious toil, have all served me in their turn. I did not hesitate for a moment, when I found it necessary to imbue the being,—the system,—the nature of my own daughter with an essence, the fatal nature of which, makes her a living poison. Ah! you may start,—but it is not the first time, that the thought has passed through your mind. And yet, blind fool that you were, you sat almost by her side the first time you ever spoke to her, and drank in eagerly with every respiration, that deadly essence. I say that you were a blind fool,—for if you had glanced at the flower in your breast, you would have seen it withering before your eyes. You, perhaps, wonder why I called you in,—why I enticed you to inhale her poisonous breath. I will tell you. The woman's nature was giving way under the fierce ordeal through which it had to

pass, for she not only breathed, but lived and fed on poisons! She was dying slowly and gradually. This did not serve my purpose. She was valuable to me, and I resolved that she should live. I have not studied the secrets of life and death in vain, and I had not long to seek before I met the man who could save my daughter's life, by taking upon himself half of her poisonous existence. The instant that I met with you, I fully comprehended your real nature and temperament, and knew that I could completely control your mental and physical powers. The only real difficulty that I had, was in getting the entire possession of your mind and reason. It was necessary that all remembrance and all thought of other subjects should be banished from your mind, and then I knew that I could infuse that deadly poison into your blood and breath. You may well shudder,—but you know, only too well, how completely my scheme succeeded. You know how thoroughly you emptied your mind of every other idea, and how absolutely you gave yourself over to myself and my daughter, and the subjects which we discussed. But, this is wearisome. Last night, my work was accomplished. When, under the influence of that potent perfume you filled Minna Walstein's goblet and met the glance of her eyes you completed my design—my daughter's life was saved, and I have now two living poisons to assist me in, what you may call, my ambitious aims. Look calmly, if you can, at your fate—you will poison and kill every living creature you come in contact with, except my daughter Minna. Her you cannot hurt, and there can be no affinity between you and anyone else in the world. I quote your own theory. As she is of my own flesh and blood, I soon discovered a mode by which I could approach her with impunity, but you are different. I feel that it might be fatal to me if I came near you. But it is still possible that you do not believe me. I am unable to approach nearer to you than where I stand, but I break off this rose from the trellis, and fling it to you. If you wish proof of what I say raise it to your lips and watch the result."

I heard the flower fall on the carpet beside the couch, but I did not move, I scarcely breathed. The terrible words that he had just uttered confirmed the vague apprehension that I had formed, and I felt more dead than alive. Still through all I had an overpowering belief that my only chance of safety depended upon my silence, and upon guarding my eyes from his basilisk gaze.

The doctor seemed to wait for a movement on my part for some time, but, seeing that I made no sign, he again spoke:

"I have tried to show you your utter powerlessness, and have pointed out your only hope. I now appeal to other feelings. I fear that your obstinacy and indifference may seriously affect my daughter. Her life now depends upon yours, and I know not how your present disposition may affect her being. At this very moment—"

While he spoke I heard a voice far down in the garden, calling to the doctor to come at once, for the love of Heaven. I recognised the voice of Cosmo, the servant. Doctor Walstein muttered

an oath, and called out from the window that he could not come.

"But, master, master, you must come!" said Cosmo, as he came up to the house; the young lady—Miss Minna—is dying down yonder amongst the rocks by the sea-shore."

"Dying, do you say?"

"Yes; she is weaker and more prostrate than she was even yesterday. When I approached her where she lay, amongst the wet shingle and sea-weed of the rocks, she waved me back, saying, 'Do not come near me, but tell my father to come to me at once. I am dying. Tell him also that he is deceived in young Haughton, he only thinks of me with loathing—the thoughts of his heart are elsewhere.' Then she turned paler than before, and fell back fainting. I was afraid to go nearer, master, for you told me—"

"Silence, Cosmo! Return at once to your mistress, and keep watch until I come. I will be with you immediately."

I heard the sound of Cosmo's footsteps, as he ran through the garden towards the cliffs, and then Doctor Walstein's voice:

"We have had enough of this trifling, youngster. Your fate is in your own hands, and I am the only person who can save your life. It seems that I have miscalculated, and that you have not given your mind and reason so completely into my power as I had supposed. It would appear that, through the *rapport* which exists between my daughter and yourself, you are able to weaken the power of life in her. If this is the case, I warn you not to try that power too far, or it will be a fatal day for you. Will you answer me?"

I was silent; but through the still air, far away, could be heard the voice of Cosmo, calling for help piteously.

The Doctor remained irresolute for a moment, and then hastened away in the direction of Cosmo's voice. I lay for some time without venturing to unclose my eyes; at length feeling assured that I was alone, I looked around. Was it all a dream? Were those cruel words, which I had heard, lies? The last remarks of the old man I cared nothing for,—what were he and his daughter to me? But there on the floor beside me lay the rose that Doctor Walstein had thrown to me, and it was within reach. I picked it up languidly and carried it with difficulty to my mouth, and breathed upon it. Merciful heaven! It seemed as if I had held the flower over some corrosive acid. The petals shrank up—brown and black, and in a few seconds I held in my hand only a few twigs and withered leaves.

It was true. I was the hateful, poisonous wretch that the old man had depicted. I buried my face in my hands, and bitter, scalding tears filled my eyes. I thought of the dismal time that had passed, and my mad infatuation for the doctor and his daughter. How truly, as he said, I had emptied my mind of every other thought except of him and her. How I cursed my madness and folly. Then, as I lay there despairing, there came shining into the blackness of my thoughts the image of a sweet pale face that I loved, and the tender glance of soft dark forgiving

eyes. And then sweet, as the tinkling of fairy bells, came that strange warning, echoing back from long ago. Of what use was it to me to upbraid myself for not heeding it now? Of what good was it to me now to remember how often the recollection of it might have turned me from my perilous course? None. Yet why had I for one moment forgotten that loving heart that trusted so truly in me? One thing, however, I knew,—forgetful I might have been—mad—foolish—but unfaithful to my love, never. As these thoughts passed through my tortured mind, I dashed my hands from my face and clenched them till my nails nearly entered the flesh. Heavenly powers! Was it possible my strength had returned? Could it be so, that as I had been rendered powerless by the thought of this old man and his hateful offspring, so now my strength was regained by the remembrance of Cousin Polly's pure and tender love? It must be so! I sprang from the couch, and as I did so a passing breeze swept through the room, and seemed to bear away with it the last traces of the poisonous perfume. I felt assured that the baneful vapours had left my breath, but to make doubly sure, I plucked a spray of jasmine and carried it hurriedly to my lips. My heart beat wildly with joy—the little white stars gleamed as brightly and healthfully as before. Ah, Cousin Polly, why did I ever forget you for a second?—but you had not forgotten me, for the precious jewel of your love, hid in my heart, proved my talisman against powerful and deadly enemies.

But I had no time to throw away, and I determined to make my escape before the return of the doctor, his daughter, or his servant. Through bye lanes and over slimy marshes and wild moorlands I wandered all day, and late at night I arrived at the town of —, worn out with fatigue and excitement, and before morning I was delicious with fever.

* * * * *

It was some weeks before I recovered sufficiently to recognise Fred Holdsworth, who was waiting upon me, and through whose exertions my life was saved. From him I learned the history of events. He had noticed my change of manner, and when I disappeared from London he immediately conjectured that I had gone to visit Doctor Walstein. He still laboured under the delusion that the doctor's daughter was my attraction. Several letters came for me, and as he grew uneasy he resolved to set out and find Pwlldu House himself. When he arrived at — he put up at the same hotel where I was then prostrated with fever. He stayed with me, and nursed me as tenderly as any woman could have done, and he was there in daily expectation of the arrival of my uncle.

He did arrive in a few days, bringing with him Cousin Polly. I will not describe our meeting. Uncle Mark never heard this narrative,—he is long since dead; and Cousin Polly had been for years my loving little wife before I told it to her.

All that I ever heard again of Doctor Walstein was from Holdsworth, who told me that two nights after I escaped from the old man's clutches the scattered inhabitants of that part of Gower

were startled at seeing a great conflagration at Pwlldu House. When discovered, the building was burning in every part. There was little water in the neighbourhood, and every now and then during the fire there were terrific explosions, which drove back those who tried to extinguish the flames or save any of the property. It was also said that dense fumes of a nauseous and poisonous character came from the flames, causing faintness and giddiness to those who inhaled them. The house was burned to the ground, and everything was destroyed. Nothing was ever seen of the inmates; but there was a report, never properly confirmed, that traces of human bones had been found amongst the charred and calcined débris.

(Concluded.)

A. G. G.

NOMADS OF THE CAMPAGNA.

"We are toiling to civilise the barbarians of the far-off islands,—let us not forget the barbarians outside the Porta Pia." Thus spoke a Roman Cardinal, one day in my hearing, to some persons whom he desired to encourage in a work undertaken by them for the benefit of the rural population of the Campagna. "The barbarians outside the Porta Pia!" thought I, in surprise. Has time retreated some cycles, and are Attila's hordes once more at the gates of Rome? The whole world was once either Roman or barbarian; has the Roman world so shrunk up that it can fit within the compass of the seven-hilled city? When did the pomerium become the limit of civilisation? Rome once held the sovereignty "Urbis et Orbis;" has the "Orbis" lapsed into savagery, leaving the walls of the "Urbs" to do battle with its wild men?

My occupation soon afterwards placed me in a condition to see these barbarians and to know them. What my personal contact with them has taught me concerning them, their manners and their customs, I will now lay before the reader.

Every one who is acquainted with the environs of Rome, and especially if he enters the Eternal City from Viterbo, necessarily preserves for some time an unpleasant recollection of the pastures of the Campagna. Spreading around in a circuit of many miles, they encircle the old walls with a zone of green. This zone bursts here and there into irregular mounds, which in places almost rise up into the dignity of hills. It looks like an angry sea, tossed and beaten by a storm into shapeless waves, and then suddenly, with all its fantastic heavings, turned into earth and carpeted with green sward. It was in a little valley opening out between two of these hills that, for the first time, I met with one of the barbarians to whom I have alluded. I had left the road, with its stones and dust, and found reason to congratulate myself on the change. The hard blocks of basalt that formed its pavement were far less agreeable than the springing grass; and the delicious perfume of the wild mint which I crushed as I walked, made me soon forget the blinding dust from which I had suffered so much. Turning short round the spur of the mount, I suddenly found myself transfixed by a pair of sharp, keen, glittering eyes. I knew, of course, that I was face to face with their owner, but the eyes searched

me as it were of themselves, in such a penetrating, cold-blooded way, that for a moment I never thought of him to whom they belonged. When I did examine him, with a rapid flash of reflection that we were alone in the midst of a solitude, I was a little startled and alarmed. He stood erect or slightly bent, with his arms crossed upon his breast, and resting on a forked stick, one end of which was driven a few inches into the turf. He wore the conical hat usually worn by the Italian peasants, from under which fell his long hair, casting shadows on his neck and shoulders. His limbs were protected by a highly complicated invention. The leg and foot were first swathed in linen, which did duty for stockings, and then the foot was laid upon a sole of thick undressed leather, to the corners of which were attached long slender thongs of the same material. The thongs were then brought round the foot and leg, crossing and interlacing each other in a rude sort of network, until they were at length made fast at the knee. Coarse breeches and a sheep-skin coat, over which, bugle-fashion, hung a gourd for holding water, completed his attire. The coat, however, was not made in accordance with the rules laid down for such garments in the old song. The fleshy side of the sheepskin was in, not out, and the woolly side was out, not in. A flock of sheep close at hand, watched by a dog, told me that I had before me one of the Pecoraj, or shepherds of the Campagna. Curious to learn what kind of life was led by this class of men, so completely shut out from the world, I visited them more than once. That life I found to be quiet, tranquil, simple, and not unhappy. They are certainly not such shepherds as appear from plays to have lived in Arcadia, and I found but few among them who could claim a likeness to Corydon or to Alexis. But plain, homely, practical virtues I did find among them; and qualities for which I had never given them credit. I do not pretend to give here a complete sketch of their character and manners. I aim only at a faithful account of my own experience among them.

When October has come round, and the grapes and olives have been gathered in, there is a general stir in the hamlets on the mountains of the Abruzzi and the Neapolitan highlands. The fierce heat is now over, and the poisonous malaria of the plains is yielding to the fresh autumn breezes. It is time to bring the flocks to the valleys and low-lying pastures, where they may roam undisturbed until the month of May drives them back to the hills. The note of preparation is sounded among the shepherd families, and after a few days of preparation all is made ready for the journey. It cannot, however, be said that they leave their household gods behind them, for the simple reason that they carry their household along with them. First in the procession come the sheep, for whose benefit the entire march has been undertaken, guarded by dogs, whose names "Fidele," "Pecorone," and such like, sufficiently indicate their qualities and functions. Then the men, each after his own charge. The women and children, laden with the utensils and little necessary domestic property, bring up the rear. We may be certain that they have classed under the latter

head of necessary articles, huge necklaces, each bead of which is as large as a pigeon's egg, heavy pendants for the ears, and flaming red and green gowns, to make a brave show on Sundays and festivals. In this order they leave the sloping streets of the village, and wind along the mountain roads, now hidden in a chestnut forest, now emerging from its shady depths, now resting near some rustic chapel, where the women arrange the wild flowers they have gathered on the way. At length they arrive at the appointed pastures; the sheep are turned out, and in a short time the whole plain is dotted with their white fleeces. The shepherds then put up their huts; some building in solitary places, others sociably near each other. Thus settled for the season, they move about in search of new pastures when the wants of the flocks render such a step necessary. For a circuit of about six miles round Rome, the vast expanse of meadow is inhabited for six or eight months of the year by this nomadic population.

The man with whom I had fallen in belonged to a numerous community, composed for the most part of Neapolitans from a district in the Abruzzi Ulteriori, north of the town of Rieti, and not far east of Terni. About two hundred of his comrades were employed in the pasturages near the place where we stood. A simple organisation rendered the government of this large body of men a very easy task. They were divided into four sets, each set consisting of fifty men, and commanded by a corporal called by way of distinction "il padrone," the master.

Although nomadic in every sense of the word, this shepherd community was almost entirely free from the dissolving influences such a life is naturally prone to create. They brought with them from their mountains not only the spirit and traditions of hamlet life, but also that life itself. Each household remaining entirely, or almost entirely, the same in its members as when under its roof-tree, preserved towards its neighbours the same relations that bound them when at home together. It was a village without the cottages; it was rustic life without the cultivation of land. The poet who would write for them, should sing to them both *Bucolics* and *Georgics*; the former for their wanderings in the plains, the latter for the season of their abode on the hills. They might be taken for a small Jewish community of old, what time each seventh year brought rest from the labours of the fields, and blunted the edge of the pruner's knife. Yet, in them no traces were visible of that thorough idleness which we have been taught to believe natural to the Italian peasant. Bravely and unrepiningly did they endure much hardship while tending their herds. A simple occurrence served to make me acquainted with the manner in which, after the day's work, they spent the evening hours. One day as I conversed with one of the youths of the party, he happened to let fall close to my feet a few small books. Surprised not a little at the love of reading to which the books bore witness, and wondering what he was even able to read at all, I inquired what they were. "Only some nonsense," was the reply. They were a collection of ballads of adventure,

such as still delight the Trasteverini in the popular drama of "Meo Patacca." He had learned to read from one of his fellow shepherds, who in his younger days had attended a school specially founded for boys of his station. The education thus received was liberally bestowed by him in turn on his companions. Every evening at sunset, surrounded by a group of boys, this excellent man held a reading school. Never was the task of teaching more generously undertaken; never did scholars apply with more ardour to learn. Nor was this the only school. At the same hour the fathers of families gathered their little ones around them, and with touching and tender solicitude spent hours in teaching them to pray and to recite the catechism. What a picture! the sunset spreading over sky and prairie-like pasture

Hues that have words, and speak to you of heaven, and bathing in light the poor huts with their rustic groups; the young busied in learning to read, the old bending lovingly over their little ones, whose infant lips lisped after them a prayer to their Father above!

Among the children thus trained I noticed one chubby, large-headed fellow, whose very history was a practical commentary on the moral teaching imparted. He had been left an orphan some years before, but had found a father and a mother in every household in the community. He was at home with all, and although he was attached to one family in a particular manner, he was nevertheless equally the favourite of the rest. If the bread of strangers can ever be eaten without that bitterness which the great Italian poet has ascribed to it, surely love had sweetened its salt for the shepherd orphan-boy.

Their notions of geography were very limited indeed. Of course, being Neapolitans, the Kingdom of the Two Sicilies, or, as they styled it, "the Kingdom," was in their minds the central point of the system of the universe. The doctrine concerning the countries of the earth that seemed to prevail held, that the entire world is a reproduction on a grand scale of the pasture lands in which they themselves lived. The world was but a more extensive Campagna, the different countries were but larger farms, belonging to a proprietor who wore a crown, and was called Emperor or King.

As one farm bordered another, so did one realm touch its neighbour, like so many pieces of variegated cloth in a patchwork quilt. Nor were they by any means clear in their views as to the order in which the various countries came. This one thing, however, they knew full well, that in all the world there was nothing to equal Rome.

It would be an unprofitable task to endeavour to trace in the shepherds of Virgil's *Eclagues* the types of those shepherds whom I have been describing. Fearful of giving offence to the fastidious, the rules of art vigorously exclude from pastoral poetry many details which occur every day in pastoral life. But even when allowance is made for the enormous difference between the ideal and the real, in every case, the Italian pastoral life as described by the great Roman poet is marvellously unlike what we find near Rome in our own day.

With regard to it, the whole cast of imagery which he employs is completely out of place. No modern shepherd would dream of doing the things his predecessors did, or of using the language they used. Who, in a spot where a tree is hardly to be seen, would speak of Tityrus as reclining under the shade of a spreading beech? Which of them would plant pear-trees and vines where all vegetation droops? And it is quite impossible that any one of them could think of seeking the cool shade by the side of the sacred fountains, in the hope of being lulled to sleep by the buzzing of Hyblean bees. But if we turn from the verses where the smooth speeches of Melibœus and the raileries of Menalcas are embalmed, we shall find striking points of resemblance between our modern nomads and the nomad shepherds of Africa described in the third *Georgic*, 339—345.

Why should my muse enlarge on Libyan swains,
Their scatter'd cottages, and ample plains,
Where oft the flocks without a leader stray,
Or through continued deserts take their way,
And, feeding, add the length of night to day?
Whole months they wander, grazing as they go;
Nor folds nor hospitable harbour know;
Such an extent of plains, so vast a space
Of wilds unknown, and of untasted grass,
Allures their eyes: the shepherd last appears,
And with him all his patrimony bears,
His house, and household gods, his trade of war,
His bow and quiver, and his trusty cur.—*DRYDEN*.

Well is it for humanity that instead of bow and quiver and the trade of war, the men of our time bear with them the tenderness of home ties, the culture of education, and the law of charity.

F.

A NIGHT OF TERROR.

I AM naturally of a timid disposition,—in fact, I may say of a *very* timid disposition,—and am subject to what, in speaking of a large mass of people, we should call panics.

I was for a long time horribly frightened by the idea of French invasion, and kept my port-manteau in constant readiness for a sudden "stampede" into the interior of the kingdom on the receipt of the first intelligence of the arrival of the enemy on our shores. This feeling gradually subsided, and I then was tormented with a dread of fire; I couldn't see a ladder fire-escape leaning against the railings of the parish church, without a relapse, and wondering when my time would come to make a terrific descent in my night-cap and slippers in one from the fourth floor of my lodgings; then the fear would come over me that perhaps the fire-escape might not arrive in time, and that at the last moment I should be left to my own resources for escape. I therefore arranged everything in my own mind in case of such a catastrophe. I intended to tear the sheets into three pieces, knot each piece firmly together, draw the bedstead to the window, fasten the end to the bed-post, and so descend hand over hand; but not feeling quite certain if my presence of mind would be sufficient to procure in time my "absence of body," I engaged the boy belonging to the house, for a trifling remuneration, to ring

the door-bell at uncertain hours during the night, rush up to my room, and wake me with the information that the "house was on fire, from the basement upwards." It was well I tried the experiment, for the first time he aroused me, in the confusion of the moment I tied the towels together, and was about to draw the towel-horse to the window and attempt my escape that way; an operation which, if I had been allowed to have carried out, would not, I have reason to believe, have been crowned with success. But after a time I got accustomed to his nocturnal visit, and could say placidly, "Thank you, William; you will find sixpence for your trouble on the looking glass," and turn round and go to sleep again.

The agony I suffered when obliged to travel by railway was fearful. I attempted to cure myself of this in a similar manner to my fire panic, and stuck steadily to excursion trains, and on one occasion I bribed the guard, if he should find me asleep at any station, to wake me up suddenly, and inform me that "the engine had broken down, and the up-express was expected every moment;" the foolish fellow did not perceive that I had a fellow-passenger in the carriage when he brought me this private intelligence,—an elderly gentleman with a silk pocket-handkerchief over his face, who no sooner heard the alarming information than he endeavoured to take a header out of the far window. Fortunately, the elderly gentleman was of a stout build, and could get very little out beyond his head and shoulders; but it required all the strength of myself and guard to pull him back again, and assure him that he must have been dreaming, otherwise the guard would most likely have lost his place, as the old gentleman did his temper, when he thought it was a hoax, and was going to write to the "Times," and do all manner of things which irate old gentlemen are fond of doing.

This little misadventure prevented my following out entirely my plan with regard to railway travelling, and I merely mention it to show how strongly I have struggled with my infirmity.

Some brave men I have heard are the most arrant cowards when asleep: now I am just the reverse; I am prepared in my dreams to jump over any ravine however wide and however deep. I have frequently been engaged in a deadly conflict and found myself a perfect hero, but immediately I awake my infirmity comes upon me again.

Although acknowledging my natural timidity, I am by no means convinced that (under certain conditions) I might not come out uncommonly strong. I have never been shipwrecked; perhaps (should such a disaster happen to me) it might bring out my latent courage; I can picture myself, when the ship was at her greatest danger, cutting down the masts, seizing the tiller from the hands of the affrighted and trembling helmsman, and steering the gallant bark safely into port amidst the cheers of the spectators assembled on shore to witness the interesting sight, and the tears of gratitude of the captain and crew. I merely say it might be so; I *might*, however, be found hiding in one of the boats at the first alarm.

However, it must not be supposed that I do not

entertain the highest respect for personal valour, and I never pass one of our gallant volunteers that I do not take off my hat to his superior courage.

The occurrence which I am about to relate would, in my opinion, strike awe into the breast of the most undaunted. I had occasion a short time since to run down the line on a little business. I arrived at the hotel rather late, took a light supper, a glass of brandy and water, and went to bed: I ought to say, perhaps, that my nerves had been a *little* shaken by my journey, the carriage had jolted in a somewhat mysterious manner, and I fancied that the engine had made strange noises, indicating an intention of blowing up; but still I was not in a state of extreme nervousness.

I don't know exactly how long I had been asleep, but I had been dreaming that I had been appointed captain of the "Arkansas" by the Confederate States, and was making (to use a vulgar expression) mince-meat of the Federal blockading squadron, when the shots, which had appeared hitherto distant, gradually approached until a shell seemed to burst immediately under my nose, and I awoke.

I say *awoke*, though for some minutes afterwards I entertained considerable doubts as to whether I was not still asleep, as a smart fire of musketry appeared to be going on. I pinched myself severely and found unmistakably that I was in a waking condition; but what could all that firing be in the street? could war have been declared against America while I had been asleep, and had the Yankees, with that promptness which they sometimes display, sent over a portion of that 700,000 men of which we heard so much, and which are to do so much harm to poor imbecile old England when—their present little affair is settled?

A cold perspiration broke out all over me; the firing had now reached the very door of the hotel. I hastily blew out my night light (I always like to sleep with a light in my room, it seems such company, if one should happen to wake in the night), lest its glimmer should attract the attention of the foe; I then ventured to creep out of bed, and cautiously to draw back about an inch of the window-curtain, and to peep out.

The conflict was at its height; the shouting was fearful, men were running about dressed in strange uniforms, a volley fired directly underneath my window caused me to draw back as precipitately as if I had been actually shot; but as the window was not broken, I have reason to believe that I escaped unhurt.

Driven from the window, I crept on my hands and knees back to the bed, got inside, and covered my head with the blankets and counterpane, occasionally allowing one ear to listen; after a short time, the enemy appeared to have taken possession of the house, and the firing was over, but the cheering still continued, if anything louder than ever.

A clatter of knives and forks, and popping of champagne corks, then succeeded, and for a time, comparative quiet reigned. It may seem strange, but during this lull I dropped off to sleep again, and was aroused by the most horrible din that I

could have ever imagined; the enemy seemed to have indulged too freely in champagne, and were dashing about the house, shouting and screaming; they had evidently gorged themselves, and were about to slaughter the innocent inmates of the hotel in their drunken fury.

I sprang out of bed, to seek a place of concealment; a cupboard, a high one, stood invitingly open, and in I jumped, pulled to the door with a bang, and for the moment I was safe. I heard them knocking at the door of my room, but of course I did not answer, and after a little time they went away. I don't know how long I remained in my hiding place; it seemed about a year, but I suppose was only an hour, when all noise having ceased, I thought I might as well go back to bed, particularly as my costume was somewhat of the scantiest, and I began to feel cold, when, to my dismay, I found that the door had shut with a spring, and I was enclosed like the lady in the "Mistletoe Bough." Nothing was to be done but remain quiet until morning, when some one would most likely come into the room, and I would surrender myself a prisoner.

After a lapse of time, which seemed centuries, a streak of light shone through the keyhole, and by-and-by I heard a knocking at my bed-room door.

"Come in," shouted I through the keyhole. Fates be praised! I heard the door open. "Let me out," I shouted again.

"Why, however did you get inside the cupboard, sir?" said the chamber-maid (for she it was), as she opened the door of my hiding place.

I did not stop to answer her ridiculous question, but sprang out at once into the room.

I have already stated that my garments were scanty, and the damsel fled precipitately at my appearance, before I had time to inquire the particulars of the fearful struggle of the previous night.

I dressed myself as quickly as possible, and ran down stairs expecting to find the whole lower storey a ruin; but, strange to say, everything looked as usual; the killed and wounded must have been removed I thought. I went into the coffee-room, and found the waiter; he looked a little pale, but otherwise appeared free from injury.

"How," gasped I, "did we escape last night?"

The waiter scarcely heard my question, and replied:

"Why, sir, you see, sir, the volunteers——"

"Gallant fellows!" interrupted I; "so they drove the invaders from our hearths."

The waiter looked at me somewhat dubiously, the chambermaid had most likely told him of my being found in the cupboard.

"Dear me, sir," said he, "you must have been very bad last night, sir."

"What do you mean?" said I.

"Well, sir, I hope no offence, sir; but if I might make so bold as to recommend a glass of brandy neat, sir; a fine thing when a gentleman has had a little drop too much over night, sir."

"Why, you rascal, you don't think I was drunk, do you?"

The waiter grinned a ghastly grin, and replied:

"No offence, I hope, sir, but a good many on 'em was, sir."

"A good many of whom?"

"Why, sir, the volunteers had a midnight-march last night, and skirmished back through the town, and had supper at our house."

"And the firing I heard, then?"

"Was them, sir; and they did fire beautiful, didn't they, sir?"

I nodded assent.

"And some of the young gentlemen," continued my loquacious waiter, "got uncommon jolly, sir, and chivied one another up and down stairs."

I have still the greatest respect for our noble volunteers, but I sincerely hope that I shall never sleep again in a town, where they are in the habit of taking midnight-marches, or in an hotel where they come home to supper, and *chivy one another up and down stairs.*

W. H. S.

MEMPHIS.

As I write, this beautiful little city of the South may be given to the flames by its own people, or by the shells of its Northern invaders. When I think of its probable fate, it rises before me like a picture, and I see again the sweeping torrent of its great river, the shore lined with busy steamers, loading with cotton, the precipitous bluffs, or alluvial banks, rising a hundred feet from the river brink, the streets, the spires, the villas and gardens of a lovely town, and a fertile and beautiful land.

Memphis—the name carries us back thirty centuries to Egypt and the Nile. Our Memphis is of to-day, and carries us across the ocean to America and the Mississippi. When the old world peopled the new, the emigrants took with them the names of the places they discovered or peopled. The Spaniards and French drew heavily upon the calendar. In the West Indies and Spanish America we have San Salvador, San Domingo, Santa Cruz, Santa Fé. The French, in Louisiana and Canada, gave the names of saints and European cities, or adopted Indian designations. Thus we have St. Lawrence, St. Louis, New Orleans, Montreal, Ontario, Niagara. The English settlers of the American colonies at first took English names, and the oldest towns are called Jamestown, Yorktown, Richmond, Charleston, Portsmouth, Plymouth, Boston, Exeter, Cambridge, Hartford, Albany, Baltimore, Hanover, Orford, and a hundred others. These are repeated over and over. The names of several of the States evince their English origin, as New Hampshire, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, Virginia, so named in honour of Queen Elizabeth, the Carolinas and Georgia. The Dutch, German, and French settlers also gave their own familiar names to their settlements. But as the number of towns and villages increased, it was necessary to have more names, and people adopted those of every famous city in the world, from Babylon, Nineveh, Thebes, Memphis, Troy, Athens, Rome, Antioch, Carthage, Jerusalem, to Lisbon, Madrid, Lyons, Genoa, Florence, Smyrna, Moscow, and so on to Peking and Canton. A few hours' ride on a New York

railway will carry you through the famous cities of Troy, Utica, Rome, Syracuse, Amsterdam, and Geneva. As the proper names of the eastern hemisphere became exhausted, and the Washingtons, Jeffersons, Jacksons, and other popular American names had been repeated in every State, another rich supply was found in the often musical designations of the aboriginal languages. These were sometimes resorted to, even in the early history of the country. Four of the great lakes retain their ancient names of Ontario, Erie, Huron, and Michigan. Massachusetts, Connecticut, Delaware, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Wisconsin, Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Minnesota, and Oregon are Indian names of states. Indian chiefs and tribes have given names to hundreds of towns and rivers. Writers have animadverted upon the bad taste of some of these designations, but the Cantons and Caïros, Romes and Londons, are certainly as good names as the Smithtowns, Jonesvilles, and Pittsburgs, by which the early settlers of hundreds of obscure villages make their names immortal.

Let us return, or rather proceed, to Memphis. It was a long journey there. I was in the pretty town of Cleveland, on the south bank of Lake Erie, in Ohio, when the summons came. The distance is about 800 miles, and I had my choice of many routes. I could go for 100 miles to the head of the Ohio, and the rest of the way by steamer; I could take a steamer at Cincinnati. I could go west, by Chicago, to the Mississippi, and so down that river; or I could take the most rapid route, by rail across Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois to Cairo, and thence on the Mississippi.

The cars, as the Americans designate their railway carriages, on the road from Cleveland to Cincinnati, are among the nicest I have ever seen. They are not only brightly painted, gilded, and upholstered, and furnished with retiring rooms, but are warmed in winter, cooled in summer, and thoroughly ventilated always, in a manner that could scarcely fail to satisfy a "Times" correspondent. In the warmest days of an American summer, with the thermometer at a hundred, and the train enveloped in clouds of dust, these cars are clean, airy, and cool. By ingenious machinery a constant current of air is cooled and washed clean from dust by being made to pass through showers of water. In winter, these cars are warmed and ventilated with hot air, supplied in great abundance by a similar apparatus.

These cars, it is true, are not very exclusive. They seat thirty or forty passengers. The "gentlemanly" conductor walks through the entire train to examine tickets, when it is in rapid motion; so the boy who sells newspapers, books, and sugar-plums, has free access, and the coloured gentleman who supplies the passengers with water, where that luxury is not kept in well-iced reservoirs in every car. But the lack of exclusiveness is compensated to the traveller, who wishes to see the people of the country he is passing through. In the car in which I was seated there were near me, as I gathered from the conversation, a judge, a member of congress, and an ex-governor of some state. They were talking politics very freely. On the seats before me were a middle-aged

Chinese woman, who could speak a little English, and two children, a bright boy and girl some ten or twelve years old, who spoke nothing but Chinese, though their father was an American. They had been sent from China to Kentucky under the sole charge of their Chinese nurse, who was a queerly dressed but most estimable and trusty seeming personage, where they were to be educated under the care of their antipodal grandparents. The enterprising Kentuckian had made a fortune in China and married a Chinese wife. She could speak no English, and the children had learnt only their mother tongue. It was curious to study in the faces and actions of these two bright children the intermingled characteristics of the two races.

Two persons on the seat behind me were of scarcely less interest. One was a New York lady, young and pretty to the last degree, of the most delicate type of American beauty, with its pearly complexion, exquisite features, and little hands and feet. She was dressed for a long journey, and in a fashion that was singularly perfect. Her face was thoughtful as well as beautiful, her manner perfectly self-possessed, and a little that of a spoiled child, and she had a wonderful faculty of wrapping her pretty person in a full supply of shawls and making herself comfortable. Her travelling companion puzzled me, both in himself and in his relation to the fair lady. He called her "*Mees Fannee*," and treated her with a mingled politeness and familiarity. She kept him to English as much as possible, but he shied like a restive horse into French and Spanish. He turned out to be a Mexican general, whose name I had often seen in the newspapers, on his way from New York to take part in a civil war then in progress, and his somehow cousin, *Mees Fannee*, was going to New Orleans under his escort to join her married sister.

Arrived at Cincinnati, we took the western road for Cairo. Forests dark and drear, newly-cleared farms, and newly-built villages, are the monotonous accompaniments of a Western American journey. The prairies have a monotony of their own. Your eye searches all round the horizon for the joyous blue peak of a far-off mountain. You cannot even see a tree. The railway itself is tiresome in its straight-lined and dead-level uniformity. A deep cut, a high embankment, a heavy grade, or a sharp curve, would be a relief. The only variety we had was that of the violent motion caused by the displacement of the ties by frost. This was so great at times as to set all the cars dancing, and almost to throw the passengers from their seats.

After six hundred miles of rail—and some of it of the roughest—we arrived at that little, forlorn, sunken fragment of a city, Cairo. It is built upon a point of land, recovered by huge embankments from the floods of the Ohio and Mississippi, which here form their junction, and it is important besides, as the Southern terminus of the Illinois Central Railroad. Here lay the steamers from Cincinnati and St. Louis, waiting for the arrival of the trains with Southern passengers. I chose the finest and fastest from St. Louis. What a luxury to the tired and dusty traveller was that great palace-like boat, with her saloon two hundred feet

long, light, lofty, and elegantly furnished; rich carpets, soft lounges, huge mirrors, cut glass chandeliers, pictured panels, marble tables, vases, of flowers, pianoforte—everything to give repose or promote enjoyment. I was shown to a large and thoroughly furnished state room, as comfortable as any bed-chamber need be.

The tables were set for breakfast from eight to ten o'clock, and every one ordered what he required from a printed bill of fare, containing a great variety of dishes. It was a Southern boat, and the negro waiters were perfectly trained to their duties. They spring to anticipate your wishes, they gently suggest some favourite dish, they seem delighted to make your meal agreeable.

After breakfast there is the promenade on deck, with the ever-changing panorama of river scenery; the lounge on the balconies, with the new friend or novel; a game of chess or cards in the saloon, or music. So we glide along till the early dinner at three o'clock. This sumptuous meal is served up with all the formalities. Oval tables are set across the saloon, each table for twelve persons. Every name is written upon a card, and placed beside his plate. A careful clerk has assorted the whole company with the nicest care. Each table has its own party of persons suitable to each other. The courses come on in due order, with all the luxuries of fish, flesh, and fowl, and an admirable dessert. Tea and supper are served at seven o'clock, and after the tables are cleared the waiters, who are all musicians, play an hour of quadrilles, waltzes, &c., and the passengers dance if they are so inclined. Then music and conversation grow lively afloat, and cards still livelier forward. One passage fee pays all expenses. No waiter expects a fee. The only extras are boots and porter. At the end of a long trip, ladies usually give a small gratuity to the chambermaid.

On a high, bold bluff, we descry two miles of handsome buildings, and our boat rounds to, so as to bring her head up stream, and in a few moments we land at Memphis. The shore is thronged with hacks and porters. The hotels are not half a mile away, and the fare demanded is the modest sum of ten shillings. The Southerners are devoted to free trade. I have known New Orleans cabmen to ask and get five pounds for taking a load of passengers a few rods. It was late at night, and in rather a heavy shower: in fact the rain amounted to an inundation, and the water in the streets was two feet deep. The excuse for high fares at Memphis was, that it was muddy.

There was no mistake about that. The streets are broad, the side walks well laid, the buildings fine, but the streets had never been paved, and the stumps of the forest trees were in some of the public squares. Paving was a difficulty. In the alluvial valley of the Mississippi stone is rare. Flag stones for the side walks are imported from Liverpool, as ballast to the cotton ships. The clay loam of the finest streets of Memphis was cut into ruts, two feet deep, by the mule teams and waggons which brought the cotton from the railways to the river.

How beautiful the city was, how lovely the country, with its villas, gardens, and flowering

and fragrant forests around it, I cannot describe. The soil is rich; the climate bright and genial. Roses bloom all the winter in the gardens. Cotton and maize grow abundantly in their season. Money is plentiful; wages are high; there is work for all in that land of plenty: so it was before the war. I have travelled a thousand miles and never seen one hand held out for charity.

In the long and almost perpetual summers of the South, ice is a luxury of the first order. Every morning the ice cart comes round as regularly as milkman or baker: it is seen on every table. Stored in great warehouses, built with double walls, filled in with spent tanbark or sawdust, it is made to last from year to year, even in a climate where the thermometer ranges for weeks at nearly a hundred degrees. But whence comes the ice? A thousand miles up the river the winters are long and cold. The ice, two feet in thickness, is cut out in blocks, and stored up for the opening of navigation. Loaded in immense flat-boats or rafts of boards, it floats down with the current, to Memphis. Two men, on each flat-boat, keep the frail craft in mid-channel, signal the steam-boats that might run them down, and lazily while away the weeks of this slow and tedious voyage. Mr. Lincoln, the present President of the United States, is said to have been engaged at one time in navigating in this manner the very river down which he is now sending his victorious gun-boats.

If Memphis needs ice to cool her liquids, she needs also fuel to roast and boil. The steam-boats and locomotives have burnt off the forests, but there is an abundance of coal around the sources of the Ohio. You see it in seams, ten feet in thickness, cropping out of the high banks of the Monongahela, needing only to be picked out and sent down a broad trough to the flat-boat by the shore. The coal floats down with the current like the ice, a thousand or two thousand miles, and lights the grates and furnaces of Memphis and New Orleans. Many cargoes are lost. Sometimes the mere swell of a passing steamer sinks the frail flat-boat; sometimes a sudden hurricane will sink a hundred, and many lives are lost.

The first Sunday spent in a gay southern city is a curious social revelation. You walk out toward evening, the sky is blue, the air is balm, but a thousand rainbows of gay and flashing colours have broken loose; all negrodom has put on its wonderful attire of finery, and come out to take the air. Slavery has its fascinations, and one of these is to see the whole negro population of a rich city like Memphis out on a Sunday afternoon. The negroes not only outdo the whites in dress, but they caricature their manners; and sable belles and sooty exquisites appropriate the finest walks, and interpret the comedy of life in their own fashion.

There is a handsome theatre at Memphis, very fashionably attended when there are attractive stars. The coloured population, of course, is suitably provided for, and takes an intense satisfaction in the drama. The negroes are, perhaps, even more fond of the circus; and I have seen a full gallery noisily enjoying the make-believe negro minstrels. But the circus, with its trained

horses, spangled finery, and clownish antics, is, perhaps, their strongest attraction. One came up the river from New Orleans while I was at Memphis. It was a complete circus, with ring, boxes, pit and gallery, a full stud and company, all propelled by steam. It steamed from town to town along the thousands of miles of the Mississippi and its branches, staying a day or two at one place, and weeks at another. When its great steam organ, which could be heard three miles, announced its arrival at Memphis, the whole juvenile and negro population was on the *qui vive*. I was visiting at the residence of a gentleman, two miles in the country. In came Harry, a handsome black boy, fat and lazy, who would go to sleep, currying his horse or over his rake in the garden, with his—"Please, massa, de circus am come."

"Well, Harry, suppose it has come, what then?"

"Please, massa, give me a pass to go and see it."

"A pass, ay? but who is to pay?"

"Oh! I've got two bits for de ticket."

So the good-natured massa filled up a blank pass, which would allow Harry to be abroad after nine o'clock at night, without being taken up by the police.

Harry was hardly out of the library before there came another visitor, a black little nursery maid, some twelve or fourteen years old.

"Please, massa," said she, in the familiar wheedling way of children and slaves, "Harry's goin' to de circus."

"And you want to go, too?"

"Yes, please, massa."

"I am afraid you will get into trouble. It's a good way, and you will be out late."

"Oh! no, massa; I won't get into no trouble, I won't, indeed: I'll keep by Harry, please, massa!"

"Have you got any money?"

"No, massa; you please give me two bit, massa."

Of course, the two bits came, and with them another pass for the circus.

The wealth and importance of the cities of Southern America are not to be estimated by their population. Memphis, in its palmiest day, had less than twenty thousand population, but the wealth and business were immense. There were five daily papers, and many other periodicals. The stocks of goods were large, the commercial buildings spacious, the style of living fast and luxurious.

A European traveller is astonished to see so well-dressed, and in many respects, so well-bred a people given over to such a vile habit as the constant and profuse chewing of tobacco, with its disgusting accompaniments. The floors of rail cars are deluged, the parlors of hotels and cabins of steamboats are covered with huge spittoons. The floor of the court-house in Memphis was covered more than an inch deep in saw-dust, and when the audience at the theatre applauded with stamping of feet and canes, the dust that rose from the floor was an impalpable tobacco powder, which set the whole house sneezing. The nastiness of this

horrid American custom could scarcely have a stronger illustration. I remember another instance, however, of a more ludicrous character. A crowded western audience was listening in breathless silence to a popular speaker; and the only sound that could be heard in the pauses of his declamation, was a rapid, heavy, and continuous shower of tobacco-juice that fell upon the floor, all over the hall, and soon rendered it a broad lake. In the hush of a deep tragedy, in a New York theatre, there comes up the crackling sound of hundreds of persons eating pea-nuts—a sound like that of a great drove of hogs eating acorns in a western forest; but the pattering shower of tobacco-juice is the strangest noise, as well as the most disgusting. But the traveller must learn to overlook national peculiarities, and not to condemn a people for one or two singularities.

Memphis was, and I hope still is, a beautiful city. As usual, in America, there are churches in abundance. The finest were the Episcopalian and Roman Catholic, standing near neighbours, with rector and priest on the most friendly terms. Then came the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, &c. There is also a very handsome Jews' synagogue, where I heard an eloquent discourse, by a famous Rabbi from Cincinnati, and some very fine music.

The planters, professional men, and merchants, whose villas beautify the suburbs for miles, were full of lavish Southern hospitality. No one could expect to find in a new country so many beautiful and luxurious houses. One of the most beautiful places near the city was a Dominican convent and academy, where I got a good view of a hundred or more young misses, mostly planters' daughters, sent here to be educated in this sylvan paradise, by the white-robed daughters of St. Dominic. Four-fifths of them were Protestants, but a large portion of the youth of the South are educated in Jesuit Colleges, and the female convents of various religious orders.

Slavery, as seen by the traveller in the South, presents only its softest and most amiable aspects. There is something fascinating in the respect with which every white person is treated, and the obsequious alacrity with which he is served. Every negro, to whomsoever he may belong, must be respectful and obedient to any white person. The superiority of race is asserted and acknowledged. If there are hardships and cruelties in this servitude, they are rarely seen by a stranger. The negroes are careless and happy, or stolid and stupid. Some are trusted with untold gold—some, I am sure, rule their masters and mistresses, and have things pretty much their own way. The servants of old families, where generations of black men have served generations of whites, have all the pride of family and ancestry, and look down with aristocratic contempt upon the common niggers of the *nouveaux riches*. That Slavery has either a strong fascination, or some redeeming features, may be judged from the fact that English, Irish, and the Northern American emigrants to the South, whatever their former opinions, generally follow the customs of the country, and become the owners of slaves.

Short as was my stay, I looked back from the deck of the steamer that carried me to New Orleans, not without a sigh for the beauties of Memphis, as they glowed in the radiance of the setting sun, and, all golden hued and splendid, slowly faded from my view, till darkness fell upon the woods and waters, and silence broken only by the roar of steam, and the rush of our sharp prow down the rapid river.

Since the above was written, a change has come over the scene. When the Federal supremacy on the sea was extended to the great rivers of the west, Memphis fell before the fleet of gun and mortar boats that descended from Cairo. When Island No. 10,

and Fort Pillow had been evacuated by the Confederates, Memphis was at the mercy of the mortar fleet. The whole river would have been opened to the Federal steamers, but for the successful defence of Vicksburg. Memphis was occupied by a Federal garrison. Some Union men were found, but the greater portion of the male population was with the Confederate army, whose scouting parties are often in sight of the city. The clergy who dared still to pray for the success of the Southern cause were silenced. The property of rebels has been confiscated, and the city is held under the threat of destruction, if an attempt is made to retake it.

"ONLY."



ONLY a woman's face,
In the dark night and cold,
But, oh ! the ghost of a vanish'd grace,
And the pitiful tale it told !

Wrapt in a ragged shawl
(Why was it not her shroud !)

It look'd as white as the moon at night,
Thro' a rift in a driving cloud.

Only a few poor pence,
And a few kind words addressing ;
And all they brought was a kindly thought
And a poor lost woman's blessing. M. P.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXV. "I SEE'D A DEAD MAN!"

JAN VERNER was turning in at his own door—the surgery—at a swinging pace. Jan's natural pace was a deliberate one; but Jan found so much to do, now he was alone in the business, that he had no resource but to move at the rate of a steam-engine. Otherwise, he would never have got through his day's work. Jan had tried one assistant, who had proved to be more plague than profit, and Jan was better without him. Master Cheese, promoted now to tail-coats and turn-up collars, was coming on, and could attend to trifling cases. Master Cheese wished to be promoted also to "Mister" Cheese: but he remained obstinately excessively short, and people would still call him "Master." He appeared to grow in breadth instead of height, and underwent, in consequence, a perpetual inward mortification. Jan would tell him he should eat less and walk more; but the advice was not taken.

Jan Verner was turning into the surgery at a swinging pace, and came in violent contact with Master Cheese, who was coming out at another. Jan rubbed his chest, and Cheese his head.

"I say, Jan," said he, "can't you look where you're going?"

"Can't you look?" returned Jan. "Where are you off to?"

"There's something the matter at Duff's. About a dozen came here in a body, wanting you. Dan Duff was dying, Bob says."

Jan turned his eyes on Bob, the surgery-boy. Bob answered the look:

"It's what they said, sir. They said as Dan Duff was a-dying and a-frothing at the mouth. It's about five minutes ago, sir."

"Did you go over?" asked Jan of Cheese. "I saw a crowd round the door."

"No I didn't. I am going now. I was in-doors, having my supper."

"Then you need not trouble yourself," returned Jan. "Stop where you are, and digest your supper."

He, Jan, was speeding off, when a fresh deputation arrived. Twenty anxious faces at the least, in a commotion, all their tongues going together.

"Dan was frothing dreadful, and his legs was twitchin' like one in the convulsions."

"What has caused it?" asked Jan. "I saw him well enough an hour or two ago."

"He see a dead man, sir; as it's said. We can't come to the bottom of it, 'cause of his not answering no questions. He be too bad, that he be."

"He did see a dead man," put in Polly Dawson, who made one of the deputation, and was proud of being able to add her testimony to the asserted fact. "Leastways, he said he did. I was a-buying some silk, sir, in at Mother Duff's shop, and Susan Peckaby was in there too, she was, a-talking rubbish about her white donkey, when Dan flounders in upon us in a state not to be told, a-frightening of us dreadful, and a-smashing

in the winder with his arm. And he said he'd seen a dead man."

Jan could not make sense of the tale. There was nobody lying dead in Deerham that he knew of. He pushed the crowd round the door right and left to get space to enter. The shop was pretty full already, but numbers pushed in after Jan. Dan had been carried into the kitchen at the back of the shop, and was laid upon the floor, a pillow under his head. The kitchen was more crowded than the shop; there was not breathing space; and room could hardly be found for Jan.

The shop was Mrs. Duff's department. If she chose to pack it full of people to the ceiling, it was her affair: but Jan made the kitchen, where the boy lay, his.

"What's the matter with him, sir?" was the eager question, the moment Jan cast his eyes on the invalid.

"I may be able to ascertain as soon as I have elbow room," replied Jan. "Suppose you give it me? Mrs. Duff may stop, but nobody else."

Jan's easy words carried authority in their tone, and the company turned tail and began to file out.

"Couldn't you do with me in, as well as his mother, sir?" asked Susan Peckaby. I was here when he came in, I was; and I knowed what it was a'most afore he spoke. He have been frightened by that thing in the pound. Only a few minutes afore, it had turned my inside a'most out."

"No, I can't," answered Jan. "I must have the room clear. Perhaps I shall send away his mother."

"I should ha' liked to know for sure," meekly observed Susan Peckaby, resigning herself to her fate. "I hope you'll ask him, sir, when he comes to, whether it were not that thing in the pound as frightened him. I took it for some't else, more's the grief! but it looks, for all the world, like a ghost in the moonlight."

"What is in the pound?" demanded Jan.

"It's a white cow," responded Susan Peckaby. "And it strikes me as it's Farmer Blow's. He have got a white cow, you know, sir, like he have got a white pony, and they be always a giving me a turn, one or t'other of 'em. I'd like old Blow to be indicted for a pest, I would! a-keeping white animals to upset folks. It's not a week ago that I met the cow in the road at dusk,—strayed through a gap in the hedge. Tiresome beast! a-causing my heart to leap into my mouth!"

"If Dan have put himself into this state, and done all this damage, through nothing but seeing of a white cow, won't I baste him!" emphatically rejoined Mrs. Duff.

Jan at length succeeded in getting the kitchen clear. But for some time, in spite of all his skill and attention—and he spared neither—he could make no impression upon the unhappy Dan. His

mother's bed was made ready for him—Dan himself sharing the accommodation of a dark closet in an ordinary way, in common with his brothers—and Jan carried him up to it. There he somewhat revived, sufficiently to answer a question or two rationally. It must be confessed that Jan felt some curiosity upon the subject: to suppose the boy had been thrown into that state, simply by seeing a white cow in the pound, was ridiculous.

"What frightened you?" asked Jan.

"I see'd a dead man," answered the boy. "Oh, lor!"

"Well?" said Jan, with composure, "he didn't eat you. What is there in a dead man to be alarmed at? I have seen scores—handled 'em, too. What dead man was it?"

The boy pulled the bed-clothes over him, and moaned. Jan pulled them down again.

"Of course you can't tell! There's no dead man in Deerham. Was it in the churchyard?"

"No."

"Was it in the pound?" asked Jan, triumphantly, thinking he had got it right this time.

"No."

The answer was an unexpected one.

"Where was it, then?"

"Oh-o-o-o-oh!" moaned the boy, beginning to shake and twitch again.

"Now, Dan Duff, this won't do," said Jan.

"Tell me quietly what you saw, and where you saw it."

"I see'd a dead man," reiterated Dan Duff. And it appeared to be all he was capable of saying.

"You saw a white cow on its hind legs," returned Jan. "That's what you saw. I am surprised at you, Dan Duff. I should have thought you more of a man."

Whether the reproof overcame Master Duff's nerves again, or the remembrance of the "dead man," certain it was, that he relapsed into a state which rendered it imprudent, in Jan's opinion, to continue for the present the questioning. One more only he put—for a sudden thought crossed him, which induced it.

"Was it in the copse at Verner's Pride?"

"'Twas at the Willow-pool: he was a-walking round it. Oh-o-o-o-oh!"

Jan's momentary fear was dispelled. A night or two back there had been a slight affray between Lionel's gamekeeper and some poachers: and the natural doubt arose whether anything fresh of the same nature had taken place. If so, Dan Duff might have come upon one of them, lying dead or wounded. The words—"walking round the pool"—did away with this. For the present, Jan departed.

But, if Dan's organs of disclosure are for the present in abeyance, there's no reason why we should not find out what we can for ourselves. You may be very sure that Deerham would not fail to do it.

The French madmizel—as Mrs. Duff styled her, meaning, of course, Mademoiselle Benoit—had called in at Mrs. Duff's shop and made a purchase. It consisted—if you are curious to know—of pins and needles, and a staylace. Not a parcel that would have weighed her down, certainly, had she

borne it herself: but it pleased her to demand that Dan should carry it for her. This she did, partly to display her own consequence, chiefly that she might have a companion home, for Mademoiselle Benoit did not relish the walk alone by moonlight to Verner's Pride. Of course young Dan was at the beck and call of Mrs. Duff's customers, that being, as Mademoiselle herself might have said, his *spécialité*. Whether a customer bought a parcel that would have filled a van, or one that might have gone inside a penny thimble, Master Dan was equally expected to be in readiness to carry the purchase to its destination at night, if called upon. Master Dan's days being connected now with the brickfields, where his "*spécialité*" appeared to be, to put layers of clay upon his clothes.

Accordingly, Master Dan started with Mademoiselle Benoit. She had been making purchases at other places, which she had brought away with her—shoes, stationery, and various things, all of which were handed over to the porter, Dan. They arrived at Verner's Pride in safety, and Dan was ordered to follow her in, and deposit his packages on the table of the apartment that was called the steward's room.

"One, two, three, four," counted Mademoiselle Benoit, with French caution, lest he should have dropped any by the way. "You go outside now, Dan, and I bring you something from my pocket for your trouble."

Dan returned outside accordingly, and stood gazing at the laundry windows, which were lighted up. Mademoiselle dived in her pocket, took something from thence, which she screwed carefully up in a bit of newspaper, and handed it to Dan. Dan had watched the process in a glow of satisfaction, believing it could be nothing less than a silver sixpence. How much more it might prove, Dan's aspirations were afraid to anticipate.

"There!" said Mademoiselle, when she put it into his hand. "Now you can go back to your mother."

She shut the door in his face somewhat inhospitably, and Dan eagerly opened his *cadeau*. It contained—two lumps of fine white sugar.

"Mean old cat!" burst forth Dan. "If it wasn't that mother 'ud baste me, I'd never bring a parcel for her again, not if she bought up the shop. Wouldn't I like to give all the French a licking!"

Munching his sugar wrathfully, he passed across the yard, and out at the gate. There he hesitated which way home he should take, like he had hesitated that far gone evening, when he had come up upon the errand to poor Rachel Frost. More than four years had elapsed since then, and Dan was now fourteen: but he was a young and childish boy of his age, which might be owing to the fact of being so kept under by his mother.

"I have a good mind to trick her!" soliloquised he; alluding, it must be owned, to that revered mother. "She wouldn't let me go out to Bill Hook's to-night; though I telled her as it wasn't for no nonsense I wanted to see him, but about that there grey ferret. I will, too! I'll

go back the field way, and cut down there. She'll be none the wiser."

Now this was really a brave resolve for Dan Duff. The proposed road would take him past the Willow-pool; and he, in common with other timorous spirits, had been given to eschew that place at night, since the end of Rachel. It must be supposed that the business, touching the grey ferret, was one of importance, for Dan to lose sight of his usual fears, and turn towards it.

Not once, from that time to this, had Dan Duff taken this road alone at night. From that cause probably, no sooner had he now turned into the lane, than he began to think of Rachel. He would have preferred to think of anything else in the world: but he found, like many others are obliged to find, that unpleasant thoughts cannot be driven away at will. It was not so much that the past night of misfortune was present to him, as that he feared to meet the ghost of Rachel.

He went on, glancing furtively on all sides, his face and his hair growing hotter and hotter. There, on his right, was the gate through which he had entered the field to give chase to the supposed cat; there, on the left, was the high hedge; before him, the length of lane traversed that evening by the tall man, who had remained undiscovered from that hour to this. Dan could see nothing now; no tall man, no cat; even the latter might have proved a welcome intruder. He glanced up at the calm sky, at the bright moon riding overhead. The night was perfectly still; a lovely night, could Dan only have kept the ghosts out of his mind.

Suddenly a horse, in the field on the other side the hedge, set up a loud neigh, right in Dan's ear. Coming thus unexpectedly, it startled Dan above everything. He half resolved to go back, and turned round and looked the way he had come. But he plucked up some courage, and went on again: intending, the moment he came in sight of the Willow-pool, to make a dash past it at his utmost speed.

The intention was not carried out. Clambering over the gate which led to the enclosure, a more ready way to Dan than opening it, he was brought within view of the pool. There it was, down in the dreary lower part, near the trees. The pool itself was distinct enough, lying to the right, and Dan involuntarily looked towards it. Not to have saved his life, could Dan have helped looking.

Susan Peckaby had said to Jan, that her heart leaped into her mouth at the sight of the white cow in the pound. Poor Dan Duff might have said that his heart leaped right out of him, at sight now of the Willow-pool. For there was some shadowy figure moving round it.

Dan stood powerless. But for the gate behind him he would have turned and run: to scramble back over that, his limbs utterly refused. The delay caused him, in spite of his fear, to discern the very obvious fact, that the shadowy figure was not that of a woman habited in white—as the orthodox ghost of Rachel ought to have been—but a man's, wearing dark clothes. There flashed into Dan's remembrance the frequent nightly visits of Robin Frost to the pond, bringing with it a ray of relief.

Robin had been looked upon as little better than a lunatic since the misfortune; but, to Dan Duff, he appeared in that moment worth his weight in gold. Robin's companionship was as good as anybody's else to ward off the ghostly fears, and Dan set off, full speed, towards him. To go right up to the pond would take him a few yards out of his way to Bill Hook's. What of that? To exchange words with a human tongue, Dan, in that mood of superstitious fright, would have gone as many miles.

He had run more than half the intervening distance, when he brought himself to a halt. It had become evident to Dan's sight that it was not Robin Frost. Whoever it might be, he was a head and shoulders taller than Robin; and Dan moved up more quietly, his eyes strained forward in the moonlight. A suspicion came over him that it might be Mr. Verner: Dan could not, at the moment, remember anybody so tall, unless it was Mr. Jan. The figure stood now with its back to him; apparently gazing into the pool. Dan advanced with slow steps; if it was Mr. Verner, he would not presume to intrude upon him: but when he came nearly close, he saw that it bore no resemblance to the figure of Mr. Verner. Slowly, glidingly, the figure turned round; turned its face right upon Dan, full in the rays of the bright moon; and the most awful yell you ever heard went forth upon the still night air.

It came from Dan Duff. What could have been its meaning? Did he think he saw the ghost, which he had been looking out for the last half-hour, poor Rachel's?—saw it beyond this figure which had turned upon him? Dan alone knew. That he had fallen into the most appalling terror, was certain. His eyes were starting, the drops of perspiration poured off him, and his hair rose up on end. The figure—just as if it had possessed neither sight nor hearing, neither sense nor sympathy for human sound—glided noiselessly away: and Dan went yelling on.

Towards home now. All thought of Bill Hook and the grey ferret was gone. Away he tore, the nearest way, which took him past the pound. He never saw the white cow: had the cow been a veritable ghost, Dan had not seen it then. The yells subsiding into moans, and the perspiration into fever heat, he gained his mother's, and broke, as you have heard, the window in passing in.

Even so much as these particulars were not yet known. The first person to elicit them was Roy the bailiff.

After Jan Verner had departed, saying he should be back by-and-by, and giving Mrs. Duff strict orders to keep the boy quiet, and allow nobody near him but herself, and, above all, no questioning, Mrs. Duff quitted him: "that he might get a bit o' sleep," she said. In point of fact, Mrs. Duff was burning to exercise her gossiping powers with those other gossipers below. To them she descended; and found Susan Peckaby holding forth about the white cow.

"You be wrong, Susan Peckaby," said Mrs. Duff. "It warn't the white cow at all; he warn't a-nigh the pound. He told Mr. Jan so."

"Then what was it?" returned Susan Peckaby.

One of the present auditors was Roy the bailiff. He had only recently pushed in, and had stood listening in silence, taking in the various comments and opinions. As silently, he moved behind the group, and was stealing up the stairs. Mrs. Duff placed herself before him.

"Where be you a-going, Mr. Roy? Mr. Jan said as not a soul was to go a-nigh him to disturb him with talk. A nice thing, it 'ud be, for it to settle on his brain!"

"I ain't a-going to disturb him," returned Roy. "I have seen something myself to-night that is not over-kind. I'd like to get a inkling if it's the same that has frightened him."

"Was it in the pound?" eagerly asked Mrs. Peckaby.

"The pound be smothered!" was the polite answer vouchsafed by Roy. "Thee'll go mad with th' white donkey one of these days."

"There can't be any outlet to it, but one," observed Mrs. Chuff, the blacksmith's wife, giving her opinion in a loud key. "He must ha' seen Rachel Frost's ghost."

"Have you been and seen that to-night, Mr. Roy?" cried Susan Peckaby.

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," was Roy's satisfactory reply. "All I say is, I've seen something that I'd rather not have seen; something that 'ud have sent all you women into fits. 'Twarn't unlike Rachel, and 'twere clothed in white. I'll just go and take a look at Dan, Mother Duff. No fear o' my disturbing him."

Mother Duff, absorbed with her visitors, allowed him to go on without further impediment. The first thing Roy did, upon getting up stairs, was to shut the chamber door; the next, to arouse and question the suffering Dan. Roy succeeded in getting from him the particulars already related; and a little more: inasmuch that Dan mentioned the name which the dead man had borne in life.

Roy sat and stared at him after the revelation, keeping silence. It may have been that he was digesting the wonder: it may have been that he was deliberating upon his answer.

"Look you here, Dan Duff," said he, by and by, holding the shaking boy by the shoulder. "You just breathe that name again to living mortal, and see if you don't get hung up by the neck for it. 'Twas nothing but Rachel's ghost. Them ghosts takes the form of anything that it pleases 'em to take; whether it's a dead man's, or whether it's a woman's, what do they care? There's no ghost but Rachel's 'ud be a-hovering over that pond. Where be your senses gone, not to know that?"

Poor Dan's senses appeared to be wandering somewhere yet: they certainly were not in him. He shook and moaned, and finally fell into the same sort of stupor as before. Roy could make nothing further of him, and he went down.

"Well," said he to the assemblage, "I've got it out of him. The minute he saw me, he stretched his arm out—'Mr. Roy,' says he, 'I'm sick to unburden myself to somebody:' and he up and told. He's fell off again now, like one senseless, and I question if he'd remember telling me."

"And what was it? And what was it?" questioned the chorus. "Rachel's ghost?"

"It was nothing less, you may be sure," replied Roy, his tone expressive of contempt that they should have thought it could be anything less. "The young idiot must take and go by the pond on this bright night, and in course he saw it. Right again his face, he says, it appeared; there wasn't no mistaking of it. It was a-walking round and round the pool."

Considerable shivering in the assembly. Polly Dawson, who was on its outskirts, shrieked, and pushed into its midst, as if it were a safer place. The women drew into a closer circle, and glanced round at an imaginary ghost behind their shoulders.

"Was it that as you saw yourself to-night, Mr. Roy?"

"Never mind me," was Roy's answer. "I ain't one to be startled to death at sight of a sperit, like boys and women is. I had my pill in what I saw, I can tell ye. And my advice to ye all is, keep within your own doors after nightfall."

Without further salutation, Roy departed. The women, with one accord, began to make for the staircase. To contemplate one who had just been in actual contact with the ghost—which some infidels had persistently asserted throughout was nothing but a myth—was a sight not to be missed. But they were driven back again. With a succession of yells, the like of which had never been heard, save at the Willow-pond that night, Dan appeared leaping down upon them, his legs naked and his short shirt flying behind him. To be left alone, a prey to ghosts or their remembrances, was more than the boy, with his consciousness upon him, could bear. The women yelled also, and fell back one upon another: not a few being under the impression that it was the ghost itself.

What was to be done with him? Before the question was finally decided, Mrs. Bascroft, the landlady of the Plough and Harrow, who had made one of the company, went off to her bar, whence she hastened back again with an immense hot tumbler, three parts brandy, one part water, the whole of which was poured down the throat of Dan.

"There's nothing like it for restoring folks after a fright," remarked Mrs. Bascroft.

The result of the dose was, that Dan Duff subsided into a state of real stupor, so profound and prolonged that even Jan began to doubt whether he would awake from it.

CHAPTER XXXVI. COMMOTION IN DEERHAM.

LIONEL VERNER sat over his morning letters, bending upon one of them a perplexed brow. A claim which he had settled the previous spring—at least, which he believed had been settled—was now forwarded to him again. That there was very little limit to his wife's extravagance he had begun to know.

In spite of Sibylla's extensive purchases, made in Paris at the time of their marriage, she had contrived by the end of the following winter to run up a tolerable bill at her London milliner's. When they had gone to town in the early spring this bill got presented to Lionel. Four hundred

and odd pounds. He gave Sibylla a cheque for its amount, and some gentle loving words of admonition at the same time—not to spend him out of house and home.

A second account from the same milliner had arrived this morning—been delivered to him with other London letters. Why it should have been sent to him and not to his wife, he was unable to tell—unless it was meant as a genteel hint that payment would be acceptable. The whole amount was for eleven hundred pounds, but part of this purported to be “To bill delivered”—four hundred and odd pounds. The precise sum which Lionel believed to have been paid. Eleven hundred pounds! and all the other claims upon him! No wonder he sat with a bent brow. If things went on at this rate, Verner's Pride would come to the hammer.

He rose, the account in his hand, and proceeded to his wife's dressing-room. Among other habits, Sibylla was falling into that of indolence, scarcely ever rising to breakfast now. Or, if she rose, she did not come down. Mademoiselle Benoit came whisking out of a side room as he was about to enter.

“Madame's toilette is not made, sir,” cried she, in a tart tone, as if she thought he had no right to enter.

“What of that?” returned Lionel. And he went in.

Just as she had got out of bed, save that she had a blue quilted silk dressing-gown thrown on, and her feet were thrust into blue quilted slippers, sat Sibylla, before a good fire. She leaned in an easy-chair, reading; a miniature breakfast service of Sèvres china, containing chocolate, on a low table at her side. Some people like to read a word or two of the Bible, as soon as conveniently may be, after getting up in the morning. Was that good book the study of Sibylla? Not at all. Her study was a French novel. By dint of patience, and the assistance of Mademoiselle Benoit in the hard words and complicated sentences, Mrs. Verner contrived to arrive tolerably well at its sense.

“Good gracious!” she exclaimed when Lionel appeared, “are you not gone shooting with the rest?”

“I did not go this morning,” he answered, closing the door, and approaching her.

“Have you taken breakfast?” she asked.

“Breakfast has been over a long while. Were I you, Sibylla, when I had guests staying in the house, I should try and rise to breakfast with them.”

“Oh you crafty Lionel! To save you the trouble of presiding. Thank you,” she continued, good-humouredly, “I am more comfortable here. What is this story about a ghost? The kitchen's in a regular commotion, Benoit says.”

“To what do you allude?” asked Lionel.

“Dan Duff is dying, or dead,” returned Sibylla. “Benoit was in Deerham last night, and brought him home to carry her parcels. In going back again, he saw, as he says, Rachel Frost's ghost, and it terrified him out of his senses. Old Roy saw it, too, and the news has travelled up here.”

Sibylla laughed as she spoke. Lionel looked vexed.

“They are very stupid,” he said. “A pity but they kept such stories to themselves. If they were only as quiet as poor Rachel's ghost is, it might be better for some of them.”

“Of course you would wish it kept quiet,” said Sibylla, in a tone full of significance. “I like to hear of these frights—it is good fun.”

He did not fathom in the remotest degree the meaning of her tone. But he had not gone thither to dispute about ghosts.

“Sibylla,” he gravely said, putting the open account into her hand, “I have received this this morning.”

Sibylla ran her eyes over it with indifference: first at the bill's head, to see whence it came, next at its sum total.

“What an old cheat! Eleven hundred pounds! I am sure I have not had the half.”

Lionel pointed to the part “bill delivered.”

“Was that not paid in the spring?”

“How can I recollect?” returned Sibylla, speaking as carelessly as before.

“I think you may recollect if you try. I gave you a cheque for the amount.”

“Oh, yes, I do recollect now. It has not been paid.”

“But, my dear, I say I gave the cheque for it.”

“I cashed the cheque myself. I wanted some money just then. You can't think how fast money goes in London, Lionel.”

The avowal proved only what he suspected. Nevertheless it hurt him greatly—grieved him to his heart's core. Not so much the spending of the money, as the keeping the fact from him. What a lack of good feeling, of confidence, it proved!

He bent towards her, speaking gently, kindly. Whatever might be her faults to him, her provocations, he could never behave otherwise to her than as a thorough gentleman, and a kind husband, too.

“It was not right to use that cheque, Sibylla. It was made out in Madame Lebeau's name, and should have been paid to her. But why did you not tell me?”

Sibylla shrugged her shoulders in place of answer. She had picked up many such little national habits of Mademoiselle Benoit's. Very conspicuous just then was the upright line on Lionel's brow.

“The amount altogether is, you perceive, eleven hundred pounds,” he continued.

“Yes,” said Sibylla. “She's a cheat, that Madame Lebeau. I shall make Benoit write her a French letter, and tell her so.”

“It must be paid. But it is a great deal of money. I cannot continue to pay these large sums, Sibylla. I have not the money to do it with.”

“Not the money! When you know you are paying heaps for Lady Verner! Before you tell me not to spend, you should cease supplying her.”

Lionel's very brow flushed.

“My mother has a claim upon me only in a degree less than you have,” he gravely said

"Part of the revenues of Verner's Pride ought to have been hers years ago : and they were not."

"If my husband had lived—if he had left me a little child—Verner's Pride would have been his and mine, and never yours at all."

"Hush, Sibylla ! You don't know how these allusions hurt me," he interrupted, in a tone of intense pain.

"They are true," said Sibylla.

"But not—forgive me, my dear, for saying it—not the less unseemly."

"Why do you grumble at me, then ?"

"I do not grumble," he answered, in a kind tone. "Your interests are mine, Sibylla, and mine are yours. I only tell you the fact—and a fact it is—that our income will not stand these heavy calls upon it. Were I to show you how much you have spent in dress since we married,—what with Paris, London, and Hartburg,—the sum total would frighten you."

"Why do you keep the sum total ?" resentfully asked Sibylla. "Why do you add it up ?"

"I must keep my accounts correctly. My uncle taught me that."

"I am sure he did not teach you to grumble at me," she rejoined. "I look upon Verner's Pride as mine, more than yours : if it had not been for the death of my husband, you would never have had it."

Inexpressibly vexed — vexed beyond the power to answer, for he would not trust himself to answer—Lionel prepared to quit the room. He began to wish he had not had Verner's Pride, if this was to be its domestic peace. Sibylla petulantly threw the French book from her lap upon the table, and it fell down with its pages open.

Lionel's eyes caught its title, and a flush, not less deep than the preceding flush darkened his brow. He laid his open palm upon the page with an involuntary movement, as if he would guard it from the eyes of his wife. That she should be reading that notorious work !

"Where did you get this ?" he cried. "It is not a fit book for you."

"There's nothing the matter with the book as far as I have gone."

"Indeed you must not read it ! Pray don't, Sibylla ! You will be sorry for it afterwards."

"How do you know it is not a fit book ?"

"Because I have read it."

"There ! You have read it ! And you would like to deny the pleasure to me ! Don't say you are never selfish."

"Sibylla ! What is fit for me to read, may be most unfit for you. I read the book when I was a young man : I would not read it now. Is it Benoit's ?" he inquired, seeing the name in the first page.

"Yes it is."

Lionel closed the book.

"Promise me, Sibylla, that you will not attempt to read more of it. Give it her back at once, and tell her to send it out of the house, or to keep it under lock and key while it remains within it."

Sibylla hesitated.

"Is it so very hard a promise ?" he tenderly asked. "I would do a great deal more for you."

"Yes, Lionel, I will promise," she replied, a better feeling coming over her. "I will give it her back now. Benoit !"

She called loudly. Benoit heard, and came in.

"Mr. Verner says this is not a nice book. You may take it away."

Mademoiselle Benoit advanced with a red face and took the book.

"Have you any more such books ?" inquired Lionel, looking at her.

"No, sir, I not got one other," hardily replied she.

"Have the goodness to put this one away. Had your mistress been aware of the nature of the book, she had not suffered you to produce it."

Mademoiselle went away, her skirts jerking. Lionel bent down to his wife.

"You know that it *pains* me to find fault, Sibylla," he fondly whispered. "I have ever your welfare and happiness at heart. More anxiously, I think, than you have mine."

He went back to his letters and papers. Later in the day he strolled out, and met the shooting-party coming home. After congratulating them on their good sport, he was turning home with them, when the gamekeeper intimated that he should be glad to speak a word to him in private. Upon which Lionel let the gentlemen go on.

"What is it, Broom ?" asked he.

"I'm much afeared, sir, if things are not altered, that there'll be murder committed some night," answered Broom, without circumlocution.

"I hope not," replied Lionel. "Are you and the poachers again at issue ?"

"It's not about the poachers, hang 'em ! It's about Robin Frost, sir. What on earth have come to him I can't conceive. This last few nights he have took to come prowling out with a gun. He lays himself down in the copse, or a ditch, or the open field—no matter where—and there he stops, on the watch, with his gun always pointed."

"On the watch for what ?" asked Lionel.

"He best knows himself, sir. He's going quite cracked, it's my belief ; he have been half-way to it this long while. Sometimes he's travelling through the brushwood on all fours, the gun ever pointed ; but mostly he's posted on the watch. He'll get shot for a poacher, or some of the poachers will shoot him, as sure as it's a gun that he carries."

"What can be his motive ?" mused Lionel.

"I'm inclined to think, sir, though he is Robin Frost, that he's after the birds," boldly returned Broom.

"Then rely upon it that you think wrong, Broom," rebuked Lionel. "Robin Frost would no more go out poaching, than I should go out thieving."

"I saw him trailing along last night in the moonlight, sir. I saw his old father come up and talk to him, urging him to go home, as it seemed to me. But he couldn't get him ; and the old man had to hobble back without Robin. Robin stopped in his cold berth on the ground."

"I did not think old Matthew was capable of going out at night."

"He did last night, sir; that's for certain. It was not far; only down away by the brick-kilns. There's a tale going abroad that Dan Duff was sent into mortal fright by seeing something that he took to be Rachel's ghost: my opinion is, that he must have met old Frost in his white smock-frock, and took him for a ghost. The moon did cast an uncommon white shade last night. Though old Frost wasn't a-nigh the Willow-pool, nor Robin neither, and that's where they say Dan Duff got his fright. Formerly, Robin was always round that pool, but lately he has changed his beat. Anyhow, sir, perhaps you be so good as drop a warning to Robin of the risk he runs. He may mind you."

"I will," said Lionel.

The gamekeeper touched his hat and walked away. Lionel considered that he might as well give Robin the warning then: and he turned towards the village. Before fairly entering it, he had met twenty talkative persons, who had given him twenty different versions of the previous night's doings, touching Dan Duff.

Mrs. Duff was at her door when Lionel went by. She generally was at her door, unless she was serving customers. He stopped to accost her.

"What's the truth of this affair, Mrs. Duff?" asked he. "I have heard many versions of it?"

Mrs. Duff gave as succinct an account as it was in her nature to give. Some would have told it in a third of the time: but Lionel had patience; he was in no particular hurry.

"I have been one of them to laugh at the ghost, sir; a-saying that it never was Rachel's, and that it never walked," she added. "But I'll never do so again. Roy, he see it, as well as Dan."

"Oh! he saw it, too, did he," responded Lionel, with a good-natured smile of mockery. "Mrs. Duff, you ought to be too old to believe in ghosts," he more seriously added. "I am sure Roy is, whatever he may say."

"If it was no ghost, sir, what could have put our Dan into that awful fright? Mr. Jan doesn't know as he'll overget it at all. He's a-lying without a bit of conscientiousness on my bed, his eyes shut, and his breath a-coming hard."

"Something frightened him, no doubt. The belief in poor Rachel's ghost has been so popular, that every night fright is attributed to that. Who was it went into a fainting fit in the road, fancying Rachel's ghost was walking down upon them; and it proved afterwards to have been only the miller's man with a sack of flour on his back?"

"Oh, that!" slightly returned Mrs. Duff. "It was that stupid Mother Grind, before they went off with the Mormons. She'd drop at her shadder, sir, she would."

"So would some of the rest of you," said Lionel. "I am sorry to hear that Dan is so ill."

"Mr. Jan's in a fine way over him, sir. Mrs. Bascroft gave him just a taste of weak brandy and water, and Mr. Jan, when he come to know it, said we might just as well have give him poison; and he'd not answer for his life or his

reason. A pretty thing it'll be for Deerham, if there's more lives to be put in danger, now the ghost have took to walk again! Mr. Bourne called in just now, sir, to learn the rights of it. He went up and see Dan: but nothing could he make of him. Would you be pleased to go up and take a look at him, sir?"

Lionel declined. He could do the boy no good, and had no especial wish to look at him, although he had been promoted to the notoriety of seeing a ghost. A few steps further he encountered Jan.

"What is it that's the matter with the boy?" asked Lionel.

"He had a good fright; there's no doubt about that," replied Jan. "Saw a white cow on its hind legs, it's my belief. That wouldn't have been much: the boy would have been all right by now, but the women drenched him with brandy, and made him stupidly drunk. He'll be better this evening. I can't stop, Lionel: I am run off my legs to-day."

The commotion in the village increased as the evening approached. Jan knew that young Dan would be well—save for any little remembrance of the fright which might remain—when the fumes of the brandy had gone off: but he wisely kept his own counsel, and let the public think he was in danger. Otherwise, a second instalment of the brandy might have been administered behind Jan's back. To have a boy dying of fright from seeing a ghost was a treat in the marvellous line, which Deerham had never yet enjoyed. There had been no agitation like unto it, since the day of poor Rachel Frost.

Brave spirits, some of them! They volunteered to go out and meet the apparition. As twilight approached you could not have got into Mrs. Duff's shop, for there was the chief gathering. Arguments were being used to prove that, according to all logic, if a ghost appeared one night, it was safe to appear a second.

"Who'll speak up to go and watch for it?" asked Mrs. Duff. "I can't. I can't leave Dan. Sally Green's a-sitting up by him now; for Mr. Jan says if he's left again, he shall hold me responsible. It don't stand to reason as I can leave Sally Green in charge of the shop, though I can leave her a bit with Dan. Not but what I'd go alone to the pond, and stop there; I haven't got no fear."

It singularly happened that those who were kept at home by domestic or other duties, had no fear: they, to hear them talk, would rather have enjoyed an encounter *solus* with the ghost, than not. Those who could plead no home engagement professed themselves willing to undertake the expedition in company; but freely avowed they would not go alone for the world.

"Come! who'll volunteer?" asked Mrs. Duff. "It 'ud be a great satisfaction to see the form it appears in, and have that set at rest. Dan, he'll never be able to tell, by the looks of him now."

"I'll go for one," said bold Mrs. Bascroft. "And them as joins me shall each have a good stiff tumbler of some'at hot afore starting, to prime 'm again the cold."

Whether it was the brave example set, or whether it was the promise accompanying it,

certain it was, that there was no lack of volunteers now. A good round dozen started, filling up the Plough-and-Harrow bar, as Mrs. Bascroft dealt out her treat with no niggard hand.

"What's a-doing now?" asked Bascroft, a stupid-looking man with red hair combed straight down his forehead, and coloured shirt-sleeves, surveying the inroad on his premises with surprise.

"Never you mind," sharply reproved his better half. "These ladies is my visitors, and if I choose to stand treat round, what's that to you? You takes your share o' liquor, Bascroft."

Bascroft was not held in very great estimation by the ladies generally, and they turned their backs upon him.

"We are a-going out to see the ghost, if you must know, Bascroft," said Susan Peckaby, who made one of the volunteers.

Bascroft stared.

"What a set of idiots you must be!" grunted he. "Mr. Jan says as Dan Duff see nothing but a white cow: he telled me so hisself. Be you a-thinking to meet that there other white animal on your road, Mrs. Peckaby?"

"Perhaps I am," tartly returned Mrs. Peckaby.

"One 'ud think so. You can't want to go out to meet ghostesses; you be a-going out to your saints at New Jerusalem. I'd whack that there donkey for being so slow, when he did come, if I was you."

Hastening away from Bascroft and his aggravating tongue, the expedition, having drained their tumblers, filed out. Down by the pound—relieved now of its caged inmate—went they, on towards the willow pond. The tumblers had made them brave. The night was light, as the preceding one had been: the ground looked white, as if with frost, and the air was cold. The pond in view, they halted, and took a furtive glance, beginning to feel somewhat chill. So far as these half glances allowed them to judge, there appeared to be nothing near to it, nothing upon its brink.

"It's of no good marching right up to it," said Mrs. Jones, the baker's wife. "The ghost mightn't come at all, if it saw all us there. Let's get inside the trees."

Mrs. Jones meant inside the grove of trees. The proposition was most acceptable, and they took up their position, the pond in view, peeping out, and conversing in a whisper. By and by they heard the church clock strike eight.

"I wish it 'ud make haste," exclaimed Susan Peckaby, with some impatience. "I don't never like to be away from home long together, for fear of that there blessed white animal arriving."

"He'd wait, wouldn't he?" sarcastically rejoined Polly Dawson. "He'd—"

A prolonged hush—sh—sh! from the rest restored silence. Something was rustling the trees at a distance. They huddled closer together, and caught hold one of another.

Nothing appeared. The alarm went off. And they waited, without result, until the clock struck nine. The artificial strength within them had cooled by that time, their ardour had cooled, and they were feeling chill and tired. Susan Peckaby was upon thorns, she said, and urged their departure.

"You can go if you like," was the answer. "Nobody wants to keep you."

Susan Peckaby measured the distance between the pond and the way she had to go, and came to the determination to risk it.

"I'll make a rush for it, I think," said she. "I shan't see nothing. For all I know, that quadruple may be right afore our door now. If he—"

Susan Peckaby stopped, her voice subsiding into a shriek. She, and those with her, became simultaneously aware that some white figure was bearing down upon them. The shrieks grew awful.

It proved to be Roy in his white fustian jacket. Roy had never had the privilege of hearing a dozen women shriek in concert before, at least, like this. His loud derisive laugh was excessively aggravating. What with that, what with the fright his appearance had really put them in, they all tore off, leaving some hard words for him; and never stopped to take breath until they burst into the shop of Mrs. Duff.

It was rather an ignominious way of returning, and Mrs. Duff did not spare her comments. If she had went out to meet the ghost, she'd ha' stopped till the ghost came, she would! Mrs. Jones rejoined that them watched for ghosts, as she had heered, never did come—which she had said so afore they went out!

Master Dan, considerably recovered, was down then. Rather pale and shaky, and accommodated with a chair and pillow, in front of the kitchen fire. The expedition pressed into the kitchen, and five hundred questions were lavished upon the boy.

"What was it dressed in, Dan? Did you get a good sight of her face, Dan? Did it look just as Rachel's used to look? Speak up, Dan."

"It warn't Rachel at all," replied Dan.

This unexpected assertion brought a pause of discomfiture. "He's head ain't right yet," observed Mrs. Duff, apologetically: "and that's why I've not asked him nothing."

"Yes, it is right, mother," said Dan. "I never see Rachel last night. I never said as I did."

Another pause: spent in contemplating Dan.

"I knowed a case like this, once afore," observed old Miss Till, who carried round the milk to Deerham. "A boy got a fright, and they couldn't bring him to at all. Epsom salts did it at last. Three pints of 'em they give, I think it was, and that brought his mind round."

"It's a good remedy," acquiesced Mrs. Jones. "There's nothing like plenty of Epsom salts for boys. I'd try 'em on him, Mother Duff."

"Dan, dear," said Susan Peckaby, insinuatingly, —for she had come in along with the rest, ignoring for the moment what might be waiting at her door,— "was it in the pound as you saw Rachel's ghost?"

"Twarn't Rachel's ghost as I did see," persisted Dan.

"Tell us whose it was, then?" asked she, humouring him.

The boy answered. But he answered below his breath; as if he scarcely dared to speak the name aloud. His mother partially caught it.

"Whose?" she exclaimed, in a sharp voice, her tone changing. And Dan spoke a little louder.

"It was Mr. Frederick Massingbird's!"

(To be continued.)

THE LONDONER AT A PLOUGHING-MATCH.

If this title suggests anything but the right man in the right place, it is no fault of mine. A bishop at a prize-fight, a bull in a china shop, a fish out of water, or a nigger in the Senate of the United States, might perhaps, to an unreflecting person, seem equally at home. But the days are long passed away, when the metropolitan idea of the country was formed merely by acquaintance with St. Giles's Fields or Islington Green. Is it necessary for me to vindicate my self-election to the post of *cicerone* by giving testimonials of fitness for the place, or will you follow my description of a scene just now very common throughout England, content with the assurance that although I date from Pump Court, Temple, I have whistled at the plough, and have really some good claims to be regarded as a practical farmer?

Suppose we lay the scene in Kent, not a hundred miles from London, in one of those wide and shallow valleys which diversify the Weald of this and of the adjoining county of Sussex. Ethnologically it is a most interesting corner of England, for here the Saxon element is purest, witness the fair hair and blue eyes of the peasants, the sons of those brave men who formed the van of Harold's army at Hastings. It is also worth remarking that Weald is but the German *Wald*. But I am going to write concerning the events of last week, not of those which occurred before the Conquest, and if I do not begin at the commencement of my journey, it is only because an express train on the South-Eastern is a very common-place and prosaic affair, unless treated after the manner of Mr. Turner's "Speed, Steam, and Snow," a style which no amount of word painting can imitate.

However, the mail train deposited me at Oakford, and my friend's carriage quickly conveyed me and my luggage to — Park.

I don't know anything more refreshing to an unhappy bachelor, wearied with his own society, and with all the gloom of three hours' travelling in no other company full upon him, than suddenly to enter upon the refined luxury of a warm and bright drawing-room, well furnished with ladies. "This is irrelevant," you say, "this is not ploughing,—we know all about this." I must plead guilty; but surely you would not have a picture all of one colour; if we are to be of the earth, earthy, don't be so unreasonable as to exclude that which must do duty for the blue sky in my landscape. A drawing-room may look into a plough-field, and surely "a Londoner at a ploughing-match" may glance at a piano. As it happens that I am quite as partial to drawing-rooms as to ploughing-fields I might perhaps stay here if not ordered to move on; so, accepting the correction, we will consider that in the company of some charming young ladies I have studied the programme of the Oakford Agricultural Association, from which were gathered the facts that my good friend and host is the President, and that the

ploughing takes place the next morning in a field about two miles distant.

It was proposed that we should see the ploughs start, which involved the necessity of leaving — Park by eight o'clock, and probably no ambitious ploughman desired a fine to-morrow more than I, who awoke to find the sun shining through my windows, encircled by the precise density of mist which is the most certain sign of fair weather at this season of the year. You would take but slight interest in knowing what I had for breakfast, or in my opinion of girls in riding-habits, or in the kindly remarks which their lady-mother may have exchanged with me across the urn; so we will turn out of doors at once.

It has always been my opinion that the Strand is a pleasant place enough, and that there is not a mile of country in broad England to compare with it for varied scenery. Its ever-changing pictures of busy human life are to me a delightful study; but a fine autumn morning in the country, with every tree dropping diamonds of dew, where velvety meadows seem strewn with brilliants, beats it hollow. Add to these beauties of Nature, three of her fairest productions in the similitude of my companions, and then the no less pleasant company of the President, their papa, a model of that invaluable race of country gentlemen, which the soil of England alone seems capable of supporting, and we are ready for a start to the scene of action. Having performed the pleasant office of stirrup-jack for the ladies, an operation in which I fear I am rather a clumsy practitioner, I mounted my horse, a little uncertain if five years' absence from a saddle had not made it a dangerous eminence for me to climb to.

As we approached the place in something like a cavalcade, the road was blocked with teams and ploughs, some of the horses gaily decked with ribbons of bright colours; and the men wearing the working-dress of their every-day life, except where a clean white frock marked an attempt at gala costume. On entering the field, which lay fallow and ready to yield, almost too easily, to the pressure of the plough, we found that the working staff of the Association had already set out the requisite number of "cants" (the technical term for the piece of work allotted to each competitor), and soon the ploughmen and their mates, as the drivers are called, were busy in laying out the line of their first furrow. Groups of labourers stood about, watching the operation with that stolid look of supreme indifference which a real bucolic wears as his holiday face. They rarely conversed with each other, but were content with now and then throwing out observations, one after another, without much coherence or relevancy. Pulling up near a party which seemed to be much interested in the proceedings, but sorely hindered in their pleasure by the difficulty of hiding their hands, the sight of which appears hateful to a labourer at leisure, I heard the remark:

"That ere man a' won six prizes."

This was addressed to no one in particular, and referred, if I might judge by the direction of the speaker's face, to a sunburnt, black-haired and

black-eyed competitor, who was trudging about before us with something like activity.

"Is there ere a one out o' your parish?" said another.

He, however, got an answer, if this can be called one.

"There's my brother's mate out o' Woodborough."

But this effort seemed to have exhausted the conversational powers of the whole group, so I joined my fair friends in a canter over the battle-field which was soon to be covered with the sixteen champions of Oakford neighbourhood. Meanwhile the teams were taking their places upon the headland of the field ready to start at the signal of the President.

I have felt the flutter which throbs through expectant crowds when the "Derby" horses are gathering at the post; and with a "pot" on Oxford, have watched the University boats fly from their moorings at the appointed signal. I have also partaken of the anxiety to catch the largest share of wind and tide which agitates the commencement of a yacht race; and therefrom have learned that a start is generally interesting in exact proportion to the time occupied in the match. One cannot expect, therefore, a great sensation when ploughs are to run for five hours, and when there is no possible advantage to be gained by one over another in the start. But for all this, the commencement of a ploughing-match is a very pretty sight. My host, the Squire, seated on his strong horse, and surrounded by his graceful staff—I think ladies never look to greater advantage than upon horseback—stood like a general at the saluting point, on the opposite side of the field to that on which the ploughs were drawn up.

Upon receiving word from the Secretary, who usually unites with this, the office of general manager, that all was ready, he raised his hat, and "Gee," was the word among the drivers; the whole line charged, four horses deep, and sixteen ploughs were striking furrows up and down in this fallow field. Some of the horses were rather astonished to find themselves in so large an equine company. I wondered what the worms thought of it. They are probably a quiet race, and believers in rest. If they reasoned at all upon the matter, which perhaps they did not (although Mr. Kingsley is telling us pretty stories about talking eels and facetious frogs), a sense of justice might lead them to suppose that having devoured so much which was both great and good, a Nemesis had been sent to unearth and destroy them.

Faint anxiety was manifested by the spectators generally, after the first bout was finished, and some very confident predictions were made as to the success of certain competitors. Evenness is a great virtue in ploughing; if furrows are not parallel, the top soil cannot be completely turned over, or covered in; while, if they are not of equal depth, either the uncultivated subsoil will be brought to the surface, or there will not be a sufficient depth of loose earth.

The time will come, perhaps it is nearer than any of us suppose, when steam-ploughing will be general. No one as yet considers a steam-

engine an eligible feature in a landscape; it seems a violent interruption to the settled calm of Nature. The "team a-field" has been the theme of poets innumerable. It is not impossible that some future GRAY or THOMSON may evoke the poetry of steam; but at present no one who loves the country—because there, Nature is above all, and before all—can view with satisfaction the exchange of the familiar sights and sounds of the plough-fields, for the creaking of ropes and windlasses, and the noisy puffings of the untiring engine. But for all this, I have a high opinion of the advantages of steam-cultivation, which is particularly suitable to a soil like that of this Oakford field, a stiff weald clay, rendered at top somewhat friable by continued ploughings. The impervious nature of the subsoil is the great hindrance to fertility; this is counteracted to a large extent by drainage with rows of pipes placed, perhaps, sixteen feet apart and two deep. But it is evident that the benefit derived from these pipes depends entirely upon whether the superincumbent earth is porous. If between the roots of the growing crop and these drains there exists a hard and impenetrable crust of earth, the pipes might as well have remained in their original clay.

Now at Oakford all the ploughs had four horses, and all were the heavy and old-fashioned, but very useful, Kentish turnrise plough, laying wide and deep furrows; but as they laid the subsoil bare, it was trodden into a hard floor by the sixteen hoofs moving in a very straight and narrow line, and leaving no part which, upon examination, would not be found to be as tight as though it had been puddled. The crop suffers greatly by this, and drainage is rendered to a large extent ineffective. Some few farmers use deep subsoil ploughs, but this is a very expensive process, does not avoid the treading, and often has the effect of bringing to the surface a very inferior and unfertile soil. The steam plough passes over the surface, turning the earth in any required direction without ramming the subsoil, or disturbing those natural channels which surface water has worn through it in its passage to the drains. Miles upon miles of pretty hedgerows will in time be sacrificed to this iron idol; farms will increase in acreage and farmers in capital. The new system will push away the old, leaving, however, many small farmers who will plough with horse-power, and thresh their corn with a weapon the facsimile of that which might have been found on the threshing-floors of Bible history; but these time-honoured usages are doomed to pass out of fashion, and we must reconcile with our notions of rural life, farms become manufactories, and farmers manufacturers of food.

But we are forgetting the Oakford Agricultural Association. However, you will agree with me that there was no use in standing beside the ploughs for the next five hours. I thought I should do my duty by taking a walk presently with the Judges, and finding this was also the opinion of the ladies, we rode off. We parted at the park gates, as I wished to rejoin the President and continue with him the pleasant labours of the day. After riding for a couple of hours over his estate, per-

forming those duties which we are so frequently reminded accompany the rights of property, we rode into the village again, to meet the other members of the Committee for adjudicating the prizes for garden produce and length of servitude. They soon turned up, and together we examined the neat baskets of potatoes, french beans, carrots, and turnips. We were far above being influenced by mere size, and freely used a knife to test the quality of the productions. Our decision was unanimous, and I believe perfectly equitable. Then we proceeded to open a broad schedule, in which, betwixt many red lines, and beneath many headings, were recorded the names and qualifications of certain waggoners, farm and in-door servants, the latter both male and female. The qualifying conditions for the prizes were very simple, and when it was settled that all the candidates referred to the time they had served the same employer, it remained only to select the two in each class which could show the longest period of servitude. This was soon done, and we trotted back to the field, where the Judges were engaged in making their award. The symptoms which betray a ploughman's excitement are not very readable; but it pleased me to see that there was some spirit of emulation in the competitors, who were for the most part busy in putting up their ploughs, placing them in carts and waggons ready for the return home. The President would not disturb the Judges; so we hung about, waiting for them, he, good-humouredly talking to some of the ploughmen. I think he hoped they had all won the first prize, which pleased them, though involving a rather obvious impossibility. The Judges soon came up and walked by our horses' side back to Oakford. Their decision was never adverted to, for it is part of the etiquette of these occasions that the names of the winners should be kept secret until the announcement is made by the Chairman of the dinner, in its proper place, after the "usual loyal toasts."

I did not mention the dinner in my heading to this paper, which some may regard as a deception; however, I supposed it was implied, for every one knows that a dinner is the crown and cornerstone of an English Association. Who can say that Douglas Jerrold was wrong when he remarked that "if an earthquake were to swallow up England to-morrow, the English would contrive to assemble and dine together somewhere in the ruins, if only to celebrate the event?"

In the large room of the Golden Lion we found two long tables well filled, with a cross table at the top of the room, raised a few inches above the others, at which were arranged seats for the gentry and clergy. I found myself placed next a rural dean, whose manners and conversation were gentlemanlike and agreeable. Sucking-pigs, legs of mutton, and loins of beef disappeared rapidly; the hum of talking, the clash of knives and forks, and the clatter of plates and dishes filled the room; but as the gastronomic accompaniment died off into silence, and men had eaten and were full, the vocal sounds grew louder and louder, until the rap of my friend's hammer proclaimed silence—and "The Queen, God bless her!" The National Anthem followed, but with very uncertain pro-

gress; some were at "gracious Queen," while others were at "knavish tricks," drowning completely the screams of a concertina, which vainly struggled to preserve harmony. Clara Novello would probably have gone off into hysterics, had she been present at the murder of that beautiful solo, which she has so often rendered with such grace and dignity. I believe most of the company knew that it does not improve a song for fifty people to have a way of their own, irrespective altogether of each other; but we were not particular about time or tune, and met together over the last two words in each verse to start afresh upon our ramble through the next. At the conclusion, when we resumed our seats, I should say the general impression was that we had done the handsome thing towards Her Majesty, and that the professional singer who attempted to control our loyal voices, had been signally and deservedly defeated. Toast and song followed in quick succession, the President pointing each sentiment with a few appropriate words, and showing how well he understood his audience by continually evoking their hearty cheers. Presently the door opens, and enter—his three daughters, bowing with easy and well-bred confidence as the company rises to receive the honour of their visit. Preceded by an obsequious waiter, who, by the way, had a very stable-boyish appearance, they took seats behind us, and then the ploughmen were introduced in a long file, and the President announced that William Rugg had gained the first prize, and that "bold peasant" came towards the table, the most miserable-looking victor I ever saw. Clamp, tramp, tramped his boots upon the sanded floor; if it had not been for his hat, I think he would have lost his very moderate stock of senses, but by dint of constantly trying how this would fit his knee, or what sort of a seat it might make, he managed to receive the congratulations of the President. I believe he was proud of his success, and that the contest had done the man good morally as well as in his pocket. It was some proof that skill in ploughing is a real and not a fanciful acquisition, to hear the fourth prizeman say he had already taken fourteen prizes. He bore his honours bravely and looked a man, which is more than I can say for all the competitors. The money was to be given privately the next morning, which is a very considerate provision, for otherwise the winners might be subject to heavy demands for "backsheesh" from their convivial friends and admirers.

The "servants" did not enter an appearance, and after the ploughmen had left, we drank "the Ladies," for whom a young gentleman with whom you have already made some acquaintance returned thanks. Many a jolly laugh followed his mention of the old lawyer's apostrophe:

"Fee simple, and a simple fee, and all the fees in tail,
Are nothing when compared with thee, thou best of
fees, female."

Then came "the Visitors," coupled with the name of the same young man, and when empty glasses resumed their place upon the table, the concertina shrieked out its own peculiar version of "Coming through the Rye," during which per-

formance I have the best reason for knowing that the young gentleman aforesaid was preparing his reply. But he tells me that "Gin a body kias a body" drove all other thoughts from his brain, and chased away all graver speculations. Concertinas are, however, not like Dutchmen's cork legs or unruly parish organs, and at length the song ended. "No man is a hero to his valet," and I have often served this young man in that capacity. Therefore I set no great value on what he says, and if in concluding my narrative, I quote a little from his speech, it is not because I think well of him, but because his remarks will serve for a finish. I shall only quote him upon "Agricultural Associations." Referring to this subject he said :

"Gentlemen,—I entirely differ in opinion from those who look upon these meetings as useless and unnecessary. In the work of the world man learns of man, and those occupations which necessitate the greatest isolation, lag far behind others in the march of improvement. The work of a blacksmith or a tailor can easily be compared with that of a man of the same trade in the next or in any other parish ; but it is not so with the labours of the ploughman. Agriculture is not a manufacture, in which public favour will stir itself uninvited to mark out the greatest merit ; true it is that a good farmer gets larger profits than the sloven, and a good master soon finds out the worth of a good ploughman. But we want to make good farmers and good ploughmen, and this can only be achieved by exciting a spirit of emulation. And these Associations have diffused agricultural knowledge among the farmers, and aroused a competitive spirit both among masters and men, without which there can be no progress in any branch of industry."

About eight o'clock the ladies withdrew, and soon the room grew dim with tobacco smoke. After the list of toasts was ended, and we had proved our familiarity with a "churchwarden," the President, with myself and another friend, left the room amid general cheering, and in the pleasant fresh air and moonlight found his carriage in waiting.

A. A.

RINGS.

Nor only are rings the most interesting of all personal ornaments, but all personal ornaments were originally rings. Besides finger-rings, ear-rings, and nose-rings, bracelets, armlets, and anklets are merely rings, and the most primitive form of the necklace is probably the famous torquis of the Gaulish chiefs. But this extended view of the subject would exceed our limits, and we must be content to speak of finger-rings, the most honourable of the class.

The ancient Egyptian sovereigns wore rings up to a date that makes us think of Tubal-cain, the great metal-worker, and wonder whether in them we see the traditional descendants of his antediluvian patterns. With these kings the signet-ring was of the same importance as in Europe from the classical times, and to give it to an officer was to

delegate to him the royal authority, as in the case of Joseph. It is not generally known that the ovals within which the names of the Pharaohs were written, are merely elongated representations of signet-rings, so that the repetition of these ovals in the inscriptions is like the affixing of a royal seal. Many Egyptian rings have come down to us, some of them having been found on the fingers of mummies. The most beautiful of these was one belonging to the late Dr. Abbott of Cairo, which bore the name of Cheops, (in hieroglyphics Shufu, or Khufu,) the builder of the Great Pyramid, and was long supposed to be his actual signet. But this is not the case, for the inscription, although difficult to interpret, tells us that the owner was a priest of that king, or of his temple, and indicates that he lived about the time of Psammaticus II., the son of Pharaoh Necho, and, therefore, about half-way between us and the old pyramid-builder, quite a late date for Egypt, though before the beginnings of Roman history. The ring is of solid gold, exquisitely engraved ; in fact, so well, that a learned German who had not succeeded in discovering anything as fine, asserted that it was too good to be true. Those who have seen the ancient jewellery from Thebes, in the Egyptian Court at the Exhibition, will not be disposed to believe that the moderns have surpassed the ancients.* The more common rings are in the form of sacred beetles, scarabæi, made of baked clay, covered with a blue vitreous glaze, and fixed upon a circle of metal. These sometimes bear mottoes conveying the good wishes of the giver, as "A perfect life !" From their fragility it is probable that they were not used as seals, but as ancient Egyptian is written both from right to left, and from left to right, the former by preference, this cannot be decided from the manner in which they were inscribed.

Greek rings are rare, and generally not older than the period of good art, although there are some of Phœnician work that must be more ancient. Homer does not speak of them, but that signets were in use at an early time appears from the mention of a law of Solon, forbidding an artist to preserve the form of a seal he had sold. It has been thought that the custom of wearing signet-rings was derived from Babylon, but it is far more likely to have come from Egypt, to which the art of the oldest rings found in Greece, the Phœnician, may be traced, whereas the Babylonians used cylinders as seals. The famous ring of Polycrates is the first historical one that is mentioned. Herodotus, with whom Pausanias agrees, says that it was an emerald set in gold, the work of Theodorus, son of Telecles ; but Pliny and Solinus say that its stone was a sardonyx. Clement of Alexandria tells us that the subject was a lyre, a favourite one on Greek coins, but not occurring on those of Samos of the early period. Perhaps the most common kind of Greek ring was of gold alone, generally with designs in intaglio, sometimes with inscriptions. It is, however, impossible to guess how common were the rings with engraved stones, as the metal must have fre-

* This treasure is, I believe, in the hands of the Federal American Government, and, as containing a few sovereigns' weight of gold, is in danger of being melted down.

quently been melted by the discoverers. Many of the gems bearing designs which have been found, no doubt had been set as rings. They are generally intaglios, but cameos also occur, the former having been employed as seals, the latter intended for ornament alone. Ancient writers mention both modes of engraving. Some of the inscriptions are reversed, as this, within a wreath, on a solid gold signet: "Be eminent in virtue, chastity, and wisdom;" but they are more commonly not reversed, thus simply conveying the wishes of the giver, not expressing the feelings of the wearer.

These inscriptions are very commonplace, such as, "A Gift," "Remember," and "Good luck." The modern "Ever," AEI, supposed, we believe, to mean "An Engaged Individual," we do not find justified in antiquity. Probably the engaged individuals of old Greece, with their fragile jewelry, were less given to strong promises, than those who buy their *gages d'amour* of the solid work of Hancock, or Garrard. The subjects are very various, and are generally taken from Greek mythology or poetry, portraits being uncommon. The best test of the truth of a gem supposed to be Greek is the fineness of the drawing, which often greatly excels the execution; whereas in modern gems, the execution always surpasses the drawing. The similarity of the designs of the rings and unset gems to those of the coins must strike every one. Probably this was owing to the great pains bestowed upon coin-dies, which raised a class of artists who would have found congenial occupation in gem-engraving. We believe that the designs of the gems are taken from the coins, as their style is generally later, and the subjects are more suitable to coins than to gems. The common stones are the carnelion, sard, chalcedony, agate, onyx, jasper, and heliotrope. Anciently great prices were given for rings, and Ælian says that the Tarentines, famous for their luxury, wore them of the value of ten minæ, or pounds, each, or about forty pounds of our money. Demosthenes, as we learn from history, was fond of rings, and wore so many that he was reproached for extravagance when the state was in difficulties.

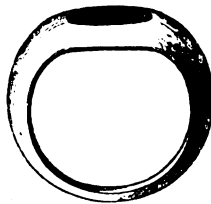
The belief in the magical powers of certain rings is at least as old as the Greeks. Plato in his Republic * relates how by the discovery of one of these Gyges came to the throne of Lydia. The story is curious, as showing the antiquity of much of the machinery of Arab fictions; and therefore we record it here.

Gyges was (at first) a shepherd in the service of the Lydian king. Where he pastured his flock there chanced a heavy rain, and an earthquake, and a chasm opened in the land. He descended into this chasm marvelling, and beheld, with other wonderful things, a horse of brass which was hollow, with doors, looking through which he saw a corpse which seemed of a human form, having nothing but a gold ring on the finger, which he drew off, and took away. He soon discovered that when he turned the bezel towards him, he became invisible, but turning it from him, was at once seen as before. By the use of this ring, and the aid of the wicked queen,

Gyges supplanted his sovereign, and seized upon the throne.

The combination of the horse of brass and the ring is suggestive, when we remember how much the Arabs have read, and still read, Plato. The magicians of Greece made a trade of charmed rings, which, as they were sold, sometimes at least, for a drachm, or less than a shilling, can scarcely have been as useful as this of Gyges.

Etruscan rings are not easily distinguished from the early Greek or Phœnician work: the style is very similar, though the Italian designs are somewhat grotesque, whereas the others are merely conventional. The technical workman-



Greek Ring.



Etruscan Ring.

ship is the best guide, and the Etruscan rings are generally to be known by the greater distinctness of their designs, a peculiarity followed in Signor Castellani's admirable work in the same style in the Roman section of the Exhibition. Some are full of quaint beauty, as one in the British Museum, of which the hoop is formed by two lions grasping the bezel with their paws.

The Romans at first were content with iron rings, and long after the introduction of gold rings those who affected the simplicity of the good old times kept up the custom of their forefathers, as is told of Marius, in his triumph over Jugurtha. For long the right to wear a



Roman Ring of the Imperial Age.

gold ring was limited to senators, magistrates, and knights; but the great officers of the Republic gave this right, though not without causing serious offence to the knights; and afterwards the Emperors did the like, and the right was at last extended to all Roman soldiers, and then to all citizens. The apostle's mention of the rich man with the gold ring (James ii. 2), may refer to this ring; but it is probable that only a hoop of gold was used as the distinctive sign of rank, and that persons without the right might wear rings of this metal in other forms. We all remember reading of Hannibal's boastfully sending to Carthage a bushel (or three bushels) of rings, taken from the knights (and senatorial persons), slain at Cannæ.

* Herodotus (Book i.) gives a different version of the story.

Pliny remarks that this quantity—he mentions three bushels—proves that the right did not then exist. To this Juvenal's fine passage on the end of the great Carthaginian by a poison-ring no doubt refers. The statements of ancient writers make it almost certain that poison was carried in rings, and specimens that may have served this purpose are known. With the growth of luxury, the Romans learnt to wear rings set with engraved stones. Sulla's signet bore a representation of Jugurtha taken captive. Augustus first used a sphinx; then the head of Alexander, in the end his own head. The Emperor's signet was a kind of state-seal which he sometimes confided to his representatives, as had been done by the Greek kings; witness the story of Alexander's ring. Of the Roman signets that have come down to us, one of the most curious is a quack's, with which a balsam used to be sealed for greater safety. It bears a figure of Minerva, and the inscription *HEROPHILI OPOBALSAMVM*. It is now in the national collection. Others have the names of the owners, as *PROCVLA KARISSIMA*, and the lady's portrait; rather an Italian than an ancient Roman fancy.

The Romans are the first ring collectors on record. We read not only of private dactyliothecæ, but of two which may be called public, Pompey having dedicated the inscribed gems of Mithradates in the Capitol, and Cæsar six collections of his own in the temple of Venus Genetrix. But there is no room to speak of the many curious things we read of Roman rings, the heavy for winter, and light for summer, the very large ones that some wore, and the sham ones of hollow gold that contented poorer dandies. Yet a word must be added as to the fingers upon which rings were worn by both the Romans and the Greeks.

Pliny tells us that rings were originally only put on the third finger, but later on the first and little fingers, so that the middle finger alone was left free. Some wore rings only on the little finger, others kept that finger for the signet. Plutarch, speaking of the Greeks, says that they mostly wore their rings on the third finger. The hand intended was of course the left, as the right is not convenient for rings, though the Arabs, as the left is the less honourable hand, always wear their signets on the little finger of the right hand. But as to the Orientals, I shall hope to speak about them on some future occasion: for the present, I forbear to enter upon the great subject of Solomon's seal.

We have engraved three signet-rings, a beautiful Etruscan one described above, a Greek ring of the usual form, and a Roman one of the Imperial age.

R. S. P.

WEIN-LIED (A WINE-SONG).

FROM THE GERMAN OF EMMANUEL GEIBEL.

GOD bless thee! heaven descended dew,—
Child of the sun, so warm and true,
The vineyard's prize and treasure;
Thy glint how genial to behold,
A fountain all a-blaze with gold,
Filling the sheeny measure!

Come to my lips, and let me steep
My heart at once with joyous leap
Down to the deep
In all thy tide of pleasure.

Ev'n as we know the topaz bright,
From point to point alive with light,
Shalt thou my spirit brighten;
And in my mind whate'er was dark
Thy liquid flame's refining spark
Shall clear away and whiten.
For this a meed, due long ago,
A rapturous roundelay I owe,
Whose overflow
My bosom's weight shall lighten.

Great is in joy thy wondrous might,
Great, too, when'er the lonely wight
In grief's arrest is drinking
Thou quellest mild the choking care,
Dissolvest in the goblet rare
To tears the bitter thinking.
Oh! then the cup hath noble rank,
As that where Cleopatra drank,
When the pearl sank
Consumed with lustrous blinking!

Sleeps wrapt in thee the olden time,
The joy of joys, the woe sublime,
All tenderest love-fancies;
Sleeps wrapt in thee the modest lay,
The lay whose whisper storms obey,
When life with tumult dances;
Youth springs from thee anew to play,
And twined by thee the garland gay
Of rosy May
The silver hair enhances.

That which to man some god reveals,
But he in his close heart conceals,
Sunk to the world in seeming;
Thou dost with golden finger tap,
Then flies apart the casket-snap,
And all the gems lie gleaming.
Then wisdom's word is music soft,
Then floats the hoard of Love aloft,
And oft and oft
Glimmers divinely beaming.*

And art thou not, in truth, Oh, wine!
An image of this life of mine,
And changeful Fate's true mirror?
Crushed, broken, mangled to the core,
To warmth and spirit thou dost soar,
Sworn foe of pain and error:
Thy luscious fire's all-conquering name
Tells of our woe and after-fame,
And how the flame
Of Youth surmounts Death's terror.

So welcome, Heaven-engendered dew,
Child of the sun, as warm and true—
The vineyard's pride and treasure.
True zest to keep our harp in tune,
For song the one right royal boon,
Thou golden fount of pleasure.
Up, clear and pure in brimming cup,
Blest, and with blessing crowned, mount up!
And let me sup
On joy that knows no measure.

G. C. SWATNE.

* This image is taken from the story of the Nibelungen.

CORNÝ O'SULLIVAN'S FORTUNE, AND WHAT BECAME OF IT.



ONE of the chief delights of my boyhood was to make my way on a winter's evening to Henry Driscoll's cabin, and there, on a three-legged stool, drawn close to the turf fire, and opposite my host, who employed himself in cobbling a brogue, or making a potato-basket, to listen with "wide-mouthed wonder" to the stories of fairy, ghost, or goblin, which he poured into my attentive ear.

Henry was a labourer, employed upon my father's farm, and he united a wonderful genius for story-telling with a firm belief in the supernatural. Of most of his own tales he was ready to swear the truth, although his own imagination had contributed the principal incidents, but any he thought unworthy of credit, to remove any doubts on the subject, he made a point of concluding thus :

"Well, there was a powerful weddin', and I was there meself, and wud brown paper stockings and slippers of glass, here I come sliddherin' all the ways to tell ye a whole parcel of lies."

Long shall the old cabin find a place in my remembrance, for many, many hours of real enjoyment have I passed in its chimney corner.

Let me try to write one of Henry's stories, as well as memory will allow, in his own words :

"Oh ! if 'tis a story ye want, your honnor, that same you must have wud a heart and a half ; but what I'm goin' to tell didn't happen to me ; for barrin' once or twice, I never seen anything worse nor meself in all me born days.

"Well, 'twas in the times (and I well remimber them meself, though I'm not so very ould) when the fairies was as thick as blackberries, and as throng as pigs in a fair, that there lived in this same sweet county of Wexford a labourin' man of the name of Corný O'Sullivan. He was as fine, clane, clever, and soopie a boy as you'd meet in a day's walk. Corný the dancer was the title he was best known by, (for ye see his own uncle's son

was Corny also), and the devil a doubt of it but an illigant dancer entirely he was, and 'twas well worth goin' a mile of ground any day to see him handlin' his feet at a reel or a double. Some people said he was fond of the dhrop, but sure if he had a triflin' hankerin' after it, 'tis many a better man's case, and more betoken the ould song says St. Patrick himself wasn't above mixin' a bowl of punch—and faix I wouldn't put it a past him to have a hand in the dhrinkin' of it, too! Well, sir, be that as it may, whether he found whisky very openin' to the mouth, or no, Corny believed in all manner of devarshun; lave him alone for singin', and dancin', coortin', and fightin'. For love and murder there wasn't his aquil in the barony. Sure I seen him meself bate tin or a dozen min to bruss—ay, and that when he was little more nor a gosssoon!"

"Oh! that was a grand feat, Henry."

"Thru for ye, sir, but it was, and I'll tell you how it come about. 'Twas one day at the races of Drumgoold, the bell was ringin' for one hate, when Corny spied a car that he thought would make a fine stand-house for him. The butt end of the car was leanin' again the ground, and of coorse the two shafts was stickin' up in the air, like gazaboos. A parcel of people was gother about it, some standin' on the spokes, and more of 'em on the tail-board, all ager to see the race; but nothin' 'id do me bould Corny, but to climb up into the back-band that was hangin' betune the shafts, after the nature of a swing-swing."

"There he sot at his aise, flingin' jokes at the boys and girls, and kickin' his heels about like a merry-andher. A fine view of the coorse he had, no doubt, but, be me song, there was more comin' than he bargained for, for the hate bein' over, the people was makin' off to the tents, and beould ye, when they stepped out of the tail of the car, up it wint, for all the world like a wadey-buckety, and down goes the shafts over the top of a tent conveynient, where there was powerful dancin' and fun goin' on. Out flew Corny from betune the shafts, with a wheege aquil to any sky-rocket! Whiz! away he wint flittherin' through the canvass, with the soles of his brogues uppermost, and the nails glittherin' in the sun! Well, there was a party of boys and girls sittin' round a table inside, and enjoyin' their punch, and where the devil did the oulahn 'lite, but plop on the table in the middle of 'em! Ye could hear his four bones jinglin', and the smashin' of glass was hard a mile away. Oh! bad scran to the bit of me, but I thought I'd die down wud the rale dint of laughin'. Away wud me hot foot round to the door; and, bedad, again I got there, they had laned to kickin' him about the floor like a foot-ball. He was took so be surprise, he couldn't rise a hand, and faix I thought they'd kilt him entirely. At last they left off, and took to laughin' at him, and, to be sure, he was a holy show wud mud and gutther, and his clothes in flidgetts on his back. One of the men got a knife and fork, and challenged him to come on, till he'd carve him; but 'twas little they knew who they had to dale wud, for Corny ups, and grabs houl of a blackthorn stick, and into the thick of them

he went, leatherin' away for the bare life. Oh, meillia murther; such a lambastin' as he gev them, ne'er a one of 'em but got his share, for the stick kept rattlin' on their heads like a flail. One way or another it ended in a ginerall faction, and ye may take yer davy there was more plasters than plisinthry among them in the mornin'!

"But to come back to me story. Where's this I was? Oh, ay! I remimber."

"'Tis a good many year now since one evenin', Corny was at poor Mike Lanaghan's wake, at the cross-roads above. There was a great congregation of the neighbours round, for ould Mike was a great favourite. Mostly all the ould people was in the room wud the corpse, the men chatterin' about one thing or another, and the women slootherin' and cosherin' in corners wud their heads together, lamentin' the dead, and keepin' a keen eye all the while on the dandys and noggins of punch. The young ones was out in the kitchen whalin' the flure to the 'Crow on the Gate-post,' or some other fine tchune, for Callaghan, the piper, was there to the fore, playin' most beautiful. You may be sure there was lashins and lavins of all sorts of dhrinks, hapes of fine atin', and tobacco galore, for them Lanaghans was always rale dacent people, and 'tis well they knew how to thrate their neighbours when they dropped in."

"Corny was in and out, like a dog in a fair, enjoyin' the fun in rale earnest, and indeed a mighty pleasant evenin' they all had of it. It was dhravin' on purty late, and Dinny Byrne was jist singin' his favourite song, 'As down by Bannow's banks,' when Corny seen Mary Carty throwin' her shawl over her head to go along home, so he slipped out, and made bould to discoorse her as far as her father's cabin, for he always had a snakin' regard for her, as they say, and small blame to him, for many's the mile you might thravel of a summer's day 'thout meetin' a likelier or a nicer lookin' colleen. It doesn't become me to say what they talked about on the way; but I dar say 'twas somethin' sweet, for they waumused (strolled) along asy, an' when they rached Carty's cabin, 'twas time for Corny to be thinkin' of goin' home, which was as good as four mile away, so after takin' a partin' glass wud Mary's father, he bid 'em all good night, and started off."

"'Twas a darlint fine night anyhow; the moon was shinin' as bright as day, and the stars was winkin' and twinklin' down at their own beautiful little faces that was smilin' and lookin' up at them again out of the bright river Slaney."

I suppose it was the fine night that was in it, or the air took houl of him, or may be the strength of the love; but, howsumever, it was Corny began to feel rale light in the head. He used to lay the blame on the good people, 'for,' says he, 'sure it couldn't be the dhrop I tuk that wasn't enough to blind the eye of a midge,' says he, 'that id go get into me head that a way.' So down he sot, just to steady himself and take a blast of the pipe, be the side of a big three that stood close to the road, and he waan't long there when lone behowld ye he fell hard and fast asleep. Himself didn't know how long he alep, but the moon was shinin' away still when he awoke, and when he did he hard the delight-

fullest music ye could think of, and that quite near him, so he edged closter to the side of the three, and he cocked his eye round, and, bedad, sir, he seen the quarest sight at all at all. There was crowds of the weeshiest, dooniest men and women, dhressed out in green, and little red caps on their heads, some wud feathers too—if ye plase!—and the natest little red shoes on their feet. Some was dancin' as merry as midges, keeping time to the music, and playin' all soorte of pranks; more was makin' love and meanderin' about under the ferns and docks that was taller nor themselves; more was ridin' races on flies and beetles and snails, and all manner of bastes, as if their lives depind on it; some, too, was hangin' out of rushes and slitherin' down flaggers—it bet Bannagher, to see the capers of 'em. Corný looked round to thry where the music was comin' from, and there he seen a little chap tatterin' away on the pipes, humourin' the tchune wud his head, all as one as Callaghan himself, on'y that he bet Callaghan out and out in the playin'. Corný's two eyes was the size o' pratie cakes, an' his mouth so wide open that 'twas a wondher some of the fairies didn't jump down his neck, while the hairs of his head stuck up as straigh as knittin' needles, for he didn't think it was over lucky to be so conveynt to the good people, and he was makin' to go as quite as he could when what the puck did he see, as plain as the nose on yer face, but a small little spitherogue of a wrinkled red-faced ould man, an' he workin' away mendin' a brogue! A cap was stuck on one side of his head, an' he had a grey coat wud skirts sthreelein' down ever so far, an' great silver buckles in his shoes, an' to see the ould-fashioned set of the crayture wud his legs curled up on a musharoon smokin' a pipe as continted as anything, would make ye laugh av ye had only one laugh in ye!

"Corný had often hard tell of the Leprachaun, but he never seen one before, and, like the rest of us, he'd hard that if ye keep yer eye on him, he must show you where he has the goold berried, but he's up to all manner of thricks to make ye look another way, and if ye do for the mite of a minnit only, away he skelthers, so he does, and the devil a hap'orth more ye sees of him. Well, all these things come into Corný's head, and he determined not to let the boy out of his sight; and just as the Leprachaun was houldin' a wax-end betune him and the moon while he'd fix a new bristle to it, Corný gettin' bouldher and bouldher as he thought of the goold, spakes up, and says he—

"God bless the work, yer worship! says he.

"Bedad the words was barely out of his mouth when every one of the fairies, barrin' the Leprachaun himself, flew away like redshanks, and one of 'em ups wud his fist and gave Corný an eye as black as the ace of spades, and at the same time streaks of fire spread out in the sky like the Roara Boro Alis that's seen be the Laplandhers in Egypt. Wud that the ould cobbler says,—

"Whist, whist, Corný; see what's going on in the three."

"Oh, oh!" says Corný to himself, 'catch a weazel asleep. I wouldn't mistrust ye, me bochoul,

but to be thryin' to get me eye off of ye.' So he says to him, says he,—

"Looka, see here now; none of yer thricks upon thravellers, but show me, this minnit, where ye have the treasures berried."

"Tare an ounthers," says the ould man, 'what de ye mane?'

"Oh, ye know right well," says Corný, at the same time saysin' him be the scruff of the neck.

"Och, weirasthru, Corný, allanah," says the Leprachaun, "where would the likes of me get treasures?—treasures, in throth!" says he.

"Come, come, me ould play-boy," says Corný, 'you might as well be whistlin' jigs to a milestone as talkin' to me. De ye think it's a Gomm I am? Lade me to the place fair and say, or maybe it's the worse it'll be for ye.'

"Arrah, sure, I tould ye before, ye spalpeen, sorrow taste of the likes I have," says the fairy.

"Whether, now," says Corný, gettin' incensed, 'ye conthrary ould vagabone, isn't it a wondher ye wouldn't be ashamed of yerself to be riddlin' lies out of ye as fast as a dog 'id trot? Make no more words about it now,' says he, 'but out wud the saycret, or, be this and be that, I'll brake ivery bone in yer ugly ould carcase!' says he, givin' him a shake that fairly loosened the teeth in his head.

"Well, to make a long story short, the Leprachaun seen there was no use argen wud Corný, so he led him a fine dance over ditch and hedge, briar and bramble, until they came to a field wud a young ash saplin' growin' in it.

"Undher that is the goold," says the fairy, 'and much good may it do you!' and wud that he disappeared, without sayin' another word, good or bad.

"Corný gripped the saplin', and what wud pullin' and haulin', and prisein' it wud his stick, he managed to get it clane up, tho' a tough job it was too, and afther rootin' a bit in the sile—sorrow a word o' lie in it—but, sure enough, he come upon a big crock brim full of goold. Begor he didn't know whether he was standin' on his head or his heels wud delight.

"Corný, yer sowl, ye," says he to himself, 'ye'r a made man from this day out. Isn't it yourself is in the hoigth of good luck, and more power to the Leprachaun, he's a decent ould chap afther all.'

"So sayin', he filled his pockets, and his hat, and his brogues—ay, and his stockings too! for he seen there was no use in thryin' to get up the crock without a spade, and, stickin' the three back again, he cut off home. He didn't let on a word about it to man or mortal, but set out the next night wud a spade and a wheelbarrow. He found the field asy enough, but dang the bit of the saplin' could he get! No; nor sign nor sight of the place he had turned up the night before! So he had to be contint wud what he got, and a fine lob it was too.

"Well, yer honor, Corný bought a few fields, and he built a snug cabin, and married Mary Carty, and a great haulin' home they had of it—plenty of people there, and the best of fine aitin' and dhrinkin', for there was nothin' of the nayger

about Corny, and now that he had the money he knew how to spend it.

"Not many nights afterwards—and a mighty severe night it was—the wind was moanin' and howlin' outside, for all the world like as if the ghosts in the ancient ould berrin'-ground yandher beyant was discoursin', now whisperin' low tellin' their saycrets, and more times as if they war roarin' the heads off of one another, and was goin' to have an onmarciful fight—a terrible night entirely! Corny and the wife was lyin' awake, listenin' to the wondherful noises that was goin' on in the kitchen—tap! tap! like the dead-watch, only a dale loudher. Then the pig, the craythur, would let grunts out of her that was frightful. Corny gets up and stales out to thry and see what was the matther. And what de ye think it was? Nayther more nor less than the ould Leprachaun, and he mendin' his brogues as hard as he could lick!

"'Why, thin, what de ye mane?' says Corny, thryin' to look as bould as brass, for all the heart was sinkin' in him wud the fear; 'what de ye mane?' says he, 'be raisin' such a ruction without ryme or rason,' says he, 'disturbin' a body at the dead o' the night, ye ould thief of the world?'

"'Thief, inyah!' says the Leprachaun, lookin' as cross as two sticks; 'musha, bedad, it becomes you to call me a thief—didn't yourself stale the goold ye built your house wud from me, and haven't I a right to me own roof?'

"'Oh! thin sweet bad luck attind yerself an' all o' yer breed!' says Corny. 'The curse of the crows on you an' yer money, for pace nor aise I never had sence I laid eyes on ye!'

"And wud a sore and throubled heart he wint back to his bed, while the fairy set up a great haw! haw! of a laugh.

"'Well, be Mary's advice, the very next evenin' he put what was remainin' of the goold in a stockin', and left it on the kitchen dhresser, an' every fargin' he could scrape together he did the same wud, for the Leprachaun haunted the house, and torminted them the live-long night until every ha'penny was paid. From that day to this the fairies never throubled them, and more nor that they thruv wondherful—everything went well wud them, and they lived happy and prosperous ever after.

"The story got wind, and used to be tould as a quare one—and sure anyhow didn't it take the lade?"

A SEASON OF UNREASON.

SOME recent events have brought my old friend Mr. Hallam strongly before my mind. When I listened to him as the younger generation delighted to listen to one who knew so much, and who took such care to preserve a dispassionate habit of mind, he told me that he could admit nothing that was grounded on any assumption that the human race, or its work of human society, was progressive. He believed it probable that there were periods of progress, now and then, here and there; but it seemed plain to him that affairs recurred to their old position, and that there were men as wise and as good in the most ancient as in the

most modern times. Whether *en masse*, or in regard to the best specimens of each age, it was to him very doubtful whether we got on; and indeed he considered that the evidence tended to another conclusion. I was a good deal surprised at the moment at a doctrine which I, for one, had not been in the way of hearing: and I do not, at the end of thirty years, agree in it: but I am occasionally reminded of my old friend's exposition of his view; and the incidents of the time seem to awaken his voice again, and to set his remarkable countenance before me, with that peculiar expression which it wore when evidence reached him in confirmation of views to which he stood pledged. At this time I seem to see him watching the manifestations of unreason about social affairs which threaten to make the present year a discreditable one in the world's annals.

We have all early read the history of the first French Revolution with inexpressible surprise, that men and women in a civilised age could be so frantic, so silly, and so devilish. We have regarded the Gordon riots of 1780 as a sort of inexplicable mistake in the course of affairs. We remember (to descend to a humbler illustration), that our mothers and our sisters could find no words to express their amazement at the folly of the women of the last century who wore hoops and powdered their hair. Mr. Hallam would have told the news that hair-powder is coming in again, and would have pointed to the crinolines of the present day, as a warning that, as the most excessive folly may recur, so the excesses of tyranny and cruelty may break out again, and that there may be religious riots as long as there are different religions. The riots, Irish and English, of this autumn would not have surprised him. I do not say that they surprise me, while yet I have no doubt whatever of the capacity for progress of the human mind in society.

It would take us too deep to explain why, in my view, it is still possible, at this time of day, to question the fact of human advancement, and in what direction we must look for the discovery of the way out of our labyrinth, or our charmed circle, in which we are always moving, whether we get on or not. My own conviction is that the discovery is made; and that it is held by some who will bequeath it to coming generations, for application as circumstances permit. The centuries may not have been wasted in bringing us up to this discovery, though it has been long in appearing: and it may be that, the right path having been found, no such question may survive for future Hallams as whether men and society improve on the whole, from one five thousand years to another.

However this may be, it ought never to be wonderful to us that epidemics of social passion should recur while we do nothing to improve the reason of each generation as it arises. We talk of education; and we enjoy talking of it, and its pleasures. Mr. Roebuck enjoyed talking of it on behalf of the peasant last year; and Lord Palmerston enjoyed talking of it on behalf of the young last week. We are all so sensible of the pleasures and advantages of intellectual acquisition and entertainment, that we are delighted to open

institutes for the working-classes, and schools for children. But, amidst all the spread of education, and all the multiplying of schools and colleges, how much is done towards curing the unreason which is the great evil of human life and character to all but the very few who are gifted with a judgment which seems scarcely to need cultivating, but only employment on varied material? The children of educated parents are brought up in and with their parents' opinions; if they quit those opinions, it is usually to betake themselves to views precisely opposite, and under the influence of prejudices as strong as those of their education. The children of uneducated parents, who are sent to school by the State, under one form or another, are actually excluded, by the very conditions of education, from any effective use or cultivation of their reason. It is the one thing never proposed, never conceived of by anybody but a very small sprinkling of parents, who, reasonable themselves, endeavour to put their children in the way of being so. The events of this autumn may show us some of the consequences. Far and wide, abroad and at home, this year seems to be the jubilee of unreason: and if Mr. Hallam had been living, he would have said:

"We will not infer too much from a single juncture; but what do you think now of your progress of society?"

At the present moment,—now that the Elector of Hesse Cassel has slipped out of view,—the King of Prussia seems to be the very Prince of Unreason. There may be,—and considering the history of his eccentric family,—there probably are grounds of excuse for him; but he is incited, supported, made a tool of, by a clique of old Tories and religious sentimentalists: and he has no more use of his reason than the most boorish child in his dominions has of his analytical faculty. Professing fidelity to the Constitution while throwing it overboard; making professions towards his people while snatching from them their rights, and insulting them whenever he opens his lips to them; a student of history, and therefore aware of the career of the Stuarts and the Bourbons, he is following in the footsteps of both, confident of an opposite result to himself, his son, and his people. For insensibility to reality, for coarse irreverence towards the noblest human faculties, and a selfish preference for the lower,—for neglect of reason and fact, and indulgence in sentimentalism and imagination, no age can have produced a more flagrant instance than the present King of Prussia.

If we glance over the thrones of Europe, we may see Unreason seated in all of them which are not guarded by a well-grounded and well-fenced constitutional reason. The sovereign who is supposed to know what he is about better than most rulers is a world's wonder, for his unreason, at this hour. His Mexican scrape on the one hand, and his Roman difficulty on the other, speak for themselves. His vulgar policy of repression at home, leading directly and inevitably to political convulsion, long ago settled the case in regard to the strength and rectitude of the Emperor Napoleon's reason. The rashness of his foreign

policy of this year simply reminds all readers of history of the old maxim, that the gods spoil the reason of those whom they mean to destroy.

In Italy we may perhaps find the extremes of reason and unreason in the closest contrast. The political aptitude of the Italian people, naturally great, has evidently been trained to efficiency by the kind and degree of adversity which the nation has endured. In modern times,—perhaps in all time,—no people has ever evinced such a political capacity and *morale* as the Italians since 1858; and nowhere in modern times has such a spectacle of imbecility in high places been seen as at Rome. This seems to be altogether undisputed, except by a handful of bigots and hirelings, whose opinions are not worth a comment. The singular incident of the case and time is the flagrant unreason of an eminent man who leads on the reasonable side, and the peril thus caused to the peace of Europe. And this at once compels us, the people of England, to look at home.

During the whole of Mazzini's course, there has been more or less sympathy,—of late smouldering very feebly,—with his professed patriotism; this sympathy being just sufficient to show that our supposed materialistic, mechanical, and selfish tendencies had not altogether destroyed our faculty of sentiment and our power of sympathy. Every year, however, the world has grown more weary of Mazzini's unreason,—his incessant manoeuvres, followed by failures, his pretentious addresses, his vagueness of thought, and his sameness of sentiment; and when it appeared that he could not accept freedom and nationality for Italy under the form of constitutional monarchy, it was no wonder that England fell away from him, except in regard to the one hold of compassion, and the principle and habit of hospitality. When the genuine liberator arose, the whole heart of England went out to him and adored him. Garibaldi was known to us by deeds, and by successful deeds, and reason warranted our homage. I own that I, for one, have enjoyed the overthrow of the supposition that our prosperity had quenched our moral enthusiasm; and that our material achievements had deadened our sympathy with political efforts. I, like the multitude of our own people, have felt it a privilege to be living at that memorable moment when Garibaldi met Victor Emmanuel, and hailed him "King of Italy!" All this was well: but if a change was to come over the scene, it is of inexpressible importance that we should be able to discern it, and not to sink into unreason, because a true hero does so. This is the great interest of the hour.

There have been evidences of Garibaldi's defect of reason from month to month since he enabled the kingdom of Italy to be. Of his moral quality there is no doubt whatever among men capable of an opinion. Of his utter unsusceptibility of reason there is also no doubt. The homage of human hearts may naturally seem to him to invest him with authority over human minds; or at least it may prevent his suspecting his own weakness of judgment in affairs which interest him supremely through his highest virtues. Untrained as we are in reason, moral and political, because the one involves theological and the other historical con-

troversies, some of us have been drawn into serious mistakes by our enthusiasm for Garibaldi: and these mistakes are exactly such as might warrant the inquiry, whether we have really improved since the days when men flew at one another's throats, or celebrated senseless triumphs, about some political controversy which, in the eyes of sensible people, admitted of no controversy at all.

Whatever may have been the inducement, Garibaldi has attempted civil war. He has attempted to take the direction of national affairs, in opposition to the King and the Constitution. Under the circumstances of his failure, it was permissible to console him, to minister to his wants, to take for granted his personal safety in a way which would go far to secure it from his own government. So far good. But enthusiasm has led too many of us further. It has led us to make light of the crime, because the adventurer himself has not reason enough to see that he has done ill and not well. Some of us have forgotten our attachment to our own principle and method of political society, and have exalted sedition at the expense of authority founded on popular consent. Some of us have gone further and done worse: we have taken advantage of the sedition of a hero to put a pressure on the tyrant he opposes. There have been public meetings in England for extolling Garibaldi for his one indefensible course of action; and those who are answerable for the meetings have plunged into the desperate error of arraigning the conduct of the French Emperor from the illicit foothold of Garibaldi's selfwill and insubordination, instead of from the unimpeachable ground of reason and political experience.

It is true, and it is fortunate, that a check has been put upon this sort of demonstration, since the amnesty published from Turin has assured the world of Garibaldi's safety, and has thereby extinguished the occasion for these meetings. But, on the whole, the impression created everywhere this autumn must be that the English, supposed to be reared and nourished in the very spirit and aliment of constitutional government, have, in considerable numbers, cast their influence into the scale of revolution, where revolution was utterly unreasonable, hopeless, and therefore inexcusable. This impression has produced its natural consequences. It has caused breaches of law in many places, and under circumstances of increasing aggravation. It has given occasion to outbreaks of popular passion, which have raised once more the question whether we are indeed politically wiser and better than former generations. It has proved that whenever accident unseals the fountain of Irish unreason, the floods burst out and spread abroad with undiminished volume and force.

The world has had abundant excuse for supposing that the faculty of reason is the weakest part of the genuine Irish constitution. England thought that the education of half a million of Irish children would show, after two generations of pupils had grown up, whether the fact was so. From time to time we have hoped that the proof would turn out what we wished; but such con-

fidence has again been invariably checked. The impression is everywhere much what it was thirty years ago—that there is in the Irish a disastrous combination of wrong-headedness and constitutional proneness to illegality, which makes the case of Ireland still the great puzzle of rulers, and of reasonable people of all sorts. In passing this judgment we do not sufficiently remember how utter is the ignorance of the Catholic Irish generally of something else than theology—of history. It is the great drawback on any large scheme of popular education that history cannot be taught; or, at least, that modern and national history out of which political ideas, principles, and feelings grow. We are apt to forget that the Catholic Irish are utterly uninstructed in everything which is rooted in the Reformation, or has grown out of it for the three centuries which have renewed our nation and our country, politically, morally, and socially, as well as religiously. If we did consider duly the bearings of this peculiarity—that one portion of our nation has no knowledge whatever, but vast prejudices instead, on the national history of the last three centuries—we should feel it a grave political duty to spare that wrong-headedness to the utmost, waiting with all willingness till, by the course of events, the ignorance dies out, and fair play is afforded for sense to act, and reason to be trained. If we give up for Protestant children the immense advantage of enjoying the story of the reception of the Armada, and of the Revolution of 1688, and many another heart-warming chapters in our history, because Catholic children cannot share in such teaching, we might surely go one step further, and abstain from rousing the prejudices and passions of those Irish children when they have become men and women. This is, however, what most Irish and some English Protestants cannot see it right to do. Not only the Orangemen—who, in their origin, had a strong case—persist in occasionally stimulating the passions of Catholics whom they know to be ignorant, but the clergy of Protestant sects do the same thing in the name of liberty. The recent Belfast riots are as flagrant a specimen of unreason on both sides as could be found at any former date. The Rev. Mr. Hanna, and even the Presbyterian Dr. Cooke, and the whole body of their followers, in their demonstration at Belfast have thought fit to apply a perilous test, by which they have proved that their unreason is sure to be met by another unreason, the two together degrading the society in which they live to a barbaric state for the hour. The spectacle of Ireland under a new access of illegality about land and tenancy for many months past, should have deterred all reasonable people from asserting a right of meeting and discussion which nobody questioned; but we have witnessed that peculiar manifestation of unreason which makes wise men look gravest,—that reckless selfishness which pursues a legal right, perfectly undisputed, at the expense of the public peace, and of causing many a weak brother to offend.

The thing has spread like an epidemic. The same process must be gone through out of Ireland, and where Irishmen abounded. It was well known in London that everybody (except perhaps Lord

Normanby) wishes for the establishment of a complete kingdom of Italy, provided the Pope's spiritual dominion and worldly dignity are secured to him,—everybody but the low Irish who know nothing of the question but what they are told on authority, which no reasonable person thinks good.

In the face of such facts there have been enthusiasts who would not be deterred from holding meetings in Hyde Park on Sundays, to say what did not need saying (as most people think) and which could not be said without rousing fierce passion in ignorant and credulous people. The consequence was just what might have been expected. It matters little whether the Hyde Park rioters had their hire in their pockets, or what their priests said, from Cardinal Wiseman (after the occasion) to the lowest bully of the order. The course of bigotry and violence is always the same in these religious rows. The essential point of the case is the unreason on both sides,—at least as flagrant as in those public assemblages of the Middle Ages when the lectures of innovating teachers were broken up by mobs, and half the lifetime of the scholars, orators, and popular politicians of the time were spent in complaining of persecution.

No time was lost, after the Hyde Park affrays; in lapsing still lower. Irish unreason, once brought into full play, broke all bounds. At Birkenhead the occasion was not a public meeting, nor any sort of offensive demonstration. It was a discussion in a school-room; and there was no reason why the members should give up their right of meeting and of speech. The unreason was there all on one side; and it was desperate in proportion to the absence of restraint or opposition. Nobody's religious or political opinions were attacked till the Irish rioters broke heads and windows, and flung stones previously collected. The language and behaviour of certain priests bewilders us with surprise. It makes us consider whether society has really advanced to anything like the extent we are accustomed to suppose, if a clergy, including such men as Mr. Brundrit, is actually entrusted with the spiritual charge of any class of people.

In the main Christian characteristics, the Protestant Hannas and Catholic Brundrits, may be a fair match: but their influence and operation are not co-extensive; and hence the lapse at Birkenhead into a lower stage of unreason and violence than either at Belfast or in Hyde Park. In several instances there has been prudence and good sense. Several intended Garibaldian meetings have been given up, either because the main point was secured when the hero was amnestied, or because the risk of riot was greater than the occasion could excuse. This is well: but the events of the autumn have reminded us too plainly of the vitality of unreason, which seems as vigorous now as in the worst days of Trades-Union tyranny, or the administration of Brigham Young in the Far West, or the universal notion of Judaism, and the popular behaviour to Jews, as far east as Damascus.

When we look at the way in which the Head of the Woods and Forests has acted in the Hyde Park matter—when we read Sir G. Bowyer's letter to the "Times," and note the grounds of Cardinal Wise-

man's injunctions, and Dr. Grant's suggestions, and look what the Birkenhead magistrates were about during the riots, we may well ask whether the instincts of liberty; and the reverence for law, are really impaired among us to such an extent as this state of things would seem to show. Any great occasion would, I trust, prove that they are not. But it is a grave question whether a great national peril is required to assure us that our best safeguards may be fully relied on. Meantime, the confusion of ideas on the one hand, and the licence of passion on the other, shown by the events of this autumn, fairly justify the doubts of thinkers who ask, whether it is quite certain that men outgrow their unreason,—in other words, whether society is progressive. In proportion as we believe that it is, we must be ashamed and grieved at the unreason which has appeared all round since Garibaldi took the false step which can never be sufficiently lamented.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

TURF REMINISCENCES.—No. I.

[OUR readers may rely on the authenticity of the following narratives, though for the real names of the actors imaginary names have been substituted.—ED. O. & W.]

THE OLD DEVIL IN BLUE.

Within these twenty years there lived a celebrated jockey whom we will call Philip Spott, better known as Phil Spott: he was closely related to an equally celebrated trainer in the north of England, in the management of whose very large establishment he was intimately concerned. Though a first-rate performer in the racing saddle, our hero was not considered by the learned in these matters as being quite at the top of the tree in his profession, though in my opinion he was bad to beat, and more especially difficult to defeat was the combined talent of his relative as the trainer and Phil as the jockey.

This firm succeeded in winning the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger more than once, together with many other races of considerable though minor importance. But it was not merely his success as a rider for which he was remarkable, but his ready wit (of a roughish kind it is true), and his singular qualities as a tactician in his own line, combining no ordinary amount of quickness of perception and knowledge of human nature; for, to the uninitiated, be it observed, there is required an amount of tact and watchfulness beyond what they can conceive, both within and without an establishment representing so much (wealth, present, proximate, and in posse, as that with which our Phil was connected, and to which he proved himself so great a support; for not only is it necessary to guard against the commission of absolute overt acts of ill-treatment towards the valuable animals under their care by the people employed about them, but to preserve inviolate and in its entirety that portion of property in which he and others were so greatly interested, and which in effect constitutes the real value of these animals, namely, a knowledge of their merits, demerits, and relative capabilities. Here, of a truth, *knowledge is pro-*

erty, and to participate in this property,—to which they have no more right than A. has to that of B.—is the constant endeavour of a vast number of crafty and designing individuals; consequently, to hold their own, it became almost a matter of necessity to throw dust into the eyes of such persons, or, as our friend Phil facetiously termed it, “Give ‘em a pinch of eye-snuff.”

The following incidents, which occurred within my own experience, are an illustration of Phil’s capacity in this respect, and are, as I think, deserving of remembrance.

In the year 18—, before the days of race-horse vans and railroads, most of the horses that were trained in this establishment in the north of England, and who were entered for the Derby and Oaks, and various other races in the south, as at Newmarket, Epsom, Ascot, and elsewhere, used to travel by easy journeys to Newmarket shortly before the first meeting of the year at that place, called the Craven meeting, where they remained during the three meetings which preceded the great events at Epsom, those horses which had engagements at Newmarket running them out during their stay there: they then again proceeded southwards to take up their quarters in the neighbourhood of Epsom to fulfil their various engagements there and at Ascot.

In those days it was quite an exceptional thing for a professional betting-man to keep a race-horse; now things are entirely altered, the greater portion of race-horse proprietors being composed of these professional gentry. But at the time of which I speak, there was a horse, which we will call Gosport, that was entered for the Derby, and trained in the stable to which I refer, and was the property of a well-known professional speculator of considerable calibre. This horse had some *status* in the betting market, and was tolerably supported by his owner, his friends, and the public. Also in the same stable were trained for that event several other horses, and amongst them a horse [we will call Munster, of whom I shall speak hereafter.

For some time the Spotts had observed with surprise that from certain heavy and marked operations on the Turf Exchange, it was evident private information relative to their stable had found its way to quarters it had no business to have reached, and for awhile discovery eluded their vigilance. At length, judging principally from the quarter in which these betting operations were carried on, they were led to think that the lad who attended to the horse Gosport, belonging to the betting man above referred to, conveyed intelligence to his master, and they were the more confirmed in this suspicion when they came to recollect the anxiety expressed by him on the horse’s first arrival there, that this lad should always ride him in his exercise and “look after him” (as the technical term is). Accordingly this boy’s movements were, without exciting his suspicions, carefully watched, and it was discovered he was constantly writing letters, and on one of the head lads chaffing him on this literary weakness, and saying he supposed he was writing to his sweetheart, he replied, “Nay, I am only writing to moother.” Sure enough, all his letters

had been directed to his “moother;” but this evidence of filial tenderness was lost upon Phil Spott, to whom, of course, this explanation was conveyed, and who (to use his own expression) said, “that tale was too lovely to wash.” So one day, by a preconcerted signal between him and one of the head lads, when the writer had just finished one of these filial epistles, and was about to wafer it, he was suddenly called away by Phil, who was in the yard waiting the signal, near the window of the boys’ common room, on some pretence, with a view to his leaving the letter in his hurry behind him. The plan answered to perfection; the head lad opened the letter directed to “moother,” when behold not a word was there written to his mother, but a letter was enclosed therein directed to his master, Mr. R——, — Street, Manchester!

All this occurred in the North; previous to the departure of the horses for Newmarket; yet not a word was said to the lad, nor the slightest sign exhibited that suspicions had been aroused respecting him. The lad found his letter quite safe where he had left it on his return to the room, and he was permitted, apparently unnoticed, to go on writing to “moother.” All this was “nuts” to the astute Phil, his suspicions being now almost wholly confined to this lad; while in order the more fully to confirm them, several ingenious little traps were laid, such as keeping a horse in the stable for a day or two, or only letting him walk for that time, or sending some Derby horse up a good strong gallop with an old one, taking care either that the young one had a good deal the best of it at the finish; or perhaps with some other Derby horse sent up a strong gallop in a similar manner, care was taken that he had the worst of it according to the result required. I need hardly add that in both such cases the redoubtable Phil bestrode the apparently beaten animal: he was much too clever a workman to trust to any one else to do such handiwork as this. Accordingly, in every instance a letter was written to “moother,” and information was duly received from Phil’s agents in London and Manchester that such horses were backed or laid against as the case might be, and that these movements in the market were always made in one and the same quarter, not by Mr. R—— himself, but by others selected by him as his agents in these operations, so as to avoid creating suspicions amongst other speculators, he being known as an adherent of this stable.

There now no longer remained a shadow of doubt, and Phil, as he graphically termed it, “had got his hand upon both cracksmen and fence” (*Anglicè*, thief and receiver of stolen goods), but “mum” was the word as yet—not a syllable was to be uttered. He had not yet played his trump cards. “A nice hot-spiced nut I’ll bake for you, Mr. R——, and I wish you a good digestion after it;” was Phil’s observation, and how the fence relished this little delicacy, artfully cooked for him by the hand of Philip, as is about to be told, I will leave you, my readers, to imagine.

The string of horses arrived at Newmarket as usual, as above described, shortly before the Craven meeting, and during the last Newmarket race meeting preceding their departure for Epsom,

the boy who looked after the horse Munster was told that neither he nor his horse would be wanted to go South, and that he was to get all his things together and be ready to start with his horse *by noon on the day after to-morrow*; the object in thus delaying for a time the departure of the horse, after giving the lad his order, will be presently seen. Written instructions were given him as to where he was to sleep each night, as well as directions, to the managing man at home, how the horse was to be treated on his arrival. All these minutiae were designed to leave no doubt amongst the other lads that the horse really was not intended for the Derby, and this was almost necessary, as the announcement that his horse, who was strong in the betting, and much talked about, was not even going to start for that race, excited no little surprise in the lad's mind, and he naturally talked with his fellow-lads, although especially cautioned not to do so; but to make quite sure that this information reached the quarter for which it was intended, these directions were so given that "our special correspondent" above referred to should overhear them, as if by accident, as well as the strict injunction of silence accompanied by threats of punishment and promises of reward, according as silence should be broken or maintained.

It will be observed that the races were then going on at Newmarket, consequently Mr. R—— was staying in the town attending to his profession, and that the lad had easy access to his patron, so that no time was lost in conveying such an important piece of information to him. At first R—— could hardly believe that the boy was correct, as he knew, or thought he knew, that Munster was well thought of in the stable; but when he had told him that he was sure it was all right, as he had listened through a chink in the wooden partition which divided the two loose boxes in which stood his horse and Munster, and "had heard Maister Philip tell t'lad ivery spot on t'road where t'oss was to stop each night, and he was to start at noon day after to-morn, while all t'chaps were gone to t'aces, and to gang out o' t'oon t'back way." R—— no longer doubted, and though not the nimblest mover in the world, he was not long in hobbling down to the betting-rooms. Both before and after dinner he was always the first to enter, and the last to leave these, as were also his agents; but Phil Spott also had his agents in attendance, carefully selected for this special occasion, who had their instructions to be constantly in waiting upon R—— and his commissioners, and whenever they offered to bet against Munster, to take their bets.

On this occasion it may readily be conceived it was not long before large offers were made by R——'s party to bet against this horse, and these offers were quietly accepted. R—— was standing aloof and silently watching operations with apparent indifference, and taking, of course, no part therein, but inwardly chuckling at the success with which his plan was working. At last, on the day on which the horse was to start on his northward journey, by which time the agency aforesaid, had (to use Turf phraseology) "pretty well peppered" (that is betted against) him, Old R——, while seated on a quiet old animal, as

burly as himself, and in attendance as usual at the betting-post, was accosted by a meek-looking smart young officer who rode into the crowd, and, as if by accident, placed himself next him, and as there happened to be at the time a lull in the betting, he began to discourse with him about the Derby, and especially about the northern horses, expressing to him his liking for Munster, whom he said he had seen that morning at exercise.

"Did you see my horse, Gosport, captain?" said R——, his mouth watering at the prospect of catching another flat-fish.

"Yaas, I did, and I did not much like him; in fact, I thought him a bwute," said the Captain.

"Coom now, Captin, I'll lay thee a couple o' thoosand Gosport beats Moonster for t' Derby," rejoined R——.

"Done!" said our warrior of the meek look and mincing talk, and their respective pencils recorded the wager in their respective books.

Now, if Asmodeus had been at Newmarket that evening about ten o'clock, and had, just to oblige us, lifted up the roof of a certain house, he would have shown to our astonished eyes, the said meek young captain, seated alone with Phil Spott smoking a cigar and transferring to Phil's volume the half of that little wager which he had originally entered in his own, and for which he had been apparently victimised that same afternoon. Only a few words passed between them on the business upon which they had met, and when they parted for the night, Phil said: "Good-night, Captain, many thanks. You did it uncommonly well; how kindly the old un swallowed the spice-nut, to be sure; and it is only one of many others he has swallowed within these two days. I am afraid in about another four-and-twenty hours they will begin to disagree with him unless his stomach is a very strong one."

The following morning being the day after that on which Munster had taken his departure for the north, staying at Huntingdon the first night, and while he was slowly pursuing his second day's journey, we will suppose Asmodeus to be again so obliging as to lift for us the roofs of two more houses at Newmarket, and in the one we see R—— opening a letter he has just received, which he peruses with a smile of satisfaction. It is from one of his agents, informing him that Mr. —— and he had laid to the undermentioned gentleman the following bets, amounting to a good round sum, against Munster for the Derby, that they would wish to book a small portion of these bets to themselves, and the remainder they would book to his account.

On the other roof being uplifted, we behold our great diplomatist, Phil Spott, perusing a letter, while a knowing smile of triumph plays over his countenance—it is from one of his agents; and, taking advantage of our position, we look over his shoulder, and we read as follows:—

"SIR,—I have backed Munster for you with A., for so much, at such a price, and with B., for so much, at such a price. C. requests me to say he has backed the above horse for you, with A., for so much, and at such a price, and with B., for so much, and at such a price. C. and I would wish to stand with you the odds to £150, at the average, which amount you can book to

me, the remainder of the sum booked respectively to C. and self, by Messrs. A. and B. we book to you.

I am, &c., &c.

To Mr. Philip Spott, Newmarket.

By this brief and business-like communication, Phil Spott was apprised that if Munster won the Derby, Messrs. A. and B.—or rather Mr. R——, for whom they had betted as agents—would have to pay him, through the writer of the above letter, a large sum of money; they having been, of course, perfectly unconscious as to the real person with whom they were betting.

In less than half an hour after the perusal of this letter a mounted express was on the road to Huntingdon, with directions to proceed onward along the main north road till he overtook Munster and the lad, for whom he conveyed a letter, in which he was directed to retrace his steps, and to join the rest of the cavalcade now travelling southwards from Newmarket for the neighbourhood of Epsom. To these orders of course the lad immediately attended.

The startling intelligence of the horse's return was soon made public,—to the joy of some, and to the sorrow of others, among the most doleful of whom was our old acquaintance R——; for the natural consequence of this movement was, that the horse (whose position in the betting, in consequence of his supposed return to the north, had become insignificant,) was immediately advanced not only to his old price but to a higher one than he had ever been at before, which compelled R—— either to run the risk of losing the enormous sums he had laid against him or to ease his difficulty by reversing his operations and backing the horse at a loss. Our shrewd friend, Phil, knew full well which course an old stager like R—— would pursue; that he durst not “stand to be shot at” (as the phrase is), but that he would scramble out of the hole into which he thought he had pushed others, but into which he had fallen himself, as speedily as possible. And accordingly this was the course which he, like the prudent man he was, did pursue by at once requesting his agents who had betted against Munster to back him for a sufficient amount to cover that which he had betted against him under the impression that he was not intended to start, and, to simplify the settling, especially to endeavour to deal with those persons to whom they had betted the odds. In this they found no difficulty, for Phil—who said “he always travelled in the Safety Coach”—had instructed his commissioners in good time to take advantage of the horse's improved price in the market, and to be sure to accommodate those with whom they had betts about him in the event of their wishing to “hedge.”

These instructions being attended to on both sides, the result was, that if Munster won, Phil Spott would have to receive from R—— (through agents on either side) a considerable sum of money, and if Munster did not win a smaller sum, so that in either case he now had Mr. R—— fast by the leg.

The Derby Day arrived, and Phil appeared mounted on Munster in a blue jacket. After the usual preliminary canters before the stand, the coloured troop assemble at the starting-post. “They're off!” cry a million voices. And in the

course of three minutes the million voices again raise unearthly shouts as the horses near the winning-post. “The Favourite wins!” “The Favourite is beat!” “Munster wins!” “Munster is beat!” “Munster wins!” A desperate, long-continued struggle—and the race is over. The shoutings subside into a buzz as of myriads of Brobdignag blue-bottles. “Who's won?” “Who's won?” shout thousands of voices. “Munster,” is the reply.

“Who's won, Mr. R——?” inquired an eager speculator of that now crest-fallen worthy. “Did Lord B—— win?”

“No!” growled the respondent. “*The old devil in blue!*”

R—— saw he had been done, said nothing, but with many anathemas not loud but deep paid the money on the settling-day, and shortly afterwards removed his horse Gosport. Phil Spott, having meanwhile recommended his informant change of air, and that, as his *moother* appeared so anxious about him, he had better take up his residence with her for the future.

Phil pocketed old R——'s losings, and with much inward exultation and a knowing wink to his friends, said:

“*I told you the spice-nuts would not agree with him.*”

That great moralist, Mr. Samuel Weller said: “Pork-pies were werry good things when they wer'n't made of puppies, and you know'd the young ooman as made 'em.” So I will append to my tale a *moral*—Never eat spice-nuts without you know who made 'em. S. W.

TO AND AT BADEN IN '62.

“*Cælum non animum mutant, qui trans mare currunt.*” This is one of those popular fallacies which provoke discussion. Discussion as to whether the writer was really in earnest, or whether so shrewd an observer of men and minds as Horace could have perchance made a mistake. Or is it possible that the poet's own state of feeling is here represented, and that he retired to the Isles of Greece, like the stricken deer, to nurse an ill-requited attachment? We know his vigorous grasp of the sentimental, even at the end of eight lustra, and can only account for the declaration of so exceptional a case in the form of a general proposition, by supposing him to have been an unwilling slave of the tender passion. When does a man leave these shores, which are redolent of professional duties, without shaking off old habits of thought, and clothing himself in a new suit fitted for the occasion? It is because I change not only the atmosphere, but all sympathy with it; because I become brighter and fresher every league I progress; because I forget letters, books, printers'-devils, and proof-sheets,—that I trust myself once a year to the horrors of seasickness, and the associations of a cabin, a basin, and a steward. The simile may be a little strained, but it is for this reason that I appreciate the feelings of Conrad as he neared his vessel and saw “his blood-red flag aloft”—that I understand how—

Fire in his glance, and wildness in his breast,
He feels of all his former self possest,

this is certainly the reason why I feel and comprehend so keenly—

The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play
That thrills the wanderer of the trackless way,

as soon as ever I set foot on the planks of the Steam Navigation Company's good ship the Baron Ozy, or something of that kind. The smell of the Thames itself, prefatory of something better, invigorates me. The Isle of Sheppey reconciles me to the substitution of Galignani for the Times. In the contemplation of the Goodwin Sands I forget the existence of the penny post. And by the time the cheerful coast of Flushing presents itself, or rather ought to present itself to view, or the bar at Rotterdam has been safely crossed, I have become either a Belgian or a Dutchman. This will account for my visit to Baden-Baden, and my introduction to that well-known locality under a new phase.

The fact is, I am as pure a cosmopolite as ever was born. I have, with some difficulty I admit, shaken off those prejudices which hamper the true Briton, and cloud the judgment, for which the Anglo-Saxon race is remarkable above all others. I can scarcely believe in the existence of intellect or sympathy which fails to meet with some sort of adventure in a passage of four-and-twenty hours. I say four-and-twenty, for although about sixteen or eighteen is the professionally recognised period, I have never yet seen any steamer whose machinery did not come to grief, nor any river whose tide was not discovered to be most provokingly running out when it ought to have been running in, or the reverse. This time, therefore, I devote to the fabrication of incident, and on the present occasion was as fortunate as usual.

I had not been long on board before I was accosted by a good-humoured, stout, little German. He had taken his passage as far as Antwerp on his return to his wife and children, after a lengthened sojourn in London. He described them as an angel and cherubim, living in the neighbourhood of Berlin. He was manifestly not a man of great consistency of purpose, and I presume he admired in me a supposed quality, the absence of which in himself he affected to deplore.

He had left London with a misgiving that he ought to have seen more of England. Two things he particularly regretted not having visited: the Crystal Palace and Sheffield. I explained to him the peculiar situation of both; the nature, intention, and attractions of the one, and the productions of the other. Could he get back? Certainly, by the sacrifice of his fare. Should he do so? What of his wife and children? That was a question for himself to decide; he knew the mildness of madame's temper, and the sharpness of her talons better than I. He had really a great mind. I thought a very little one. Could I direct him? Nothing easier; go on shore at Gravesend; take the train to London Bridge—go down to Sydenham—return to-night, and go to Sheffield to-morrow. But what would madame say? He really—well; he wished he could make up his mind. Half-an-hour to Gravesend—would I decide for him? With pleasure, if he was serious. Perfectly; and he

would esteem it a favour. "Go back," said I, "by all means;" for I was getting very tired of him, and I had the satisfaction of handing him over to the steward, who ordered up his portmanteau, and dropped them both into a boat off Gravesend Pier.

Having finished off my first affair satisfactorily, I was shortly afterwards addressed by a Frenchman. He was free from the effervescent *insouciance* of *la jeune France*, and equally removed from the gentlemanly *empressement* of the middle aged Gaul. In fact, I have seen nothing so like him as our friend Leech's sketches of the modern "Mossoo." He was very stout, very pure, asthmatically disposed in fact, and ignorant of the uses of soap. His hair and the beaver of his hat were not dissimilar: and he exhibited much "severity of foliage" on either side of his mouth. He squinted more vilely than those original and ill-omened Strabos of Bombastes Furioso. He spoke his own language—shall I say volubly?—one half of each sentence being incomprehensible, and the other remaining bodily upon his lips in the form of saliva. But he could speak nothing else, and was now in distress. Could I, and would I, assist him to a berth? He was a man and a brother, and was I the one to say "No." I pushed my way through a crowd of strong smells down the cabin-stairs. I invaded the steward in his den. I explained matters to both parties; and took care that my new friend's berth should be as far as possible from my own. In return for my kindness, he informed me of his visit to my detestable country. London was *triste*, dirty, expensive, with nothing to see, nothing to eat, and nothing but *portère bière* to drink. At night there was nowhere to go. On Sunday there was nothing to do; not even in *Peenesbawrie Squarrrre*. My suggestion that Finsbury Square was not the only aristocratic faubourg in London, and that an *abonnement* of half a guinea a day was not calculated to beget the luxuries of the *Hôtel des Princes*, or the *ménage* of the *Trois Frères*, was treated with contempt. After hearing that he had only had three meals a day for his ten-and-sixpence, with bed and attendance, and after ascertaining that a bath was an extra in that favoured locality, strange to say, I tired of my new acquaintance. I was charmed to see him later in the evening, after a dinner at which he narrowly escaped suicide from the knife, led despondingly down-stairs between a waiter and a cabin-boy.

The following morning I woke happily; for I was really on my way to the long-anticipated pleasures of Baden-Baden. I was in Antwerp. London was behind me, and Cologne and Heidelberg in front. *Courage, mon ami, "le diable est mort."*

Everybody has been at Cologne: most persons many times. No less than two-and-twenty churches open their portals for the gratification of your curiosity. Of course you have done the cathedral; the Dom-Kirche; but did you ever hear high mass in it? If not, manage to hit Cologne on a Saturday night, the next visit you pay it; and be early enough to get a seat in the cathedral the next day. The magnificence of the building, in itself no mean pleasure, is enhanced by the

solemn grandeur of one of Mozart's masses; and the effect produced by the finest sacred music, as it floats through the lengthened aisles, through pillars, arches, and chapels, can be more easily conceived than described. The "St. Peter's of Gothic architecture" needs nothing to increase the natural astonishment at its beauties, but it is consistent with one of the grandest religious services in Europe.

This by the way. Take the right bank of the Rhine: get a comfortable first-class carriage for yourself and your friends, if you can. Carry with you some fruit: a few peaches, grapes, or any luxury of the kind that you please. It will save trouble, as between Cologne and Heidelberg I literally should have had nothing to eat, but for the goodnature of one of our conducteurs, who procured me a bottle of wine and a sandwich at Darmstadt. If you prefer the river—and certainly, though longer, the views are finer and the air purer, to say nothing of the dust—embark at Bonn: up to that point and beyond Bingen, you will find the wine of the country better than its water. Be particular not to get into a wrong carriage: speak German by all means, if you can; and never mind about your luggage. It always turns up right at last. Do as many good natured things as you can on the road; especially for your compatriots. You will thus stand a chance of being yourself mistaken for a foreigner; but be careful not to associate yourself permanently with what is called a "regular Briton." He will ask you to make impertinent inquiries for him along the line; to count his money; to take a place for him in the railway; to contend with porters and douaniers, and to secure him a bed at the same hotel as yourself, which you, from a natural but childish feeling of courtesy, will take care shall be the better of the two.

The glory of Heidelberg *was* its castle and its independence. The glory of Heidelberg *is* its Philistines and its Fuchs. To the lovers of the picturesque it presents attractions from the castle terraces too well known to require description here; to the curious in pipes, jewellery, caps, and student-life, it offers features, the study of which will scarcely be found to repay the trouble. As a peculiarity of the social life of Germany, student life has interest for some writers. Like other excrescences, it has its uses, and may serve to occupy the leisure moments of the ethical inquirer; but with an intimate acquaintance with its provisions and disorders, it will be better known only to be less trusted.

On the 1st of September, Baden-Baden was as full as the most thirsty water-drinker could desire. It seems to be a rule with the ladies and gentlemen of delicate constitution, that, unlike the pool of Bethesda, there cannot be too many of the maimed or infirm, sharing the benefit of the waters at once. The whole pleasure of a remedy, in the case of a spa, be it foreign or English, appears to consist in participation: a wholesale philanthropy, which we may place to a diminution of our own distresses by sharing them with others, or to a true benevolence in the imparting of our alleviations. To be candid, in Baden, the latter must be the case: nor can I conceive any appear-

ance to be so far removed from the grim faces of a society of physis-drinkers, as the cheerful, not to say, boisterous happiness, and the piquant costumes of these Black Forest bathers. If that young Frenchman be really dyspeptic; if the young lady from the Vaudevilles or the Palais Royal, drinking champagne out of tumblers, and singing snatches of her last songs between the crowning of her cups, be in a state of chronic disease demanding the waters of Baden; if the roses on the cheek of her companion, Mademoiselle Adèle, be nothing more than the reflection of those in her *chapeau*; if the florid gentleman in the broad-rimmed, well-brushed hat, and polished boots, with one hand on a roulean, within easy reach of the colour, has the corresponding foot in the grave; if the young dukes, marquises, counts, and barons, Russian, Prussian, French, or English, who throng the Kursaal, applaud Tartuffe, back the run on red, and dine *al fresco* at the Stephanie Bad,—be subjects for the virtues of the Trinkhalle at Baden, all I can pray for, in the way of earthly comfort, is a normal state of diseased liver, and a sufficiency of time and money thoroughly to enjoy its cure. There is rheumatism in Weisbaden, I know; and dyspeptic peers, and gouty members of the Lower House in Homburg; but there is nothing but youth, and health, and freshness, and gaiety in Baden,—or I am much mistaken.

Having perfectly satisfied the reader as to the great water-question, it is worth while to inquire the particular end for which men leave their homes for the comforts and economy of hotel life in Germany. We have an answer at once. Fearful of letting down the system by too rapid a fall, the pleasures of Baden serve to arrest the traveller on his downward course; and to fill up a vacancy between a London season and a winter at Melton. Nothing can be more charming than its situation. Surrounded by the hills and mountains of the Black Forest, itself on a rising ground, and sloping into the valley of the Oos, it looks, at the first glance, peculiarly adapted for pleasure or repose. Permit me to suggest that if the pleasures be great, the repose is *nil*. From morning to night there is something to do. Everybody promenades, or rides, or drives. Breakfasts at Lichtenthal, or lunches at Rothenthal. There is the old castle; a walk which certainly gives an appreciation of the bottle of Liebfraumilch awaiting you on your arrival. There is the new castle; to which the Margraves descended, as soon as the old domicile became too hot to hold them; or increased civilisation brought them nearer the subjects, whom they plundered with increased facility; the founder of which obtained from one of the Archdukes of Austria the well-merited order of the Golden Fleece. There is a lovely country all round you, in parts approaching the sublime: a pulpit, on the road to Stauffenberg, from which Satan is said to have held forth, at first to a scattered auditory, until the seductive nature of his doctrines and his eloquence, extended his reputation. Whether any of his efforts made more than a passing impression in Baden is at least open to discussion. There are the extensive beauties of Eberstein; the fantastic architectural adorn-

ments of La Favorite; its rare porcelain and Chinese treasures, worthy of a place in the South Kensington Museum; and the Valley of the Mourg, not far behind the valleys of many parts of Switzerland in loveliness. These are within reach of the active pedestrian, and are the almost daily promenades of handsome equipages of every description. Concerts, balls, and a French company in one of the most beautiful theatres in the world, present increased attractions for other hours of the day or night: and the tables, a fruitful source of revenue, have votaries, whose constancy and perseverance appear to chide the indifference of every respectable passion under the sun. Of course our readers know all this. They have had a surfeit of Russian countesses, who have broken the bank; of German princes, whom the bank has broken: and of gentlemen, who only proved that they have been possessed of brains by blowing them out. I have no idea of stopping on my way "to point a moral or adorn a tale," unless I can find something a little less hackneyed than the reverses of Garcia, or the successes of a Viennese banker. There is this to be said for the mildest of visitors: that if all these pleasures are thrown away upon him, he can still find a few trifles, on which to spend his loose florins, in the shops and bazaars which adorn each side of the Park. He will find at all hours a few loiterers like himself, too idle or too virtuous to partake of the "cakes and ale" so plenteously provided: and may be supplied, at very little expense, with piquant anecdotes, and delicate satire, upon all his friends, and very nearly all his acquaintance, male or female.

But as if the ordinary attractions of this charming place had been found insufficient, the energetic management of M. Benazet, and above all of his coadjutor and secretary, M. Whei, determined upon making their favourite watering-place the Newmarket of the Continent. They have succeeded with this difference, that while an English race-course invariably bears about it the marks of business in its pleasures, whatever they may be, the Continental idea of a day's racing is pre-eminently an absence of anything connected with mental labour.

In this country there may be present the prevailing characteristic of the district, be it dirt, or drink, or intemperance of any kind, be it vulgarity, obscenity, or the most unmeaning of exhibitions; and that will be the part of the pageant which is called the pleasure of the day; but the racing will unquestionably be so mixed up with business, as to assume a different appearance from its original intention. You may have your notion of a *jour de fête* gratified; but it will be by a man with a red coat and cocked hat, or a performing pony, or a performing donkey, or a minstrel, or a band of minstrels, or a gentleman who breaks stones with his knuckles, or Aunt Sally, or a wooden doll in your hat and a black eye from a hard-boiled egg. The race in this country (or any pleasure derivable from it, I should say) is always "to the strong." There's a dust, and a noise, and a crowd, and a conglomeration of evils round about the turf, which veils its natural aspect, and will always prevent any but the

highest or the lowest from deriving much pleasure from its pursuit.

Not so at Baden-Baden. There's no Tattersall's, unless half-a-dozen English gentlemen (legs are not yet introduced, it being an institution of late growth), three Frenchmen, a German baron who rides, and a gentleman jockey of questionable antecedents, in front of the *Conversations Haus*, or elsewhere, can be considered "a ring." "Where there's lying, there's laying," as the partridge said to her mate; and the converse of the proposition is nearly true. It's a comfort to see a race where there's neither the one nor the other. Naturally, in this country, four days' racing is a question of four days' business, and no more. Not so at Baden-Baden. Four days' racing includes fourteen days' pleasure. It has many advantages. It allows the visitor to satisfy his curiosity by a day at the course, and two in the town, if he pleases; after which he may make way for others, whose longings may be gratified in a similar manner. Or, if the traveller be so enamoured of his first day's racing, which is not impossible, it will compel him, in return, to participate in the other excitements of Baden, until the course is complete.

The road to the village of Iffezheim was full of every description of vehicle. Smiling faces peeped from beneath every variety of hat that the most fertile imagination can conceive. This is saying much, but not too much. I hope the women do not intend to rest their claims for admiration upon the external decoration of their heads, now that crinoline is gone at Vienna. About six or seven miles of dust, post-horns, and cracking of whips, brought us near to our journey's end. As we said, there was plenty of variety, but we missed the neat English mail phaeton, the open britska, and the compact brougham, with its mysterious occupants, and its neatly-stepping, well-bred horses. A dogcart, of curious invention, here and there, overtook us, and two young women and one young man not apparently of great value, had ventured their necks upon their skill in equestration. The heavy travelling carriage, or landau style, with its yellow jackets, big boots, and glazed hats, was much in the ascendant. One admirably appointed drag we saw. But it was clear that neither Mr. Villebois, nor Captain Bastard, nor the Duke was the workman. As we neared the course the plot thickened.

Royalty was at hand. The King and Queen of Prussia, the Grand-Duke of Baden, and all the members of the Court, and aristocracy of the neighbourhood had come to see and to be seen. It was clear that everything had been done to render their visit a source of pleasure to themselves and their people.

On entering the course the beauty of the scene, and the utter absence of noise or crowd, cannot fail to impress the Englishman most favourably. The flat on which the stands have been built, and the course formed, is most beautifully situated between fine woods of great extent on the one side, and lovely hills crowned with foliage, and sloping away gradually into the distant mountains of the Black Forest. Here and there nestling between them lie, partially disclosed, towns or villages, overhung by the ruined châteaux of a now

civilised aristocracy. The course itself is excellently kept; every new arrangement that can give beauty and effect to the whole has been adopted. No police seemed necessary to keep the people, who lined either side of the course, from the minutest transgression. As that admirable horseman, Mr. Mackenzie Gieves (who had come from Paris to preside), cantered down the course on a well-bitted chestnut horse, it was evident that the sports would be marred by no unruly jockeys. Even the conventional dog did not put in an appearance. All was as it should be. Here and there rode a body of cavalry officers in uniform. On this side was a Prussian, on that an Austrian, wheeling a young impatient Arab through the manifold exercises of the *manège*. On the bank, facing the grandstand, in silent expectation of the coming sport, sat a body of mounted cavalry. Within the enclosure the race-horses were being led about, and the jockeys themselves—English boys, with the well-known English names of Flatman, Pratt, Bottom and Kitchener—had the air of simple mortals, like you or me. The stands were filled moderately with well-dressed persons of both sexes; and on the lawn in front, and beneath the flowering shrubs, and luxuriant creepers of the balcony, in every variety of charming summer toilette, were seated crowds of pretty women. Between the races military bands played the exquisite music of Rossini and Mozart. The whole wore an air of enchantment. For the first time in my life I enjoyed a race without a single alloy. The Derby has its host of London pleasure-seekers, a motley crowd of confusion and intemperance. The St. Leger its Yorkshire Tyke, with his broad dialect and narrow prejudices. Baden has neither the one nor the other. It is a small Goodwood, without the necessary disadvantages of every English course. In one thing alone we beat them—in the surpassing loveliness of our English women. We cannot have their climate. The innocence of racing in its integrity is gone from us for ever; but the beauty, the charm, the unconscious loveliness of an English girl, I have never seen equalled; and any approach to its parallel is a problem hitherto unsolved. If I say that the arrangements for leaving the course were as orderly and convenient as any other part of the day's programme, I have said sufficient to convince my reader that I was neither run over by a van nor into by a drunken post-boy. My horses were neither collared by a policeman nor thrown on their haunches by an oblivious turnpike-man. I was neither chaffed by a Hansom-cabman nor pelted with eggs or cocoa-nuts. The races were to be finished by 5 P.M., and by that hour I was once more on my road to Baden, where I arrived without let or hindrance, to assist at those enjoyments which invariably follow a day of such very innocent amusement. I have inflicted upon my reader neither the names, weights, nor colours of the riders; but I hope I have given him some idea of the primitive form in which racing was done by our ancestors, and made him feel some regret that it can be no longer done by ourselves.

It must be observed that, during these Saturnalia, which extend over about a fortnight, and in

which time the four days' racing is included with an interval of two or three days between each, the foreign element is predominant in Baden. The inhabitants of that favoured locality have vacated their seats. The hotels which constitute the whole of the lower part of the town along the banks of the little streamlet which is dignified with the name of the Oos, are crowded to suffocation. That curious mixture of impertinence and good-nature, the German waiter, is taxed to his utmost; and the whole world, with nothing to do, is always behind hand, and always in a hurry. Frenchmen, Englishmen, Russians and Americans have taken the place by storm. There is a Babel of tongues; and he who talks most, so that it be in a dialect only comprehensible, will probably get what he wants soonest. Weather permitting, the life cannot be too *al fresco* to be enjoyable. A wet day at Baden I have never seen. Contemplations of something terrible and undefined hung over me one morning; but the clouds broke, and, before committing suicide, I went out shooting myself. I was really too tired, on my return, to put my intention into execution. The following morning the sun shone brightly again, and I recommenced a day of the most active idleness.

The ordinary pleasures of Baden life I pass without further comment. It is a very old story. The racing is now three years old; a new feature in the programme of Black Forest attractions. It is so well done—so honestly and purely intended for a *jour de fête*, to the exclusion of the objectionable parts of our own turf, that I hope, year by year, to see it increasing in the value of its stakes, and by consequence in the character of its horses. At present the French turf is near enough to exhibit the efficiency of its stable, without any strong rivalry; but there is nothing of this kind that an Englishman will not attempt, if it be worth his while, and nothing of the kind in which he is not eminently successful. C. C.

THE POET'S HOME.

MARK yonder cot, among the trees,
Where flow'rs in native freedom twine,
Whose fragrance courts the healthy breeze
That sheds around their scent divine.
Within that humble cot thou'lt find
More pow'r than dwells 'neath gilded dome;
The wealth of wit, the pow'r of mind,
For there behold a poet's home.

While counted gold, 'neath bolt and bar,
To hide from all the miser tries,
The poet's wealth—more precious far—
In open page, uncounted lies.
The pearls of thought, the mental ore,
By fancy's fire to gold refined,
The poet makes no hidden store,
But shares his wealth with all mankind.

Then wealth, and pomp, and pow'r give way,
And warriors bold with flag unfurl'd;
A king can but one nation sway—
The poet's rule is o'er the world!
Then honour be, without a blot,
Around his path where'er he roam,
But where he loves and wanders not
Be blessings!—on the poet's home.

SAMUEL LOVER.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XXXVII. MATTHEW FROST'S NIGHT ENCOUNTER.

OLD Matthew Frost sat in his room at the back of the kitchen. It was his bed-room and sitting-room combined. Since he had grown feeble, the bustle of the kitchen and of Robin's family disturbed him, and he sat much in his chamber: they frequently taking his dinner in to him.

A thoroughly comfortable arm-chair had Matthew. It had been the gift of Lionel Verner. At his elbow was a small round table, of very dark wood, rubbed to brightness. On that table Matthew's large Bible might generally be found open, and Matthew's spectacled eyes bending over it. But the Bible was closed to-day. He sat in deep thought. His hands clasped upon his stick; something after the manner of old Mr. Verner; and his eyes fixed through the open window at

the September sun, as it played on the gooseberry and currant bushes in the cottage garden.

The door opened, and Robin's wife—her hands and arms white, for she was kneading dough—appeared, showing in Lionel. The old man rose, and stood leaning on his stick.

"Sit down, Matthew," said Lionel, in a kindly tone. "Don't let me disturb you." He made him go into his seat again, and took a chair opposite to him.

"The time's gone, sir, for me to stand afore you. That time must go for us all."

"Ay, that it must, Matthew, if we live. I came in to speak to Robin. His wife says she does not know where he is."

"He's here and there and everywhere," was old Matthew's answer. "One never knows how to take him, sir, or when to see him. My late

master's bounty to me, sir, is keeping us in comfort, but I often ask Robin what he'll do when I am gone. It gives me many an hour's care, sir. Robin, he don't earn the half of a living now."

"Be easy, Matthew," was Lionel's answer. "I am not sure the annuity, or part of it, will not be continued to Robin. My uncle left it in my charge to do as I should see fit. I have never mentioned it, even to you: and I think it might be as well for you not to speak of it to Robin. It is to be hoped that he will get steady and hard-working again: were he to hear that there was a chance of his being kept without work, he might never become so."

"The Lord bless my old master!" aspirated Matthew, lifting his hands. "The Lord bless you, sir! There's not many gentlemen would do for us what him and you have."

Lionel bent his head forward, and lowered his voice to a whisper. "Matthew, what is this that I hear, about Robin's going about the grounds at night with a loaded gun?"

Matthew flung up his hands. Not with the reverence of the past minute, but with a gesture of despair. "Heaven knows what he does it for, sir! I'd keep him in: but it's beyond me."

"I know you would. You went yourself to him last night, Broom tells me."

Matthew's eyes fell. He hesitated much in his answer. "I—yes, sir,—I—I couldn't get him home. It's a pity."

"You got as far as the brick-kilns, I hear. I was surprised. I don't think you should be out at night, Matthew."

"No, sir, I am not a-going again."

The words this time were spoken readily enough. But, from some cause or other, the old man was evidently embarrassed. His eyes were not lifted, and his clear face had gone red. Lionel searched his imagination for a reason, and could only connect it with his son.

"Matthew," said he, "I am about to ask you a painful question. I hope you will answer it. Is Robin perfectly sane?"

"Ay, sir, as sane as I am. Unsettled he is, ever dwelling on poor Rachel, ever thinking of revenge: but his senses be as much his as they ever were. I wish his mind could be set at rest."

"At rest in what way?"

"As to who it was that did the harm to Rachel. He has had it in his head for a long while, sir, that it was Mr. John Massingbird: but he can't be certain, and it's the uncertainty that keeps his mind on the worrit."

"Do you know where he picked up the notion that it was Mr. John Massingbird?" inquired Lionel, remembering the conversation on the same point that Robin had once held with him, on that very garden bench, in face of which he and Matthew were now sitting.

Old Matthew shook his head. "I never could learn, sir. Robin's a dutiful son to me, but he'd never tell me that. I know that Mr. John Massingbird has been like a pill in his throat this many a day. Oftentimes have I felt thankful that he was dead, or Robin would surely have gone out to where he was, and murdered him.

Murder wouldn't mend the ill, sir—as I have told him many a time."

"Indeed it would not," replied Lionel. "The very fact of Mr. John Massingbird's being dead, should have the effect of letting Robin's mind at rest—if it was to him that his suspicions were directed. For my part, I think Robin is wrong in suspecting him."

"I think so too, sir. I don't know how it is, but I can't bring my mind to suspect him more than anybody else. I have thought over things in this light, and I have thought 'em over in that light; and I'd rather incline to believe that she got acquainted with some stranger, poor dear! than that it was anybody known to us. Robin is in doubt: he has had some cause given him to suspect Mr. John Massingbird, but he is not sure, and it's that doubt, I say, that worrits him."

"At any rate, doubt or no doubt, there is no cause for him to go about at night with a gun. What does he do it for?"

"I have asked him, sir, and he does not answer. He seems to me to be on the watch."

"On the watch for what?" rejoined Lionel.

"I'm sure I don't know," said old Matthew.

"If you'd say a word to him, sir, it might stop it. He got a foolish notion into his mind that poor Rachel's spirit might come again, and he'd used to be about the pond pretty near every moonlight night. That fancy passed off, and he has gone to his bed at night as the rest of us have, up to the last week or so, when he has taken to go out again, and to carry a gun."

"It was a foolish notion," remarked Lionel.

"The dead do not come again, Matthew."

Matthew made no reply. Lionel rose.

"I must try and come across Robin. I wish you would tell him to come up to me, Matthew."

"Sir, if you desire that he shall wait upon you at Verner's Pride, he will be sure to do so," said the old man, leaning on his stick as he stood. "He'd not go the length of disobeying an order of yours. I'll tell him."

It happened that Lionel did "come across" Robin Frost. Not to any effect, however, for he could not get to speak to him. Lionel was striking across some fields towards Deerham Court, when he came in view of Roy and Robin Frost leaning over a gate, their heads together in close confab. It looked very much as though they were talking secrets. They looked up and saw him; but when he reached the place, both were gone. Roy was in sight, but the other had entirely disappeared. Lionel lifted his voice.

"Roy, I want you."

Roy could not feign deafness, though there was every appearance that he would like to do it. He turned and approached, putting his hand to his hat in a half surly manner.

"Where's Robin Frost?"

"Robin Frost, sir? He was here a minute or two ago. I met him accidental, and I stopped him to ask what he was about, that he hadn't been at work this three days. He went on his way then, down the gap. Did you want him, sir?"

Lionel Verner's perceptive faculties were tolerably developed. That Roy was endeavouring to

blind him, he had no doubt. They had not met "accidental," and the topic of conversation had not been Robin's work—of that he felt sure. Roy and Robin Frost might meet and talk together all day long, it was nothing to him: why they should strive to deceive him was the only curious part about it. Both had striven to avoid meeting him; and Roy was talking to him now unwillingly. In a general way, Robin Frost was fond of meeting and receiving a word from Mr. Verner.

"I shall see him another time," carelessly remarked Lionel. "Not so fast, Roy,"—for the man was turning away—"I have not done with you. Will you be good enough to inform me what you were doing in front of my house last night?"

"I wasn't doing anything, sir. I wasn't there."

"Oh, yes, you were," said Lionel. "Recollect yourself. You were posted under the large yew tree on the lawn, watching my drawing-room windows."

Roy looked up at this, the most intense surprise in his countenance. "I never was on your lawn last night, sir; I wasn't near it. Leastways not nearer than the side field. I happened to be in that, and I got through a gap in the hedge on to the high road."

"Roy, I believe that you were on the lawn last night, watching the house," persisted Lionel, looking fixedly at his countenance. For the life of him he could not tell whether the man's surprise was genuine, his denial real. "What business had you there?"

"I declare to goodness, if it was the last word I had to speak, that I was not on your lawn, sir,—that I did not watch the house. I did not go near the house. I crossed the side field, corner-wise, and got out into the road; and that's the nearest I was to the house last night."

Roy spoke unusually impressive for him, and Lionel began to believe that, so far, he was telling truth. He did not make any immediate reply, and Roy resumed.

"What cause have you got to accuse me, sir? I shouldn't be likely to watch your house—why should I?"

"Some man was watching it," replied Lionel. "And as you were seen in the road shortly afterwards, close to the side field, I came to the conclusion that it was you."

"I can be upon my oath that it wasn't, sir," answered Roy.

"Very well," replied Lionel, "I accept your denial. But allow me to give you a recommendation, Roy,—not to trouble yourself with my affairs in any way. They do not concern you; they never will concern you; therefore don't meddle with them."

He walked away as he spoke. Roy stood and gazed after him, a strange expression on his countenance. Had Lucy Tempest seen it, she might have renewed her warning to Lionel. And yet she would have been puzzled to tell the meaning of the expression, for it did not look like a threatening one.

Had Lionel Verner turned up Clay Lane, upon

leaving Matthew Frost's cottage, instead of down it, to take a path across the fields at the back, he would have encountered the Vicar of Deerham. That gentleman was paying parochial visits that day in Clay-lane, and in due course he came to Matthew Frost's. He and Matthew had long been upon confidential terms: the clergyman respected Matthew, and Matthew revered his pastor.

Mr. Bourne took the seat which Lionel had but recently vacated. He was so accustomed to the old man's habitual countenance that he could detect every change in it: and he saw that something was troubling him.

"I am troubled in more ways than one, sir," was the old man's answer. "Poor Robin, he's giving me trouble again: and last night, sir, I had a sort of fright. A shock, it may be said. I can't overget it."

"What was it's nature?" asked Mr. Bourne.

"I don't much like to speak of it, sir: and, beside yourself, there's not a living man that I'd open my lips to. It's an unpleasant thing to have upon the mind. Mr. Verner, he was here but a few minutes ago, and I felt before him like a guilty man that has something to conceal. When I have told it to you, sir, you'll be hard of belief."

"Is it connected with Robin?"

"No, sir. But it was my going after Robin that led to it, as may be said. Robin, sir, has took these last few nights to go out with a gun. It has worried me so, sir, fearing some mischief might ensue, that I couldn't sleep; and last evening, I thought I'd hobble out and see if I couldn't get him home. Chuff, he said, as he had seen him go toward the brickfield, and I managed to get down: and, sure enough, I came upon Robin. He was lying down at the edge of the field, watching, as it seemed to me. I couldn't get him home, sir. I tried hard, but 'twas of no use. He spoke respectful to me, as he always does: 'Father, I have got my work to do, and I must do it. You go back home, and go to sleep in quiet.' It was all I could get from him, sir, and at last I turned to go back—"

"What was Robin doing?" interrupted Mr. Bourne.

"Sir, I suppose it's just some fancy or other that he has got into his head, like he used to get, after the poor child died. Mr. Verner has just asked me whether he is sane, but there's nothing of that sort wrong about him. You mind the clump of trees that stands out, sir, between here and the brickfield, by the path that would lead to Verner's Pride?" added old Matthew in an altered tone.

"Yes," said Mr. Bourne.

"I had just got past it, sir, when I saw a figure crossing that bare corner from the other trees. A man's shape, it looked like. Tall and shadowy it was, wearing what looked like a long garment, or a woman's riding-habit, trailing on the ground. The very moment my eyes fell upon it, I felt that it was something strange, and when the figure passed me, turning its face right upon me,—I saw the face, sir."

Old Matthew's manner was so peculiar, his pause so impressive, that Mr. Bourne could only

gaze at him, and wait in wonder for what was coming.

"Sir, it was the face of one who has been dead this two years past—Mr. Frederick Massingbird."

If the rector had gazed at old Matthew before, he could only stare now. That the calm, sensible old man should fall into so extraordinary a delusion, was incomprehensible. He might have believed it of Deerham in general, but not of Matthew Frost.

"Matthew, you must have been deceived," was his quiet answer.

"No, sir. There never was another face like Mr. Frederick Massingbird's. Other features may have been made like his—it's not for me to say they have not—but whose else would have the black mark upon it? The moonlight was full upon it, and I could see even the little lines shooting out from the cheek, so bright was the night. The face was turned right upon me as it passed, and I am as clear about its being his as I am that it was me looking at it."

"But you know it is a thing absolutely impossible," urged Mr. Bourne. "I think you must have dreamt this, Matthew."

Old Matthew shook his head.

"I wouldn't have told you a dream, sir. It turned me all in amaze. I never felt the fatigue of a step all the way home after it. When I got in, I couldn't eat my supper; I couldn't go to bed. I sat up thinking, and the wife, she came in and asked what ailed me that I didn't go to rest. I had got no sleep in my eyes, I told her, which was true: for, when I did get to bed, it was hours afore I could close 'em."

"But, Matthew, I tell you that it is impossible. You must have been mistaken."

"Sir, until last night, had anybody told me such a thing, I should have said it was impossible. You know, sir, I have never been given to such fancies. There's no doubt, sir; there's *no doubt* that it was the spirit of Mr. Frederick Massingbird."

Matthew's clear intelligent eye was fixed firmly on Mr. Bourne's—his face, as usual, bending a little forward. Mr. Bourne had never believed in "spirits: " clergymen, as a rule, do not. A half smile crossed his lips.

"Were you frightened?" he asked.

"I was not frightened, sir, in the sense that you, perhaps, put the question. I was surprised, startled. Like I might have been surprised and startled at seeing anybody I least expected to see—somebody that I had thought was miles away. Since poor Rachel's death, sir, I have lived, so to say, in communion with spirits: what with Robin's talking of his hope to see *hers*, and my constantly thinking of her, knowing also that it can't be long, in the course of nature, before I am one myself, I have grown to be, as it were, familiar with the dead in my mind. Thus, sir, in that sense, no fear came upon me last night. I don't think, sir, I should feel fear at meeting or being alone with a spirit, any more than I should at meeting a man. But I was startled and disturbed."

"Matthew," cried Mr. Bourne, in some per-

plexity, "I had always believed you superior to these foolish things. Ghosts might do well enough for the old days, but the world has grown older and wiser. At any rate, the greater portion of it has."

"If you mean, sir, that I was superior to the belief in ghosts, you are right. I never had a grain of faith in such superstition in my life; and I have tried all means to convince my son what folly it was of him to hover round about the willow pond, with any thought that Rachel might 'come again.' No, sir, I have never been given to it."

"And yet you deliberately assure me, Matthew, that you saw a ghost last night!"

"Sir, that it was Mr. Frederick Massingbird, dead or alive, that I saw, I must hold to. We know that he is dead, sir: his wife buried him in that far land: so what am I to believe? The face looked ghastly white: not like a person's living."

Mr. Bourne mused. That Frederick Massingbird was dead and buried, there could not be the slightest doubt. He hardly knew what to make of old Matthew. The latter resumed.

"Had I been flurried or terrified by it, sir, so as to lose my presence of mind, or if I was one of those timid ones that see signs in dreams, or take every white post to be a ghost, that they come to on a dark night, you might laugh at and disbelieve me. But I tell it to you, sir, as you say, deliberate: just as it happened. I can't have much longer time to live, sir; but I'd stake it all on the truth that it was the spirit of Mr. Frederick Massingbird. When you have once known a man, there are a hundred points by which you may recognise him, beyond possibility of being mistaken. They have got a story in the place, sir, to-day—as you may have heard—that my poor child's ghost appeared to Dan Duff last night, and that the boy has been senseless ever since. It has struck me, sir, that, perhaps, he also saw what I did."

Mr. Bourne paused. "Did you say anything of this to Mr. Verner?"

"Not I, sir. As I tell you, I felt like a guilty man in his presence, one with something to hide. He married Mr. Fred's widow, pretty creature, and it don't seem a nice thing to tell him. If it had been the other gentleman's spirit, Mr. John's, I should have told him at once."

Mr. Bourne rose. To argue with old Matthew in his present state of mind, appeared to be about as useless a waste of time as to argue with Susan Peckaby on the subject of the white donkey. He told him he would see him again in a day or two, and took his departure.

But he did not dismiss the subject from his mind. No, he could not do that. He was puzzled. Such a tale from one like old Matthew—calm, pious, sensible, and verging on the grave, made more impression on Mr. Bourne than all Deerham could have made. Had Deerham come to him with the story, he would have flung it to the winds.

He began to think that some person, from evil design or love of mischief, must be personating Frederick Massingbird. It was a natural conclu-

sion. And Matthew's surmise, that the same thing might have alarmed Dan Duff, was perfectly probable. Mr. Bourne determined to ascertain the latter fact, as soon as Dan should be in a state of sufficient convalescence, bodily and mentally, to give an account. He had already paid one visit to Mrs. Duff's—as that lady informed Lionel.

Two or three more he paid during the day, but not until night did he find Dan revived. In point of fact, the clergyman penetrated to the kitchen, just after the startling communication had been made by Dan. The women were standing in consternation when the vicar entered: one of them strongly recommending that the copper furnace should be heated, and Dan plunged into it to "bring him round."

"How is he now?" began Mr. Bourne. "Oh! I see: he is sensible."

"Well, sir, I don't know," said Mrs. Duff. "I'm afraid as his head's a-going right off. He persists in saying now that it wasn't the ghost of Rachel at all, but—but somebody else's."

"If he was put into a good hot furnace, sir, and kep' at a even heat up to biling point for half an hour—that is, as near biling as his skin could bear it—I know it 'ud do wonders," spoke up Mrs. Chuff. "It's a excellent remedy, where there's a furnace convenient, and water not short."

"Suppose you allow me to be alone with him for a few minutes," suggested Mr. Bourne. "We will try and find out what will cure him, won't we, Dan?"

The women filed out one by one. Mr. Bourne sat down by the boy, and took his hand. In a soothing manner he talked to him, and drew from him by gentle degrees the whole tale, so far as Dan's memory and belief went. The boy shook in every limb as he told it. He could not boast immunity from ghostly fears like old Matthew Frost.

"But, my boy, you should know that there are no such things as ghosts," urged Mr. Bourne. "When once the dead have left this world, they do not come back to it again."

"I see'd it, sir," was Dan's only argument—an all-sufficient one with him. "It was stood over the pool, it was, and it turned round right upon me as I went up. I see the porkypine on his cheek, sir, as plain as anything."

The same account as old Matthew's!

"How was the person dressed?" asked Mr. Bourne. "Did you notice?"

"It had got on some'at long—a coat or a skirt, or some'at. 'Twas as thin as thin, sir."

"Dan, shall I tell you what it was—as I believe? It was somebody dressed up to frighten you and other timid persons."

Dan shook his head.

"No, sir, 'twasn't. 'Twas the ghost of Mr. Frederick Massingbird."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. MASTER CHEESE'S FRIGHT. OTHER FRIGHTS.

STRANGE rumours began to be rife in Deerham. The extraordinary news told by Dan Duff would have been ascribed to some peculiar hallu-

cination of that gentleman's brain, and there's no knowing but what the furnace might have been tried as a cure, had not other testimony arisen to corroborate it. Four or five different people, in the course of as many days—or rather nights—saw, or professed to have seen, the apparition of Frederick Massingbird.

One of them was Master Cheese. He was coming home from paying a professional visit—in alight, straightforward cases Jan could trust him—when he saw by the roadside what appeared to be a man standing up under the hedge, as if he had taken his station there to look at the passers-by.

"He's up to no good," quoth Master Cheese to himself. "I'll go and dislodge the fellow."

Accordingly Master Cheese turned off the path where he was walking, and crossed the waste bit—only a yard or two in breadth—that ran by the side of the road. Master Cheese, it must be confessed, did not want for bravery; he had a great deal rather face danger of any kind than hard work; and the rumour about Fred Massingbird's ghost had been rare nuts for him to crack. Up he went, having no thought in his head at that moment of ghosts, but rather of poachers.

"I say, you fellow—" he was beginning, and there he stopped dead.

He stopped dead, both in step and tongue. The figure, never moving, never giving the faintest indication that it was alive, stood there like a statue. Master Cheese looked in its face, and saw the face of the late Frederick Massingbird.

It is *not* pleasant to come across a dead man at moonlight—a man whose body has been safely reposing in the ground ever so long ago. Master Cheese did not howl as Dan Duff had done. He set off down the road—he was too fat to propel himself over or through the hedge, though that was the nearest way—he took to his heels down the road, and arrived in an incredibly short space of time at home, bursting into the surgery and astonishing Jan and the surgery boy.

"I say, Jan, though, haven't I had a fright?"

Jan, at the moment, was searching in the prescription-book. He raised his eyes, and looked over the counter. Master Cheese's face had turned white, and drops of wet were pouring off it—in spite of his bravery.

"What have you been at?" asked Jan.

"I saw the thing they are talking about, Jan. It is Fred Massingbird's."

Jan grinned. That Master Cheese's fright was genuine there could be no mistaking, and it amused Jan excessively.

"What had you been taking?" asked he in his incredulity.

"I had taken nothing," retorted Master Cheese, who did not like the ridicule. "I had not had the opportunity of taking anything—unless it was your medicine. Catch me tapping that! Look here, Jan. I was coming by Crow Corner, when I saw a something standing back in the hedge. I thought it was some poaching fellow hiding there, and went up to dislodge him. Didn't I wish myself up in the skies? It was the face of Fred Massingbird."

"The face of your fancy," slightly returned Jan.

"I swear it was, then! There! There's no mistaking *him*. The hedgehog on his cheek looked larger and blacker than ever."

Master Cheese did not fail to talk of this abroad: the surgery boy, Bob, who had listened with open ears, did not fail to talk of it, and it spread throughout Deerham; additional testimony to that already accumulated. In a few days' time, the commotion was at its height; nearly the only person who remained in ignorance of the reported facts being the master and mistress of Verner's Pride, and those connected with them, relatives on either side.

That some great internal storm of superstition was shaking Deerham, Lionel knew. In his happy ignorance, he attributed it to the rumour which had first been circulated, touching Rachel's ghost. He was an ear-witness to an angry colloquy at home. Some indispensable trifle for his wife's toilette was required suddenly from Deerham one evening, and Mademoiselle Benoit ordered that it should be sent for. But not one of the maids would go. The French maid insisted, and there ensued a stormy war. The girls, one and all, declared they'd rather give up their service, than go abroad after nightfall.

When the fears and the superstitions came palpably in Lionel's way, he made fun of it—as Jan might have done. Once or twice he felt half provoked, and asked the people, in a tone between earnest and jest, whether they were not ashamed of themselves. Little reply made they: not one of them but seemed to shrink from mentioning to Lionel Verner the name that the ghost had borne in life.

On nearly the last evening that it would be light during this moon, Mr. Bourne started from home to pay a visit to Mrs. Hook, the labourer's wife. The woman had been ailing for some time: partly from natural illness, partly from chagrin—for her daughter Alice was the talk of the village—and she had now become seriously ill. On this day Mr. Bourne had accidentally met Jan: and, in conversing upon parish matters, he had inquired after Mrs. Hook.

"Very much worse," was Jan's answer. "Unless a change takes place, she'll not last many days."

The clergyman was shocked: he had not deemed her to be in danger. "I will go and see her to-day," said he. "You can tell her that I am coming."

He was a conscientious man; liking to do his duty: especially to those that were in sickness or trouble. Neither did he willingly break a specific promise. He made no doubt that Jan delivered the message: and therefore he went; though it was late at night when he started, other duties having detained him throughout the day.

His most direct way from the vicarage to Hook's cottage, took him past the willow pond. He had no fear of ghosts, and therefore he chose it, in preference to going down Clay Lane, which was further round. The willow pool looked lonely enough as he passed it, its waters gleaming in the moonlight, its willows bending. A little further

on, the clergyman's ears became alive to the sound of sobs, as from a person in distress. There was Alice Hook, seated on a bench underneath some elm-trees, sobbing enough to break her heart.

However the girl might have got herself under the censure of the neighbourhood, it is a clergyman's office to console, rather than to condemn. And he could not help liking pretty Alice: she had been one of the most tractable pupils in his Sunday-school. He addressed her as soothingly, as considerately, as though she were one of the first ladies in his parish: harshness would not mend the matter now. Her heart opened to the kindness.

"I've broke mother's heart, and killed her!" cried she, with a wild burst of sobs. "But for me, she might ha've got well."

"She may get well still, Alice," replied the vicar. "I am going on to see her now. What are you doing here?"

"I am on my way, sir, to get the fresh physic for her. Mr. Jan, he said this morning as somebody was to go for it: but the rest have been out all day. As I came along, I got thinking of the time, sir, when I could go about by daylight with my head up, like the best of 'em; and it overcame me."

She rose up, dried her eyes with her shawl, and Mr. Bourne proceeded onwards. He had not gone far, when something came rushing past him from the opposite direction. It seemed more like a thing than a man with its swift pace—and he recognised the face of Frederick Massingbird.

Mr. Bourne's pulses stood still, and then gave a bound onwards. Clergyman though he was, he could not, for his life, have helped the queer feeling which came over him. He had sharply rebuked the superstition in his parishioners; had been inclined to ridicule Matthew Frost; had cherished a firm and unalterable belief that some foolish wight was playing pranks with the public; but all these suppositions and convictions faded in this moment: and the clergyman felt that that which had rustled past was the veritable dead-and-gone Frederick Massingbird, in the spirit or in the flesh.

He shook the feeling off—or strove to shake it. That it was Frederick Massingbird in the flesh, he did not give a second supposition to: and that it could be Frederick Massingbird in the spirit, was opposed to every past belief of the clergyman's life. But he had never seen such a likeness: and, though the similarity in the features might be accidental, what of the black star?

He strove to shake the feeling off; to say to himself that some one, bearing a similar face, must be in the village; and he went on to his destination. Mrs. Hook was better: but she was lying in the place alone, all of them out somewhere or other. The clergyman talked to her and read to her: and then waited impatiently for the return of Alice. He did not care to leave the woman alone.

"Where are they all?" he asked, not having inquired before.

They were gone to the wake at Broxley, a small place some two miles distant. Of course! Had

Mr. Bourne remembered the wake, he need not have put the question.

An arrival at last. It was Jan. Jan, attentive to poor patients as he was to rich ones, had come striding over, the last thing. They asked him if he had seen anything of Alice in his walk. But Jan had come across from 'Deerham Court, and that would not be the girl's road. Another minute and the husband came in. The two gentlemen left together.

"She is considerably better, to-night," remarked Jan. "She'll get about now, if she does not fret too much over Alice."

"It is strange where Alice can have got to," remarked Mr. Bourne. Her prolonged absence, coupled with the low spirits the girl appeared to be in, rather weighed upon his mind. "I met her as I was coming here an hour ago," he continued. "She ought to have been home long before this."

"Perhaps she has encountered the ghost," said Jan, in a joke.

"I saw it to-night, Jan."

"Saw what?" asked Jan, looking at Mr. Bourne.

"The—the party that appears to be personating Frederick Massingbird."

"Nonsense!" uttered Jan.

"I did. And I never saw such a likeness in my life."

"Even to the porcupine," ridiculed Jan.

"Even to the porcupine," gravely replied Mr. Bourne. "Jan, I am not joking. Moreover, I do not consider it a subject for a joke. If any one is playing the trick, it is an infamous thing, most disrespectful to your brother and his wife. And if not—"

"If not—what?" asked Jan.

"In truth, I stopped because I can't continue. Frederick Massingbird's spirit it cannot be—unless all our previous belief in non-appearance of spirits is to be upset—and it cannot be Frederick Massingbird in life. He died in Australia, and was buried there. I am puzzled, Jan."

Jan was not. Jan only laughed. He believed there must be something in the moonlight that deceived the people, and that Mr. Bourne had caught the infection like the rest.

"Should it prove to be a trick that any one is playing," resumed the clergyman, "I shall—"

"Halloa!" cried Jan. "What's this? Another ghost?"

They had nearly stumbled over something lying on the ground. A woman, dressed in some light material. Jan stooped.

"It's Alice Hook!" he cried.

The spot was that at which Mr. Bourne had seen her sitting. The empty bottle for medicine in her hand told him that she had not gone upon her errand. She was insensible, and cold.

"She has fainted," remarked Jan. "Lend a hand, will you, sir?"

Between them they got her on the bench, and the stirring revived her. She sighed once or twice, and opened her eyes.

"Alice, girl, what is it? How were you taken ill?" asked the vicar.

She looked up at him; she looked at Jan. Then she turned her eyes in an opposite direction, glanced fearfully round, as if searching for some sight that she dreaded; shuddered, and relapsed into insensibility.

"We must get her home," observed Jan.

"There are no means of getting her home in her present state, unless she is carried," said Mr. Bourne.

"That's easy enough," returned Jan.

He caught her up in his long arms, apparently having to exert little strength in the action.

"Put her petticoats right, will you?" cried he, in his unceremonious fashion.

The clergyman put her things as straight as he could, as they hung over Jan's arm.

"You'll never be able to carry her, Jan," said he.

"Not carry her!" returned Jan. "I could carry you if put to it."

And away he went, bearing his burden as tenderly and easily as if it had been a little child. Mr. Bourne could hardly keep pace with him.

"You go on, and have the door open," said Jan, as they neared the cottage. "We must get her in without the mother hearing upstairs."

They had the kitchen to themselves. Hook, the father, a little the worse for what he had taken, had gone to bed, leaving the door open for his children. They got her in quietly, found a light, and placed her in a chair. Jan took off her bonnet and shawl; he was handy as a woman; and looked about for something to give her. He could find nothing except water. By-and-by she got better.

Her first movement, when she fully recovered her senses, was to clutch hold of Jan on the one side, of Mr. Bourne on the other.

"Is it gone?" she gasped in a voice of the most intense terror.

"Is what gone, child?" asked Mr. Bourne.

"The ghost," she answered. "It came right up, sir, just after you had left me. I'd rather die than see it again."

She was shaking from head to foot. There was no mistaking that her terror was intense. To attempt to meet it with confuting arguments would have been simply folly, and both gentlemen knew that it would. Mr. Bourne concluded that the same sight, which had so astonished him, had been seen by the girl.

"I sat down again after you went, sir," she resumed, her teeth chattering. "I knew there was no mighty hurry for my being back, as you had gone on to mother, and I sat on ever so long, and it came right up again me, brushing my knees with its things as it passed. At the first moment I thought it might be you coming back to say something to me, sir, and I looked up. It turned its face upon me, and I never remembered nothing after that."

"Whose face?" questioned Jan.

"The ghost's, sir. Mr. Fred Massingbird's."

"Bah!" said Jan. "Faces look alike in the moonlight."

"'Twas his face," answered the girl, from

between her shaking lips. "I saw its every feature, sir."

"Porcupine and all?" retorted Jan, ironically.

"Porkypine and all, sir. I'm not sure that I should have knowed it at first, but for the porkypine."

What were they to do with the girl? Leave her there, and go? Jan, who was more skilled in ailments than Mr. Bourne, thought it possible that the fright had seriously injured her.

"You must go to bed at once," said he. "I'll just say a word to your father."

Jan was acquainted with the private arrangements of the Hooks' household. He knew that there was but one sleeping apartment for the whole family—the room above where the sick mother was lying. Father, mother, sons and daughters all slept there together. The "house" consisted of the kitchen below and the room above it: there were many such on the Verner estate.

Jan, carrying the candle to guide him, went softly up the creaky staircase. The wife was sleeping. Hook was sleeping, too, and snoring heavily. Jan had something to do to awake him: shaking seemed useless.

"Look here," said he, in a whisper, when the man was aroused, "Alice has had a fright, and I think she will perhaps be ill through it. If so, mind you come for me without loss of time. Do you understand, Hook?"

Hook signified that he did.

"Very well," replied Jan. "Should—"

"What's that! what's that?"

The alarmed cry came from the mother. She had suddenly awoke.

"It's nothing," said Jan. "I only had a word to say to Hook. You go to sleep again, and sleep quietly."

Somehow Jan's presence carried reassurance with it to most people. Mrs. Hook was contented. "Is Ally not come in yet?" asked she.

"Come in, and down stairs," replied Jan.

"Good night. Now," said he to Alice, when he returned to the kitchen, "you go on to bed and get to sleep: and don't get dreaming of ghosts and goblins."

They were going out at the door, the clergyman and Jan, when the girl flew to them in a fresh attack of terror.

"I daren't be left alone," she gasped. "Oh, stop a minute! Pray stop, till I be gone upstairs."

"Here," said Jan, making light of it. "I'll marshal you up."

He held the candle, and the girl flew up the stairs as fast as young Cheese had flown from the ghost. Her breath was panting, her bosom throbbing. Jan blew out the candle, and he and Mr. Bourne departed, merely shutting the door. Labourers' cottages have no fear of midnight robbers.

"What do you think now?" asked Mr. Bourne, as they moved along.

Jan looked at him.

"You are not thinking, surely, that it is Fred Massingbird's ghost!"

"No. But I should advise Mr. Verner to place

a watch, and have the thing cleared up—who it is, and what it is."

"Why Mr. Verner?"

"Because it is on his land that the disturbance is occurring. This girl has been seriously frightened."

"You may have cause to know that before many hours are over," answered Jan.

"Why! you don't fear that she will be seriously ill?"

"Time will show," was all the answer given by Jan. "As to the ghost, I'll either believe in him, or disbelieve him, when I come across him. If he were a respectable ghost, he'd confine himself to the churchyard, and not walk in unorthodox places, to frighten folks."

They looked somewhat curiously at the seat near which Alice had fallen; at the willow pond, further on. There was no trace of a ghost about then—at least, that they could see—and they continued their way. In emerging upon the high road, who should they meet but old Mr. Bitterworth and Lionel, arm in arm. They had been to an evening meeting of the magistrates at Deerham, and were walking home together.

To see the vicar and surgeon of a country village in company by night, imparts the idea that some one of its inhabitants may be in extremity. It did so now to Mr. Bitterworth:

"Where do you come from?" he asked.

"From Hook's," answered Jan. "The mother's better to-night: but I have had another patient there. The girl Alice has seen the ghost, or fancied that she saw it, and was terrified out of her senses."

"How is she going on?" asked Mr. Bitterworth.

"Physically, do you mean, sir?"

"No, I meant morally, Jan. If all accounts are true, the girl has been losing herself."

"Law!" said Jan. "Deerham has known that this many a month past. I'd try and stop it, if I were Lionel."

"Stop what?" asked Lionel.

"I'd build 'em better dwellings," composedly went on Jan. "They might be brought up to decency then."

"It is true that decency can't put its head into such dwellings as that of the Hooks," observed the vicar. "People have accused me of showing leniency to Alice Hook, since the scandal has been known; but I cannot show harshness to her when I think of the home the girl was reared in."

The words pricked Lionel. None could think worse of the homes than he did. He spoke in a cross tone: we are all apt to do so, when vexed with ourselves.

"What possesses Deerham to show itself so absurd just now? Ghosts! They only affect fear, it is my belief."

"Alice Hook did not affect it, for one," said Jan. "She may have been frightened to some purpose. We found her lying on the ground, insensible. They are stupid, though, all the lot of them."

"Stupid is not the name for it," remarked Lionel. "A little superstition, following on Rachel's peculiar death, may have been excusable,

considering the ignorance of the people here, and the tendency to superstition inherent in human nature. But why it should have been revived now, I cannot imagine."

Mr. Bitterworth and Jan had walked on. The vicar touched Lionel on the arm, not immediately to follow them.

"Mr. Verner, I do not hold good with the policy which seems to prevail, of keeping this matter from you," he said, in a confidential tone. "I cannot see the expediency of it in any way. It is not Rachel Frost's ghost that is said to be terrifying people."

"Whose then?" asked Lionel.

"Frederick Massingbird's."

Lionel paused, as if his ears deceived him.

"Whose?" he repeated.

"Frederick Massingbird's."

"How perfectly absurd!" he presently exclaimed.

"True," said Mr. Bourne. "So absurd that, were it not for a circumstance which has happened to-night, I scarcely think I should have brought myself to repeat it. My conviction is, that some person bearing an extraordinary resemblance to Frederick Massingbird is walking about to terrify the neighbourhood."

"I should think there's not another face living that bears a resemblance to Fred Massingbird's," observed Lionel. "How have you heard this?"

"The first to tell me of it was old Matthew Frost. He saw him plainly, believing it to be Frederick Massingbird's spirit—although he had never believed in spirits before. Dan Duff holds to it that he saw it; and now Alice Hook: besides others. I turned a deaf ear to all, Mr. Verner; but to-night I met one so like Frederick Massingbird that, were Massingbird not dead, I could have sworn it was himself. It was wondrously like him, even to the mark on the cheek."

"I never heard such a tale!" uttered Lionel.

"As I said—until to-night. I assure you the resemblance is so great that if we have all female Deerham in fits, I shall not wonder. It strikes me—it is the only solution I can come to—that some one is personating Frederick Massingbird for the purpose of a mischievous joke—though how they get up the resemblance is another thing. Let me advise you to see into it, Mr. Verner."

They were turning round in front, waiting, and the vicar hastened on. Leaving Lionel glued to the spot where he stood.

(To be continued.)

ST. COLUMB AND THE NORTH-WEST COAST OF CORNWALL.

ST. COLUMB,—in the language of the "Universal Gazetteer," to which I have referred,—is a market town in the north-western district of Cornwall; "a place somewhat decayed and fallen now, though in ancient times of more than considerable importance." "It takes its name (it would appear) from that Virgin of Senes in Gallia," Martyr of the Primitive Church, about A.D. 300, whose story, though omitted by Mrs. Jameson, in her volumes of "Sacred and Legendary Art," may be found "enshrined in any of the old French books of the Saints." I may add, perhaps, as of my own

knowledge, that it is a very beautiful story; nor wanting (as very few of these stories are) in a deep meaning of its own; or, at all events, some moral, useful enough for every day purposes, which those who will seek for themselves, may easily find out.

It is probably out of respect for the legend above referred to, in commemoration of "the sacred bird" itself—the celestial carrier pigeon, not to speak profanely, who "comforted the maiden as she lay a-dying from hunger and thirst,"—bringing her messages, so it is said, from heaven, and beating "both at morn and eventide," with pure white wings against her prison bars,—that the inhabitants of this little town cherish so many of the ornithological family of the *Columbidæ* among their household pets. I noted the fact as we entered it along the Bodmin road, one afternoon in the month of August last. I noted it less pleasantly, and in a less philosophical spirit of quiet observation, when my slumbers were broken in upon at an early hour on the following morning, by a low monotonous murmur, sounding in my ears, and repeated with dreary iteration over and over again, the origin of which, for a moment or two, I could not make out. But when I did, you may be sure that I thought it rather an additional aggravation of my discomfort, than otherwise, to remember that the murmur in question should be spoken of in poetry, as the "sweet voice" of the stock-dove, and elsewhere as "the pigeon's soothing call."

We had been to Castle-an-Dinas the day before—I, and the inevitable fellow tourist without whom I never travel. We had passed I know not how many hours, taking it out of ourselves after the most approved fashion: clambering about Cornish rocks and tolmens, and up and down Cornish hills: anon falling down steep places, and picking ourselves up again, and exhausting ourselves, by various adventures, along the Cornish roads.

This Castle-an-Dinas, you must know, is an old intrenched camp, with the ruins of a fortress or keep, in the neighbourhood of St. Columb. It is well worth a visit, if for no other reason, at all events because the common tradition of the country-side has associated it with the name of the Laureate's hero:—

The selfless man, and stainless gentleman,

King Arthur. "It is seated," says an old local antiquary, whom I have consulted, "on the top of a pyramidal hill. It consists of about six acres of ground, within three circles or entrenchments. The latter are composed of turf and unwrought stones, after the ancient British fashion," the said fashion being that which may be seen in any common hedge. "These circles rise about eight feet above each other respectively, towards the centre of the castle, the area of this centre being about an acre and a half of land." (Note the particularity of this description.) "In the midst appears the remains of an inner keep, as well as the ruins of some older buildings" (these are very ruinous "ruins" indeed now!), "and near these is a flat vallum, pit or tank, wherein rain or cloud-water that falls down from

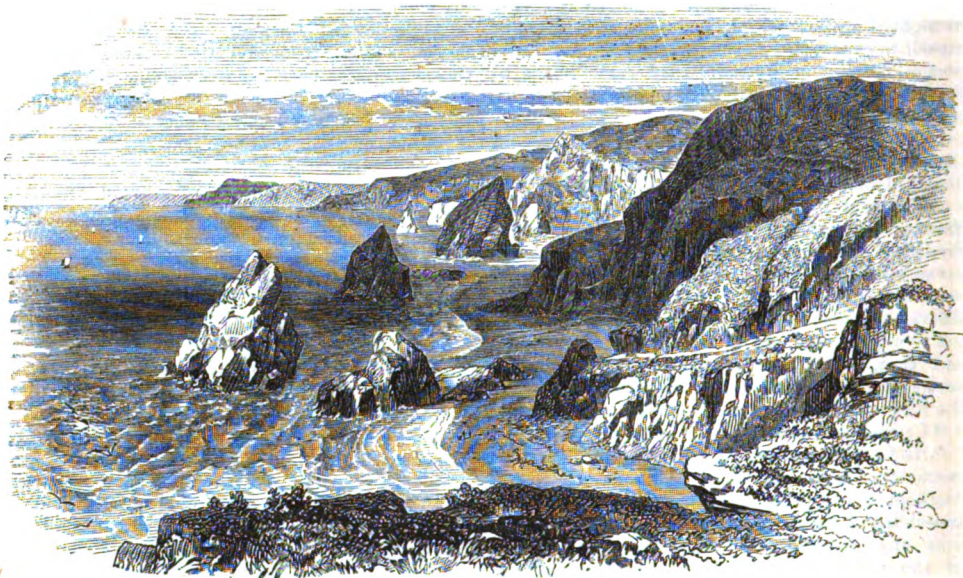
the middle regions abides more or less in quantity, as it falls one half of the year; which, I suppose, heretofore supplied the knights' and soldiers' occasions; as there is no fountain, spring, or river-water within a thousand paces distance thereof. There were, it appears, moreover," my author goes on to say, "two gates or portals, leading up to the castle itself; the one on the east, the other on the west side thereof; which" (he meant, I suppose, the latter) "conducts you by a stony causeway, now covered with grass, up and down the hill towards Tre-kynging,—that is to say, the King's, Prince's, or Ruler's Tower." Now there is a *malice prepense* in that videlicet of the worthy antiquaries. The Tre-kynging here spoken of by him, and in this invidious manner, is a somewhat dilapidated village at the foot of the castle hill. The only thing interesting about it, in my eyes, being, I confess, the detached portion of rock lying near it, and which goes, even to this

day, by the name of "King Arthur's Stone." The tradition indeed asserts that "certain marks resembling the imprint of four horse-shoes upon it," were "the result of a leap taken by the courser of the monarch," at the period when the latter "resided at Castle Dinas," and "was accustomed to hunt each morning over the Goss Moor," which, when seated on the green encampment, one sees stretching like an impalpable pale blue mist "beyond." It was here, perhaps, that

On a day, he sitting high in hall,
Before him came a forester of Dean,

The name is common enough in the neighbourhood—

Wet from the woods, with notice of a hart,
Taller than all his fellows, milky-white,
First seen that day: these things he told the king.
Then the good king gave order to let blow
His horn for hunting on the morrow morn!



Bedruthan Steps, near St. Columb. (See p. 532.)

Dilapidated as Tre-kynging is, however, our friend would see in it the remains of a royal city—perhaps even, despite all the received opinions upon the subject, of Camelot itself, for is not the river Camel "within walking distance?" (All antiquaries are not necessarily good pedestrians, but the present one seems to have been such.) His chain of argument, deduced from his own interpretation of the appellative above mentioned, is something like this—"Was it not the custom in early times for towns to spring up in the neighbourhood of the great man, the 'chief ruler's' residence, who in fact gave the townspeople his protection in return for sundry other advantages? Even Blackstone, in his Commentaries, states so much of their origin. Well then, if having stated the signification of Tre-kynging to be what it is, I further add, from what particular study of what particular philology I do not choose to say, that

Castle-an-Dinas means no other than 'the Palace of the King,' is not that, to say the least, a singular coincidence?" Now you see what I meant by calling that former interpretation of his invidious. Peace to his ashes, the amiable enthusiast! not less interested in the records of Lyonesse than is Alfred Tennyson himself. Peace to his ashes, I say; for I find, on consulting his title page, that he must have been dead—become converted into a subject for antiquarian research himself—a hundred years and more ago now. Yet I think if he had been alive in these days—which you will observe is not my expression, but one of Carlyle's, applied to his own peculiar Dry-as-dust—I could have helped him with some little additional information, or at all events, to some new suggestions, I do not say whether valuable or not, in this matter.

In the old romance of the Life and Death of King Arthur (and my readers may refer to the

English edition which Mr. Wright has recently so ably edited), Sir Dinas is the knight who is described as the "Kings Seneschal or warden"—Constable of the Tower, in fact, to his Majesty, as we now say. If then the ghost of our worthy inquirer takes a pleasure in such discussions, in whatever region of the departed he may abide, I would respectfully suggest to him—may not the title of Castle-an-Dinas have meant simply the Castle of Dinas and no more? the place in fact bearing the name of the knight who was its ex-officio governor? And in that case I may be permitted perhaps to mention another not unimportant circumstance. The more famous Castle of Tintagel,

Of dark Dundagil by the Cornish sea,
is only a few miles distant, about nine or ten, according to the Ordnance map. In the romance, after the Duke of Cornwall has received, at the hands of the Prophet, the notification of the circumstances which are to precede the birth of the great mediæval hero, it is said "When the Duke had this warning, anon he went and furnished and garnished two strong castles of his, of the whilke the one was Tyntagell, and the other called Terrabyll. So his wife, Dame Igrayne, hee put into the Castle of Tyntagell, and hee put hymself into the Castle Terrabyll, which had many issues and posterns out. Then in alle haste came Uther withe a greate hoaste and layde a siege about this Castle Terrabyll," whose locality Mr. Wright professes himself unable to identify. And a little further on it is added that Merlin being at the latter place with the King, speaks of Tintagel as "but ten miles hence." What is the inference then, the one which as distinguished from any others I have referred to, I am anxious should be drawn from these passages, but that this "old entrenched camp" near St. Columb was originally the "fortresse hight Terrabyll" itself? known only in later times, as I have suggested, by the name of the seneschal or governor who ruled it after "this whole Kingdom of Cornwall" had fallen into the "king's" hands?

Is this speaking not merely in the cause of "old romance" itself, but of the history of which it is very doubtless, as Arnold has taught us, the foundation—altogether an unprofitable inquiry? At least I am sure that the beatified opponent whom I am more particularly addressing at this moment, will admit my references as valid, if not my deductions from them; for does he not himself appeal on one occasion, and in these very pages before me, to "the *unimpeachable testimony* of the Romantics of the Round Table?"

Meanwhile I am telling you nothing of my reasons for visiting St. Columb in the first place. It was *not*, let me state, that I might be enabled to give my readers this theory about Castle-an-Dinas, which is not a pet one, and of which, indeed, I had never thought until this present moment. Neither was it to speculate, or in any way to concern myself, about the histories of any other of the many interesting antiquities which are scattered at random in the neighbourhood. Mysterious rumours had reached us up yonder in the great Babylon of glorious coast scenery (which some more daring adventurer in this *terra incognita*

of the extreme west had stumbled upon by accident) within three or four miles of "St. Columb Town;" scenery surpassing, so it was said, anything we had yet seen, either at Ilfracombe or the Land's End; of which latter place I notice, by the bye, that it has got itself as much written about of late as even the Oberland and Chamouni have done, or even the haunts of Baden-Baden.

On the morning of the day succeeding our visit to Castle-an-Dinas it had been arranged accordingly that our first visit to the coast should be paid. I was stirring so early, however, in consequence of the circumstance I have before narrated, and of the restlessness resulting from it, that I had time to visit the stately house amidst beautiful grounds, built by the present rector of St. Columb for the future Bishop of Cornwall (whenever Lord Palmerston may consent to his appointment), and be back at the breakfast-table before my companion made her appearance. Finally, it was about nine o'clock—the "harvest-ripening sun" shining out of a cloudless sky—when we started. The road from the town for a mile or two wound through deep lanes differing, as we found, somewhat from those which we had recently been traversing of the sister county. Oh, the pleasantness of the latter! may it be permitted to a modest Devonian, loving his native soil not the less though he treads it now so seldom, to observe? Oh, the delight of following their devious ways, purposeless, as he has done ere now, for the whole of a live-long day in the summers which are no more; ways that led past queer little villages and quaint homesteads, and skirted round patches of heather, and ran through brooks, and dived deep down into plantations of fir and pine, in the most absurd and eccentric manner; now running right up on end with distant glimpses of field and churchyard and meadow, and the great moor, mounted up against the far grey sky, like the waves of a silent sea, ridge after ridge cut sharp against the clear, cold light, and rolling away in glorious curve after curve, crested with foam-like granite, till the eye lost in looking at them all sense of boundary or distance; or anon tumbling precipitously down into cuttings of dark red clay, where it was almost twilight at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the red leaves (if it were autumn) dropped silently on the rain-flushed brook, that seemed to take them up very tenderly and carefully, and conveyed them away with a low dirge-like music, and a chant which no man could understand, over beds of grey lias and shale, to a grave in some quiet solitude or far-off western sea. Such are the lanes of Devonshire—such as I the present writer remember and know them—such as, surely in no spirit of cynicism, they are compared to matrimony's "most holy and comfortable estate." Those of Cornwall, as I have said, are of somewhat different characteristics—or, at least, those were with which we became acquainted on the present occasion. Somewhat unvarying, I should say, in those characteristics, and in the even tenour of their way not without a certain monotony. Yet pleasant enough, nevertheless; shut over by towering elm and tall cedar—places, at any rate, cool and calm, and of a very grateful

depth of shade. It may be true, indeed, as my companion remarks, that these green tunnels through which we are passing will become mere runs on the country-side in winter, and as such hateful alike to horse and man; but, doubtless also, they have their charm now, in these summer hours, with that faint under-murmur which ripples through their arches—the stir and rustle and hum which is coupled, in my mind at least, with the sweet sense of all that manifold change and growth, and life as various as the stars in heaven, which is going on around us. Here and there on the deep hedges are patches of the white wood Orchis lingering still, and the rarer bunches of the great Campanula—rarer, that is, in Cornwall—stand up,

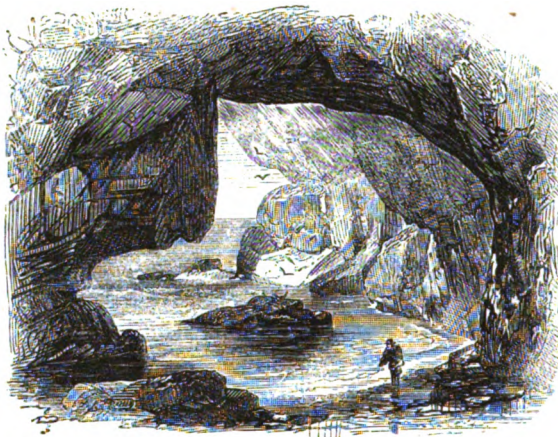
Peeling soft incense from each pendent bell,—

the birds—surely I saw the pied fly-catcher (*Muscicapa atricapilla*) among them—flit in and out amidst the foliage; and, through the twisted branches, fall, now and again, wreaths of the sunlight at our feet; while, listen, for the best part of the way, a little brook steals on singing to itself by the roadside, half hidden in graceful masses of the tall Os-munda, which in such profusion I have never seen before, and the no less graceful though slighter fronds of the delicate lady-fern.

Soon we quit the lanes, however, and leaving the beautiful valley of Llanherne, with its convent embosomed in the quiet of century-old trees, on our right hand, come out on a broad patch of moorland, with the pink and white and purple Erica piled up on the low sandy banks, which are the only boundaries upon either side of the track way; the Blechnum shooting its green spikes in profusion, and long trails of the honey-suckle drooping from no one can say where. A few steps further and a lifting of the horizon, with a breath of fresher air coming at the same moment—a filling as it were of new vigour—suddenly ensued, and at once the sea bursts upon our view, gleaming, rolling, fading far away into the distance, of that deep pure beautiful colour, the true ultra-marine tint, which only a Cornish sea, so far as I know, possesses, and which Mr. Hook, as I think, alone among artists, can paint. The day, it should have been stated, has been hot and sultry enough hitherto, and, with a sort of obstinate patience of its sultriness have we been toiling for the last hour along the buried lanes; but now, as if cheered at that prospect, it is not only an

accelerated but with an exhilaration in our pace that we make through an enclosure or two for the open downs beyond. Across the beds of sea-pink, decaying generation upon generation for these hundreds of years past, our feet sinking deeper in its soft cushions at every step we take, until we stand at the cliff-edge. A most glorious coast truly, glorious and more glorious (exclaims the more enthusiastic of the two), and then we gazed in silence. Have I not said, or at least hinted, that we were both of us somewhat of experienced *voyageurs*, had travelled and seen much, and read of a great deal more? yet I grant the most patriotic Cornubian at once that nowhere, at no time, had we looked on a scene like this. Twenty miles of cliff, a hundred of rolling water outspread before us—a score or more of lesser bays, each with their own golden sands and gleaming promontory indented within the embrace of the one noble bay. Let me particularise a little. Far away to the left as we gaze is Newquay—quaint little fishing village, or town is it?—perched

far out on its own headland, its whitewashed walls shining as even the “body” so loved of Churchwardens will shine in the sun. Then comes another headland between us and it, but this time bare and lonely, and with nothing of the feeling of humanity which even those distant houses give; and then the same, or what looks like it; each enclosing the same quiet space



Entrance to Cavern, near St. Columb.

of water, and each with the same “wild sea-light” about its feet. Then these are repeated over and over again, I know not how many times, in the sweeps, (lessening towards us gradually,) of that grand curve in the centre of whose arc we stand. This is the view on that side. We turn—and again the coast line rushing outward in the same reckless, abrupt way:—rugged, weather stained, beaten; of every imaginable line it spreads before us—point after point sinking in softer and softer outline; the view bounded at last, on this hand also, by one long, low, grey cape, on which is a lonely lighthouse seen like “a white-winged angel,” says my companion, against the deep, pure blue sky. Behind that latter point are Padstow and Tintagel, for these are the “thundering shores” not of “Bude” but of “Bos,” which lie before us. “A glorious coast”—Yes! and almost ceasing to be terrible in the peaceful quiet which is over it all now. Peaceful, pleasant enough truly, with the waters gleaming in the sunlight yonder, rippling with a faint, low music around

the level sand; the soft shadows, purple, fleeting, and mysterious, chasing each other adown the precipices; the purple, crimson, and cream-coloured "lady's fingers" (varieties known only in this county) blooming on the tall cliff edges; and the not less beautiful living flowers of the *Anthracereus* and *crassicornis* blossoming in the crystal pools down on the shore by the sea, while here and there the stately ships go softly gliding on into the distance, and the sailor lad is singing to himself in his boat far out on the quiet bay.

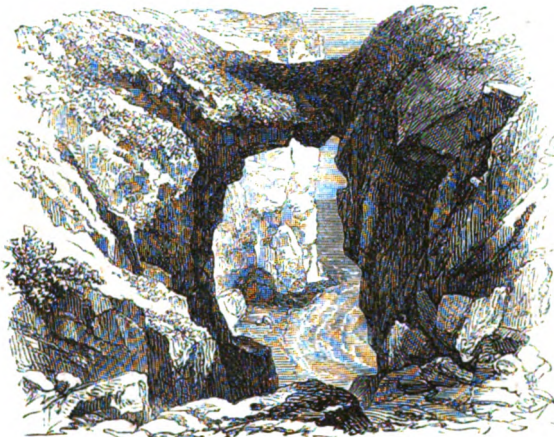
Of quite other aspect, however, in those dark December days, when "the storm has come up like a lion refreshed" out of the Atlantic which lies beyond and in under that faint sky line; and when the cruel north-easter is blowing inwards, scattering the wet shore-grasses and tearing the bindweed in its wrath. Nothing but a picture of the most metallic of "iron-bound coasts" then; mile after mile of its dark dreary length peering through grey glooms of the fog, and tracked only by the flying gleam of the cruel foam at its feet; with no perceptible break in the long unwavering sternness for those who watch it from seaward, and no hope for the mariner who sees it lying on his lee. No hope, I say, for at the height of the tide, or when such a north-easter is blowing, the water reaches and climbs far up the cliff foot. But the tide is falling now. We can walk for miles along these sands, which we see

stretching like a strip of yellow light between the blue of the sea and the darker shadows cast by the rocks themselves. Let us go down and see the "mighty being"—who, for all he wears so smooth a face now, toying with the shore yonder, is yet

—awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder everlastingly,—

closer. There has a rude path of steps been cut out of the solid rock just here. Take care as you round this corner of foot-broad rock, however, at about a third of the descent, for if you slip you will fall 150 feet to the beach below. We are down without accident, and I know not from which point of view the cliffs look the nobler. Their front is all torn and seamed and ragged from the action of the sea. You can see where it has reached a great wave here in one place, and has torn the smooth face of the slate as if with a tiger's claw. Fierce and stern as seem these giant walls guarding the green lowland pastures we

came through this morning, they are gradually falling before these attacks. The soft rocks, slate, and the less vitreous composites—of which for the most part they are composed—are worn into honeycombs. There are caverns, dark clefts, and curious "blow-holes" undermining them; passages penetrating hither and thither amidst their most seeming fastnesses, interlacing in tortuous bends and courses, and "running," so says our guide (whom we purchased for sixpence in paper covers, illustrated), "in every direction." Here and there, moreover, are lofty natural arches, Nature's own glorious gothic, where the promontory has been worn quite through; and looking through and beyond these we catch beautiful vistas of heaving water and quiet sky. Here and there too, stooping our heads beneath some grey rock portal, or creeping on all fours through a rift, we find ourselves in lofty halls lit by a pale green reflected light from the entrance, or from crevices in the sides; halls so dim, so cool, so quiet, out of the glare and heat of the



Natural Bridge, near St. Columb.

garish sun. That beautiful ever-green fern, the *Asplenium marinum*, we found growing in one of these, where it must be covered deep in salt water at every returning tide. But how to speak of the pools—isolated though profound enough some of them—which lie in these recesses, scooped only an hour or two ago, as is manifest, by the action of some current out of the clear shining

sand? Or you may say, if you like, and are poetical, graven by old Oceanus himself, as a delicate compliment to the local Nereids (if there are any) ere he ebbed away this morning on his visit to other shores. Fit baths at least, I will grant you, they seem for these chaste ones—*mulier formosa superne* only—their waters so clear, so icy cold; so safe, so guarded, moreover, in the dim half light, and silent, save for that distant echoing thunder. For my part, though I am neither Nereid nor Triton, I know I would like to have such an exchange for the usual "tubbing" apparatus at hand on every morning of my life.

And so we wander on beneath the grey precipices, in the full sunlight, in the falling shadows, of a glorious August day. Sometimes, as we get further out towards the point or horn of the half-circle of coast which we have been traversing, we have to watch for such opportunity as the retreat of a wave affords us, in order to get round the outermost rocks of all. It is a critical moment when, the last smooth, oil-like flow of the

preceding wave waxing thinner, the white curls of the next already beginning to be glassed in the moist sands below, we make our venture. Once or twice I, who am over-adventurous, am caught by the hissing water waist-high, but I cling to a rock till the feeling as if hundreds of pounds weight were pulling at my feet has passed away; and, in fact, I think I rather like the excitement of the situation than not. These essays have to be made as often as we reach a spot where the tide has not fallen far enough to suit our purpose, and nature has bored no arch for us, no crevice which we can creep through to the beach beyond. Now we discover the Maiden-hair growing far up in the rift of a detached mass of rock, and now we come upon the track of a seal at the mouth of one of the caves. In one place, the only point we have found a break, the central portion of the cliff opens back, on either hand, into a low alluvial valley; where the marigolds, as we are informed, in spring time burn like fiery stars amid the rank marsh-grasses; and out of this a famous trout-stream comes gliding, slipping down from musical waterbreak to waterbreak, and then away quietly over the yellow sands to the sea. This is Freshwater Bay. I wish I might venture another illustration, or indeed that I had it in my power to give you a series of careful "studies" by some more "eminent hand," of the whole coast.

At last we reach that point, however, which is to be the ultimatum of our explorations for the day. This is Bedruthan Steps—why so called I know not; the bay which, among the aborigines of the district, at all events, is more famous than all the rest. Its peculiarity, its chief beauty, in fact, in the country people's eyes, consists in the tall pinnacles of rock, which the sea, wearing away the softer strata in by-gone ages, has left standing isolated upon the sands here and there.

We sit down here at the foot of the cliff to rest after our scrambling, and to study the singular appearance of these pinnacles at our ease in the shade. We are alone; we have this wide expanse of rock and water all to ourselves. Nothing moves near us. Only a wide-winged cormorant comes dropping down the face of the cliff, and at our shout starts seaward, beating with grey wings against the horizon, and rapidly lessening to the view. The old thunder that we spoke of—the same, not changed from what it was when we were children and played with our playmates upon the shore, and frolicked and laughed, and built our castles, not in the air, but of sand, and which we heard, calling to us, it seemed, as we lay awake in the early morning in those very cramped lodgings at the glorious "sea-side"—is in our ears. And this sea? I have spoken of its depth, nor merely of its depth, the purity of its colour before. Not the deep-sea green of the Atlantic; nor the limpid blue of the Mediterranean, where it breaks on the Ionian Islands; nor the golden waters—golden as of sifted sunlight—of the Bosphorus, are so noticeable in this respect.

We smoke quietly while it draws near and ever nearer, for the tide has turned now—stealing with stealthy footsteps across the sand. With it the wind is rising, and drives shorewards the foam and spray. Those anemones in the cleft of

that rock near us feel the touch of the salt brine, and begin to open their gorgeous petals. Look! the sea has reached our "pinnacles," and is flashing and whirling about their bases now. From point to point there is a broad band of water rolling ten feet deep across the mouth of every one of the coves. Our retreat is cut off in the way by which we came. Fortunately there is a path here also which leads to the downs above. Between this and the point where we descended there had been little hope of escape had we been caught by the advancing tide. As we turn at the summit and look along the shore, we see the whole range of promontories standing like giants knee-deep in the amethyst brine, and lit by the reflected light of that sun which is low down now in the summer sky. With my mind still running upon the "Morte d'Arthur"—I think it has been so ever since I came into this part of Cornwall—I cannot help repeating aloud the Laureate's lines:—

All down the lonely coast of Lyonesse,
Each with a beacon-star upon his head,
And with a wild sea-light about his feet,
We saw them—headland after headland flame
Far on into the rich heart of the West.

We are going westward now. We have made up our minds not to return to St. Columb, but to take up our quarters at Newquay for the night. Picturesque it is surely, the grey little town yonder, crowding down with all its houses to the sea, beaten with the Atlantic winds and dashed with the Atlantic spray of these hundreds of years past—the golden clouds drooping over it, and the quiet sun going down beyond to his rest. Pleasant it is beyond a doubt to lie, as we do a little later, on the fair green downs above it, while the last embers of the sunset are smouldering in the west—the orange misting into violet, and the violet into grey—and out of the deepening twilight and far mysterious murmur of the seas the fishing-boats flit, one by one, softly inward, to rest with folded wings in the great cliff-shadows.—

The bay is oily-calm; the harbour buoy
With one green sparkle ever and anon
Dips to itself; and we are glad at heart.

G. FREDERIC JACKSON.

IN THE MOONLIGHT LONG AGO.

(SONG, FOR MUSIC.)

You love me well, I know, wife,
In spite of frown and toss;
In the moonlight long ago, wife,
You didn't look so cross;
In your little scarlet cloak, dear,
You tripp'd along the moss,
And all at once I spoke, dear,
Though sadly at a loss.

You hung your pretty head, then,
And answer'd very low;
I scarce heard what you said, then,
But I knew it wasn't "No."
My joy I couldn't speak, love,
But, a hundred times or so,
I kiss'd a velvet cheek, love,
In the moonlight long ago.

MARY BROTHERTON.

WAITING.

A TALK.



A YOUNG girl sat on the sunny beach of a southern shore. The deep liquid blue overhead ; the glittering, heaving, false sea before ; and the arid, scorching coast behind, with its scanty adornment of grizzly cactus, or fierce-bristling aloe. She was a fair English girl, with sunny hair, and full, grey eye. A guileless, loveable young face it was, as it looked up at the sound of steps approaching on the shingle.

"What, just where I left you an hour ago ! Are you scorched to death ? The sun is singeing your white umbrella."

"You said you would come back, Marston, so I waited for you," was the gentle reply to the somewhat impatiently spoken address ; "but let us go in now ; I am very tired."

"Well, really, Marion, it's your own fault ; no one ever expected you to sit in the sun all this

while ; come in, and let us try that new song I got yesterday."

Poor Marion *was* very tired ; but, instead of resting in her room, as she felt very much inclined to do, in ten minutes she was at the piano, patiently working away at the song which Marston (who was not a bit tired) intended to sing that evening at a private concert.

To the practising succeeded visitors, to the visitors the *table d'hôte*, at which Marion's evident fatigue attracted her aunt's notice. She dismissed her to lie down, till it should be time to dress for the concert. As Marston lighted a candle, and gave it to her, he said, kindly :

"I believe I was very unmerciful to you this evening ; I did not know you were really so tired."

He spoke with concern ; and the foolish little

heart was so happy, that, instead of allowing him to be slightly penitent, which might have done him good, she hastened to console him by saying she was only sleepy, and it was not his fault at all.

"Dear child!" said Aunt Howard, as the door closed upon her, "how unselfish she is! You will be a happy man, Marston."

"I intend to be," was the curt rejoinder, as the young man carefully selected a cigar and stepped out on the verandah.

Marion Maitland had been sent to England as an infant, to her aunt's care. Her mother remained in India, putting off her return from season to season, always, when the time came, unwilling to leave her husband. At last she really did embark; but when Mrs. Howard took the little Marion to Southampton to meet the steamer, and to restore the child to the mother, she was met by the sad intelligence that the poor lady had died of exhaustion on the voyage. The little girl, therefore, remained under her aunt's charge. Mrs. Howard was worthy of the confidence reposed in her by her brother. She loved her niece, and acted by her—it would be too much to say judiciously—but, at least, as she would have acted by her own child.

Dr. and Mrs. Howard had been long married; they had no family. The Doctor had adopted as his own, his younger brother's only son; the Marston already introduced to the reader. The uncle intended the young man for the Church, hoping he might one day succeed him in the living he held—a family one; but Marston's talents and predilections all pointed him out as fitted more for the Bar than the Church. Possessed of superior, if not first-rate abilities, he made his way slowly but surely on that up-hill road. Before Dr. Howard died, he had the gratification of seeing his nephew established in his self-chosen profession, with a fair start. Mrs. Howard had, from the first, warmly seconded her husband's views with regard to his adopted son. She was strongly attached to him, and after the Doctor's death, her house continued to be the young man's home. She was a good, amiable woman, not wanting in parts. Her life had been chiefly spent in the society of men of education and letters; and though not herself scholar or artist, she had in no mean degree, what men of talent value, the power of appreciation. Her peculiar failing was an inordinate appreciation of the master sex. Like most failings, it was only a merit in excess. It arose from her profound affection and veneration for her own lord and master. Attributing to him all perfections of soul and intellect, she charitably and generously endowed all other lords with the same; and invariably—from an honest conviction, not from cowardice—leaned to the stronger side.

Woman she regarded—and truly—as the complement of man; but it is doubtful if her mind ever embraced the reverse of the proposition.

Her own life had been one of voluntary and entire surrender; happily for her the hand on the reins had been uniformly steady and light.

This influence had, of course, worked on the young Marion, and had not been without effect on Marston Howard. As Marion grew up there was frequent talk of her going out to rejoin her father.

But the General was often on active service, and looked forward to settling down by-and-by in an English home, warmed by the sunshine of a daughter's love and care. He shrewdly guessed that bringing her over to India would not be the most direct way to ensure the accomplishment of his hopes, and therefore begged his sister to continue her guardianship until he could come home himself to claim his daughter.

A word now in praise of Marion. Gentle and submissive, she had aptly learned her aunt's oft-inculcated lesson that obedience is the first virtue of woman. She always yielded to the slightest wish of those placed over her; and this habit of deference, united to a sweet, courteous manner, made her a general favourite. Pliant, however, as she seemed and was, Marion was yet a vertebrate animal. She sometimes, not often, refused to bend at the first summons, and questioned, timidly but pertinaciously, matters which her aunt would have had her receive, as she herself received them, as articles of faith. Such questionings were usually addressed to Marston, for whom she entertained, as was right and mete, a profound esteem and admiration. *Him* and his acts and fiats she never questioned; that would have been a presumption at which she would have started aghast. And she was in truth much indebted to her cousin by adoption. Marston was a deep thinker, a good linguist, a man of much general information and refined tastes. As a youth he had made the child his plaything and messenger; as a young man he had found the graceful girl a very pleasant attraction to his uncle's house. Half unconsciously he had called out her dormant powers, and opened to her paths of study and reflection which she had patiently followed up, occasionally coming to him to lift her over some difficulty which she could not surmount alone. She had thus become an intelligent companion; always glad to be conversed with, grateful for instruction, and humbly obliged for her cousin's notice. What wonder that by degrees Marston Howard came to the conclusion that his pretty cousin Marion was the woman among all with whom he was acquainted most fitted to be the helpmate of a rising barrister? She was intelligent enough for a domestic whetstone when such an article was in demand; accomplished enough to adorn her—no, *his* station; pretty enough and graceful enough to make his house attractive; rich enough to make an addition to his means that would be very advantageous at the commencement of a career. So he resolved to marry as soon as Marion should have completed her nineteenth year. It is not certain whether he ever expounded his views on this subject to Marion. Mrs. Howard had long ago destined the young people for each other, and there came to be in time a sort of tacit understanding on the matter.

About three months before Marion's birthday General Maitland fixed the period of his often-postponed return, and named the mail by which he was to be expected. After so many years of residence in a hot climate, it was considered hardly prudent to re-commence his European life by an English winter. Therefore, in the autumn, Mrs.

Howard took her niece for a tour on the Continent, resolving to wind it up in the south of France, there to wait the General's arrival.

"Has Giuseppe brought the carriage an hour too soon?" said Mrs. Howard, as she heard a confused noise in the hall, and distinguished her name, "or is it—yes!—my dear, dear brother!" And General Maitland and Mrs. Howard met after a separation of thirty years.

Marston lifted the heavy striped curtain and stood against the moonlight; the opposite door opened and Marion entered; behind her a servant held a lamp high to light her young mistress. The Italian girl's deep rich colouring, with the orange handkerchief on her glossy hair, contrasted well with the signorina's pale muslin,—a white rose her only ornament. Another moment and the child was clasped once more in her father's arms.

The first days of such reunion are not a happy time. The reality falls so far short of the anticipations formed, no matter how carefully those anticipations may have been curbed and guarded.

Friends feel, after long separation, that a rift has opened which letters have never plumbed and scarcely spanned. Each dreads to open an old, remembered wound, that perchance has healed long since, and scarcely left a scar; but the sudden start shows him too late that some chance-thrust has probed a newer, unsuspected anguish to the quick.

What meetings there are, too, in the cruel, unnatural, Indian life, when father and daughter, mother and son, even husband and wife, meet almost as strangers. Such meetings are worse than partings; for in most partings there is hope: in these meetings, too often, only chill disappointment.

Marston Howard derived less pleasure from the General's return than his aunt and cousin. He began to be uneasily conscious that possession is not nine points of the law. Possession of what, though? Of Marion's hand and heart. But he must ask confirmation in this possession of her father; and what had he to allege in support of his claim? Not her promise, for he had never sought it; and to seek it now would be ungentlemanly.

Chance relieved him from the dilemma. Mrs. Howard, in speaking of Marion one day, associated Marston's name with hers, as she had long been used to associate them in her own mind. It was spark and tow.

"Eh? What? That young fellow got his eye on my little girl? Confound his impudence! A likely matter! Just as I've come home, old and broken down, to enjoy her myself, to think I'm going to give her up to a scamp of a—"

"But, my dear brother," interposed Mrs. Howard, timidly.

"Not a bit of it; let him come and tell me himself; I'll not keep him long for my answer; I'll tell him what I think of him—talents, fortune, forsooth!" and the indignant General strode to the other end of the room and back, pulling his grey moustache.

"Pon my honour! I've heard it said that men

are selfish—I deny it. I never was selfish; but those young fellows are, to want to leave me alone—stealing her little heart from her old father! And the child—has she given herself away without my consent?"

But poor Mrs. Howard, terrified at the storm she had brought down, hurried away, her handkerchief to her eyes, just as the chief offender entered, umbrella in hand, from his morning walk.

"Hallo! you, sir!" shouted the General; "a word with you, Mr. Howard, if you please,"—the irate tones of the soldier subsiding gradually before the cool dignity of the civilian.

What passed between the two gentlemen never transpired. Marston's announcement that afternoon, that he was going on a three days' shooting excursion into the hills, was probably one result of the interview: the General's intimation to his sister that "Howard was a very fine young man, straightforward, and gentlemanlike," was another.

Innocent Marion, who was recovering her playfulness as the first awe of her tall father wore off, made herself very merry about her cousin's proposed expedition, and maliciously speculated whether his bag would suffice to provide one day's game course at the *table d'hôtel*.

Something in Marston's manner, as he bade her good-night, made Marion pause on the stairs, and look back at him; and as he, too, looked up, she kissed her hand, and said again, in sweet accents, "Good-night—good-bye!"

The young man stood still till the last fold of her dress passed from his sight. A weight fell on his spirit: and when he re-entered the sitting-room, he felt that the first shaft of sorrow from the bow of life had penetrated the joints of his armour.

Mrs. Howard began to sigh for home. General Maitland and his daughter were to proceed to Italy—all to meet in the spring in Paris or London. The pleasure of making out routes, and looking-up maps and hand-books, kept Marion's mind from dwelling on the parting. The General's resolves were sudden; his decrees irreversible. On the third morning a travelling carriage, packed and loaded, stood at the door of the hotel. The six white horses kicked and shuffled, and shook the bells and tassels of their quaint head-gear, as the men in blouses crept in and out between their legs, violently but vainly endeavouring to disentangle that rope harness, that always was, and always will remain, in hopeless complication.

The General stood on the steps, in two great-coats and a plaid, superintending with authoritative gestures; the dashing Neapolitan courier, black-bearded and ear-ringed, gesticulated wildly; Myrawd, the General's body-guard, a slim, graceful kitmutgar, in white robe and crimson turban, stood calmly observant under a palm-tree. Her father called "Marion," quick and loud. One more embrace from her mother-aunt, and she came down the stairs and entered the carriage. The prim English maid was already in the front calèche; the courier sprang to her side; the native, complaining neither of sun nor wind, mounted behind. The *maitre d'hôtel*, bare-headed, shut the carriage-door; the postilions lashed their

whips; and, kicking, screaming, rattling, jolting, the six horses and lumbering vehicle dashed off.

Not till they had left the glaring level road, and commenced a long ascent, did Marion raise her veil and speak. Then face and voice were both in order. Her first words were very consolatory to her father:

"How sorry poor Marston will be to-night to find us gone!"

General Maitland then told her that Giuseppe had returned late the night before, with a note. Mr. Howard had received a telegram from his clerk, summoning him in all haste to town: he expressed many regrets at being obliged to leave his aunt to Giuseppe's escort.

Marion enjoyed her journey. She thought it very pleasant, travelling in such ease, with her father lavishing on her every care and attention. Past beautiful Monaco, lovely Mentone; along the giddy Cornice, with the white spray dancing below—to lordly Genoa; and over the blue Mediterranean, through squalid Civita Vecchia, to Imperial Rome. Letters passed regularly between the old capital of the world and the new. Marion did not write to Marston; she never had written to him, and it did not occur to her to do so now. She concluded that he would see her letters to her aunt, in which there was generally some special message for him, to which she received a message in reply.

Rome was an unfathomable enjoyment to Marion. Well read in its history, with unwearying pleasure she explored its ruins, tracing the old classic landmarks. There, patriots sacrificed self-interest, or life: here, mighty orators swept the many-stringed heart of the multitude with master hand. There, heroes bled: here, martyrs suffered in a nobler cause, and died triumphant over a mightier enemy, even death himself. A holier, deeper interest yet, filled her heart as she threaded the dark labyrinths consecrated by the memory of the saintly dead; pausing before the rudely sculptured cross, and martyr's palm, or sacrificial lamb, and winged sceptre;— emblems of suffering and victory, death and resurrection.

The tastes also which Marston had awakened, ripened rapidly in the atmosphere of gallery and studio, and she drank deep draughts of exquisite delight from the rich, clear, harmonies pealing through vaulted aisle and pillared nave.

Nor was her father an uncongenial companion.

General Maitland was a man of education and intelligence: he remembered well the lessons of his youth. After long years he had brought back to Europe something of that boyish eager interest in things new and old that one sometimes sees in elderly men whose lives, though outwardly stirring, and wearing to the bodily frame, have not been drained by constant anxiety or sorrow.

In his youth General Maitland had made the grand tour; which, by the way, meant a great deal more than now. He had associated with men whose names live in history; he had seen the whirlpool of Europe in which dynasties went down; and even dipped his oar in the

outer circle of the seething waters. Truth to tell, he had worn his recollections of these days and things somewhat threadbare, and did not always give to the separate points their relative proportions. To some he gave an undue prominence (chiefly with the meritorious design of proving the superiority of those times to these; as an artist exaggerates a part to give force to the whole); while others that militated strongly against his views were gradually subdued and forgotten.

The veteran's preface: "When I was taken prisoner in 17—," had come at last to be the signal for rising from table.

It must be confessed that his ideas on many subjects did not march with the times. He depreciated modern literature, which he did not read; he was, therefore, totally unprepared for, and horribly scandalised by theories and principles which he hotly contested; then found, to his dismay, were universally recognised, and accepted as dogmas. Perhaps, this sojourn on the Continent, where, though the newest theories are sometimes hatched, they obtain less widely, and are discussed less freely—was a good preparation for England, where the sudden shock to his prejudices might have driven him desperate; or, back to Bengal by the next mail! It served as a sort of ascending temperature preparatory to the final fusion.

Sometimes—not often, but at gradually decreasing intervals—the father's mind and the daughter's came into collision. The younger set up a signal on the scene of the disaster, to exercise caution in future: she did not forsake her own line, and carry on the traffic by another's.

Marion Maitland's mind was progressive, keen, and of good strong fibre. She was essentially a woman of *to-day*. A woman; not a girl: for her powers of mind were strengthening daily: she grew fast. There is no better finishing-school than travelling.

The heart has to go through its preparatory schooling, its college course and final examination, as well as the intellect. It needs a longer education—perfection is a yet more distant goal—it awaits the award of a higher tribunal. The heart is bound to a longer, harder apprenticeship than its younger brother the head. Its books are men; its tutors many: all guided and directed by its Master, Judge, and Maker; who, alone holding the key to its wondrous mechanism, alone chooses and appoints His agents in the work. Numberless are His instruments: but on all hearts alike He, in His sovereign wisdom, inflicts, sooner or later, the "sharp surgery of pain."

Marion had never known sorrow. Tenderly guarded, solicitously cared for, she had grown up in tranquil sunshine. To the coercion of stronger wills she had indeed been subjected; but in her case this had been salutary, as the stake and brambles to a sapling.

Her affections had been restricted to a narrow circle: they were the more intense. A great heart can hold a great deal: love is diffusive. But a child's heart is not great: it is warm and soft. Its love deepens and refines, if restrained

for a time from spreading shallow in too wide a bed.

The daughter had her father's sympathy in all her pursuits and pleasures. Her warm response to his love called forth all the best qualities of his heart, whilst her grace and talent gratified not only his paternal affection but his pride. Yet there was one topic on which she soon learned to dread his chilling coldness. Any allusion to Marston Howard was met by a short reply or depreciatory comment. She owed him much; she was grateful and generous; the cause of the absent was sacred to her, and her heart rebelled against her father's injustice. So she spoke of Marston less often; and, as a natural consequence, thought of him more.

It was the cloud, "no bigger than a man's hand," heralding the storm that was to wrench and strain, but root the young tree. Amid antiquities, arts, balls, and operas the winter passed away. To the motley revel of the Carnival succeeded the ecclesiastical gaieties of Lent. Easter fell early. The season was unusually severe. On Easter-eve General Maitland received a telegram announcing his sister's sudden death, and summoning him to the funeral. To leave Rome at that moment was impossible. The Campagna was flooded—the communication by sea perilous and uncertain. A week's delay made the journey useless.

The blow fell heavily on Marion. It was the first time she had come to close quarters with Death—heard the twang of the bowstring and felt the shriek of the air as the bolt sped to its mark.

She drooped. The usual remedy was prescribed—change of air and scene: in other words, mental excitement and bodily fatigue, till exhaustion of both moral and physical powers supervenes. The case becomes complicated: more doctors are called in, and if one of them happens to be a man of discernment, he orders "letting the patient alone;" if not, decline solves the difficulty.

It was May. The Maitlands occupied one of the lovely villas of Sorrento. Marion rested from the mid-day heat on the piazza, shaded by umber-striped curtains from the ultramarine sky. Her gaze travelled over the orange-gardens and the bay, and rested on the unseen. Her father paused beside her sofa.

"Papa, when shall we go home?"

"Next week, if it please the signorina," he said, kindly; "but I thought you liked this place."

"Who would not, papa? But we have been so long away from home."

"And where in England shall we pitch our tent? Come, let us sit in council—you know more about it than I do."

She smiled—a more animated smile than had gladdened her father's heart for weeks.

"You want to turn shepherdess?"

"I am very fond of country life; but you would never live out of London."

"I'll try—I can run up and down by train, you know."

"I do believe, papa, you are as eager to try

the Great Western express as a boy to try a new kite."

"Yes, and to see machinery at work in the great manufactories."

"Ah! you are to take me to Manchester. We must ask Marston to go with us, he understands all about manufactures and factories and such things."

The General took snuff.

"I think we need not trouble Mr. Howard."

"Does Marston never write, papa?"

She spoke with an effort that brought the rose to her cheeks; she was determined to break the spell that seemed to stifle his name on her lips.

"Aye; he writes. What's that fool Jacopo doing with the watering-pot?"

"Does he never send a word to me?"

"He sends his—kind regards."

"Kind regards! I should as soon have expected him to—"

She stood, indignation and perplexity blended in her expression.

"His compliments would be too formal to one he has known from a child," resumed the General. "He is overwhelmed with business—I wonder he recollects polite messages at all." And he entered the house.

Marion looked ill and weak next morning. Her father felt guilty, but said to himself that she would get over it; so he ordered his horse and set off for a long day's ride, to be out of sight of her pale sad face.

The longing to be "at home" gave her strength and energy. In three weeks' time they were at home—if that term can be applied to an hotel in Piccadilly.

On the fourth day Miss Maitland was alone in the drawing-room when the servant announced "Mr. Howard." Sadness and a slight reproach were in her voice as she greeted him.

"So long before you came!"

"This is my third visit—"

"You are very good to call so early, Mr. Howard," said General Maitland, entering at the moment. "I am at your service at once."

And with something about "military dispatch," he carried the visitor off to his business room.

One evening her father placed a lithograph, such as land-agents have in their offices, on Marion's desk.

"Tremawr! is it not, papa?"

"You like it?"

"I used to think it a lovely place when the K—s lived there."

"I am glad you like it; I have taken it on a long lease."

There was much to do; furniture to be bought; an establishment to be formed. General Maitland was indefatigable in attending his daughter from warehouse to warehouse. He gave her *carte blanche* for the exercise of her taste, and her recollections of Tremawr guided her choice. Marston sometimes was of the shopping party, and Marion would soon have fallen into her old happy intercourse with him, but she was conscious of a formality in his manner that checked the ease of her own.

In due time all was ready for departure, and,

amid piles of luggage, General Maitland strode up and down the Paddington platform. Marion sat in the waiting-room.

"At last," said a well-known voice, and Marston stood by her side. "Why do you avoid me, Marion?"

"I—Marston!"

"Yes; I am kept from seeing you on the most trivial pretences. Are they another's, or your own?"

"Not mine," she answered, colouring deeply, and looking down.

"Then, you are the same, Marion?" he continued, eagerly. "You care for me still?"

He had put out his hand; she placed hers in it.

"Did you think I could forget so easily, Marston?"

"There is the bell; may I write to you? God bless you, Marion!"

They reached Tremawr by evening.

"The country air has done you good, already," said her father, and certainly she looked like her old self again. He did not know the secret spring of joy that caused the bright smiles.

The letter came. General Maitland had left home for two days, on business, so Marion could rejoice over it to her heart's content.

But she was obliged to tell her father of it on his return.

"Papa, I have had a letter from Marston Howard."

"The deuce you have! And what does he say for himself?"

"He asks me to be his wife, papa."

"And you have given him your answer?"

"I wait for you to endorse it."

She had turned very pale.

"Then write and decline, with thanks. Here is my desk—write."

"I cannot write that, papa."

"What? Eh? then I'll write for you."

She moved from the escritoire.

"I will write for myself; you can enclose it in yours."

"Very fine; and call me a tyrant; fancy yourself a victim?"

"I will tell him the truth."

"And pray what may that be?"

"That I love him," she answered, proudly.

He said no more. When, an hour later, she brought him her note, he put it in his envelope and sealed it in silence.

She received one more letter from Marston: it was harsh and bitter. He accused her of coquetry in their last interview; "if she had not intended to accept him, why have allowed him to write. As to obedience, the wife of a professional man," he was well aware, "could not command the luxuries to which she had grown accustomed. He did not doubt she had chosen wisely." With scalding tears she read the cruel words; then threw them into the flames, and prayed that they might be forgiven him.

The life at Tremawr was retired. Miss Maitland had too many resources ever to feel time hang heavy upon her hands. The clergyman and his

wife were old acquaintances, and soon became friends, worthy of regard and trust. Dinners and visits to the neighbouring country houses relieved the monotony of winter, and the facility of intercourse with London kept the General from feeling dull. He took pleasure in the country life; inspected his stables; demanded vegetables from the perplexed gardener at impossible seasons, and played at farming: his daughter was sometimes startled at the rate of mortality in mutton, but forbore remark.

She had trusted that time would soften her father's feelings towards Marston Howard. Of the cruel wound she had herself experienced at his hands she kept the secret. Winters and summers passed away, and still, though he did not seem untouched by his daughter's gentle and dutiful demeanor, he made no allusion to the past.

Once again she saw Marston. They were travelling in the Highlands, and were detained by a mountain storm at a wayside inn. A party of pedestrians entered the kitchen to dry their plaids. She heard his voice, and a companion called him by name. "What's to be done, Howard? Mrs. Marston won't thank us for keeping dinner waiting." Whom could he have meant? Her father thought she had taken cold, and hurried her home, desiring her maid to nurse her well. She was glad to escape his scrutiny. She supposed afterwards that he too had seen Marston, for he said, "I don't hear of Howard; I suppose he's getting up in his profession: he's a clever fellow, but I suspect with a heart as hard as his head. A proud, selfish man."

We may not crouch on the steps of our broken altars, and let the weeds grow and the cobwebs thicken round us; whilst we sleep in selfish torpor the halt, and the sick, and the blind, and the sorrowing toil past, needing the succour which we could give. We may not hide our talent in the earth, for how then shall we answer our Lord when He reckons with us at his coming? So Marion rose, and girt on her armour, and found that life had work for her to do, and a blessing to bestow.

Her idol was dimmed—tarnished, but not destroyed. Sorrow and disappointment did not sour her generous nature: it mellowed and refined it. Her own grief made her pitiful and loving to all who needed sympathy. On rich and poor alike her care was lavished: the young and the old came to her to share their trouble or their joy. Nor could her father complain—however willing at times to find fault—that he was in any danger of being neglected for others. All engagements were made to yield to his convenience. As his health grew less robust, and his temper more and more irritable, his demands on her time and patience were often harassing and unconscionable; but her sweetness of temper was proof against all vexation, and sometimes drew an apology even from him.

The children from the Rectory ran up the garden one morning, as she was tending a favourite rose-tree.

"Dear Miss Maitland, only think where we went yesterday! We had a whole holiday, and

papa took us to B—— to see the manufactory. And it was the treat that the children have every year; there were such crowds of people in the park—”

“A nasty, black, cindery place! I spoil my nice lavender boots,” interrupted a little girl.

“You shouldn’t have gone in them,” retorted her brother, then hastened on with his story. “And they had games and roast beef—I mean the men and women had dinner, and the children had tea and cakes. And there was such a nice gentleman, a Mr.—Mr.—”

“Howard,” said the little girl.

“Yes, Howard; and he told them such pretty stories about children working for their parents, and taking care of them, and all that, you know, and talked to them, and so did papa. And then they all went to the Town-hall, that is, the grown-up people did, and papa says that he—I mean Mr. Howard—gave such a beautiful lecture to the masters about being just to their men, you know.”

“Well, that was but fair,” said a second boy, who had not spoken, “because he had told the men all about *their* duty—”

“And what did he say was *their* duty?” asked Miss Maitland, who saw some remark was expected from her.

“That they were to serve, not with eye-service as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, doing service as unto God, not unto men,” answered the boy, with reverent voice.

“And wasn’t it funny,” added the sister, “when he knew we came from Tremawr—he used to be here long ago—and asked so many questions about it, and you too—”

“Not so fast, Cissy; your imagination is running away with you,” said Mrs. Wilmot, who had joined the group. “Mr. Howard only asked who was at the Hall now, and when he heard he seemed glad to know that it was any one who was active among the people.”

Mrs. Wilmot had a tolerably correct understanding of the state of affairs; at the secret sorrow she of course could not guess. She thought the children’s account of their holiday, and their new friend, could do no harm; it might gratify, and could not grieve.

Mr. Wilmot was warmly interested in all measures of factory and prison discipline and reform. He had always found Miss Maitland a ready listener; he now (on a hint from his wife) kept her supplied with Reports and Returns, so that she was soon quite up in the subject. To her surprise and pleasure she found her cousin’s name in the foremost lists of those who not only gave the movement their countenance and approval, but their active assistance and furtherance. He was no longer a sympathiser merely, but a toiler in the good cause.

His labours for the weal of his fellows seemed to have no special limit, or definition. All outcasts, in or out of stone walls, apparently came in for a share of his attention. Here, four or five; there, ten or a dozen; elsewhere, a score or two. Marion was rejoiced; she could imagine no trace remaining of the old self-worship to which, after all these years, she could now give the right name.

A man who loved himself first of *all*, would hardly devote all his leisure to so unengaging a work.

Nor was it his leisure only that was willingly offered. Hours and days were taken from his profession, in which formerly it had been his dearest ambition to achieve fame. There was real sacrifice here. And she was struck, too, by the unambitious, almost private manner in which he seemed to carry it on. Seldom, or never heard of at popular meetings, his work only came to light now and then. The organised army of philanthropists, with commissariat and baggage wagons, when they came, in their march, to a tract of land which they expected to find particularly sterile, were occasionally surprised to find the ground well broken up, and ready for the crop. Marston Howard had but small funds at his command, and no apparatus but heart, head, and hands. Like that unappreciated husbandman the mole, he ran his galleries hither and thither, turning up fresh earth to air and light: when he heard the noise of the pickaxe, and knew that other agents were at work, he was satisfied, and turned his own course in a new direction.

Marion was rejoiced. But there was a question that would rise to trouble her, and would not be trodden down. These out-door interests did not argue a cheerful fireside; yet, there was an occasional covert allusion hardly perceptible to a less keen observer—to an impulse given by a woman—a dear friend—as by one lost; then again, ever at hand. Her memory travelled back to the Highland inn. Who was that Mrs. Marston?

General Maitland was in town in June, 1857. He used a cane now when he walked, and had a habit of looking on the ground: his sight was not so good as it had been. Thus, it came to pass, that as he mounted the steps of a club-house, to call on a friend, and opened the heavy glass doors, he pushed against a gentleman coming out.

“Your pardon, sir?”

“Ah! Mr. Howard! glad to see you: have not met for many years.”

Marston answered a few words, and then, pleading an engagement, the General asked him to dinner next evening, at his club, and bowing, left him.

To dine with General Maitland was an honour which Marston Howard would rather have declined: it would be disagreeable to him: but a voice stronger than inclination, less severe than duty, prompted him to accept the invitation.

At seven, therefore, precisely, for he did not desire a *l’le-a-l’le*, and knew his host’s military punctuality, Mr. Howard presented himself.

There were, besides himself, a brother officer of General Maitland’s, a much younger man, and one on whom the eyes of Europe had rested;—a splendid soldier, and a quiet, courteous gentleman. Also, his brother, a barrister, and a man of some literary reputation. The party was well assorted; the dinner excellent; the wines superlative. Conversation never flagged, and was above the average. The varying ages and professions of the company averted the gossip, not to say scandal, which would inevitably have entered, had all four been

"old Indians." Beyond inquiries after their host's daughter, no allusion was made to Miss Maitland. Marston listened for her name in vain. He had not known how his heart longed for it.

That night, even as they sat over their wine, in the luxurious dining-room, came the earthquake shock, that made the pulses of England's great heart stand still for a moment;—the horror that made the firm earth reel, and Europe sicken and grow pale.

And after the first reverberating blow, in the awful hush arose clear and shrill, and ever gathering force, the trumpet call to arms! Justice and Mercy grasped one blade; every sword sprang from the sheath, and Britain's sons went forth to avenge her slain.

The notes of the *réveille* kindled the yet hot blood in the veteran's heart. He panted like a charger for the din of the battle-field. The next mail-steamer that left Southampton numbered General Maitland among her passengers. Oh! what anxious eyes and throbbing hearts watched that vessel leave the dock. Slowly at first, as if reluctantly following the little impetuous "tug;" then, in the broad water putting out her own vast energies and steaming on alone. What a priceless freight of brave hearts she carried; what love and prayers followed in her track, till the last cloudlet of her hot breath melted on the blue horizon! And a woman, gentle and brave, was with him.

"I have none but you, father," she said; "take me."

Fugitives flocked to the capital as boats to a harbour of refuge, from the black storm thundering in their rear. In that first agony of sorrow and dismay hearts and doors were opened wide. And then the shattered fragments of the wreck came drifting in.

Suffering and sorrowing, destitute and desolate they came: was ever such a lazar-house of human woe? And amongst them all, one of a self-devoted band, binding up their wounds, and pouring balm into their bleeding hearts, moved Marion Maitland.

The Indian moon shone broadcast on the deep river, flowing past the flowery lawns and sleeping country houses of Garden Reach, on to the city of palaces; lighting up Corinthian pillars, and sculptured architrave, where the adjutants stood in lines, motionless as sentinels; silvering the bayonets of the guard, and flooding with white light a lofty chamber in a stately mansion.

It glanced on polished mirrors and carved furniture, and on a woman kneeling—a letter in her hand.

The veteran's sun had set in blood-red glory; and his daughter was left desolate.

She was urged to go home.

"I have no home," she answered, sadly; "why should I hasten away from hence, where I can be of a little use to some more lonely than myself?"

So she stayed; and after the first bitterness of grief was past she returned to her self-appointed work. She remained at her post many long months. The nature of her work underwent a

change, but it was still arduous, and such as not every woman could have undertaken.

About this time she wrote to Mrs. Wilmot:—"I often dwell on the memory of the tranquil life at Tremawr. Only last Christmas, and what a change! I think some of the mysteries of life have been solved to me since then. I now know why, to some of us is ordained that long, galling period of inaction, that seems to eat away the very pith and marrow of our prime. Is it not that there awaits such a moment, a mere spasm, perhaps, of such intense exertion, that the forces of a lifetime concentrated into that space are but sufficient to provide the vital energy requisite for that demand? How often do we chafe and fret to use our strength—we feel so strong and eager to be up and doing! But if we leave our stand till our name is called, when the bugle summons us to the work for which we are destined, our little force is spent, and we are useless. It is not flattering to our pride to learn that our boasted power is after all so weak, capable of so little endurance, good for so short a time. Give my love to Cissy. Tell her not to complain of her time as 'lost in the school-room;' not to ask again the 'cui bono' of music, German, Italian, and all other things that she may have the happy privilege of learning. Ah! that 'cui bono!' how have I wearied myself with that dreary question? I used to preach to Cissy of these things, but I fear I wrought little good; my texts were but theories then. Tell her I have proved them now. No knowledge, no experience is lost.

"Many a time in this sad year I have been, O! so thankful for my familiarity with German. So many sufferers of the middle class have come under my charge—poor creatures to whom the sound of their mother-tongue, and the liberty of expression it restored to them, worked almost a cure. Think of the pain of spelling out the griefs of a bereaved heart in a foreign, unfamiliar speech! And one Italian I shall never forget. He had been a cook in a great hotel; his wife and children had been barbarously murdered; his wife had spoken English, he knew no word of any language but his own beautiful Tuscan. O! if Cissy could have seen that poor man's tears of joy, her hand have felt the kisses with which he strove to speak his gratitude for the little service I was able to render him, she would never begrudge the few hours' trouble of preparing for poor old Signor Brizio's lesson.

"I have arranged to leave India before the next hot season. It will be long before I see dear England again; shall I ever have the courage to return to Tremawr? Two friends with whom sorrow has united me very closely have persuaded me to spend some months with them in the south of Europe. The health of one will not bear our northern climate yet. I believe that with them I shall be in the path of duty. You shall hear of my further plans. Adieu!"

Towards the close of her residence abroad, Marion received from India a relic of her father's, which she greatly valued—the General's old camp-desk. It had been lost in the confusion of a campaign, and accidentally recovered by an officer

—an old friend—who forwarded it immediately to Miss Maitland. Many tears fell on the worn leather and yellow papers. They were chiefly military memoranda and accounts which she could not decipher. As she was closing the desk again her eye fell upon her own name in her father's handwriting. She drew out the letter eagerly, trimmed her lamp, and sat down to read. It was evidently his farewell, written at intervals snatched from rest. Some passages were not complete. The last paragraph was dated the eve of his last battle, and bore no signature. With what exquisite sensations of thankfulness and comfort the daughter traced those blurred lines! He reproached himself bitterly with having so often thwarted her wishes and subjected her to his own whims. He said his last days were embittered by the thought that but for him she would not now be alone and without a protector. He asked her forgiveness for the pain he had inflicted. "But," he went on, "my daughter will believe that I was sincere in my desire to secure her happiness. I did not see in Marston Howard *then* the man to whose keeping I could confide my treasure. I judged him wrongly, perhaps. I now *see* I judged him wrongly, and I acted very harshly and despotically by you, my child. Your patient endurance, your generous, entire forgiveness, your sweet cheerfulness melted my heart. I bless you, Marion, for all you have been to me; and if you are yet to be—as I pray you may—the sunshine of another's home, as you have been of mine, think sometimes when you are happy of your poor old selfish father, and forgive him all his faults, for he loved you,—

"Ask Marston Howard for his forgiveness, too; I would die in peace with all—

"Tell M. H. that he will find my . . . codicil—"
The ants had destroyed the rest of the sentence.

The dreary March afternoon is drawing to a close. London is cold and windy and dusty and cheerless, even at the West-end: far worse in the great barren squares inclosed with sooty houses, once handsome, but now more dismal even than their pert stuccoed rivals in the new quarters.

In the middle window of one of those faded grand drawing-rooms there stands a writing-table strewn with papers. The room is lined with books; books from wainscot to ceiling; books between the windows; books behind the door; books on the tables; books under the tables. Only one part is free from them. Above the mantelpiece and on either side are some choice engravings. By the fireside is a well-worn easy-chair, and on a handsome Turkey rug in the front of the fire lie a beautiful tortoiseshell cat and her kitten. They were the only comfortable-looking things in the room. The immediate precincts of the fire were evidently the "drawing-room"—all the rest was "office."

A gentleman sat at the writing-table in the centre window, of whom it would have been difficult at the first glance to guess the age. Not old, by the firm set of the head on the broad shoulders and the vigorous hand that rested clenched on the desk; nor young, for the hair on the temples was grey, and the lines of the face were deeply worn, the expression stern, except when a rare smile

revealed the kindly light in the eyes. He had let the ink in his pen grow dry as he sat musing, his head on his hand. Then he roused himself with something between a groan and a sigh—not of vexation nor of impatience, as at some transient annoyance, but as if some deeply-rooted sadness oppressed him.

There was a sound of softly-falling steps on the stone staircase, and a timid knock at the door. To his hasty "Come in" a lady entered, dressed in soft dark furs. Marston Howard rose and offered a chair, but she advanced.

"It is I," she said. "You do not know me?"

"Yes, I know you," was the answer spoken through the teeth. "Why are you come?"

"To fulfil my dear father's last commands. And she held the letter towards him.

"Aye; obedient still!"

He repented the bitter words before they were well spoken. With a grave but gentle inclination the lady turned to the door.

"Forgive me! Stay! O, Marion!"

She led him to the chair by the fire, and held a glass of water to his lips in silence.

"My Marion?" he whispered, hoarsely.

"For ever!" was her low reply.

"And have you always lived in these dreary rooms?" she asked, one day, after they had been talking long over the sad past and happy future of love and mutual confidence.

"Yes; my cousin Marston and his good little wife sometimes took pity on me."

"Then *she* was Mrs. Marston!"

CECIL SPENCER.

TURF REMINISCENCES.—II.

[OUR readers may rely on the authenticity of the following narratives, though for the real names of the actors imaginary names have been substituted.—ED. O. A. W.]

CULVERSTONE.

Another year there was trained in the same establishment as Munster, a horse we will call Culverstone. This horse was entered for the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes at Newmarket and also for the Derby. At the period I speak of he had never appeared in public, and had been at that time but slightly touched upon in the betting market by his owner and the stable party: considerable astonishment therefore was excited in the mind of the ever watchful Phil Spott on observing that week after week he was largely backed: on Phil's "taking soundings," as he termed it, and making various inquiries in quarters he could depend upon, he at length discovered that the principal backers of the horse were a Mr. A. and a Mr. B., and that they had not only swallowed up a large sum out of the available public money which is every year forthcoming to be betted against each and every horse in the Derby, but had in consequence brought the horse to a price at which Phil did not seem to think the owner and the stable ought to commence their investments. "This will never do," said he. "Them as pays the piper has a right to choose the tune. We that keep the cows are not going to

take the skim milk, and let others have the cream." So he considered how Mr. A. and Mr. B. could be induced to disgorge this money, and concluded that this end must be brought about by the same agency which had been instrumental to their investments in his favour—for from close observation, and from a comparison of certain coincidences, he had come to the conclusion that they had received their information that Culverstone was a good horse from a certain jockey called Jack Brown. The latter, living no great way off, used frequently to be at this establishment, and was often employed by Phil when he wanted to give a horse what is called a "Yorkshire gallop;" that is, a strong gallop in thin clothes, not a regular private trial, where the horses are prepared as for a race, by being "set;" viz., by giving them but very little food or water for some hours previous, to keep their wind as clear as possible. By these means, Phil's first-rate judgment would enable him to form a pretty correct notion of what sort of stuff an animal was made, whose merits he had been trying to discover without exciting that sort of earwiggling which always follows a regular trial in a stable; and it so happened that in one, and the only one, of these gallops that he had given Culverstone, he selected but one other horse to compete with him, their riders being Jack Brown and himself, on which occasion Culverstone won.

Now, although his suspicions rested in that quarter, he had no conclusive proof that they were correct; so he set to work to invent one of his ingenious traps, which at all events, if it did not discover to him who was Messrs. A. and B.'s informant, would at least have the effect of sending the horse to the right about in the betting, and thereby enable him and the stable party to back the horse on cheap terms; for he felt perfectly certain that no time would be lost, either by Jack Brown or by somebody else, in conveying to the above gentlemen any reasons that might arise for a change in the opinion originally expressed to them of the goodness of this horse.

Now, Phil Spott had one especial talent, which he possessed in an eminent degree beyond that of any other of his professionals in the racing saddle, and that was not only the power to form a most correct estimate of the relative capabilities of those horses that were running in the same race in which he was riding, but also, if necessary, to conceal the merits of his own. I do not, however, mean to say that he ever exercised this latter quality in any but a legitimate manner; for his fame was unalloyed in this respect, and in his public performances he always did his best; and, as he used to say—"The Duke of Wellington and I win when we can;" but in the instance which I am about to relate, it will be seen with what success he exercised that power to the furtherance of those ends which he was so anxious to attain: viz., the return to the public market of those sums which, through private information surreptitiously obtained, had been absorbed by those who had no right to it. Accordingly, as the time progressed towards the début of Culverstone in his engagement at Newmarket, and about three weeks or so before that event, he proceeded to bait his trap as follows.

At about this time of year, according as it happened that this great establishment had horses engaged, they used to have several private trials, in which some of those animals were tested only amongst themselves, and others with older horses, as they might deem advisable—the conquerors in these different trials, either then or later on, being pitted against each other, still further to solve the problem which was the best. Accordingly, in due course, it was arranged by Phil that a trial of several horses should take place a short time before the first appearance of Culverstone in public. Certain jockeys were written to, according to custom, with a request that they would come down on such a day to ride in a trial on the following morning, and of course in this number was included Jack Brown.

On the day appointed they all assembled, taking up their quarters over night at the trainer's house, so as to be in readiness for the contest of the following morning, which was to take place as soon as ever sufficient light dawned for the purpose.

On these occasions, on the evening before, and not unfrequently after such events, Phil and the jockeys used to make a night of it, accompanied with much chaff about the respective animals they were to mount, and, on the occasion in question, by a previous arrangement, our facetious friend Phil and the trainer got up between them a bantering passage-of-arms about the merits likely to be developed in Culverstone, who it was settled was to be ridden by our hero on the morrow. The trainer contended warmly that he would acquit himself well, whereas Phil, on the other hand, ridiculed the idea of his turning out a good one, saying, "I'll ask him a question or two to-morrow morning I don't think he will be able to answer," and much more to the same effect, that he would "cut up" badly. Our acquaintance Jack Brown rather winced at all this, having great faith in Phil's excellent judgment, so he took an opportunity of quietly asking him why he had such a bad opinion of the horse after what he had seen him do some time before in the "Yorkshire gallop," before alluded to, where he had acquitted himself so well.

"Aha!" said Phil to himself, "the plan begins to work well. You're the tattler, Master Jack, sure enough; you tattled for yourself before, my lad, and now you shall, without knowing it, do a little tattling on my account; and the other coves in the trial may help you if they like, and the more they talk the better they'll please me. Nobody rows in my boat this time but the General," (as he used to call his relative, the trainer). So he said, in answer to Jack, "True enough. At the time, I thought Culverstone a rattler; but, since then, I've put the other prad that he beat that morning, through the mill, and he did not come out the colour I wanted, so I have shifted my money from off his back for the Derby."

"But the governor" (meaning the trainer), "still thinks him a good horse," said the now disconsolate Jack, who had not only been the informant to Messrs. A. and B., and induced them to back the horse for large sums, but had put on some of his own besides.

"Yes," said Phil, "I know he does, and it ain't the first time we have differed. I hope he may be right; at all events I'll know to-morrow morning what sort of metal he's made of, for I'll ride him myself, and be sure you make the pot boil, Master Jack, and have a good face, for I want you to make the running."

The following morning, when the light was but grey, six horses (including Culverstone, ridden by Phil Spott) stripped of their clothes, and each ridden by a crack jockey clothed in light boots and breeches, and thin jean jackets, and escorted by the trainer and one of the head-lads mounted on neat cobs, left the stable-yard, and walked leisurely to the trial-ground about a mile off. All the other lads and people about the racing-stable were carefully kept at home under the surveillance of some trustworthy person; for, as Phil used to say, he "liked the trials in his court to be conducted with closed doors."

On reaching the trial ground, the horses walk about for a few minutes whilst the trainer and the head-lad canter off in different directions to see that there are no "touts" (horse-watchers) concealed anywhere. Having satisfied themselves of this, they return, the trainer stations himself at the winning post, the horses, with the head-lad, walk to the starting-post, and when the jockeys have arranged themselves pretty well in line, he tells them to *go*, and away they *do go*, with a crash and a rustling of jackets in the morning-breeze, at railroad speed; Jack Brown, as directed, laying first and making the running at a splitting pace, though now and then taking a furtive look round, to see where his friend Culverstone is. For about the first quarter of a mile, or so (the distance they had to run being a mile), Phil and his horse were last of the six. In a little over another half-mile, and consequently within a quarter of a mile of the finish, he had joined the leading horse, and to the delighted eyes of Jack Brown, looked as if he was going to win: sure enough too at that point (which was Phil Spott's private winning-post, though known only to himself and "the General,") he *had won*, and Phil was *then* thoroughly satisfied in his own mind that Culverstone was a real good horse: but Jack Brown's joy was short-lived, for shortly after this, in rounding the last turn before reaching the winning-post, lo, and behold! to his no little dismay, and the surprise of the other jockeys, he began suddenly to drop back a little, then a little more, Phil Spott *apparently* endeavouring to make the most of him, while one and the other passed him, and he became last of all, in which ignominious position he finished.

When they had all pulled up, and had let their horses stand a few minutes to get their wind, the cavalcade again assembled together to wend their way home, "the General" riding by their side, looking as black as thunder, and not saying a word, upon which Phil began to chaff him, after his fashion, in the hearing of the other jockeys, and especially of Jack Brown.

"Why, General! your face is as long as a day's march. Your bird did not fly quite as fast this morning as he did over the mahogany last night. Who's right, now, Old'un? But never mind!

Cheer up! Only let me give you one bit of advice. If you, or any of us, are taken ill, don't you send this flying prad for the Doctor!"—at which all except Jack, who screwed up a sort of ghastly grin, laughed immoderately.

Shortly after they reached home, Phil said to the General, when they were alone, both joining in a hearty laugh:—

"I say, *Gen.*, I think we ought to christen Jack Brown, *Done Brown*, now; for I've done him, and every devil of 'em. He is the best horse that was ever lapped in leather: I could have won in a canter!"

"Yes," said the General, "I knew he would cut up a real good one; but, I say, Phil, I noticed as we walked home, that you had spurred him. Were you beat for pace anywhere?"

"Not I," replied Phil. "It was when they had all passed me, that I gave him a touch of the *Brummagem pegs*, for fear they should think he had not been ridden on the *square*, as I knew they would *take stock* of his ribs."

How it happened, readers, that very shortly after this, several speculators, and especially our acquaintances A. and B., betted largely against this horse, and sent him to the right about in the betting for the Derby, I must leave you to guess. All I know is, that *their faces*, as Phil said of the General's on that memorable morning, "were as long as a day's march" when they saw him win the Two Thousand Guineas' Stakes at Newmarket; they were all compelled, for their own security, to back him again, at fearful loss, for the Derby; and when that eventful race was run, the horse recorded as the winner was *Culverstone!*

DREAMS.

DREAMS are the accompaniment of both idleness and work. They "come through the multitude of business," and occupy the lazy brain; they are associated with the sluggard and the enthusiast; they are honoured as channels of supernatural advice, and blamed as the offspring of sheer sensuality. We dream with our eyes open as well as shut—by day as well as by night. But the phenomena of dreams have defied scientific experiments and metaphysical inquiries. Now and then it seems as if some law were discovered, but the investigator is soon baulked. You fancy you can account for a dream, but you can't make one. It may sometimes be analysed, but I believe has never been composed. You do not know how it will turn out. Impress your mind strongly with this and that set of ideas, and lo, the whole slips out of the place where you put it, and another occupies your sleeping thoughts. You can't cook a dream. The skilful speaker can count, with tolerable certainty, upon producing an impression something like that which he wishes upon the waking mind; but, when we sleep, we move out of the reach of his persuasive machinery. But although we cannot construct a dream, or order it beforehand, it may sometimes be directed while in progress with ludicrous effect. Many accounts are published of the way in which the thoughts of a dreamer, once fairly committed to the dream may be effected. He is played with helplessly. An

encyclopædia will give anecdotes and references to books about dreaming, in which most absurd results have been obtained by dictating to the sleeper. A man has been made to dive from his bed under the persuasion that he was in the water, and being pursued by a shark. But this sleeping obedience is happily rare. With far the most of us,—indeed, with very few exceptions,—the land of dreams is a strange independent land, and our sleeping life unaccountably cut off from our waking one.

Words may waken, but they seldom influence us. We hear, and do not understand; there is a break between the minds of the speaker and the sleeper; the sounds are not interpreted by the brain. This is the more curious, as many persons talk in their sleep; the tongue obeys the thought, although the ear will not convey it, except, as I have said, in very rare instances. Perhaps the most curious thing connected with dreams is that experience does not correct them. People who, when their eyes are open, go about quietly on the face of the earth ordering their carriages, paying their cab-fare, or trudging in the dust, fly in their dreams. Some people lead not only a distinct but a continued life in their dreams. They take the thread up, for several consecutive nights, with a consciousness that they are dreaming. Most dreams, however, are distinct. They may be repeated, but are without connection.

The most frequently remarked characteristic of dreams is the long series of incidents which are got through in a short time. We do a deliberate dream in several acts, and find we have been asleep for only five minutes. But this is one of the most easily explained phenomena. In dreams we lose our measure of time; while awake we are called to a sense of its passage by the sun, the clock, the appetite, the routine of the day; yet with all these checks and reminders we sometimes even find that hours slip by almost without notice; on the other hand, while we are waiting, counting the moments, Time drags along as if he meant to stop, and yet he moves on, as we say, equally, whether we notice his progress or not. The clock strikes with a steady pulse, though sometimes it seems in a fever—sometimes in a fit. At any rate we have some fixed standard to correct the calculation of our waking time; but in dreams the standard itself is visionary. We measure the succession of fleeting thoughts by a test which is purely fanciful, and thus can shorten or lengthen the dream without violence to our senses. You can think of heaps of things in two minutes—of the sun's rising and setting, for instance. Do that in a dream, and you have "a day," with its proportionate number and succession of incidents.

There is only one thing more I must notice before I go on to say why I mainly took up my pen to write about dreams. There are few who have not found themselves, in dreams, uncomfortably scant of clothing. Probably the Lord Chancellor has dreamt of sitting on the woollack in his shirt. This comes of undressing before going to bed. The touch of the sheets suggest that we are unclothed, in fact, they are the only remaining test of the outer world. We move about in our dreams, and the bed-clothes hint that our own are put off.

I will not, however, dwell over our sleeping dreams; but I must say, by the way, that I pity the man who does not know when he is "dropping off." The consciousness of standing on the threshold of sleep when you are at liberty to indulge in it, is delicious. You are awake and not awake. The dream god has his hand upon you, though he has not yet led you away. You feel his magic presence, and the gentle dissolution of your waking thoughts under his touch. To you it is a private setting of the day. The sun goes his own road and at his own time, but you sink in a twilight of your own. You do not really "fall" off, nor is it a steady descending slide into the night; the border land is broken, and you don't reach the level plain of sleep without some retrospective glimpses of the weary track along which you have passed. I pity the man who tumbles into his bed and sprawls away into a dream before the bed-curtains have done swinging at the shock of his plunge. No, it is better far to wait a minute at the palace-gate and let the proper ministers close your eyes and carry you in with irresistible but kindly touch.

A man who bursts into the mysterious land, like a mad bull through a hedge, with a snore for a bellow, deserves to have a nightmare let loose at him, and be ridden out of the place of dreams with a shriek. Mind, I don't mean to advocate a passage to sleep which has to be assisted by mental arithmetic, the conception of a wind-mill, or the fixing of the mind's eye upon some endless procession of sheep. This is distressing. No, given a natural proclivity, let me neither fall headlong from day to night, nor attempt to help the busy ministers of dreamland. Let me lie down—feel them gather round me—lift me up and float me off with their own considerate, inimitable skill.

There is another faculty, which, next to that of tracing one's own progress to sleep proper, is much abused, but grateful, and, under some circumstances, wholesome. I refer to day-dreaming—not going to sleep by day, but dreaming with your eyes open. Of course, if deeply indulged in, this enervates the brain, but, to an over-worked or tired one, it is refreshing. It is like sleep without the stifling embrace of the blankets and the feather-bed. It is like dreaming without danger of a sudden apparition, or that spell-bound helplessness, which is the paralysis of dream life, when you cannot stir, and yet feel the breath of the unseen terror behind you. Now, day-dreaming is free from these possibilities: you sit apart, and let the thinking apparatus play, like a fountain, by itself. You don't tax or catechise it,—you turn the peg and see what it will do. You have no more idea of what is coming than your shoe has. You watch with something like the interest an old bird on a bough might feel in the frolics of its full-feathered young, and yet you can recall the whole brood with a "cluck." Now, I mean to say that this day-dreaming is sometimes desirable and healthy. We thus occasionally come across thoughts which we should never start by deliberate hunting. We air the mind; we get out of the little world in which we commonly move, and go back to it refreshed.

Day-dreaming is all very well, now and then, on a holiday ; but a woman who gushes with moonshine and romance is seldom a good judge of butcher's meat, or a skilful interpreter of accounts ; and a man who aspires at an angel deserves to dine off stringy mutton and under-done potatoes, on cold plates, for the rest of his life.

Young man, think twice before you commit yourself to the romantic young lady, whose impulsive ideal of faithfulness and devotion will never enable her to protect you from short weight, domestic pilferings, and frayed, button-less linen.

H. J.

THE SPIRIT OF THE VANISHED ISLAND.

THIS island was once situated in the midst of the Falls of St. Anthony, on the Mississippi ; it has disappeared long since, but its site is said to be haunted at early morning by the spirit of a young Indian, who perished there ages before white men crossed the Atlantic. She was distracted by the faithlessness of her husband, and embarking in her canoe with her first-born infant, drifted down the current of the mighty river, seeking death, which met her at the Falls, within sight of her assembled tribe. When all chance of rescue was past, she rose up and chanted her own death-song, with her child in her arms.

THE Island of the Spirit hung
Midway above the wild cascade,
The spray a veil around it flung,
Where rainbows with the sunbeams play'd :
The Mississippi madly swept
In foaming haste on either side,
And then in thundering volume leapt
Over a front of granite wide.

Deep-rooted in the island ark,
Where humid mosses matted grew :
The mighty pines and cedars dark
Aloft their cone-fringed branches threw :
And tender blossoms gently cast
The petals from each calyx frail ;
There foot of man had rarely past,
There fell the shadow of no sail.

But feather'd hosts high chorus kept,
And glossy wild-fowl rear'd their brood,
And tremulous mimosas wept
On that storm-cradled solitude.
An Indian girl, resolved to die,
Steer'd once adown those waters wild,
With steady hand and fearless eye,
Bearing along her first-born child.

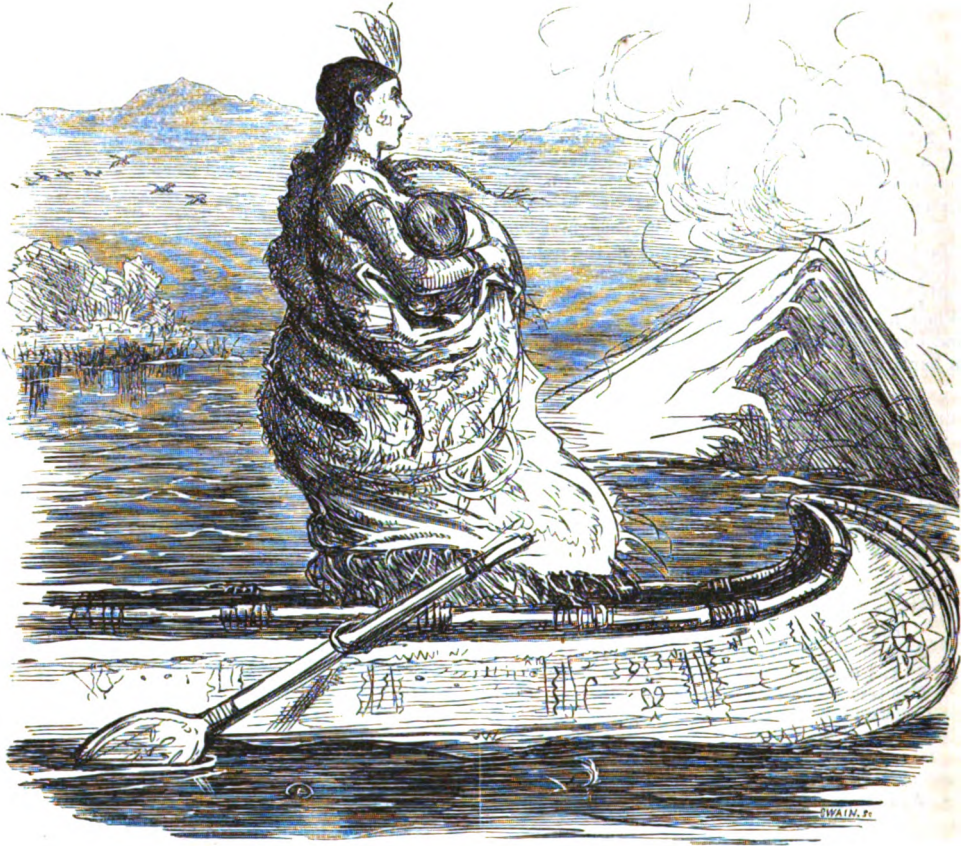
Her braided hair with shell and flower,
And waving plume was drest ;
Impatient of the evil hour
Her bursting heart sought rest ;
Riding the death-stream fierce and strong,
Chanting her mournful funeral song.

"I am unloved by thy sire, my boy ;
I am unloved, and no more his joy ;
I am unloved, and I've ceased to be
Aught but his slave, tho' I brought him thee.

I went at dawning, with dewy feet,
My gallant hunter's return to greet ;
And my fire was kindled long before
He cast the burden of game he bore
Down on the earth at my cabin door !
It was for him that I cared to live ;
It was to him that I loved to give
The dower an Indian maiden brought
Of faithful service, and careful thought,
Patience, and strength among hardships taught !
Skilful with arrow, and hook, and snare,
I stay'd the course of the timid hare.
I brought the bird from his joyous height,
I landed the salmon with scales of light ;
And beneath my spear
The speckled deer
Hath fallen, when feeding nigh,
And the dusky blue
Of the death-mist grew
Over his large clear eye !
Boy, there are warriors who loved me well,
Warriors who love me yet,
Whose glances flashing and dark'ning tell
How they are under thy mother's spell :
Shall we trust them and forget ?
Revenge and relief
For desperate grief
In passion tumultuous finding ?
Hush, tempters, hush !
Beyond ye I rush
To the shroud you spray is winding,
Nor venture again
Thro' love and thro' pain
On my heart new fetters binding !
To the good and brave
Our great Sire gave,
When their race of life was run,
The land of shades,
Plains, rivers, and glades,
'Mid the hills of the setting sun ;
And we are bound
For that hunting-ground,
Its beautiful tents and regions mild,
Dazed by the waters' deafening sound ;
We are passing, passing from sorrow, child !
Leaving the summer and spring behind,
Cast, in the green leaf, on tide and wind :
Nor will we stay
Tho' thy sire may pray,
Travel we swiftly on till we sink.
Hark, he is crying,
See, he is trying
To call us back from the foam-crown'd brink !
Are we so dear
Now death is so near ?
Then, it is his turn to sorrow in vain,
While he is losing he loves us again !
And I am regretted,
Neglected, who fretted
When the soft blast of the rain-wind blew,
At the dusk and the dawn,
On the lonely lawn,
In gloomy shadows the pine woods threw.
By mighty river and limpid lake,
Where tremulous reeds and branches quake,
I've hidden my grief for thy father's sake.
But I forgive—
Tho' I would not live,
E'en while he mourns us we'll hasten hence ;
Thou art my own,
My blood and my bone,
Nor will I leave thee in life's suspense !
They harden'd thy sire
By steel and by fire,

Till he scoff'd at each racking pain ;
 His courage is strong,
 He will not mourn long,
 He will live and love again !
 Not long, not long, will he roam that bank,
 He will leave his grief behind,
 For the prairie flowers and grasses rank
 Are surging beneath the wind ;
 My gallant hunter will feed new hopes ;
 The elks, the swans, and the antelopes,
 Bring joy to him with the time and tide,
 The herd of buffaloes ranging wide,
 The trooping wolves 'neath the winter
 moons,
 The grisly bears and the ring'd racoons,

The whooping cranes on their broad white wings,
 The beaver haunting the water springs,
 The porcupine in the cypress trees,
 Tribes of the river, and air, and seas—
 All are his birthright, the bold and free !
 Sometimes, among his brave joys, will he,
 Sadly and kindly, remember me ?
 But she who won
 Him from us, my son !
 Will come with her treacherous smile :
 She grudges us all—
 E'en that tribute small
 Of sorrowful thought away she'll will ;
 For what is the dead love—oh, my child !
 Sleeping death's sleep on the prairie wild,



Hidden in woods, with the owl shrill,
 Bedew'd by clouds on the funeral hill,
 Moor'd on her bier among waters still !
 The tribe moves on, she is left behind,
 To rain and sunshine, to snow and wind :
 Changing, and darkening, and crumbling
 away,

What is the Dead Love of yesterday !
 Silent for ever, a thing of nought,
 Only a shadow—a doleful thought,
 Even to every man-child she brought.

Let us go, let us go !
 Be it ever so low.

Let waves whirl us and hurl us away
 Over the granite wall,
 Fathoms deep let us fall,

Youthful, exulting, death's beautiful prey,
 Wreathed and enshrouded in volumes of spray."

Ages ago her grief was o'er,
 Ages ago her sorrows slept,
 The Isle is seen of men no more
 Where willows and mimosas wept,
 Cedars and pines away are swept ;
 But when the morning lights the sky,
 Men see that Indian gliding by,
 With airy plume and misty vest,
 An infant shadow on her breast,
 Chanting the sorrows that she knew ;
 Her oars keep time, her vague canoe
 Still rides the maddest waters through.

MRS. ACTON TINDAL

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XXXIX. MRS. DUFF'S BILL.

PEAL! peal! peal! came the sound of the night-bell at Jan's window as he lay in bed. For Jan had caused the night-bell to be hung there since he was factotum.

"Where's the good of waking-up the house?" remarked Jan: and he made the alteration.

Jan got up with the first sound, and put his head out at the window. Upon which, Hook—for he was the applicant—advanced. Jan's window being, as you may remember, nearly on a level with the ground, presented favourable auspices for holding a face to face colloquy with night visitors.

"She's mortal bad, sir," was Hook's salutation.

"Who is?" asked Jan. "Alice, or the missis?"

"Not the missis, sir. The other. But I shouldn't ha' liked to trouble you, if you hadn't ordered me."

"I won't be two minutes," said Jan.

It seemed to Hook that Jan was only one, so speedily did he come out. A belief was popular in Deerham that Mr. Jan slept with his clothes on: no sooner would a night summons be delivered to Jan, than Jan was out with the summoner, ready for the start. Before he had closed the surgery door, through which he had to pass, there came another peal, and a woman ran up to him. Jan recognised her for the cook of a wealthy lady in the Belvedere Road, a Mrs. Ellis.

"Law, sir! what a provident mercy that you are up and ready!" exclaimed she. "My mistress is attacked again."

"Well, you know what to do," returned Jan. "You don't want me."

"But she do want you, sir. I have got orders not to go back without you."

"I suppose she has been eating cucumber again," remarked Jan.

"Only a bit of it, sir. About the half of a small one, she took for her supper. And now the spasms is on her dreadful."

"Of course they are," replied Jan. "She knows how cucumber serves her. Well, I can't come. I'll send Mr. Cheese, if you like. But he can do no more good than you can. Give her the drops and get the hot flannels; that's all."

"You are going out, sir!" cried the woman, in a tone that sounded as if she would like to be impertinent. "You are come for him, I suppose?" turning a sharp tongue upon Hook.

"Yes, I be," humbly replied Hook. "Poor Ally—"

The woman set up a scream. "You'd attend her, that miserable castaway, afore you'd attend my mistress!" burst out she to Jan. "Who's Ally Hook, by the side of folks of standing?"

"If she wants attendance, she must have it," was the composed return of Jan. "She has got a body and a soul to be saved, as other folks have. She is in danger; your mistress is not."

"Danger! What has that got to do with it?" angrily answered the woman. "You'll never get paid there, sir."

"I don't expect it," returned Jan. "If you'd like Cheese, that's his window," pointing to one in the house. "Throw a handful of gravel up, and tell him I said he was to attend."

Jan walked off with Hook. He heard a crash of gravel behind him; so, concluded the cook was flinging at Mr. Cheese's window in a temper. As she certainly was: giving Mr. Jan some hard words in the process. Just as Lady Verner had never been able to inculcate suavity on Jan, so Dr. West had found it a hopeless task to endeavour to make Jan understand that, in medical care, the rich should be considered before the poor. Take, for example, that *l'été noire* of Deerham just now, Alice Hook, and put her by the side of a born duchess, Jan would have gone to the one who had most need of him, without reference to who they were or what they were. Evidently there was little hope for Jan.

Jan, with his long legs, outstripped the stooping and hard-worked labouring man. In at the door and up the stairs he went, into the sleeping room.

Did you ever pay a visit to a room of this social grade? If not, you will deem the introduction of this one highly coloured. Had Jan been a head and shoulders shorter he might have been able to stand up in the lean to attic, without touching the lath and plaster of the roof. On a low bedstead, on a flock mattress, lay the mother and two children, about eight and ten. How they made room for Hook also, was a puzzle. Opposite to it, on a straw mattress, slept three sons, grown up, or nearly so; between these beds was another straw mattress where lay Alice and her sister, a year younger: no curtains, no screens, no anything. All were asleep, with the exception of the mother and Alice: the former could not rise from her bed; Alice appeared too ill to rise from hers. Jan stooped his head, and entered.

A few minutes, and he set himself to arouse the sleepers. They might make themselves comfortable in the kitchen, he told them, for the rest of the night: he wanted room in the place to turn himself round, and they must go out of it. And so he bundled them out. Jan was not given to stand upon ceremony. But it is not a pleasant room to linger in, so we will leave Jan to it.

It was pleasanter at Lady Verner's. Enough of air, and light, and accommodation there. But even in that desirable residence it was not all *couleur de rose*. Vexations intrude into the most luxurious home, whatever may be the superfluity of room, the admirable style of the architecture: and they were just now agitating Deerham Court.

On the morning which rose on the above night—as lovely a morning as ever September gave us—Lady Verner and Lucy Tempest received each a

letter from India. Both were from Colonel Tempest. The contents of Lady Verner's annoyed her, and the contents of Lucy's annoyed *her*.

It appeared that some considerable time back; nearly, if not quite, twelve months, Lucy had privately written to Colonel Tempest, urgently requesting to be allowed to go out to join him. She gave no reason or motive for the request, but urged it strongly. That letter, in consequence of the moving about of Colonel Tempest, had only just reached him: and now had arrived the answer to it. He told Lucy that he should very shortly be returning to Europe: therefore it was useless for her to think of going out.

So far, so good. However Lucy might have been vexed or disappointed at the reply—and she was both; still more at the delay which had taken place—there the matter would have ended. But Colonel Tempest, having no idea that Lady Verner was a stranger to this request; inferring, on the contrary, that she was a party to it, and must therefore be growing tired of her charge, had also written to her an elaborate apology for leaving Lucy so long upon her hands, and for being unable to comply with her wish to be relieved of her. This enlightened Lady Verner as to what Lucy had done.

She was very angry. She was worse than angry; she was mortified. And she questioned Lucy a great deal more closely than that young lady liked, as to what her motive could have been, and why she was tired of Deerham Court.

Lucy, all self-conscious of the motive by which she had been really actuated, stood before her like a culprit.

"I am not tired of Deerham Court, Lady Verner. But I wished to be with papa."

"Which is equivalent to saying that you wish to be away from me," retorted my lady. "I ask you why?"

"Indeed, Lady Verner, I am pleased to be with you; I like to be with you. It was not to be away from you that I wrote. It is a long while since I saw papa: so long, that I seem to have forgotten what he is like."

"Can you assure me, in all open truth, that the wish to be with Colonel Tempest was your sole reason for writing, unbiassed by any private feeling touching Deerham?" returned Lady Verner, searching her face keenly. "I charge you answer me, Lucy."

Lucy could not answer that it was her sole reason, unless she told an untruth. Her eyes fell under the gaze bent upon her.

"I see," said Lady Verner. "You need not equivocate more. Is it to me that you have taken a dislike? or to any part of my arrangements?"

"Believe me, dear Lady Verner, that it is neither to you nor to your home," she answered, the tears rising to her eyes. "Believe me, I am as happy here as I ever was: on that score I have no wish to change."

It was an unlucky admission of Lucy's, "on that score." Of course, Lady Verner immediately pressed to know on what other score the wish might be founded. Lucy pleaded the desire to be with her father, which Lady Verner did not believe; and she pleaded nothing else. It was

not satisfactory to my lady, and she kept Lucy the whole of the morning, harping upon the sore point.

Lionel entered, and interrupted the discussion. Lady Verner put him in possession of the facts. That for some cause which Lucy refused to explain, she wanted to leave Deerham Court; had been writing, twelve months back, to Colonel Tempest to be allowed to join him in India; and the negative answer had arrived but that morning. Lady Verner would like the motive for her request explained: but Lucy was obstinate, and would not explain it.

Lionel turned his eyes on Lucy. If she had stood self-conscious before Lady Verner, she stood doubly self-conscious now. Her eyelashes were drooping, her cheeks were crimson.

"She says she has no fault to find with me, no fault to find with the arrangements of my house," pursued Lady Verner. "Then I want to know what else it is that should drive her away from Deerham. Look at her, Lionel! That is how she stands: unable to give me an answer."

Lady Verner might equally well have said, Look at Lionel. He stood self-conscious also. Too well he knew the motive—absence from him—which had actuated Lucy. From him, the married man, the man who had played her false; away, anywhere, from witnessing the daily happiness of him and his wife. He read it all, and Lucy saw that he did.

"It were no such strange wish, surely, to be where my dear papa is!" she exclaimed, the crimson of her cheeks turning to scarlet.

"No," murmured Lionel, "no such strange wish. I wish I could go to India, and free the neighbourhood of my presence!"

A curious wish! Lady Verner did not understand it. Lionel gave her no opportunity to inquire its meaning, for he turned to quit the room and the house. She rose and laid her hand upon his arm to detain him.

"I have an engagement," pleaded Lionel.

"A moment yet. Lionel, what is this nonsense that is disturbing the equanimity of Deerham? About a ghost?"

"Ah, what indeed?" returned Lionel, in a careless tone, as if he would make light of it. "You know what Deerham is, mother. Some think Dan Duff saw his own shadow, some a white cow in the pound. Either is sufficient marvel for Deerham."

"So vulgar a notion!" reiterated Lady Verner, resuming her seat, and taking her essence bottle in her delicately gloved hands. "I wonder you don't stop it, Lionel."

"I!" cried Lionel, opening his eyes in considerable surprise. "How am I to stop it?"

"You are the lord of Deerham. It is vulgar, I say, to have such a report afloat on your estate."

Lionel smiled. "I don't know how you are to put away vulgarity from stargazers and villagers. Or ghosts, either—if they once get ghosts in their heads."

He finally left the Court, and turned towards home. His mother's words about the ghost had brought the subject to his mind. If, indeed, it had required bringing: but the whispered com-

munication of the vicar the previous night had scarcely been out of his thoughts since. It troubled him. In spite of himself, of his good sense and reason, there was an undercurrent of uneasiness at work within him. Why should there be? Lionel could not have explained had he been required to do it. That Frederick Massingbird was dead and buried, there could be no shade of doubt: and ghosts had no place in the creed of Lionel Verner. All true: but the consciousness of uneasiness was there, and he could not ignore it.

In the last few days, the old feeling touching Lucy had been revived with unpleasant force. Since that night which she had spent at his house, when they saw, or fancied they saw, a man hiding himself under the tree, he had thought of her more than was agreeable; more than was right, he would have said, but that he saw not how to avoid it. The little episode of this morning at his mother's house had served to open his eyes most completely: to show him how intense was his love for Lucy Tempest. It must be confessed that his wife did little towards striving to retain his love.

He went along, thinking of these things: he would have put them from him; but he could not. The more he tried, the more unpleasantly vivid they became. "Tush!" said Lionel. "I must be getting nervous! I'll ask Jan to give me a draught."

He was passing Dr. West's as he spoke, and he turned into the surgery. Sitting on the bung of a large stone jar was Master Cheese, his attitude a disconsolate one, his expression of countenance rebellious.

"Is Mr. Jan at home?" asked Lionel.

"No, he's not at home, sir," replied Master Cheese, as if the fact were some personal grievance of his own. "Here's all the patients, all the making up of the physio left in my charge, and I'd like to know how I am to do it? I can't go out fifty ways at a time?"

"And so you expedite the matter by not going to one! Where is Mr. Jan?"

"He was fetched out in the night to that beautiful Ally Hook," grumbled Master Cheese. "It's a shame, sir, folks are saying, for him to give his time to her. I had to leave my warm bed and march out to that fanciful Mother Ellis through it, who's always getting the spasms. And I had about forty poor here this morning, and couldn't get a bit of comfortable breakfast for 'em. Miss Delb, she never kept my bacon warm, or anything; and somebody had eaten the meat out of the veal pie when I got back. Jan will have those horrid poor here twice a week, and if I speak against it, he tells me to hold my tongue."

"But is Mr. Jan not back yet from Hook's?"

"No, sir, he's not," was the resentful response. "He has never come back at all since he went, and that was at four o'clock this morning. If he had gone to cut off all the arms in the house he couldn't have been longer! And I wish him joy of it! He'll get no breakfast. They have got nothing for themselves but bread and water."

Lionel left his draught an open question, and departed. As he turned into the principal street

again, he saw Master Dan Duff at the door of his mother's shop. A hasty impulse prompted Lionel to question the boy of what he saw that unlucky night; or believed he saw. He crossed over; but Master Dan retreated inside the shop. Lionel followed him.

"Well, Dan! Have you overcome the fright of the cow yet?"

"'Twarn't a cow, please, sir," replied Dan, timidly. "'Twere a ghost."

"Whose ghost?" returned Lionel.

Dan hesitated. He stood first on one leg then on the other.

"Please, sir, 'twarn't Rachel's," said he presently.

"Whose then?" repeated Lionel.

"Please, sir, mother said I warn't to tell you. Roy, he said, if I told it to anybody, I should be took and hunged."

"But I say that you are to tell me," said Lionel. And his pleasant tone, combined with the fact perhaps that he was Mr. Verner, effected more with Dan Duff than his mother's sharp tone or Roy's threatening one.

"Please, sir," glancing round to make sure that his mother was not within hearing, "'twere Mr. Fred Massingbird's. They can't talk me out on't, sir. I see'd the porkypine as plain as I see'd him. He were—"

Dan brought his information to a summary stand-still. Bustling down the stairs was that revered mother. She came in, curtsying fifty times to Lionel. "What could she have the honour of serving him with?" He was leaning over the counter, and she concluded he had come to patronise the shop.

Lionel laughed.

"I am a profitless customer, I believe, Mrs. Duff. I was only talking to Dan."

Dan sidled off to the street-door. Once there, he took to his heels, out of harm's way. Mr. Verner might get telling his mother more particulars, and it was as well to be at a safe distance.

Lionel, however, had no intention to betray trust. He stood chatting a few minutes with Mrs. Duff. He and Mrs. Duff had been great friends when he was an Eton boy: many a time had he ransacked her shop over for flies and gut and other fishing tackle, a supply of which Mrs. Duff professed to keep. She listened to him with a somewhat pre-occupied manner: in point of fact, she was debating a question with herself.

"Sir," said she, rubbing her hands nervously one over the other, "I should like to make bold to ask a favour of you. But I don't know how it might be took. I'm fearful it might be took as a cause of offence."

"Not by me. What is it?"

"It's a delicate thing, sir, to have to ask about," resumed she. "And I shouldn't venture, sir, to speak to you, but that I'm so put to it, and that I've got it in my head it's through the fault of the servants."

She spoke with evident reluctance. Lionel, he scarcely knew why, leaped to the conclusion that she was about to say something regarding the subject then agitating Deerham—the ghost of Frederick Massingbird. Unconsciously to him-

self, the pleasant manner changed to one of constraint.

"Say what you have to say, Mrs. Duff."

"Well, sir—but I'm sure I beg a hundred thousand pardons for mentioning of it—it's about the bill," she answered, lowering her voice. "If I could be paid, sir, it 'ud be the greatest help to me. I don't know hardly how to keep on."

No revelation touching the ghost could have given Lionel the surprise imparted by these ambiguous words. But his constraint was gone.

"I do not understand you, Mrs. Duff. What bill?"

"The bill what's owing to me, sir, from Verner's Pride. It's a large sum for me, sir,—thirty-two pound odd. I have to keep up my payments for my goods, sir, whether or not, or I should be a bankrupt to-morrow. Things is hard upon me just now, sir: though I don't want everybody to know it. There's that big son o' mine, Dick, out o' work. If I could have the bill, or only part of it, it 'ud be like a God-send."

"Who owes you the bill?" asked Lionel.

"It's your good lady, sir, Mrs. Verner."

"Who?" echoed Lionel, his accent quite a sharp one.

"Mrs. Verner, sir."

Lionel stood gazing at the woman. He could not take in the information: he believed there must be some mistake.

"It were for things supplied between the time Mrs. Verner came home after your marriage, sir, and when she went to London in the spring. The French Madmizel, sir, came down and ordered some on 'em; and Mrs. Verner herself, sir, ordered others."

Lionel looked around the shop. He did not disbelieve the woman's words, but he was in a maze of astonishment. Perhaps a doubt of the French-woman crossed his mind.

"There's nothing here that Mrs. Verner would wear!" he exclaimed.

"There's many odds and ends of things here, sir, as is useful to a lady's toilette—and you'd be surprised, sir, to find how such things mounts up when they be had continual. But the chief part o' the bill, sir, is for two silk gownds as was had off our traveller. Mrs. Verner, sir, she happened to be here when he called in one day last winter, and she saw his patterns, and she chose two dresses, and said she'd buy 'em of me if I ordered 'em. Which in course I did, sir, and paid for 'em, and sent 'em up. I saw her wear 'em both, sir, after they was made up, and very nice they looked."

Lionel had heard quite enough.

"Where is the bill?" he inquired.

"It have been sent in, sir, long ago. When I found Mrs. Verner didn't pay it afore she went away, I made bold to write and ask her. Miss West she give me the address in London, and said she wished she could pay me herself. I didn't get a answer, sir, and I made bold to write again, and I never got one then. Twice I have been up to Verner's Pride, sir, since you come home this time, but I can't get to see Mrs. Verner. That French Madmizel's one o' the best I ever see at putting folks off. Sir, it goes again the grain to

trouble you; and if I could have got to see Mrs. Verner, I never would have said a word. Perhaps if you'd be so good as to tell her, sir, how hard I'm put to it, she'd send me a little."

"I am sure she will," said Lionel. "You shall have your money to-day, Mrs. Duff."

He turned out of the shop, a scarlet spot of emotion on his cheek. Thirty-two pounds owing to poor Mrs. Duff! Was it *thoughtlessness* on Sibylla's part? He strove to beat down the conviction that it was a less excusable error.

But the Verner pride had been wounded to its very core.

CHAPTER XL. A LIFE HOVERING IN THE BALANCE.

GATHERED before a target on the lawn, in their archery costume gleaming with green and gold, was a fair group, shooting their arrows in the air. Far more went into the air than struck the target. They were the visitors of Verner's Pride: and Sibylla, the hostess, was the gayest, the merriest, the fairest among them.

Lionel came on to the terrace, descended the steps, and crossed the lawn to join them: as courtly, as apparently gay, as if that bill of Mrs. Duff's was not making havoc of his heartstrings. They all ran to surround him: it was not often they had so attractive a host to surround: and attractive men are, and always will be, welcome to women. A few minutes, a quarter of an hour given to them, an unruffled smoothness on his brow, a smile upon his lips, and then he contrived to draw his wife aside.

"Oh, Lionel, I forgot to tell you," she exclaimed. "Poynton has been here. He knows of the most charming pair of grey ponies, he says. And they can be ours if secured at once."

"I don't want grey ponies," replied Lionel.

"But I do," cried Sibylla. "You say I am too timid to drive. It is all nonsense; I should soon get over the timidity. I will learn to drive, Lionel. Mrs. Jocelyn, come here," she called out.

Mrs. Jocelyn, a young and pretty woman, almost as pretty as Sibylla, answered to the summons.

"Tell Mr. Verner what Poynton said about the ponies."

"Oh, you must not miss the opportunity," cried Mrs. Jocelyn to Lionel. "They are perfectly beautiful, the man said. Very dear, of course; but you know nobody looks at money when buying horses for a lady. Mrs. Verner must have them. You might secure them to-day."

"I have no room in my stables for more horses," said Lionel, smiling at Mrs. Jocelyn's eagerness.

"Yes you have, Lionel," interposed his wife, "or room must be made. I have ordered the ponies to be brought."

"I shall send them back," said Lionel laughing.

"Don't you wish your wife to take to driving, Mr. Verner? Don't you like to see a lady drive? Some don't."

"I think there is no necessity for a lady to

drive, while she has a husband at her side to drive for her," was the reply of Lionel.

"Well—if I had such a husband as you to drive for me, I don't know but I might subscribe to that doctrine," candidly avowed Mrs. Jocelyn. "I would not miss these ponies, were I Mrs. Verner. They are calling me. It is my turn, I suppose."

"She ran back to the shooting. Sibylla was following her, but Lionel caught her hand, and drew her into a covered walk. Placing her hand within his arm, he began to pace it.

"I must go back, too, Lionel."

"Presently. Sibylla, I have been terribly vexed this morning."

"Oh, now Lionel, don't you begin about 'vexing,'" interrupted Sibylla, in the foolish, light, affected manner, which had grown worse of late, more intolerable to Lionel. "I have ordered the ponies. Poynton will send them in; and if there's really not room in the stables, you must see about it, and give orders that room must be made."

"I cannot buy the ponies," he firmly said. "My dear, I have given in to your every wish, to your most trifling whim; but, as I told you a few days ago, these ever-recurring needless expenses I cannot stand. Sibylla"—and his voice grew hoarse—"do you know that I am becoming embarrassed?"

"I don't care if you are," pouted Sibylla. "I must have the ponies."

His heart ached. Was this the loving wife—the intelligent companion for whom he had once yearned?—the friend who should be as his own soul? He had married the Sibylla of his imagination; and he awoke to find Sibylla—what she was. The disappointment was heavy upon him always; but there were moments when he could have cried out aloud in its sharp bitterness.

"Sibylla, you know the state in which some of my tenants live; the miserable dwellings they are forced to inhabit. I must change this state of things. I believe it to be a duty for which I am accountable to God. How am I to set about it if you ruin me?"

Sibylla put her fingers to her ears. "I can't stand to listen when you preach, Lionel. It is as bad as a sermon."

It was ever thus. He could not attempt to reason with her. Anything like sensible conversation she could not or would not hold. Lionel, considerate to her as he ever was, felt provoked.

"Do you know that this unfortunate affair of Alice Hook's is laid remotely to me?" he said, a sternness which he could not help in his tone. "People are saying that if I gave them decent dwellings, decent conduct would ensue. It is so. God knows that I feel its truth more keenly than my reproachers."

"The dwellings are good enough for the poor."

"Sibylla? You cannot think it. The laws of God and man alike demand a change. 'Child,' he continued in a softer tone, as he took her hand in his, 'let us bring the case home to ourselves. Suppose that you and I had to sleep in a room a few feet square, no chimney, no air, and that

others tenanted it with us? Girls and boys growing up: nay, grown up, some of them; men and women as we are, Sibylla. The beds huddled together, no space between them; sickness, fever—"

"I am only shutting my ears," interrupted Sibylla. "You pretend to be so careful of me—you would not even let me go to that masked ball in Paris—and yet put these horrid pictures into my mind! I think you ought to be ashamed of it, Lionel. People sleeping in the same room with us!"

"If the picture be revolting, what must be the reality?" was his rejoinder. "They have to endure it."

"They are used to it," retorted Sibylla. "They are brought up to nothing better."

"Just so. And therefore their perceptions of right and wrong are deadened. The wonder is not that Alice Hook has lost herself, but that—"

"I don't want to hear about Alice Hook," interrupted Sibylla. "She is not very good to talk about."

"I have been openly told, Sibylla, that the reproach should lie at my door."

"I believe it is not the first reproach of the kind that has been cast to you," answered Sibylla, with cutting sarcasm.

He did not know what she meant, or in what sense to take the remark: but his mind was too pre-occupied to linger on it.

"With these things staring me in the face, how can I find money for superfluous vanities? The time has come when I am compelled to make a stand against it. I will, I must have decent dwellings on my estate, and I shall set about the work without a day's loss of time. For that reason, if for no other, I cannot buy the ponies."

"I have bought them," coolly interrupted Sibylla.

"Then, my dear, you must forgive me if I countermand the purchase. I am resolute, Sibylla," he continued, in a firm tone. "For the first time since our marriage, I must deny your wish. I cannot let you bring me to beggary, because it would also involve you. Another year or two of this extravagance, and I should be on the verge of it."

Sibylla flung his arm from her. "Do you want to keep me as a beggar? I will have the ponies!"

He shook his head. "The subject is settled, Sibylla. If you cannot think for yourself, I must think for you. But it was not to speak of the ponies that I brought you here. What is it that you owe to Mrs. Duff?"

Sibylla's colour heightened. "It is no business of yours, Lionel, what I owe her. There may be some little trifle or other down in her book. It will be time enough for you to concern yourself with my little petty debts when you are asked to pay them."

"Then that time is the present one, with regard to Mrs. Duff. She applied to me for the money this morning. At least, she asked if I would speak to you—which is the same thing. She says you owe her thirty-two pounds. Sibylla,

I had far rather been stabbed than have heard it."

"A fearful sum, truly, to be doled out of your coffers!" cried Sibylla, sarcastically. "You'll never recover it, I should think!"

"Not that, not that," was the reply of Lionel, his tone one of pain. "Sibylla! have you no sense of the fitness of things? Is it seemly for the mistress of Verner's Pride to keep a poor woman, as Mrs. Duff is, out of her money; a humble shopkeeper who has to pay her way as she goes on?"

"I wish Fred had lived! He would never have taken me to task, as you do."

"I wish he had!" was the retort in Lionel's heart: but he bit his lips to silence: exchanging the words after a few minutes' pause for others.

"You would have found Frederick Massingbird a less indulgent husband to you than I have been," he firmly said. "But these remarks are profitless, and will add to the comfort of neither you nor me. Sibylla, I shall send, in your name, to pay this bill of Mrs. Duff's. Will you give it me?"

"I daresay Benoit can find it, if you choose to ask her."

"And, my dear, let me beg of you not to contract these paltry debts. There have been others, as you know. I do not like that Mrs. Verner's name should be thus bandied in the village. What you buy in the village, pay for at once."

"How can I pay while you stint me?"

"Stint you!" repeated Lionel in amazement. *Stint you!*

"It's nothing but stinting—going on at me as you do!" she sullenly answered. "You would like to deprive me of the horses I have set my mind upon! You know you would!"

"The horses you cannot have, Sibylla," he answered, his tone a decisive one. "I have already said it."

It aroused her anger.

"If you don't let me have the horses, and everything else I want, I'll go where I can have them."

What did she mean? Lionel's cheek turned white with the taunt the words might be supposed to imply. He held her two hands in his, pressing them nervously.

"You shall not force me to quarrel with you, Sibylla," he continued with emotion. "I have almost registered a vow that no offensive word or conduct on your part shall make me forget myself for a moment; or render me other than an ever considerate, tender husband. It may be that our marriage was a mistake for both of us: but we shall do well to make the best of it. It is the only course remaining."

He spoke in a strangely earnest tone: one of deep agitation. Sibylla was aroused. She had believed that Lionel blindly loved her. Otherwise she might have been more careful to retain his love: there's no knowing.

"How do you mean that our marriage was a mistake for both of us?" she hastily cried.

"You do your best to remind me continually that it must be so," was his reply.

"Psha!" returned Sibylla. And Lionel, without another word, quitted her and walked away.

In these moments, above all others, would the image of Lucy Tempest rise up before his sight. Beat it down as he would, it was ever present to him. A mistake in his marriage? Ay; none, save Lionel, knew how fatal a one.

He passed on direct to the terrace, avoiding the lawn, traversed it, and went out at the large gates. Thence he made his way to Poynton's, the veterinary surgeon, who also dealt in horses. At least, dealt in them so far as that he would buy and sell when employed to do so.

The man was in his yard, watching a horse go through his paces. He came forward to meet Lionel.

"Mrs. Verner has been talking to you about some ponies, she tells me," began Lionel. "What are they?"

"A very handsome pair, sir. Just the thing for a lady to drive. They are to be sold for a hundred and fifty pounds. It's under their value."

"Spirited?"

"Yes. They have their mettle about them. Good horses always have, you know, sir. Mrs. Verner has given me the commission."

"Which I am come to rescind," replied Lionel, calling up a light smile to his face. "I cannot have my wife's neck risked by her attempting to drive spirited ponies, Poynton. She knows nothing of driving, is constitutionally timid, and—in short, I do not wish the order executed."

"Very well, sir," was the man's reply. "There's no harm done. I was at Verner's Pride with that horse that's ill, and Mrs. Verner spoke to me about some ponies. It was only to-day I heard these were in the market, and I mentioned them to her. But for all I know, they may be already sold."

Lionel turned to walk out of the yard.

"After Mrs. Verner shall have learnt to drive, then we shall see: perhaps we may buy a pair," he remarked. "My opinion is that she will not learn: after a trial or two she will give it up."

"All right, sir."

Jan was coming up the road from Deerham as Lionel departed, coming along with his long strides. Lionel advanced leisurely to meet him.

"One would think you were walking for a wager, Jan!"

"Ay," said Jan. "This is my first round to-day. Bitterworths' have sent for me in desperate haste. Folks always get ill at the wrong time."

"Why don't you ride?" asked Lionel, turning with Jan, and stepping out at the same pace.

"There was no time to get the horse ready. I can walk it nearly as fast. I have had no breakfast yet."

"No breakfast!" echoed Lionel.

"I dived into the kitchen and caught up a piece of bread out of the basket. Half my patients must do without me to-day. I have only just got away from Hook's."

"How is the girl?"

"In great danger," replied Jan.

"She is ill, then?"

"So ill that I don't think she'll last the day out. The child's dead. I must cut across the

fields back there again, after I have seen what's amiss at Bitterworth's."

The words touching Alice Hook caused quite a shock to Lionel. "It will be a sad thing, Jan, if she should die!"

"I don't think I can save her. This comes of the ghost. I wonder how many more folks will get frightened to death."

Lionel paused.

"Was it really that alone that frightened the girl, and caused her illness? How very absurd the thing sounds! And yet serious."

"I can't make it out," remarked Jan. "Here's Bourne now, says he saw it. There's only one solution of the riddle that I can come to."

"What's that?" asked Lionel.

"Well," said Jan, "it's not a pleasant one."

"You can tell it me, Jan, pleasant or unpleasant."

"Not pleasant for you I mean, Lionel. I'll tell you if you like."

Lionel looked at him.

"Speak."

"I think it must be Fred Massingbird himself."

The answer appeared to take Lionel by surprise. Possibly he had not admitted the doubt.

"Fred Massingbird himself! I don't understand you, Jan."

"Fred himself, in life," repeated Jan. "I fancy it will turn out that he did not die in Australia. He may have been very ill perhaps, and they fancied him dead: and now he is well, and has come over."

Every vestige of colour forsook Lionel's face.

"Jan!" he uttered, partly in terror, partly in anger. "Jan!" he repeated from between his bloodless lips. "Have you thought of the position in which your hint would place my wife?—the reflection it would cast upon her? How dare you?"

"You told me to speak," was Jan's composed answer. "I said you'd not like it. Speaking of it, or keeping silence, won't make it any the better, Lionel."

"What could possess you to think of such a thing?"

"There's nothing else that I can think of. Look here! Is there such a thing as a ghost? Is that probable?"

"Nonsense! No," said Lionel.

"Then what can it be, unless it's Fred himself? Lionel, were I you, I'd look the matter full in the face. It is Fred Massingbird, or it is not. If not, the sooner the mystery is cleared up the better, and the fellow brought to book and punished. It's not to be submitted to that he is to stride about for his own pastime, terrifying people to their injury. Is Alice Hook's life nothing? Were Dan Duff's senses nothing?—and, upon my word, I once thought there was good-by to them."

Lionel did not answer. Jan continued.

"If it is Fred himself, the fact can't be long concealed. He'll be sure to make himself known. Why he should not do it at once, I can't imagine. Unless—"

"Unless what?" asked Lionel.

"Well, you are so touchy on all points relating to Sibylla, that one hesitates to speak," continued Jan. "I was going to say, unless he fears the shock to Sibylla; and would let her be prepared for it by degrees."

"Jan," gasped Lionel, "it would kill her."

"No it wouldn't," dissented Jan. "She's not one to be killed by emotion of any sort. Or much stirred by it, as I believe, if you care for my opinion. It would not be pleasant for you or for her, but she'd not die of it."

Lionel wiped the moisture from his face. From the moment Jan had first spoken, a conviction seemed to arise within him that the suggestion would turn out to be only too true a one—that the ghost, in point of fact, was Frederick Massingbird in life.

"This is awful!" he murmured. "I would sacrifice my own life to save Sibylla from pain."

"Where'd be the good of that?" asked practical Jan. "If it is Fred Massingbird in the flesh, she's his wife and not yours: your sacrificing yourself—as you call it, Lionel—would not make her any the less or the more so. I am abroad a good deal at night, especially now when there's so much sickness about, and I shall perhaps come across the fellow. Won't I pin him if I get the chance."

"Jan," said Lionel, catching hold of his brother's arm to detain him as he was speeding away, for they had reached the gate of Verner's Pride, "be cautious that not a breath of this suspicion escapes you. For my poor wife's sake."

"No fear," answered Jan. "If it gets about, it won't be from me, mind. I am going to believe in the ghost henceforth, you understand. Except to you and Bourne."

"If it gets about," mechanically answered Lionel, repeating the words which made most impression upon his mind. "You think it will?"

"Think! It's safe to," answered Jan. "Had old Frost, and Dan Duff, and Cheese, not been great gulls, they'd have taken it for Fred himself; not his ghost. Bourne suspects. From a hint he dropped to me just now at Hook's, I find he takes the same view of the case that I do."

"Since when have you suspected this, Jan?"

"Not for many hours. Don't keep me, Lionel. Bitterworth may be dying, for aught I know, and so may Alice Hook."

Jan went on like a steam-engine. Lionel remained, standing at his entrance-gate, more like a prostrate being than a living man.

Thought after thought crowded upon him. If it was really Frederick Massingbird in life, how was it that he had not made his appearance before? Where had he been all this while? Considerably more than two years had elapsed since the supposed death. To the best of Lionel's recollection, Sibylla had said Captain Cannonby buried her husband: but it was a point into which Lionel had never minutely inquired. Allow that Jan's suggestion was correct—that he did not die—where had he been since? What had prevented him joining or seeking his wife? What prevented him doing it now? From what motive could he be in concealment in the neighbourhood, stealthily prowling about at night? Why did he not appear openly?

Oh it could not,—it could not be Frederick Massingbird.

Which way should he bend his steps? Indoors, or away? Not indoors! He could scarcely bear to see his wife with this dreadful uncertainty upon him. Restless, anxious, perplexed, miserable, Lionel Verner turned towards Deerham.

There are some natures upon whom a secret, awful as this, tells with appalling force, rendering it next to impossible to keep silence. The imparting it to some friend, the speaking of it, appears to be a matter of dire necessity—and so it was in this instance to Lionel Verner.

He was on his way to the vicarage. Jan had mentioned that Mr. Bourne shared the knowledge—if knowledge it could be called: and he was one in whom might be placed entire trust.

He walked onwards, like one in a fever dream, nodding mechanically in answer to salutations; answering he knew not what if words were spoken to him. The vicarage joined the churchyard, and the vicar was standing in the latter as Lionel came up, watching two men who were digging a grave. He crossed over the mounds to shake hands with Lionel.

Lionel drew him into the vicarage garden, amidst the trees. It was shady there; the outer world shut out from eye and ear.

"I can't beat about the bush; I can't dissemble," began Lionel, in deep agitation. "Tell me your true opinion of this business, for the love of heaven! I have come down to you for it."

The vicar paused. "My dear friend, I feel almost afraid to give it to you."

"I have been speaking with Jan. He thinks it may be Frederick Massingbird—not dead, but alive."

"I fear it is," answered the clergyman. "Within the last half-hour I have fully believed that it is."

Lionel leaned his back against a tree, his arms folded. Tolerably calm outwardly: but he could not get the healthy blood back to his face. "Why within the last half-hour more than before?" he asked. "Has anything fresh happened?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bourne. "I went down to Hook's: the girl's not expected to live the day through—but that you may have heard from Jan. In coming away, your gamekeeper met me. He stopped, and began asking my advice in a mysterious manner—whether, if a secret affecting his master had come to his knowledge, he ought, or ought not, to impart it to his master. I felt sure what the man was driving at—that it could be no other thing than this ghost affair—and gave him a hint to speak out to me in confidence. Which he did."

"Well?" rejoined Lionel.

"He said," continued Mr. Bourne, lowering his voice, "that he passed a man last night who, he was perfectly certain, was Frederick Massingbird. Not Frederick Massingbird's ghost, as foolish people were fancying, Broom added, but Massingbird himself. He was in doubt whether or not it was his duty to acquaint Mr. Verner: and so he asked me. I bade him not acquaint you," continued the vicar, "but to bury the suspicion within his own breast, breathing a word to none."

Evidence upon evidence! Every moment brought less loop-hole of escape for Lionel to lean

upon. "How can it be?" he gasped. "If he is not dead, where can he have been all this while?"

"I conclude it will turn out to be one of those every-day occurrences that have little marvel at all in them. My thoughts were busy upon it, while standing over the grave yonder. I suppose he must have been to the Diggings. Possibly laid up there from illness, and letters may have miscarried."

"You feel little doubt upon the fact itself—that it is Frederick Massingbird?"

"I feel none. It is certainly he. Won't you come in and sit down?"

"No, no," said Lionel. And, drawing his hand from the vicar's, he went forth again, he, and his heavy weight. Frederick Massingbird alive!

(To be continued.)

CO-OPERATIVE ASSOCIATIONS IN ENGLAND.

IN 1845 there appeared an article in the "Edinburgh Review," from the able pen of Mr. John Stuart Mill, wherein allusion was made to a small work published several years previously by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, and which was intended to assist in enlightening the minds of the labouring classes with respect to the true rights of industry, and in dispelling certain prevalent but extremely erroneous ideas respecting the effects of machinery upon the value of human labour. In his remarks on this little book—which, by the by, was written by Mr. Charles Knight, and not by Lord Brougham, as popularly supposed—Mr. Mill stated that it contained some advice to the working classes "which produced considerable comment at the time (1831). It exhorted them to become capitalists. To most labouring men who read it, this exhortation probably appeared ironical. But some of the more intelligent of the class found a meaning in it. It did occur to them that there was a mode in which they could make themselves capitalists. Not, of course, individually, but by bringing their small means into a common fund, by forming a numerous partnership or joint-stock, they could, as it seemed to them, become their own employers,* dispense with the agency of receivers of profit, and share amongst themselves the entire produce of their labour. This was a most desirable experiment. It would have been an excellent thing to have ascertained whether any great industrial enterprise, a manufactory for example, could be successfully carried out upon this principle." But it so happened that while Mr. Mill was thus giving utterance to the foregoing opinions, a few simple-minded working men, with stout arms and trusty hearts, had actually commenced the "desirable experiment." The poor fellows had been nearly ruined by a strike which had taken place in their trade, and were naturally somewhat weary of a policy which produced no other results to themselves than misery and starvation, without any compensating advantages. This led to some discussion on their part, during which the question of industrial organisation was mooted with success; and immediately afterwards was formed that re-

markable association which has since attracted so much attention, under the name of "The Rochdale Equitable Pioneers' Co operative Society."

It is true that such associations were not new in this country—Mr. Charles Knight having, in one of his works, explained that the various companies of actors in Elizabeth's time were based on co-operative principles, Shakespear himself having acquired his fortune in this way—but it was not until within the last few years that the system began to be properly understood by those who naturally possess the largest stake in its success. The original programme of the Rochdale co-operators was not entirely free from the theoretical leaven which permeated the various social schemes of Robert Owen, St. Simon, Fourier, and other visionary dreamers; but—to their honour be it written—these poor working men refused to be blinded by prejudice, and courageously learned to profit by the teachings of experience, which bade them discard the absurd and somewhat extravagant pretensions set forth in their first prospectus. Commencing in 1844, with 28 members and a capital of 25*l.*, formed of small weekly contributions, they now (1862) find themselves in possession of a fund amounting to 42,961*l.* 14*s.* 1*d.*, and numbering upwards of 3900 members. The amount of business transacted at the Rochdale Stores during the past year was not less than 176,206*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* They also possess several other associations, one of which, the Rochdale District Corn Mill Society, owns a capital of 29,000*l.*, and numbers 700 members; the amount of business transacted last year being 166,800*l.* Besides these, they have established reading-rooms, libraries, lecture halls, &c., and are voluntarily subscribing 23*l.* per week towards the relief of their poorer members and the public during the present disastrous crisis in the cotton trade. The example of Rochdale has been followed in other places, such as Bacup, where the association numbers 1848 members, and possesses a capital of 13,439*l.* 16*s.* 10*d.*

Subjoined is a table of the principal societies:—

NAME.	Number of Members.	Capital or Funds.			Business transacted during 1861.		
		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Accrington	500	2787	13	10	12,215	11	1
Batley Carr	700	4147	11	8½	16,502	8	7
Blackburn (9 Societies).	932	2742	17	11	2,117	8	10½
Bolton	494	2958	4	6	10,420	4	0
Brickfield	347	3300	0	0	13,445	0	0
Bury	1640	2758	0	0	67,525	8	6
Crewe	340	2400	0	0	28,000	0	0
Dukensfield	850	5385	9	2	8,172	6	9½
Greensacre's Hill	824	812	0	0	47,674	0	0
Ilkley	2850	14,000	0	0	42,000	0	0
Heckmondwike	400	1715	0	2	15,640	14	4
Hewwood	860	4563	0	0	76,333	0	0
Horscroft	420	3125	4	0	13,520	0	0
Liverpool	2140	4562	5	11½	8,135	19	8
Manchester (4 Societies).	2605	9419	0	0	78,754	4	1
Staleybridge	1500	4000	0	0	70,817	0	0½

The above are taken from a list containing the names of 150 societies, of which no less than 121 have commenced since 1856. These societies, which are only a portion of those known to be in existence, number 48,184 members, possess a capital of 333,290*l.*, and transacted business during 1861 to the amount of 1,512,117*l.*

With few exceptions, they are devoted to the establishment of provision stores, it having been ascertained that such concerns generally prove the most successful mode of investing the subscribed capital.

The mode of business, as generally conducted, is extremely simple. All transactions are for cash, no credit being allowed; and a simple but efficient system is adopted for the purpose of ascertaining and registering the amount of purchases made by each customer. The profits are divided quarterly, five per cent. per annum being allowed on all paid-up shares, and the remainder equally distributed amongst the members in proportion to the amount of purchases individually made by them.

In this way many working men have acquired large sums, with very little risk or trouble; hence it is not surprising to find that these associations are rapidly increasing in number and popularity, or that the principles on which they are based should be applied to purposes of a more speculative nature, such as the formation of manufacturing companies.

The establishment of co-operative cotton spinning and weaving associations has been considerably accelerated by the high rate of profits obtained previous to the outbreak of hostilities in America; and, as might be expected, Rochdale was one of the earliest, if not the first, in the field. The two mills of that town were erected at a cost of 70,000*l.*, and employ about 300 hands. There are others at Bacup and elsewhere. These establishments are conducted for the most part on the same principles as the provision stores, excepting that the *workers* take the place of the *customers* in the quarterly participation of profits, but of late there has been observable a tendency to act more on the joint-stock system *pure et simple*, and to pay the workers the current rate of wages, and no more, leaving the whole of the profits to be divided amongst the shareholders alone. This has given rise to much controversy and discussion on the part of those concerned, which curiously illustrates how the love of gain proves as insatiable in the case of the humble co-operative as in that of the wealthy millionaire.

The present depression of the cotton-trade has severely tested the stability of these associations, not a few (including that of Rochdale) having to work "short time," while several have had to close their doors, or, in one or two cases, to break up altogether; but there appears to exist a determination to make every possible sacrifice in the attempt to weather the terrible storm which has overtaken the unfortunate operatives of Lancashire. But for the habits of economy and thrift engendered by these co-operative associations, the present distress would have been far more deeply felt by the industrial classes of the cotton manufacturing districts; a fact which should be remembered when the tide of prosperity returns to Lancashire and its suffering population.

In the midland counties the example set by Rochdale has been productive of results pregnant with hope for the future of the agricultural labourer.

Clipston, in Northamptonshire, is an agricultural village, containing about 800 inhabitants,

situated near Market Harborough, and not far from the memorable battle-field of Naseby, where the unfortunate Charles lost his crown, and was compelled to flee, a throneless fugitive, to Leicester. The inhabitants of Clipston are principally engaged in farm-labour, which brings them about 10s. or 11s. per week—not a very great sum, yet much higher than can be obtained in many parts of the southern counties.

A copy of Mr. William Chambers's tract on co-operation fell into the hands of some of the more intelligent of these labourers, who displayed their latent energies by immediately forming an association similar to that at Rochdale, but, of course, on a far more modest scale, which they have successfully carried on up to the present time. This was in June, 1861, when they started with 34 members, and a capital of about 34l. They now (September, 1862) number 56 members, with funds to the amount of 90l.; the amount of business transacted during the first twelve months of their existence being 1110l. 7s. 9d.

No wonder that our friend Hodge has become elated, and, in brisk emulation of his Rochdale brethren, is busily engaged in devising plans for the erection of large bakeries, or whispering of co-operative farms, where the labourers shall be their own employers! The thin end of the wedge has been inserted, and it is impossible to predict the ultimate results which may arise therefrom.

The same influences which have had so large a share in forming the character of the Lancashire operative are busy at work amongst the semi-pauperised inhabitants of our rural towns and villages, and thereby preparing the way for a complete social, moral, and intellectual change in the habits of our rustic populations.

No real lover of his kind can reflect on these silent but widely spread movements in town and country, without a feeling of relief that working men should have learned to economise their hard-earned wages, and to acquire habits of frugality, providence, and self-help, rather than become the victims of senseless and ruinous strikes, or addicted to wasting their time on the alehouse bench. If the spread of co-operative societies produced no other results than these, they would be valuable as popular adjuncts in the social education of the masses, and it is both unwise and mischievous to criticise their proceedings in the narrow and restricted spirit of a false political economy. By inculcating the principles of self-government they are indirectly preparing the people for the exercise of a larger share of political power than that which they now possess; and by familiarising their members with the doctrines of economic science they are bringing about an amelioration of the numerous unhappy disputes which embitter the relations of labour and capital.

JOHN PLUMMER.

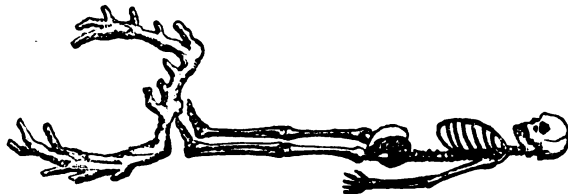
THE ORNAMENTS, IMPLEMENTS, AND WEAPONS OF OUR BRITISH ANCESTORS.

We head this article with an engraving of part of the contents of an ancient place of interment—the skeleton of some hunter, perhaps, buried with a stag's antlers at his feet, the sign of an occupation which he pursued when in this life. These remains were found in Dale Park, near Arundel, in 1810. Our ancient graves, although exhibiting a certain uniformity in their deposits, occasionally seemed to yield some hints of the occupations of their tenants.

In Roman interments, amongst mortuary and other remains, have been found dice, tali, the scrivener's "stylus," the moneyer's little scales, the merchant's or petty trader's weights and steel-yards, and, though rarely, the warrior's weapons; whilst from a grave opened under our own inspection—a female's, doubtless,—a little vase was taken containing a pigment in colour and in material resembling rouge. In another grave was found the share and coulter of a plough, a horse's bit, iron tires of wheels, and horse trappings.

In the interments generally considered the most ancient in this country—British, Celtic, or whatever they may appropriately be termed—we discover implements, weapons, and a few personal relics of simple forms and of rude materials.

The gold ornaments being an exception to the



above we shall refer to them presently.

The stone axe, hammer and adze; the arrow or spear-head; the pebble scarcely if at all fashioned by hand and

reserved for the sling; skinning-knives of flint, and flint flakes still more rudely manufactured; bronze celts of various shapes; clay beads; ornaments of amber, bone, and morse-ivory, constitute the chief portion of these remains.

In classing bronze implements amongst those of stone or flint, it will be understood that we do not adopt the hypothesis which some antiquaries contend for, that there existed, in a sort of chronological order, three distinct ages of stone, bronze, and iron. We are convinced that there is evidence—at least in this country—that a rude and savage people might have lived contemporaneously with more civilised tribes, or races, to whom the use of a higher class of manufactured articles was familiar.

This appeared to have been the case with one division of the Jutes, the Endoses of Tacitus, who lived amid the heaths and sand-hills of the wild shores of West Sleswig, whilst a people of a higher civilisation inhabited the fertile district of the eastern portion.

Respecting the Britons, however, the most ancient inhabitants of England of whom we have

any authentic records, we find a people circulating coined money at the same time that their implements of industry or of warfare were composed of stone, bone, and perhaps of bronze. We are not certain, however, when Cæsar spoke of the coinage amongst the Britons, and used the term "ære importato," whether he alluded to the money itself or to the material of which it was composed as being "imported." We are informed by the same authority that the Britons used both brass and iron counters (talea) of a certain weight as money. It is probable that no part of the British coinage—money stamped or impressed with figures or designs—except these "counters," was older than the times of the Romans, although a Celto-Gallo money might have circulated amongst them previously. Under the Romans the inscriptions on the British money were in Roman characters, and the designs, being representations of horses, figures, and human heads, exhibit some mechanical skill.

Other examples there are of their money, stamped with designs most rude and confused, as if unskilful hands had attempted imitations from a higher class of types or models.

Undoubtedly bronze if not iron implements have been found in this country deposited contemporaneously with those of bone and flint. The usages of almost every nation prove there ever existed different styles of arms for the various classes of the community. In war the leaders and aristocracy would be supplied with the best weapons of offence and defence which the skill of the age could produce; but their humble followers and the great mass of the other combatants would be armed only with scythes, spears, bows and arrows, and pointed stakes hardened in the fire. So amongst the Celtic tribes, the chief would possess his weapons of bronze or of iron, and his serf or slave be armed only with his stone axe, spear, flint flake, or humble sling. The various tribes who encountered Cæsar, and who on more than one occasion repulsed his legions, can hardly be identified with a people using weapons of the simplest materials and most primitive construction. The weapons of a people capable of offering a successful resistance to the legions of the Roman Empire would imply the use, or partial use, of weapons of a superior manufacture to those discovered in the ancient barrows, and induce us to consider that the construction of these graves and their artificial contents were the results of the labours of an older race of men than the so-called Celto-Britons.

The authenticity of the golden sickles with which the Druids are said to have culled the sacred mistletoe may admit of controversy, yet we must not forget that the Britons were possessed of torques and armillæ of gold, this metal being found at one period in considerable quantities in this country and in Ireland, the extensive tracts of bog and morass in the latter island materially assisting in the preservation of such relics.

Some of the English tumuli exhibit traces of two and even of more interments—a later population having adopted and used the sepulchres of their predecessors.

We have reason to believe that even amongst the Britons double interments took place. Mr.

Bateman describes a barrow which he inspected wherein the upper deposit contained two skeletons, an urn, a piece of iron, a horse-bit, and a flint arrow-head; and below this, in a stone cist of another deposit, was an iron knife or dagger with a case of the same material. Amongst instruments of flint at Cardow-lowe, a bronze dagger and an iron knife were found. Indeed, bronze daggers without handles, bearing marks of rivets by which they had probably been attached to wooden hafts, were frequently exhumed in Wiltshire by Sir R. C. Hoare. Some of these instruments were ornamented with lines, angles, and zigzag patterns. Similar relics have been found also in Dorsetshire, Derbyshire, and in Scotland.

Bronze spear-heads have also been deposited with the remains of the population of the so-called age of stone, and gold bucklers have been discovered exhibiting considerable probability that they were worn by the same people. A remarkable story is told relating to one of these ancient interments, which exhibits in a striking view the force of imagination. A woman residing at Mold in Flintshire declared that as she was one night passing an ancient barrow in that neighbourhood, which had the reputation of being haunted, and which was denominated by the peasantry "the hill of the fairies," she beheld over the spot in question "a figure clothed in a coat of gold which shone like the sun." This mound, which was composed apparently of pebbles, was shortly afterwards levelled for agricultural uses. In it was a burial-place containing a skeleton, upon which was a breastplate of thin gold ornamented with a peculiar pattern. In another part of the barrow was an urn and some bone ashes. This occurrence took place as lately as October, 1833. The golden corslet is now in the British Museum. In this national repository, in the "Gold Room," may be seen many costly articles of workmanship in gold, some of which belong to our own country and to the people and periods to which these remarks refer.

Figure 4 B is an example of a gold armlet dug up with another of the same description in the neighbourhood of Canterbury about two years since, the relics probably of a British grave, no other articles being found—or, at all events, preserved—by the railway labourer who lit upon the discovery. The one engraved weighed 2 oz. 2 dwts.; it exhibits considerable skill in the manufacture.

Figure 2 B represents a solid torc, being an incomplete ring and of lesser antiquity than the specimen No. 1 B. The latter example, also of gold, is in the British Museum. It terminates in two bulbs slightly concave, the sides being decorated with an engraving.

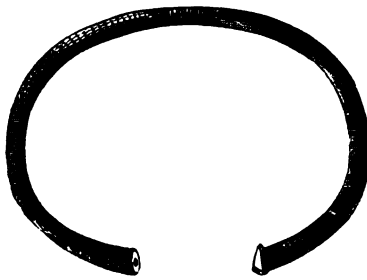
The ancient Irish kings and chieftains were famed—at least, in song,—for their torcs, gorgets, and collars of gold. Nor is there any reason to discredit the fact. The public museums and private collections in Ireland exhibit many specimens of these ancient ornaments. Some of them, preserved in the Museum at Dublin, are of large size and of elaborate workmanship.

In a tumulus in the county of Clare gold ornaments were found, in the year 1855, of the value of 3000*l*. The spoils, probably, of some battle-

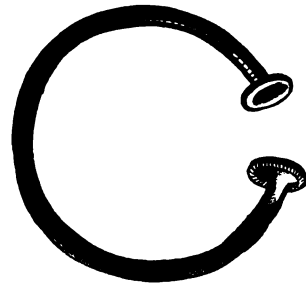
field which the pillagers never returned to recover.

Figure 3 B exhibits a gold collar, one perhaps of the earliest known types. It is called the "funi-

cular," from the shapes of the cup-like termini. This gorget is peculiarly Celtic: similar examples are frequently found in Ireland, some also in Europe. It was probably worn as a collar round



1 B.



2 B.



3 B.



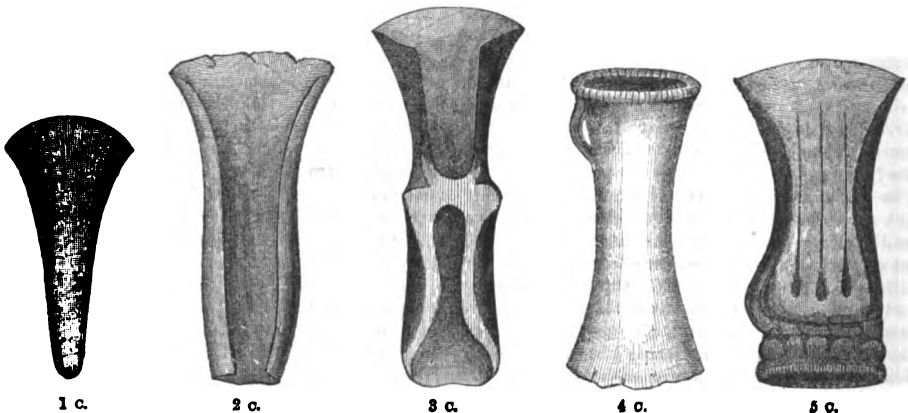
4 B.

the neck, although some authorities have suggested that it might have been worn on the top of the head with the circular ends behind the ears.

A torc of the purest gold was found, a few

years since, at the mouth of a fox's earth in Needwood Forest. It weighed 1 lb. 1 oz. 7 dwts.

The graves of Scandinavia and northern Asia exhibit in tumuli scattered over vast and inhospitable



1 C.

2 C.

3 C.

4 C.

5 C.

pitiable steppes many examples of gold ornaments and breastplates. An early population of England, whether Celtic or Gallo-British, known to the Phœnicians long before the advent of Cæsar, were

considered as skilful artificers in metals. The instrument denominated a "Celt" was probably of their handicraft, yet from the numbers of these relics accumulated together in certain spots it is

by many supposed that they are also of Roman manufacture.

The Romans used bronze extensively, and even fabricated their swords of this material. We are told that, under *Æmilius*, they owed one of their crowning victories over the Gauls to the superiority of their weapons of bronze over the badly-tempered iron of their invaders. The bronze circular shields, however, some examples of which are exhibited in our national museum, have been found in graves supposed to be British.

Celts of bronze.—Celts, so called from "*celtis*," a chisel. These instruments may be classed as "wedge-shaped;" as celts with ridges, celts with stop-ridges, and celts with sockets. Some of the latter have one loop, sometimes a loop on each side. (See examples "*C.*") The oldest form is probably the "wedge-shaped," being a natural imitation of the flint or stone chisel. (Fig 1 c.)

There are numerous examples of celts in the British Museum, and to these we invite attention.

The mode of fastening, or of hafting, these instruments is not very perfectly understood. The weapons of the South Sea Islanders give us some idea how rude implements may be supplied with handles either fixed into a solid piece of wood, or placed in a split or cavity and fastened by thongs or some other description of tie. The presence of the loop on the bronze celts (Figs. 4 and 5) obviously suggests its use to assist in giving it greater firmness of hold, and the ridge or socket also indicates the method of inserting the implement in the staff or handle.

The moulds in which these celts have been cast have been discovered with other antiquities, and in some instances with lumps of the prepared metal close by. The moulds were formed of stone or metal, the upper and lower surfaces being constructed to fit together as accurately as possible, presenting an opening through which the metal was poured in.

Considerable discussion has arisen respecting the modes by which the celts were affixed to their handles. The celt of the simple form was probably (Fig. 1 c) inserted into a wooden haft, as in the example given of the stone implement (No. 1 d).

Some of the socketed celts might have been fixed on a crooked stick, with an arm nearly at right angles, and by a thong from the loop or loops strengthened in their position on the staff; or they might have been adapted to their handles, as the socketed lance-heads are in the present day; although by these arrangements they would lose much of their efficiency. It may not be unlikely that one species of the celt, the "socketed," with one loop only, was supplied with a short wooden staff, and by a leathern thong was attached to a handle like the main stick of a flail. Thus whirled by a combatant, it would be a formidable weapon in a primitive state of warfare.

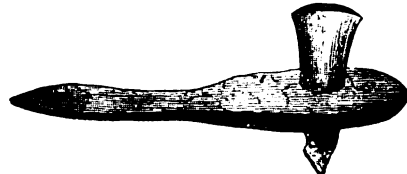
Spear-heads of bronze, with loops, or rather orifices in the sides, have also been deposited among ancient remains.

The stone implements and weapons found in graves and elsewhere, may be justly considered as

amongst objects exhibiting earliest proofs of the handicraft of man.

The wedge with which the savage split wood; the knife, perhaps at first but a flint flake, accidentally splintered, with which he skinned the animals he had taken in the chase, or divided their flesh; the arrow or spear heads, pointed and affixed to their respective shafts or hafts, and with which he had slain his prey, would be among the most primitive instruments fabricated by man. Accordingly we find in or about the most ancient graves, these silent yet eloquent expounders of the manners, habits, and civilisation of a long perished people. The great proportion of these implements are composed of flint; other specimens are of sandstone, jade, ironstone, porphyry, jasper, chalcedony, &c.

Fig. 3 d is a beautiful example of a chisel of white flint, found in a wood near Canterbury, where there are traces still apparent of ancient entrenchments. Roman remains and British pottery had previously been found on the spot. The length of the implement is $6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, greatest breadth $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. We consider this an example of a British war chisel: when hafted, it would present an appearance very similar in appearance to the stone celt in a handle (Fig. 1 d).



1 d.

Fig. 4 d is an example of a stone implement in the museum at Canterbury.

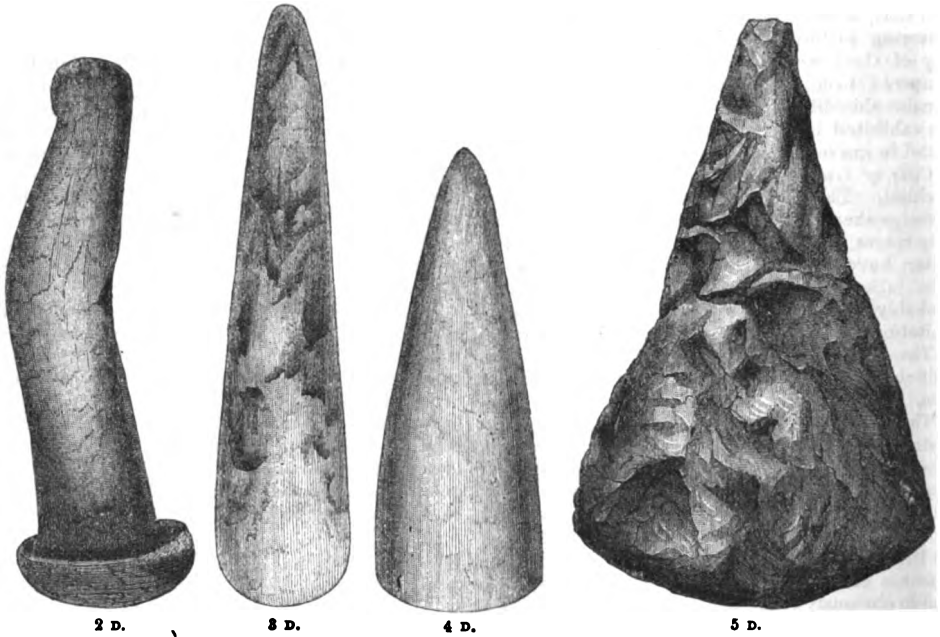
Fig. 2 d is a specimen of a peculiar shape. It measures $7\frac{1}{4}$ inches in length. It is described as "a stone hammer found at Orebo in Sweden." Its form seems to indicate it is not of so ancient a period as generally assigned to implements of this description. The same remark might apply to specimen Fig. 8, also at Canterbury, had not a similar maul or hammer, now in the museum at Swansea, been found at Stanmadock, in Gower. The boring of the hole in the centre, and the symmetrical appearance of the relic itself, implies a mechanical skill not often exhibited in these primitive implements.

Fig. 6 d is a very perfect example of the ancient skinning knife, with the lower portion cut away for insertion into a haft. It was picked up from a heap of gravel thrown up during excavations for the Canterbury and Dover Railway, and near the first-named locality.

Fig. 7 d is an example of a flint knife. Figs. 9, 9 represent flint arrow-heads, often found in or near British camps or interments. Figs. 10, 10, 10, are specimens, in bone, of arrow or of bolt heads; the one ornamented with incised lines was found at Woodperry. The exact size is given in the engraving.

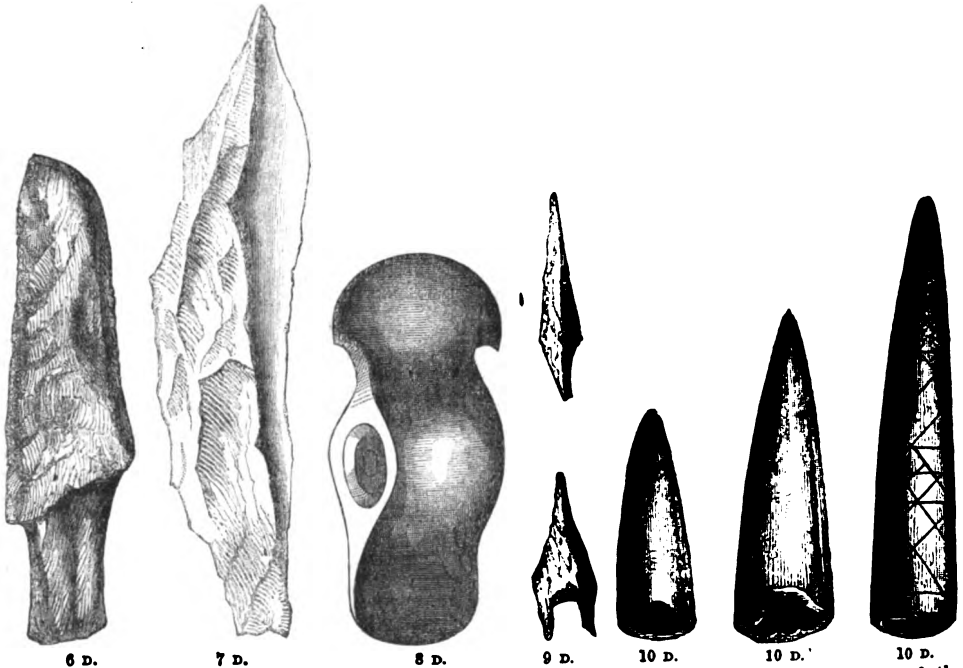
Fig. 5 d is an implement of a high antiquity, said to have been found in Gray's Inn Lane, in

conjunction with the bones of the *Elephas primigenius*. This specimen is similar in form and character to those remarkable implements found at Hoxne, at Kent's Hole near Torquay, and at Biddenham, in this country, and on the continent at Amiens, St. Acheul, and in the valley of the



Somme, the discovery of which, and whose history as connected with the earliest races of man, are now exciting so much interest in the scientific world.

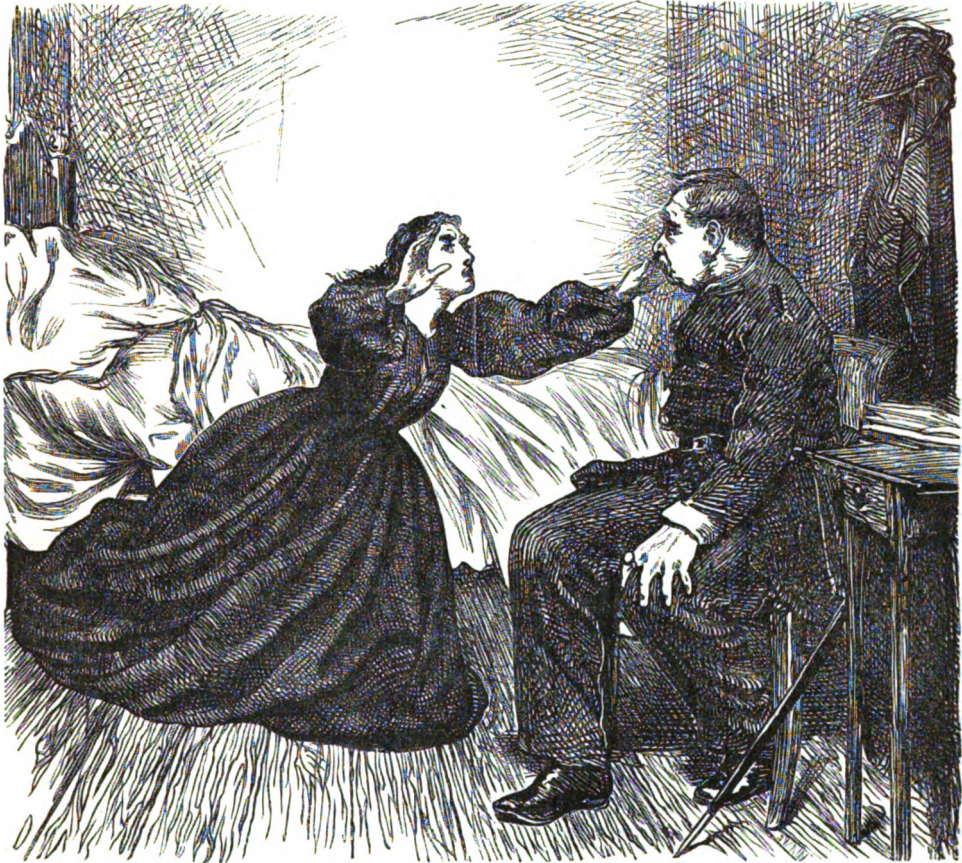
These examples of human handicraft, if wrought by beings similar to ourselves, found in the Post Pleistocene Formation, or Drift, as it is called,



awaken the keenest inquiry, and prove to us that not Geology only, but Archaeology and Ethnology, in their daily acquisition of new facts, have yet

much to learn and much to teach us, of the history of our own race, and of the world on which we live.

THE CANNSTATT CONSPIRATORS.

PART I. THE CZAR'S PROTÉGÉE.
CHAPTER I.

IN the autumn of the year 185—, the Institution of Herr Popp in Cannstatt, for the care and cure of spinal diseases, was increased by three individuals of whom it is necessary that we give some account.

I. Paul Jansiewicz, a Russian gentleman about seventy-eight, very thin and bowed in person, with bald head covered by a black fur cap, no whiskers, and bright, small eyes. With any strangers, however unobservant they might be, Jansiewicz would be set down as a miser—he was not a miser, because he had no money to be miserly over; but his grand-daughter, Alexandrina had money, and though he was on the verge of the grave, and she was a young, blooming girl of seventeen, her money and the hoarding of it were the objects of his life. Except that he never allowed the house windows to be opened, and had an appetite of very large and liberal capacity, with no consideration whatever for appetites more nice or conservative, he cannot be described as an unpleasant person.

II. Alexandrina, commonly called Sasha, his

grand-daughter, aged seventeen; fair-haired, pink-cheeked, and rosy-lipped, showing her teeth too much in a smile, otherwise quite pretty. Being light-haired, with that kind of smile and a sparkle or two of steel in her eyes, some readers may begin to imagine for themselves that she will prove of mediocre intellect and stupendous will. Wait and see. Mademoiselle Alexandrina's papa had been tutor to the great, terrible Czar Nicholas I., and to imperial gratitude she owed the comfortable sum of eight hundred a year, pensioned on her at her father's death. Without this, she could hardly have afforded to become a patient of Herr Popp's, however much her very slight spinal deformity might have grieved her friends, and she could hardly have afforded anything so fashionable as an English, or rather Irish, governess, who received a tolerable salary and accompanied her in all her travels. For they were a restless pair, old Paul Jansiewicz and his grand-daughter Sasha. One month they would be at Heidelberg, another at Frankfurt, the next at Brussels, the next at Ems, and so on. They had now come to Cannstatt, because an accident which happened ten years ago to the young girl's spine, had lately begun to show itself

alarmingly. Herr Popp's method was held throughout Germany to be a short and very safe road to cure.

III. Norah Malone, aged thirty-three, governess and companion.

What Miss Malone thought of her employer and pupil, would be difficult to arrive at, even after an acute study of the lady's countenance. Except a flash now and then from her dark eyes, and a warm glow on her cheeks that would come and go as quickly as the flash, she never gave signs either of pleasure or anger. That she was often tried to the utmost by old Paul's whims and by Sasha's self-will, was plain to everybody—that she never resented these by any words spoken in or out of season, nobody could deny,—yet for so much patience, for so much good temper, for so much thoughtful attention, was it not strange that she gained no praise?

Miss Malone was one of those women who have no fault-finders and no friends among her own sex. Women admired her in spite of themselves. Her pupil, who was herself pretty and vain, would say sometimes, "I would rather be straight and tall and handsome as you are, than have all the money in the world," knowing all the while that in her own heart she hated her. In this way people atoned for their injustice to her good qualities.

Perhaps this little family party was not the happiest in the world. At any rate such was the conclusion drawn by those members of Herr Popp's establishment who held intercourse with them during the first week of their stay. Sometimes Mademoiselle Sasha would speak to her grand-papa in disrespectful terms of the barley soup and unchangeable veal cutlets, or would make a *moue* of disdain after her first taste of the wine—at which, if the old man were in a good temper, he would only swear quietly in Russian and tell her to hold her peace. If he were irate, which Sasha liked best, he kept up a constant small shot of provocations throughout the meal. The girl enjoyed his ill-temper more than the servants—that was evident, or why did she always try to enrage him?

Sometimes Miss Malone would be fired at with his biggest guns, because she had allowed Sasha to walk in the park where the officers were exercising, or worse still, to cross the street by herself on her way to the baths. All this the poor lady bore with Christian fortitude, as the newspapers say, and marvellous to tell, though old Paul Jansiewicz could never succeed in aggravating her into an outward passion, he liked her. A fiery-tempered man liked a woman who was no less fiery, but who could show him her way of victory, by an apparent calm, *mirabile dictu*—for most people cordially hate those whom they cannot provoke—when they try. I don't mean to say that there are not some easy souls among us, but with the others there is a rule of this kind.

It is necessary to speak a few words about Alexandrina's education, to which was paid no ordinary attention. In the first place she had Miss Malone, who constantly spoke English (tinctured with Hibernian), out of school hours, and instructed her in the proprieties, no ill-timed

instruction to the unsophisticated young Russian. Miss Malone taught her that it was not polite to put one's knife in one's mouth, to come downstairs to breakfast without having touched the water in one's hand-basin, to be utterly oblivious on the subject of boot-laces and other laces, &c. Perhaps a governess in England would be rather surprised if she were complimented on having instilled into her pupil's mind the rudiments of tidiness and cleanliness—but I assure you to have instilled such into the mind of pretty Mademoiselle Sasha, was no small triumph, and Miss Malone had won it. Then, besides this lady's instructions in English, she joined Herr Popp's other pupils in German, French, and music classes, learned a great deal of natural philosophy and metaphysics to the utter exclusion of spelling, as is the fashion in Germany, lay on the sofa a stated number of hours every day in some kind of armour which was supposed to straighten the slight curve of her right shoulder, and by many other devices, satisfied the heart of old Paul Jansiewicz that she would be the cleverest and prettiest woman of her time.

"She'll be quite attractive enough to be married for her looks, and not for her money," he said to himself often. "Money, indeed, I should like to see Sasha married for her money!" And he chuckled over the last words and thought that he should live for no end of years to enjoy what her husband ought to have.

It never once occurred to him that he might not live long enough to cheat this imaginary person.

CHAPTER II.

THE Jansiewicz party arrived in Cannstatt during the first week of October. This week marks an era in scholastic life there, for the King's birthday and the *Volk's Fest*, or People's Festival, attending it, bring a time of holiday to everybody, and new masters and new scholars are entered upon the lists when the general rejoicing is over.

People of every class and of every nation are left behind also. English, French, Dutch, Belgians, Saxon—each friendly nationality leaves its representatives, who dwindle away by degrees, like wasps when the plum season is over.

With only one of these representatives, however, have we any concern.

Though Herr Popp's establishment consisted of a hundred patient-pupils, the Jansiewicz family were as private as if they occupied a house of their own, with the exception of meeting pupils and governesses on the stairs or in the grounds, and a daily visit from the *haus frau*, Madame Roser. Many of the pupils who were sent from a distance lived together precisely as in an ordinary boarding-school; but Sasha showed no wish to make acquaintances, and she was therefore not aware when she went into the class-room to take her French lesson, that a new master sat on the stool of authority.

The class-room was a long naked apartment, containing no furniture but an oblong table painted blue, with benches placed round it, and a chair at the head for the master. When Miss

Malone entered it with her pretty, wilful pupil hanging on her arm, the scholars were already assembled, and, having nothing else to do, stared at the new-comers with all their might, till the opposite door creaked.

"M. Pierre Talobre," said cheery, consequential, little Herr Popp, and the girls rose to make reverence to their new instructor.

Miss Malone hated doing reverence to anyone. Taking her work from her pocket, she walked carelessly to the window, and leaning upon the ledge began to sew. With her back half turned towards M. Talobre, she now glanced at him.

His eyes were fixed upon her own stealthily, composedly, but with infinite surprise. His spirit seemed to leap up into them to question her, to defy her, to daze her. A deep, deep flush, fading to a livid pallor, a quick, short catching of the breath—only by these signs did Miss Malone testify her consciousness of a presence that amazed, overpowered her, filled her with passion and dread more terrible to bear than death.

No one but Alexandrina saw the sword that had been struck into her governess's heart. She, perhaps the dullest pupil at conjugations and inflections in the room, was quick as lightning to observe, what it would have been well she had never observed.

The silence was broken by the rich deep voice of the master who inaugurated himself, as the custom is, by a few words of friendliness, advice, and critique on the French language. It was not his mode, he said, ever to teach a language as if it were a piece of mechanism. Life, vitality, feeling, all these are incarnated in the words we learn at our mother's knee—life, vitality, feeling, all these ought to be incarnated in the words that we learn in advanced years of any language, sweet or sonorous, grand or graceful, in which people think, speak, hope, love, hate, or despair. It was not his purpose to give them dry rules and masses of meaningless words. It was his intention to give them the living language of a living people; to show them, not the museum-like specimens of an extinct species, but to create the beautiful animate form before their eyes. For this purpose he should read to them one of Corneille's most glowing scenes, which he should afterwards divide into lessons, rising, as he did so, from simple elements of beauty and agreement to those higher and more complicated harmonies that only become apparent to the thoughtful and sympathetic.

All the girls listened, as girls should listen to their master, with wide-open eyes of admiration and homage, quite prepared to make an idol of M. Pierre Talobre at once, and embroider no end of shaving serviettes for him.

Alexandrina sat at the foot of the table, with one hand supporting her chin, the other playing carelessly with her pencil. But her eyes, her whole face, seemed fixed upon M. Talobre, as if by a spell. The colour, the freshness, the beauty of her face heightened with that earnestness, the white teeth were entirely hidden, the steely glisten of the eyes softened as a cold sky will soften under the first blush of the morning. One could have loved the girl then.

I never describe people. In the first place, because other people's descriptions so seldom give me any real idea of the person described, and in the second, because individuality generally depends upon those delicate and subtle characteristics that can never be seized at once and defined in broad English, but must be caught one at a time, softly and delicately, as we used to catch butterflies—no legs torn off, no wings broken, or our pains are nought. But M. Pierre Talobre's *physique* is easy to outline on account of its remarkableness; and whatever pains I shall henceforth take to discover to my readers his *morale*, which is far more difficult, I feel that I am helping myself by telling you that M. Pierre Talobre was remarkably tall and slender, with a delicate transparency of skin that augured weakness of health; that he stooped in his carriage as if he were always trying to bring other people's eyes in a line with his own; that his own were peculiar both in form and colour, being large and round, with dark pupils that could not be called exactly black or blue or grey or brown—but of whatever colour they were, must be set down as the most unfathomable in the world. Without a mouth of so much delicacy of outline and softness of expression, I fear M. Pierre would have found those dark unreadable eyes of his rather unprepossessing *cartes de visite*; but the mouth and eyes told such different stories that the former, being pleasantest, was always believed instead of the latter.

Adding that M. Talobre's age was forty-three, I will say no more on my own part regarding him.

As soon as the lesson was over, Alexandrina sprang to her governess, and, linking her arm in hers, prepared to quit the room.

"You have left your books and slate on the table," said Miss Malone, quite calmly, and without looking at the master.

Sasha's eyes were steel in a moment.

"It is not often that you are so particular about the books," she said, pertly. "The slate and dictionary I shall certainly leave here."

A voice close by made Miss Malone's frame thrill with an agony half of terror, half of joy. She was a proud woman, however, and fought for her ground bravely. Neither Sasha nor M. Talobre could have detected any agitation.

"The dictionary I can hardly permit you to leave behind," said the master, smiling, "remember your forthcoming description of spring."

Sasha blushed crimson, and her hand trembled as she took the book which M. Talobre politely handed to her. Did their fingers meet, or did his hair touch her forehead as he bent forward? I know not: but so confused, so absorbed was the young blushing girl in her own feelings that she did not see a look M. Talobre gave Miss Malone ere they parted. It was but momentary, yet it had answered a question involving the cruelest doubt and dread, the acutest suffering of long unspeakable despair and bitterness, perhaps the hardest struggle of which a woman's nature is capable.

As they returned to their apartments Sasha's heedless, spiteful, young tongue inflicted a hundred asp-bites. She was not radically hard-hearted,

this poor child, and she often showed herself capable of self-devotion, but she had been brought up in a bad school, and felt no repugnance in tormenting one who was set in authority over her, who often stood in the way of her secret longings.

"How conscious you looked, Miss Malone, when M. Talobre entered. Do you know him? Have you seen him often before? Do tell me a pretty love-story about him. You have seen him before, haven't you, now?"

"What right have you to talk so much about your French master? If you are not more prudent, I shall speak to your grandpapa about the advisability of your receiving lessons from a lady—and indeed, Sasha, I don't approve of—of that kind of teaching."

In this way Miss Malone artfully contrived to parry the boldest attack, and the presence of old Jansiewicz at the *Abendessen*, or tea-and-supper meal, effectually shielded her from Sasha's further sarcasms. She sat quietly at her work, as if nothing had happened.

But when the hour of release came, and she was alone in her bedroom (who but governesses and companions know the full blessing of that word *alone*!), such a storm of passion overpowered her that she lay on the bed and bit her lips till the blood came, lest her sobs should be heard. What tears, what trembling, what fearful gasps told the extent of her sufferings!

"God in Heaven, have pity!" she cried, again and again. "I thought it was over, but now it is come once more—and I shall never, never be at peace. Let me die—let me die and be tempted no longer."

She prayed once or twice, and grew calmer. Then the calm would wear off as she thought of him, and she would repeat:

"Let me die before it comes! O God! let me die!"

PART II. IN THE CONSERVATORY.

CHAPTER I.

Two or three weeks passed, during which, to Sasha's certain knowledge, M. Talobre had never spoken to her governess. It was clear enough that he could not speak to her in the class-room before all the pupils, and she had never allowed herself to be separated from Miss Malone at other times. Indeed, Miss Malone really seemed to avoid any opportunity of meeting the French master in Cannstatt alone, and for once Alexandrina's ingenuity was baffled. That Miss Malone and M. Talobre were not strangers to each other—that something had occurred during their acquaintance to make, if not the two enemies, at least suspects, perhaps haters, she could not doubt. What was the mystery?

She had no clue. They met as strangers. Nothing to make other people suspicious of their former life had ever transpired to her knowledge; nothing was likely to transpire. Miss Malone and M. Pierre had both paved the way for good opinions by the very highest of testimonials, both were so well-bred, so respectable, so fenced by conventional proprieties, that a doubt upon their antecedents would have made sensible people

laugh. Sasha was sorely perplexed. But with that young lady's secret feelings after the third week, we have nothing to do. Something—many things occurred to render her opinions regarding her governess and master nugatory as evidence in this story. We must now adhere to facts, and having but a few of them to throw light upon the mystery, they must be carefully studied and followed up. It was M. Talobre's custom to give his more advanced pupils impromptu pieces of dictation, turning upon such rules of grammar as had been under discussion during the lesson. One day, in the fourth week after his installation, he gave the following:

In the first hurry of having built the Cannstatt Conservatory, on a close and careful inspection you will find some errors were made, which will give me to-night an opportunity of showing you how, between ten feet of length at the base and twelve feet of height at the summit might be there gained, by a judicious displacement of (and all reference to contracts and any money matters being settled afterwards by those who like them) we can so alter and improve the building, so arrange and dispose of our old materials, that we leave a new and more elegant building in Cannstatt together with a model for other architects.

According to his usual custom, the master corrected each pupil's slate by turns; when Sasha's was under inspection his brow contracted, and he chided her gently.

"There are many faults of simple spelling," he said; "more than I can stop to correct—will you kindly do it for me?" he added to Miss Malone; and having dashed here and there on the offending words, passed the slate to her.

He generally made use of the presiding governess in this way, and even Sasha's quick eye could discern nothing in the action; but if my readers will kindly turn to the dictated sentence above, and connect the words marked by the professor (indicated in italics), he will have very good reason for supposing Miss Malone to be in no ordinary agitation for the rest of the evening.

The lesson finished at seven, and supper was over by eight—only two hours more.

Two hours! Had she been alone they would have been intolerable; as it was, she nerved herself to outward calm by so terrible an effort that when she reached her bedroom, she could not prevent herself from screaming.

Sasha came running out of the door opposite.

"My dear creature, how you frighten me! What is the matter?"

"A spider! horrid, horrid thing! it crawled on me," and the governess shuddered and clasped her hands over her face.

"What a coward! let me kill it for you," answered Sasha, good-naturedly taking off her slipper for the purpose.

But the spider was nowhere to be found, and by-and-by the young lady returned.

Ten o'clock struck, and the house was perfectly quiet.

Herr Popp's habitation was immensely large, and was built after the ordinary way of a German house let to many families. Each *logement* consisted of four or five rooms opening on to the large staircase by a glass door, the key of which was

kept by the superintending governess of the class domiciled therein. The Jansiewich family, however, being people of importance, and bringing a *jungfer* of their own, occupied one entire set of rooms on the ground floor for the convenience of the old gentleman, who could not climb stairs. Miss Malone's only difficulty, therefore, lay in clearing the front door, which difficulty was not trivial. About ten o'clock the female servants of the establishment held a *levée* on the stone steps, *sub dio*, to which numerous hussars and moustached boy-guards were enticed by basins of coffee and portions of fruit pasties cribbed from the housekeeper's cupboards. Then, again, the return! By eleven o'clock, the housemaids would be sent off to their narrow quarters aloft, and the street-door locked.

A sash-window might have removed all perplexity, but, as all travellers in Germany are aware, the windows only open in the centre, thus hardly admitting room for a child to get through. Therefore only one course lay clear to Miss Malone. She must watch her opportunity when the maids were all in the front, secrete the key of the back kitchen entrance, and make her escape that way. The kitchen-maid, she well knew, would be far too lazy and indifferent to take the trouble of looking for the key; perhaps she might not even observe the fact of its absence.

With a stealthy step she crept through the dark passage, and by the kitchen, into the back yard. Her hand trembled as she felt over and over for the key, but it was not there. So reckless and agitated was she, however, that without heeding this obstruction, without pausing to question the possibility of being locked out on her return, she rushed into the open air, and never slackened her wild haste, till she stood beneath the portico of the conservatory.

CHAPTER II.

M. PIERRE was the first to speak.

"It's deuced cold," he said, shrugging his shoulders, "let us seek the south side, where we shall be safe from the wind. Take my arm."

She did not hear or would not heed his proposal, but kept both hands clasped on her breast. Did she fear her heart was breaking? It might well have broken under the weight that oppressed it.

Beneath the feeble light of one small lamp they stood face to face on the south side of the portico. What a handsome, wild-looking couple they were!

"Well, Norah, we have met again. What is to be the next act of the drama?" he said, in the same light tones.

Her words could be hardly heard for her gasping sobs.

"Have you no heart—no pity," she exclaimed, "am I to be not only your slave but your scorn? Am I so much less than other women, that you should treat me in this way? Let me go on as I have begun since we parted; let me be innocent, if I cannot be happy. Oh! if you knew the misery that those days have left to me—if you could tell my shame and agony—"

"You will hardly think I took so much trouble

to see you for the purpose of hearing this! My dear girl, collect your sober senses. We have done with romance, you and I. Will you help me, or will you not? That is the point, and let us stick to it."

"Help you? Oh, Pierre!"

She trembled so much that he held out his hand to support her; but stepping back, as if unwilling to be touched by him, she leaned on a marble pillar and gazed at him with tearless, despairing eyes.

"I should be so glad to die now," she said, "or to hide myself from your eyes. Here I thought I could live an honest and clean life; and though I never hoped for peace, much less happiness, I was reconciled to it. I cannot go back again to that terrible sinful existence—"

"Remember," he said, gloomily, "that you are speaking to one who holds your fate in his hands. You are in my power; yield to it. Do you not see that it is useless resisting?"

"I will die rather than yield to it," she answered with calmness.

His eyes flashed, and he laid one hand heavily on her shoulder.

"You shall not die," he said, in a low, hard voice, "you shall live, and live for me. Do you hear what I say? It is as useless for you to try to free yourself, as it would be for you to try and bring down that pillar on which you lean. You were mine in your youth and beauty and innocence; you are more than ever mine since you have lost these; you are mine so long as there is breath in your body."

She turned deadly pale as he went on speaking, and tried once or twice to reply without the power.

He added, "You are mine so long as I love you."

Her face changed then, as the calm sea will change when a breath of wind rises in the east, and the waves dance and sparkle in wild haste beneath the first blush of the morning.

Colour and life came into her cheeks, light and passion sprang to her eyes; all the woman's nature rose to her face. Half proudly, half pathetically, half entreatingly, she stretched out her hands towards him, whom her whole life had loved unchangeably.

"Do you love me still, Pierre?" she said, softly.

"Am I more to you than all other women? Are you glad to see me again?"

Her youth and beauty seemed to come back to her then, and the man was touched. His voice softened.

"You know that all other women are nothing to me; that through all I have loved you; through all I will love you. Yet knowing this, you will not serve me: you will do nothing for one who has been so faithful to you."

The beauty and warmth of youthfulness faded from her face in an instant. Despairingly and brokenly, she answered him:

"You ask too much of me, Pierre. Any hardship, any toil, any sacrifice, I am ready to make for you. I cannot surrender my soul."

"Hear me, Norah. There is no question of souls. You belong to me, and you are by no

means burdened with my sins (if they are sins) committed through you. I make one proposition to you, and no more. If you agree to it, you and I leave Cannstatt, leave Germany together, and live happily, and without cares for the future. Your life with me, may be after your own pattern. You shall have an indulgent husband so long as you are a forbearing wife. Think well over it. If you will not consent, do not hope for a quiet future—do not hope anything from me."

He led her out a few steps beyond the portico, and whispered in her ear. Arm-in-arm the two paced backwards and forwards together, till the clock struck eleven.

"I must go," she whispered hurriedly.

"Yes, or no?" asked M. Talobre, in a determined voice.

"Give me at least a few hours to consider of it," she whispered entreatingly; "that is surely but little to ask. I cannot, cannot tell you now."

"You *must* tell me now. There is no chance of my conveying a message to you without fear of detection. You and I are watched already. No, no. You must make up your mind before we part to-night. Come, I will give you ten minutes, during which we will walk beneath these orange-trees."

There was no sound but the low ominous west wind whirling the dead orange blossoms round their feet. The little town, with its white bath-houses and gleaming river, lay on their right, the dense shades of the royal park of Stuttgart on their left. Beyond rose ridges of hills and vineyards, through which curled the broad road to freedom, to luxury, to pleasure. All was dark around her. The darkness pressed on her heart like a heavy hand, and no thought of the future could raise it.

"I love you," whispered M. Pierre.

Having no other light for her guidance, she accepted this.

PART III. GUILTY, OR NOT GUILTY? CHAPTER I.

HERR CHRISTIAN SCHMIDT and his wife Maria, a jolly, pleasant-faced, merry-hearted couple, living in the Eschenheimer Strasse, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, and letting all the upper rooms of their house, or rather cigar-shop, are one morning busily discussing the affairs of a new lodger, when it behoves us to make their acquaintance.

"Her husband is coming to-night, and that is why she has sent out for a bottle of Moselle," said rosy Frau Schmidt. "She knows how men love their palates."

"I don't fancy he will come," added her husband, wisely; "there is something in her face of a woman who is accustomed to expect in vain."

"All husbands are wretches," added Frau Maria, with a comfortable sigh.

"All women are saints in their own opinion, and sinners when they get the chance," returned the Herr Schmidt.

Just then the new lodger passed out of their front door into the street. Customers entering the shop deterred the master and mistress from observing that she turned down into the Zeil. We follow her till she stops at the Poste Restante.

"Any letters for Mrs. Carey?" she asked in a quick, anxious voice.

The man handed her one, and, without waiting to thank him, she turned away. With the letter crushed in her hand, she rushed onwards till she came to a side street leading off the crowded Zeil, where she stopped, and turning her face towards a shop window, tore open the letter.

It bore no date or address, and only the following words:

"DEAR NORAH,—If you don't see me in a day or two, slip away quietly to Paris, alone. It is not my own fault that I have delayed to come."

Norah Malone, for it was she, tore the paper into twenty fragments, and scattered them in the street. Her eyes flashed with an anger that might have been terrible then, to the man who had deceived her. Drawing her veil close over her face, she rushed on and never stopped till she reached a solitary spot in the Eschenheimer pleasure-garden. There, she threw herself on an empty seat, and cried as an ordinary woman cries when her heart is breaking.

For this, then, she had sacrificed so much? For disappointment, for deception, for betrayal she had sold her peace of mind, her good conscience, her all that was dear to woman.

Fool, fool that she had been to trust him again. Was she not rightly served?

An hour passed, before the first vehemence of her passion was over. When she grew calmer she rose and walked on—on through the pretty gardens where happy children danced and laughed amid the falling leaves,—on through the fresh Grüneburgweg, with its white villas and neat gardens, so many cozy birds-nests for peaceful souls;—on through the open corn-fields till she passed the Rothschild mansion, and the grey old Eschenheimer Thor and Dom were all that pointed to the city she had left behind.

The sun had set now and the mists were rising fast. She did not return home wildly and recklessly as she had come. Choosing the nearest way, and walking with steady haste, she reached the cigar-shop just as the Herr and Frau Schmidt were sitting down to tea.

The Frau came into the passage to meet her.

"A gentleman is up-stairs waiting to see you. He has travelled from a distance, and is very impatient," she said with a bow.

A hope, strong and bright, of joy unexpected, lighted up her whole being. The desolation and the cruel delay were both forgotten. In an instant she stood on the threshold.

"God bless you, Pierre!" she cried, and held out both her trembling hands.

But a touch stranger and colder than her husband's had ever been, was laid upon her shoulder.

"In the name of Wilhelm, King of Wirtemberg, I arrest you for having stolen two thousand florins, the property of Paul Jansiewich, in trust for his grand-daughter Alexandrina—"

The voice paused, then, and gathered fresh severity and fresh force, as it added:

"And for the murder of Paul Jansiewich on

Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of October, eighteen hundred and fifty-four."

She did not faint or scream, but yielded herself a prisoner, as one who has no longer any hope of life or fear of death.

CHAPTER II.

THE first day of Norah Malone's imprisonment was passed by her in a kind of torpor, out of which she was aroused by a visit from the *Herr Polizebeamte*.

He was a heavy, plethoric man with glassy bead-like eyes that had no expression in them but sharpness of perception; these eyes he fixed upon her throughout the whole interview. He might not have acknowledged it to himself, but he was impressed, amazed by the wild daring beauty of the woman.

Beauty of a rare and most irresistible kind—intellect, keener than that of many men—generous, brave candour of soul—were such gifts ever more ill-used than these of Norah Malone's?

"Have you any wish to make a statement?" asked the Herr.

"None whatever."

"Perhaps when I have informed you of some facts that have occurred since your arrest, you will feel inclined to alter your decision. These facts have given a most unexpected and extraordinary turn to the whole affair. Answer me, have you any acquaintance with a person calling himself Pierre Talobre, lately employed as professor of French at Herr Popp's?"

"Yes."

The glassy eyes scintillated like fire.

"You have? Have you any reason to suppose that this M. Talobre has been in frequent intercourse with your late pupil Alexandrina Jansiewicz? Will it surprise you to hear that both are missing?"

Such a scream as the unhappy woman uttered then, had never before greeted the ears of *Herr Polizebeamte*. He turned pale, and drew back nervously in his chair when she touched his arm.

Falling on her knees she begged to be heard.

"Let me speak, let me confess," she cried with terrible fervour. "I loved him once, but now hate him, and in defending myself, can make his guilt plain. Oh! hear me, hear me!"

The substance of Norah Malone's statement ran as follows:

"My real name is Norah Martyn, née Malone. Pierre Henri Martyn (son of a French lady married to an Englishman) is my husband, and we were married at Paris in July, 1849. Of our former life, I will only say that he was engaged in a kind of speculative swindling, to which I was accessory, and on account of its discovery we fled to America. There we separated, after living very unhappily together, and we did not meet or have any communication whatever till on the fourth of last month. No one knew of our connection, and I only had one interview with him, viz., on the twenty-seventh. We met secretly, because I had no wish to give up my respectable and harmless life, and he had reasons of his own. On this occasion he declared that he loved me still—that he would henceforth be faithful to

me—that he would give up gaming and vice, and live honestly—if I started him with money. In England, he said, he would procure some appointment or other, and then all my troubles would be over. But we must have something to begin with, and he had debts of honour already, which kept him tied hand and foot in Cannstatt. In fact, the money must be had, and the way of getting it lay clearly before him. Do women who love bad men lose all the whiteness and honesty of their souls? I think so, for I consented. Yet the crime seemed to me as black as it could do to any innocent young girl. But I listened to him. Throughout that interview the name of Paul Jansiewicz was only once mentioned by him. He said, 'I know for a certainty that the old man keeps his money in a box, which you could easily get at, as he trusts you implicitly. You have only to send him to sleep.'

"Our plot was arranged thus: On the following day I was to steal the money from the old man's room when he was taking his noonday sleep. To ensure his sounder sleep and my safety, I put a few drops of laudanum in his coffee, and before it was time for Sasha and myself to take our afternoon walk, I had abstracted the key from his pocket, taken out the money, and replaced the key. Before this, however, Pierre Talobre had sent by post a note of invitation, purporting to be from an English lady I knew in Stuttgart, inviting me to a coffee-drinking at her house that night, and at dinner, M. Jansiewicz had consented that I should go. I do not think he would have consented, had not Sasha declined her invitation of going out to spend the evening with her musical-governess. We therefore walked out together for an hour, and parted at the door of her friend's house. I took a drosky to Stuttgart, where my husband met me in the narrow street adjoining the post-hof. He appeared to be very much excited, and proceeded to ask me immediately for the money.

"The fact of my taking possession of it at once," he said, "will be the only means of ensuring your safety, and through yours of mine. Suspicion cannot rest upon you, when there is no money found in your keeping, when no one can prove you having changed or used it. I shall join you at Frankfort or Berlin, in a few days, as soon as I safely can. Change your name, address, and identity as often as you find it possible."

"He then informed me that an express train was on the point of starting for Mannheim; that it would be safest for me to take it, to diverge from the general route at that place, and proceed by country roads and eilwagens to Frankfort. He should write to me next day, and name the time and place of meeting. Assuring me again of his unalterable reformation, and kissing me on the forehead with renewed expressions of love, he left me.

"I spent three days at Frankfort in the cruellest suspense and apprehension, during which time I received two letters from him, both purporting that I had better go to Paris in the case of his non-appearance shortly. I cannot remember the postmark of the last letter. The first bore that of Thun. I did not wonder at his first delay, for

I knew that his path was one of unsafety wherever he was known.

"That I am a robber, a betrayer of my master's trust, a dupe to incredible folly, do not deny. That I am innocent of any intention to murder him; that he was alive, and, to all appearances, in his usual health when I left him, I affirm on my most sacred oath.

"This is the truth, and nothing but the truth.

"NORAH HENRI MARTYN."

CHAPTER III.

Two circumstances blackened, almost beyond hope of whitening, the mass of evidence against Norah Martyn.

First and chiefly:—she was the last person seen to enter the room of Paul Jansiewich, between the hours of one and four on the day of the murder.

Secondly:—she was known to be in the old man's confidence, and to have so far an interest in his death, that in the event of it, she was nominated guardian to the young girl, Alexandrina, at a high fixed salary, double the sum she had hitherto been receiving. Norah Martyn denied any knowledge of this, but thus ran the will, and to a woman who had sworn herself the accomplice of a gambler, a thief, a swindler, what credence, removed from the evidence of facts, could be given?

The following facts were all that as yet threw any light on the subject. Immediately after dining with his grand-daughter and her governess in the common dining-room, Paul Jansiewich had retired to his sanctum, which was built beyond the apartment he had just quitted, and had no other communication whatever with the house. Dinner being over by one o'clock, it was between one and two that Norah Martyn carried him a cup of coffee, as was her usual habit, returned with the empty cup, read English to her pupils for about twenty minutes, then started up looking a little agitated, saying that she had an important question to ask M. Jansiewich before going out. She said this to Sasha in the hearing of their servant, who also saw her issue from the dining-room leading out of M. Jansiewich's apartment a few minutes later. No noise was heard. The two ladies soon after put on their bonnets and went out; it was owing to their absence at four o'clock, that the *hausfrau* sent a servant with coffee and bread to M. Jansiewich, it being customary in the house to take a light meal between dinner and supper.

What was the girl's horror to find the old man lying dead upon the floor, apparently killed by a heavy blow on the head? No weapon was found, and the room bore no sign of any struggle.

On whom else but Norah Martyn, could possible suspicions rest? No doubt, the flight of Sasha and M. Talobre formed another mysterious adjunct to this strange story; but with regard to the murder, the two could only be required as witnesses. It was proved by the servant's testimony, and also by that of her governess, that Sasha could not have seen M. Jansiewich since the dinner-hour. As to M. Talobre, he had not been seen on the premises of Herr Popp's insti-

tution since the day of his last lesson, which happened on the Saturday previous to the murder, and he had been seen in Stuttgart by several people on the fatal day. This testimony, it will be observed, exactly tallied with his unhappy wife's confession.

How the French master had found opportunity to woo and win the young Russian heiress, was no little matter of conjecture and gossip, till a paper was accidentally found among her copy-books, which showed that he had made artful use of his scholastic privileges to that effect. The paper, a piece of foolscap, and to all appearances an ordinary school exercise, was closely written with the warmest and wildest declarations of love, the most romantic sketches of a life blessed with the fervency of poetic passion; in fine, all that was calculated to captivate the heart and brain of a young girl.

Where were they, these ill-suited, unprincipled, to all others such unloving, lovers? Was their honey-moon an agreeable one, or did the asphodel of their own hearts spoil the sweetness of it a little? Did the dark shadow of that woman's avenging, awful soul blot out the sun from their hiding place? I think it must have done. Alexandrina was hardly tender-hearted and womanly enough to be happy any how, and for him, the very name of happiness was a jest too poor to laugh at. Yet he had romance in him still. There is no doubt that he loved her after his own fashion, for she was fresh and fair, and no man with that hushed, deep-sinking voice of his, and that winning smile, could ever lose a certain unrespecting admiration of women.

Meantime, did he know that one woman who loved him, as only those women can love, whose natures are capable of high things,—did he know that she was in prison, alone, and, before the face of man, a condemned murderess?

I think words would fail utterly to describe that loneliness, that desolation, that sense of womanly shame. Night and day she prayed with tears that drained her heart like drops of blood, for death. Sometimes she almost hoped that her prayers would be answered, for sleep, appetite, voice failed her: she could not raise her head from her hard pallet; she had hardly strength remaining to mourn aloud in her most despairing moments. The woman in attendance upon her, though utterly coarse, rough, and unmannerly, was kind and pitying. This was the only drop of healing in her bitter, bitter cup. One morning, our old friend the *Polizeibeamte*, with the glass bead eyes, was ushered into her room.

"I have come with strange news for you," he said, but for the first time since their acquaintance his eyes looked dull, and were turned away from her.

"You are acquitted—you are proved innocent," he added.

She made no sign of release. No tears came to the poor eyes that had wept too much in grief, ever to weep again for joy.

"A most extraordinary turn has been given to affairs," here his eyes grew into beads again, as he ferreted out the secret of his story, "a most unprecedented affair, truly. You are, of course,

aware that, adjoining the residence of Herr Popp is the private lunatic asylum of Herr Christian? You are also aware that the gardens are only separated by low fences, and that the sitting-room of M. Jansiewich opened by a glass door upon that portion of pleasure-ground immediately proximate to the most favourite walk of the patients?"

A gleam of light shot over the woman's face, as she collected all her mental energies to follow the clue.

"Mark you, it was often M. Jansiewich's habit to walk by this fence, and converse with those mild lunatics who were suffered to take the air alone. He was heard once, twice, thrice to quarrel with a crack-brained officer, proved by the witness of his attendants to be good-tempered enough when not put out, but liable to fits of frenzy. On the morning of the twenty-seventh, the sane man and the insane man were heard sneering at each other, reviling at each other. Yesterday, an iron-handed garden-rake was found in a shrubbery, exactly corresponding to the shape of the wound upon M. Jansiewich's head, and this very tool had been seen in the hands of the officer that morning. I ask you to connect these facts. I ask you, Madame, to connect these facts, and I am sorry that you should ever have been placed in a position to reap the benefit of them."

Norah Talobre Martyn died a few days after the communication narrated above, and was buried in the little grave-yard of Zuffenhausen. Her grave is surmounted by a wooden cross on which hangs a crown of thorns, placed there by the rough, pitying hands of her nurse; the same good hands bear flowers and evergreens to the mound on Saints' days, and keep the cross free from weather-stain, or soil. Pierre Talobre and his young wife never again appeared in Cannstatt. In Paris, in Berlin, in St. Petersburg they live their varied life of gaieties and quarrels, in alternate extravagance and want.

Perhaps they have often envied the peace of their victim. Perhaps this envy has taught them a better wisdom than their own lives could ever do. It is to be hoped so.

FORETHOUGHT FOR WINTER NIGHTS.

THERE are a few persons in England who remember, and who will never forget while they live, the winter of 1811—1812, for the misery it was to be alone after dark, and the terror of going to bed. On the 9th of that December, the whole family of the Marrs and their shop-boy, near Ratcliffe Highway, were murdered in a quarter of an hour, with singular brutality, their brains being dashed out with a mallet. The servant-girl had been sent out for oysters; and, on her return, the household were all lying dead.

On the 19th of the same month, the whole family of the Williamsons, in the same neighbourhood, were barbarously murdered in the same manner. For some time no discovery was made beyond the arrest of one man, who hanged himself in prison without having made any disclosures. I remember the horror of the murderers being known to be abroad, and the anxiety in

every house about bolts and bars, and the search before going to bed. I remember the shrinking from all intercourse with all strangers who applied for work, or by any means obtained access to any dwelling. I was then nine years old; and the care with which parents avoided the subject before the children, and the new indulgence about lights in the chambers, and about placing somebody within call, only deepened the impression on the minds of timid children. I remember being utterly unable to carry a message across the hall after dark, and being so paralysed by a cry of "Stop thief!" in the street, as to be incapable of joining the dance in the middle of the room by firelight.

It was useless to tell us children (as I heard neighbours say to each other) that only two or three persons could well have been engaged in the murder of the Marrs and the Williamsons; and that those two or three probably remained in London, and certainly could not be all over the kingdom at the same time. In many of our cities there were serious alarms of the gang being present; and every stranger in the streets was an object of suspicion. It was a winter never to be forgotten.

This was only a strong instance of the alarm which pervades society from criminals of the worst class being known to be at large. The same sort of panic, less vivid, but still very painful, has recurred repeatedly since. The nearest approach to it was perhaps a few winters ago, when burglaries were extraordinarily frequent. They seemed to be stopped for the time by the servants of a gentleman living in Regent's Park shooting a burglar.

At present there is something of the same feeling of insecurity from the dreadful cases of rape and murder which have roused the wrath and horror of all England. When we heard, the other day, that Mr. Hall the farmer was dead, we were all thankful that the wretched father of the murdered Miss Hall was out of his pain. If we could hardly bear the thought of her fate—brutally murdered on her way to church—we could not wonder that he took to his bed at once, or that he died before the year was out. And just when he died, there was another case,—that of a poor little servant girl, sent out for candles, who never returned, and was found dead, set up against a tree.

Both these murders were done by ticket-of-leave men. One of them is hanged: and there seems to be no doubt that the other will be hanged too: but the public mind is not much relieved by the riddance of the individual criminals. The class of ticket-of-leave men is abroad, and the universal terror of them is so strong that, as all sensible men are saying, something must be done to remedy the intolerable evils of our present system,—the sense of insecurity in which we are living on their account, and the injustice with which a large class is treated by us, for the crimes of a very small proportion of their number. All men and women who come out of prison—whatever their offence, and whatever may be their state of mind and character—are feared and hated as much as the desperadoes who are improperly at large. By this

injustice and cruelty we are perpetually increasing the amount of crime in the country; for we allow no chance in life to persons who have once offended; and, as to our own sufferings from the sense of insecurity of person and property, we know it too well to need any description of it here.

Everybody says that something must be done. Is there anything that can be done? To this question, so wistfully asked every day, and especially as winter comes on, there is a clear, strong, confident answer by those who know best—"Yes, certainly: the evil may diminish from this day forward; and in a few years it may be entirely at an end." The case is, in fact, one of gross mismanagement; and there is satisfactory proof that we hold the remedy in our own hands.

The first thing that occurs to many of us is that we did much better under the transportation system. Fifty years ago, when our criminals were hanged in rows, by threes and fours, or by dozens, we did not feel much more secure than at present. There were plenty of people then who cried out, like the tipsy young legislator who remonstrated with Sir Samuel Romilly, "Hang them all, damn them! Hang them all!" whatever their offences were: but it was in such days that the Marr and Williamson murders took place; and it seemed as if crime was actually propagated by the hanging of criminals: so we reduced the capital punishment, and found presently that less crime was perpetrated, and that what was perpetrated was more effectually discovered and punished. So far we succeeded.

At the same time we went on transporting our convicted criminals; and, when they were once shipped off, those who looked no further could rub their hands and say, "There! we are rid of them!" Society here was purified, we said; and a chance was afforded to the convicts to make a new start in a new country, if they chose to reform.

There was a drawback in the fear of returned convicts—a fear like that which prevails about ticket-of-leave men; but it was not very constant or oppressive. There was, however, a sequel to this experience of ours. Year by year we became aware that there was something very wrong in those parts of the world to which we sent hundreds upon hundreds of vicious men (with very few women among them), to poison every society they entered, or to live like wild beasts beyond the margin of society. I saw a family letter from Tasmania, twenty years ago, which revealed to me something of the workings of the system. It was from a gentleman in an official position, which seemed to command everything that the father of a rising family could wish for. He had fine healthy children, and schools were within reach; he had landed property in a district of great fertility and beauty: he had an honourable office with a good salary, and a command of all reasonable comforts and pleasures. Yet he and his wife were so miserable that they declared they must give up everything, and come to England to begin the world afresh, unless the transportation system was immediately discon-

tinued. Anything was better than living in the moral cesspool in which they found themselves. The convicts spoiled their whole life. Not all the care they took to keep their children incessantly in their presence sufficed to prevent the contamination from entering their home, and poisoning the transactions of every day. I need not say more. The colonists generally said the same thing; and some acted so vigorously upon it as to render it impossible to thrust any more of our criminals upon them; and the system came to an end. Western Australia still receives a few, for the sake of their labour; but it is only for a time, and to a very small extent. As regards our needs, the method may be said to be abolished; and it is certain that it can never be resorted to again.

Now that we are obliged to deal with our criminals at home, we have occasion to learn more than anybody knew before of the natural history of the class. That study has produced some happy effects, and on a large scale. It is a vast blessing that the supply of criminals is mainly cut off by the care now taken of the desolate and doomed children who have hitherto grown up as a criminal class. The operation of our Reformatories and Ragged Schools is already very marked in the reduction of crime; and it will become more evident as the old generation of offenders dies out. But we still have to deal with that generation, and with such apprentices as they get hold of; and the crimes and alarms of the present year are a sufficient evidence that there is a good deal more for us to learn and to do.

Thus, it is not a return to transportation, nor any attention that can be paid to reformatory schools—satisfactory as those schools are for their purpose—which will relieve us of the immediate evil of our criminals at large. What is it, then?

"That is plain enough," some reply. "There is not so much to learn as you pretend. The ticket-of-leave system is the mischief; and what we have to do is to get rid of it. We have never had any peace and comfort since we had ticket-of-leave men roaming the country."

It is precisely those who make this reply who are most conspicuously in need of more knowledge. They at once fancy tickets-of-leave to be bad things, and suppose all discharged convicts to be ticket-of-leave men. It would puzzle them to have to recommend a plan for disposing of our criminals, in the place of the present system; and they are certainly not qualified to do so if they cannot distinguish between a convict who has gone through his whole term of imprisonment and one who is let out on licence, under a liability to be brought back, to undergo his full term, in case of misbehaviour.

Thus,—after everything has been done to cut off the supply of criminals by taking hold of the children, we must have some method of disposing of our convicts; and none has been proposed that can at all compare with the ticket-of-leave system, either in regard to practicability or to positive success, where it has been well administered. We may ask, on the one hand, where we are to put our convicts if they are not to be let out; and we may show, on the other, a part of

the United Kingdom where eighty per cent. of the criminals are restored to society with character and credit.

That part of the kingdom is Ireland, where, under the same law which is supposed to work so badly in England, the ticket-of-leave system works better than any other method ever tried. Though this looks like the same fountain yielding sweet and bitter water, it is not so. The difference is that in Ireland the provisions of the Act have been respected, while in England they are neglected. Our remedy, therefore, is to get the system duly put in practice in England. When that is done, we may be relieved of our insecurity of life and property from so many of our criminals being at large: and till it is done we cannot be relieved.

The class of hard and hopeless criminals is not large. It is a disgrace to a society like ours that it cannot manage that mischievous element: but the failure is partly due to the good-natured mistake of respectable people in imagining criminals to be like themselves in feelings and in views. It does not enter their innocent heads that criminals are not ashamed, but vain of their pursuits; that they have peculiar notions of honour and conscience, and views quite unlike ours of what is desirable in life. Our respectable people therefore do not know what to aim at in the management of our convicts, and do not understand the importance of the system which is entirely spoiled in its operation in England by certain of its provisions being neglected which are carefully fulfilled in the successful cases in Ireland.

Most of us agree so far as this: that the first aim in the management of our convicts is the security of society; and the next, the reformation of the criminal. Beyond that point, most people's notions are still very hazy: and they cry out for a new system because society ought to be secure from burglary and garotting, and is not, while the burglars and garotters are often found to be ticket-of-leave men, or discharged convicts who are confounded with them.

The manifest necessity of the case is to render society secure by one of two ways; by bringing the criminal to the right view of good, and into the habits which belong to it, or to seclude him from the opportunity of doing mischief. The last method is impracticable for the whole number of our convicts, for their whole lives: and society in England has decided that so much seclusion as is necessary to the other object shall be inflicted, and no more. This is the principle of the ticket-of-leave system; and its soundness is not questioned by any sensible person who rightly apprehends it.

A certain term of imprisonment is specified which the convict is sentenced to fulfil, unless his moral improvement renders him fit to re-enter society sooner. But the relaxation of the sentence is by the Act rendered cautious and gradual, and the punishment remains impending for the whole term, in case of any reason appearing to suppose that the liberated offender is not behaving well. He has the conditions printed on his

ticket-of-leave. He is informed that the eye of the police is always upon him; and that he will be brought back to prison, not only if he commits any new offence—(for which he will be more heavily punished than for a first offence)—but if he associates with persons of notoriously bad character, if he leads an idle or dissolute life, or if he has no visible means of livelihood. Such circumstances show that he is not fit to be trusted with freedom; and he will be brought back to prison, to undergo the remainder of his sentence.

So says the Act,—the same Act that is the professed sanction of the system pursued in London and in Dublin. Yet, in Ireland society is relieved of its criminals, and of the dread of them, while in England our suffering from them is what we have seen. The reason of the contrast is that in England those provisions of the Act which relate to the security of society are grossly neglected, while in Ireland they have been taken to heart, and fulfilled with eminent wisdom and conscientiousness. Here we reach the practical point. We, in England, must get its full worth out of the Act, as the administrators at Dublin have done. Instead of crying out against the ticket-of-leave system, we must see that it is faithfully administered, according to law, and fairly brought into use.

The grand consideration is to train the criminal up to a condition of harmlessness, and to make sure that this is done before he is presented with his freedom. He comes into prison hating work and admiring idleness; despising small and gradual earnings, and covetous of sudden and large gains by theft; utterly contemptuous of simplicity and honesty, and respecting and honouring hypocrisy and lying when anything is to be got by them.

It can do no good to shut a man up, full of such notions, which are those of his whole life, and of all his companions; and to suppose that he has changed his mind when he says he has, or when he has behaved well for a certain term; and to let him loose upon society, with a ticket-of-leave. He knows very well that the conditions printed on the ticket will never be thought of again; or he gets out of sight and out of reach, as soon and as nearly as he can; and thus society is again afflicted with the pest which it so dreads. He murders somebody, or commits a burglary, and is brought back to prison under a new sentence. If he is recognised for what he is, his sentence is the heaviest provided by law: and it can hardly be heavy enough for the wrath of society which complains of being haunted by ruffians like these who are every day prematurely released from the punishment of their former crimes. One instance of the operation of the English procedure, as related by four visiting justices of the West Riding, who have been studying the two methods, gives us a fair notion of the working of the system in England.

There is now a convict, six-and-twenty years old, who is likely to be a pest to society for his whole life, if society goes on to treat him as it has done for the last ten years. His story is as follows:

Ten years ago J. H., as I will call him here,

was, at the age of sixteen, a well-known thief. He had been repeatedly convicted; and he was then sent to Parkhurst. He behaved so ill that he was further punished at Pentonville for "three years' continual bad conduct." When in solitary confinement he always behaves decently; and he obtained some credit on that account at Pentonville, whence he was sent to Portsmouth. By good conduct for a little while longer he could get out; and he did get out at the end of five years—his sentence being for seven. This was on the 4th of September, 1857. Being desired to name some person of respectability who would be likely to employ him—such a precaution existing at that time, but being dispensed with now—he named his own father, who had been described in the description of the boy himself as having been eight times in prison. The family occupation was passing bad coin. In six weeks J. H. was apprehended for a fresh crime, for which he was sentenced to four years' penal servitude. As usual, he behaved well while in solitary confinement; but, as soon as he was among comrades at Portsmouth again, he made such mischief—stirring up mutiny—that he was flogged, deprived of all advantages previously gained, and sent again to Pentonville. So he went on, between Pentonville and Portsmouth, till in February, 1861, he was actually provided with another ticket-of-leave, on the ground of good conduct—the remission being even greater than the law allows. In six weeks he was again apprehended, for fresh crime, and was sentenced at the next assizes to ten years' penal servitude. He arrived at the Wakefield prison with the ominous description—"Character bad: conduct in gaol very good." We may conclude that, unless the system is looked to, J. H. will win a good many more tickets-of-leave, commit a good many more robberies, cost us his weight in money, and keep society in hot water till the end of his natural life, or till he dies by the halter. If such were the proper working of the ticket-of-leave system, society could not cry out too strongly against it, for it would be doing all that method could do towards the deprivation of the convict and the destruction of the security of society.

In Dublin, meanwhile, there was a man who not only considered that the Act was made to be observed, but set all his faculties to work to administer its provisions in the soundest spirit and the completest manner. The name of Walter Crofton will be for ever remembered for this work. Captain Crofton (now Sir Walter) was till lately the Chief Director of Irish Prisons; and it was under his administration that the true method of working the system was recognised and established. The essential parts of his method are these.

Idleness is proved to be an evil and a humiliation by a fair trial of it by the new convict. He is kept idle till he obtains by good behaviour the right to work, and learns by experience that work is an honour and a privilege. He passes through three stages of trial of his conduct under discipline, at school, and at work; his conduct is recorded, and he receives marks accordingly—a certain number of marks entitling him to promotion to a

higher class. In brief, his behaviour is observed, recorded, and, above all, tested, from point to point. Bad conduct prevents his rising, or sets him back, or subjects him to punishment, according to its degree; while improvement ensures benefits, more or less distant—the improvement which obtains recompense being altogether of a practical character—talk going for nothing at all from any member of a class which considers hypocrisy to be a talent and a grace.

It takes two years of unbroken good conduct to carry an offender into the first class. A convict under a three years' sentence must pass through those two years and two months of irreproachable behaviour in the advanced class before he can obtain any remission at all. One under a seven years' sentence must serve two years in the advanced class; and may thus obtain remission, at the very earliest, after four years' punishment. In that advanced class marks become unnecessary. The members have now a character to sustain—a reputation of their own winning; and it is supposed that their self-respect will operate as it does outside the prison.

Earnings, small and slow, begin after the probationary stage is past. By the time the advanced class is reached the earnings are 7d. a week for the first six months, and 9d. afterwards. The great privilege of the promotion, however, is the increase of liberty. The men go to and from their work, and on business errands, with no guard but a single warder for each party. It is impossible to overrate the importance of this gradual introduction to freedom and the ordinary transactions of industrial society.

Even now the convict is not sent roving by himself, to take his chance of good or evil in the world. The Intermediate Prison is to be his abode for a time, benefiting him morally as the Convalescent Hospital benefits the poor infirm patient, whose disease is subdued, but whose strength is not yet sufficient to bear the roughnesses of life. The Intermediate Prison has no appearance of being a prison at all, as far as bolts and bars, soldiers and police, are concerned. Five warders were looking after sixty men when the West Riding magistrates were at one of these establishments: there was nothing to prevent anybody running away; but, out of a thousand convicts, only two had attempted it. Their work is hard, their diet is lower than in their actual imprisonment, and they have no luxury in their huts. They can spend only sixpence a week (out of the half-crown they earn), and the life is one of considerable hardship, favouring sincerity in the final stage of discipline.

Criminals of the worst class—murderers and the like—are not admitted here. Those who have life sentences have no business among those who are going out. About 75 per cent. of the convicts pass through the Intermediate Prison,—the other 25 per cent. consisting of the excluded class and of those whose health, commutation of sentence, or other circumstances interfere. Almost all, however, who are found in that establishment are grave offenders, and old offenders—often punished, but never before in the way of restoration as they are now.

At last, the convict becomes free. He has earned the remission of a part of his sentence, and he goes out. He does not plunge into the dark, like the English convict, as soon as the gaol doors close behind him. He has established a character so far as that the authorities expect him to do well. He would not otherwise be free; and society regards this as a sort of guarantee on the part of his trainers. Thus, these Irish convicts have no difficulty in getting employment, and beginning an honest life: and they are in fact in great request as labourers,—as the female convicts who have gone through a similar training are as servants. If, after all, unworthy, they have little opportunity for harassing society. All are under the surveillance of the police,—good and bad alike; and their way of life is thoroughly known to those who are in fact responsible for their conduct. An incorrigible offender is presently in durance again; so that the terror of ticket-of-leave men which afflicts English society is almost unknown in Ireland.

It is nothing to our purpose here that the Irish have something worse to dread in the popular disposition to lawlessness, and proneness to murder on land questions. That is a separate affair altogether. Our business now is to see how the curse of our floating criminal class of the worst order can be got rid of; and, if we find that the Directors of Irish prisons can show us the way, to insist that the right way shall be taken by our authorities.

The first step is to insist that the terms of the ticket-of-leave shall be fulfilled. The police must not only know every confined criminal (that is the case already), but must keep every member of the class continually in view; and, whenever a ticket-of-leave man is seen to be living in bad company, to be idle, to be subsisting without honest apparent means, he must be apprehended as a dangerous person, as unworthy of his release, and a proper subject for the full punishment decreed on his trial.

But, if the rascal shifts his place incessantly, and tries new fields of exploit,—what can the police do then? Do not these escaped villains perpetrate new crimes, and receive the punishment of a first offence for what may be the twentieth?

This is too true; and it is one of the main points on which reform is wanted.

It is a scandal and a shame, we all say, that the remnant of our old criminal population,—the generation that is still at its tricks after we have mainly cut off the supply of juvenile apprentices,—is not effectually dealt with by our apparatus of justice. Why cannot we, a practical people, manage a business which after all must be manageable?

We are less able to manage it now than we were five years ago, because Government has thought fit to fix the allowance for the expenses of witnesses so low that the proper evidence of the identity of some culprit with a former offender cannot be had.

The effect is this. John Smith is charged with a burglary or something worse in Devonshire. There

is reason to believe that he is the James Salter who has undergone more or less punishment for a robbery in Warwickshire; and he is moreover suspected of being the Jonas Sadler who was in a Derbyshire gaol for some time. The police could clear this up; but if a Warwickshire or a Derbyshire policeman cannot get through a journey to Devonshire on eighteenpence a day, they will not go. They cannot afford to pay out of their own pockets; and their local magistrate writes to excuse them, on the ground of short memory, or some other obstacle. If suspected ticket-of-leave men thus escape identification and its consequences, many more escape even the suspicion. Instead of every known criminal member of the population being watched by the police, it is impossible to get the strongest suspicions verified.

The Recorder of Birmingham tells us in print that he is "informed by the authorities of Birmingham that the governor of the gaol in a neighbouring county wrote to them to request them not to require the attendance of his officers, as the poor men really could not afford the loss imposed upon them by their journeys." Shall we be so penny wise and pound foolish as to let loose our worst criminals before their time, to murder, rob, and do worse, to save the expenses of witnesses who could tell who they were? This seems incredible; yet this is what is happening, under the direction and control of Sir George Grey.

In 1858, it was found that some abuses had happened, under the pretence of this payment of witnesses. A tariff was framed which may afford sufficient payment to some witnesses, but which certainly subjects others to loss, if they do their duty. As they cannot bear the loss, they shirk the duty. It is well understood also that crimes are passed over without notice, because the witnesses are afraid of the loss they would incur if they were bound over to give evidence. Some of my readers may remember that the magistrates and grand jury of South Lancashire prepared a memorial on this subject, two years ago, after discovering the fatal effects of the reduced tariff.

Other representations of the same kind followed: the whole Bar has but one opinion upon it: and Sir George Grey has so far given way as to have proposed that the pay of witnesses shall be augmented on occasion from the local rates. Those rates are not the fund which ought to be charged in such a case, because the desire for economy will be almost as strong an impediment in the way of justice as the economy of individuals. It is miserable work,—this spreading of temptation to the frustration of justice in a country suffering under the difficulties of a change of system. No money can be better spent than in getting a sure hold of every known criminal, and preventing his doing more mischief.

Till this is done, and until we can show here in this realm of England what Ireland has already shown—the certain reformation and restoration of eighty per cent. of her convicts—we are in danger of a life of terrorism under the virtual

dominion of a small but bold class of criminals, and of our popular character sinking into a resemblance to the Irish in its lowest phase,—that of connivance at crime and obstruction of justice.

This must be looked after in the next session of parliament. After the strong alarm and disgust excited by the outrages of ticket-of-leave men this year, it cannot be difficult to find members of parliament who will guide, correct, or sustain the Home Secretary in reversing the mistake of 1858, in the matter of the expenses of witnesses. The thing will not bear delay.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

STARRALORE.

Love has left his mournful traces on that fairest of all faces,
And by many sins and sorrows I am older than of yore :
I can hear my lovers calling, while I feel my spirit falling
To a depth the more appalling : I am falling evermore ;
I am falling ever farther from the happy Starralore.

There my spirit haunts and hovers, for there are all my lovers :
I can hear their happy voices on the far-off happy shore :
I can feel the breezes blowing, hear the happy rivers flowing,
Where immortal flowers are growing and the birds sing evermore ;
In the gardens and the bowers of the happy Starralore.

For no joy has beamed upon me since the evil spirit won me,
And I passed the gates of glory in my fiery youth of yore :
But though God himself abhor me, there are lovers asking for me,
There are angels weeping for me in the happy Starralore ;
And they call in love and sorrow ; call me back for evermore.

There's a wilderness around me ; gloomy seas and mountains bound me ;
And the star that rose to light me, it has set for evermore :
For I loved the roar and rattle and the fiery rush of battle,
And no demon's wing was darker than the banner which I bore ;
For I fought the holy angels from the blessed Starralore.

But another spell came o'er me ; and a woman stood before me
With the looks of love and glory which the blessed angels wore ;
And I cried, "Now joy betide me ! 'tis an angel sent to guide me,
And in beauty walk beside me to the happy Starralore :
God has sent this holy angel His apostate to restore !"

It was but an earth-bound spirit ; and ah, bootless to inherit

All the gifts of God our Father, all the spirit's love and lore,

While the chain of Beauty bound me ; for she wound her white arms round me ;

In a sea of passion drowned me, till the spirit could not soar ;

And she held me back and led me far away from Starralore.

And I shook her off in sorrow ; but she came again to-morrow

In her beauty, and I trembled in my weakness evermore ;

And she stood in tears before me when a balmy breeze blew o'er me,

And the fragrance that it bore me was from happy Starralore ;

From the bowers and the flowers of the happy Starralore.

And I shook her off in anger when I heard the trumpet's clangor

Call to battle all the heroes, nerved as heroes were of yore :

But, alas, in vain I started : feeble-limbed and craven-hearted,

All the glory had departed, and my locks of might she shore ;

While I heard the shouts of battle from the sons of Starralore.

And she cried, "Alas, I love thee as another cannot love thee ;

And my bosom is thy pillow ; cast me not away, therefore !"

And she cried, "This world of ours has its gardens and its flowers,

And the birds sing in the bowers songs of love for evermore,

Full as sweet as they sing even in the happy Starralore.

Ah, why lovest thou the rattle and the rush and roar of battle ?

Lo, our flocks are in the valleys ! let us garner up our store !

And we'll live a life enchanted : and our homestead shall be haunted

By the happy angels granted to Love's prayers for evermore :

Love shall bless us with blithe angels, fair as those of Starralore."

And she cried, "In vain I love thee, if thou lovest one above me,

With the faith and with the fervour that I love thee evermore :

But thy sword is never needed, and thy little aid unheeded :

Ah, let the god of glory fight the foes of Starralore, While love fills thee and love thrills thee to the bosom's happy core."

And her locks of golden lustre wind around me, and they cluster

Round the wings I wear, but wave not, and shall wave, ah, never more !

And for ever, ever after, I can hear the demon's laughter,

And the feeblest sigh I waft her is, Adieu for evermore

To the bowers and the garden and the god of Starralore !

PAUL RICHARDSON.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XLI. THE THUNDER-STORM.

THE fine September morning had turned to a rainy afternoon. A heavy mist hung upon the trees, the hedges, the ground; something like the mist which had fallen upon Lionel Verner's spirit. The day had grown more like a November one: the clouds were leaden-coloured, the rain fell; even the little birds sought the shelter of their nests.

One there was who walked in it, his head uncovered, his brow bared. Not a bird, but a man. He was in the height of his fever dream. It is not an inapt name for his state of mind. His veins coursed as with fever; his thoughts took all the vague uncertainty of a dream. Little heeded he that the weather had become chilly, or that the waters fell upon him!

What must be his course? What ought it to

be? The more he dwelt on the revelation of that day, the deeper grew his conviction that Frederick Massingbird was alive, breathing the very air that he breathed. What ought to be his course? If this were so, his wife was—not his wife.

It was obvious that his present, immediate course ought to be to solve the doubt: to set it at rest. But how? It could only be done by unearthing Frederick Massingbird; or he who bore so strange a resemblance to him. And where was he to be looked for? To track the hiding-place of a "ghost" is not an easy matter; and Lionel had no clue where to find the track of this one. If staying in the village, he must be concealed in some house; lying *perdu* by day. It was very strange that it should be so; that he should not openly show himself.

There was another way by which perhaps the

doubt might be solved—as it suddenly occurred to Lionel. And that was through Captain Cannonby. If this gentleman really was with Frederick Massingbird when he died, and saw him buried, it was evident that it could not be Frederick come back to life. In that case, who or what it might be, Lionel did not stay to speculate: his business lay in ascertaining by the most direct means in his power, whether it was, or was not, Frederick Massingbird. How was it possible to do this, how could it be possible to set the question at rest?

By a very simple process, it may be answered—the waiting for time and chance. Ay, but do you know what that waiting involves, in a case like this? Think of the state of mind that Lionel Verner must live under, during the suspense!

He made no doubt that the man who had been under the tree on the lawn, a few nights before, watching his window, whom they had set down as being Roy, was Frederick Massingbird. And yet, it was scarcely believable. Where now was Lionel to look for him? He could not, for Sibylla's sake, make inquiries in the village in secret or openly: he could not go to the inhabitants and ask—have you seen Frederick Massingbird? or say to each individual, I must send a police-officer to search your house, for I suspect Frederick Massingbird is somewhere concealed, and I want to find him. For *her* sake he could not so much as breathe the name, in connection with his being alive.

Given that it was Frederick Massingbird, what could possibly prevent his making himself known? As he dwelt upon this problem, trying to solve it, the idea taken up by Lucy Tempest—that the man under the tree was watching for an opportunity to harm him—came into his mind. *That*, surely, could not be the solution! If he had taken Frederick Massingbird's wife to be his wife, he had done it in all innocence. Lionel spurned the notion as a preposterous one: nevertheless, a remembrance crossed him of the old days when the popular belief at Verner's Pride had been, that the younger of the Massingbirds was of a remarkably secretive and also of a revengeful nature. But all that he barely glanced at: the terrible fear touching Sibylla absorbed him.

He was leaning against a tree in the covered walk near Verner's Pride, the walk which led to the willow-pond, his head bared, his brow bent with the most unmistakeable signs of care, when something not unlike a small white balloon came flying down the path. A lady, with her silk dress turned over her shoulders, leaving only the white lining exposed to view. She was face to face with Lionel before she saw him.

"Lucy!" he exclaimed, in extreme surprise.

Lucy Tempest laughed, and let her dress drop into a more dignified position. "I and Decima went to call on Mrs. Bitterworth," she explained, "and Decima is staying there. It began to rain as I came out, so I turned into the back walk and put my dress up to save it. Am I not economical, Mr. Verner?"

She spoke quickly. Lionel thought it was done with a view to hide her agitation. "You cannot go home through this rain, Lucy. Let me take you indoors: we are close at home."

"No, thank you," said Lucy, hastily, "I must return to Lady Verner. She will not be pleased at Decima's staying out, therefore I must return. Poor Mrs. Bitterworth has had an attack of—what did they call it?—spasmodical croup, I think. She is better now, and begged Decima to stay with her the rest of the day: Mr. Bitterworth and the rest of them are out. Jan says it is highly dangerous for the time it lasts."

"She has had something of the same sort before, I remember," observed Lionel. "I wish you would come in, Lucy. If you must go home, I will send you in the carriage: but I think you might stay and dine with us."

A soft colour mantled in Lucy's cheeks. She had never made herself a familiar acquaintance at Lionel Verner's. He had observed it, if no one else had. Sibylla had once said to her that she hoped they should be great friends, that Verner's Pride would see a great deal of her. Lucy had never responded to the wish. A formal visit with Decima or Lady Verner when she could not help herself; but alone, in a social manner, she had never put her foot over the threshold of Verner's Pride.

"You are very kind. I must go home at once. The rain will not hurt me."

Lionel, self-conscious, did not urge it further.

"Will you remain here, then, under the trees, while I go home and get an umbrella?"

"Oh dear no, I don't want an umbrella; thank you all the same. I have my parasol, you see."

She took her dress up again as she spoke, not high, as it was previously, but turning it a little.

"Lady Verner scolds me so if I spoil my things," she said, in a tone of laughing apology. "She buys me very good ones, and orders me to take care of them. Good-bye, Mr. Verner."

Lionel took the hand in his which she held out. But he turned with her, and then loosed it again.

"You are not coming with me, Mr. Verner?"

"I shall see you home."

"But—I had rather you did not. I prefer—not to trouble you."

"Pardon me, Lucy. I cannot suffer you to go alone."

It was a calm reply, quietly spoken. There were no fine phrases of its being "no trouble," that the "trouble was a pleasure," as others might indulge in. Fine phrases from them! from the one to the other! Neither could have spoken them.

Lucy said no more, and they walked on side by side in silence, both unpleasantly self-conscious. Lionel's face had resumed its strange expression of care. Lucy had observed it when she came up to him; she observed it still.

"You look as if you had some great trouble upon you, Mr. Verner," she said, after awhile.

"Then I look what is the truth. I have one, Lucy."

"A heavy one?" asked Lucy, struck with his tone.

"A grievously heavy one. One that does not often fall to the lot of man."

"May I know it?" she timidly said.

"No, Lucy. If I could speak it, it would only give you pain; but it is of a private nature. Possibly it may be averted; it is at present a suspected dread, not a confirmed one. Should it become confirmed, you will learn it in common with all the world."

She looked up at him puzzled; sympathy in her mantling blush, in her soft dark, earnest eyes. He could not avoid contrasting that truthful face with another's frivolous one: and I can't help it if you blame him. He did his best to shake off the feeling, and looked down at her with a careless smile.

"Don't let it give you concern, Lucy. My troubles must rest upon my own head."

"Have you seen any more of that man who was watching? Roy."

"No. But I don't believe now that it was Roy. He strongly denies it, and I have had my suspicions diverted to another quarter."

"To one who may be equally wishing to do you harm?"

"I cannot say. If it be the party I—I suspect, he may deem that I have done him harm."

"You!" echoed Lucy. "And have you?"

"Yes. Unwittingly. It seems to be my fate, I think, to work harm upon—upon those whom I would especially shield from it."

Did he allude to her? Lucy thought so, and the flush on her cheeks deepened. At that moment the rain began to pour down heavily. They were then passing the thicket of trees where those adventurous ghost hunters had taken up their watch a few nights previously, in view of the willow-pond. Lucy stepped underneath their branches.

"Now," said Lionel, "should you have done well to accept my offer of Verner's Pride as a shelter, or not?"

"It may only be a passing storm," observed Lucy. "The rain then was nothing."

Lionel took her parasol and shook the wet off it. He began to wonder how Lucy would get home. No carriage could be got to that spot, and the rain, coming down now, was not, in his opinion, a passing storm.

"Will you promise to remain here, Lucy, while I get an umbrella?" he presently asked.

"Why! where could you get an umbrella from?"

"From Hook's, if they possess such a thing. If not, I can get one from Broom's."

"But you would get so wet going for it!"

Lionel laughed as he went off.

"I don't wear a silk dress; to be scolded for it, if it gets spoiled."

Not ten steps had he taken, however, when who should come striding through an opening in the trees, but Jan. Jan was on his way from Hook's cottage, a huge brown cotton umbrella over his head, more useful than elegant.

"What, is that you, Miss Lucy! Well, I should as soon have thought of seeing Mrs. Peckaby's white donkey!"

"I am weather-bound, Jan," said Lucy. "Mr. Verner was about to get me an umbrella."

"To see if I could get one," corrected Lionel.

"I question if the Hooks possess such a commodity."

"Not they," cried Jan. "The girl's rather better," added he, unceremoniously. "She may get through it now: at least there's a shade of a chance. You can have my umbrella, Miss Lucy."

"Won't you let me go with you, Jan?" she asked.

"Oh, I can't stop to take you to Deerham Court," was Jan's answer, given with his accustomed plainness. "Here, Lionel."

He handed over the umbrella, and was walking off.

"Jan, Jan, you will get wet," said Lucy.

It amused Jan.

"A wetting more or less is nothing [to me," he called out, striding on.

"Will you stay under shelter a few minutes yet, and see whether it abates?" asked Lionel.

Lucy looked up at the skies, stretching her head beyond the trees to do so.

"Do you think it will abate?" she rejoined.

"Honestly, to confess it, I think it will get worse," said Lionel. "Lucy, you have thin shoes on! I did not see that until now."

"Don't you tell Lady Verner," replied Lucy, with the pretty dependent manner which she had brought from school with her, and which she probably would never lose. "She would scold me for walking out in them."

Lionel smiled, and held the great umbrella—large enough for a carriage—close to the trees, that it might shelter her as she came forth.

"Take my arm, Lucy."

She hesitated for a single moment—a hesitation so temporary that any other than Lionel could not have observed it, and then took his arm. And again they walked on in silence. In passing down Clay Lane—the way Lionel took—Mrs. Peckaby was standing at her door.

"On the look out for the white donkey, Mrs. Peckaby?" asked Lionel.

The husband, inside, heard the words and flew into a tantrum.

"She's never on the look out for nothing else, sir: asking pardon for saying it to you."

Mrs. Peckaby clasped her hands together.

"It'll come!" she murmured. "Sometimes, sir, when my patience is well nigh exhausted, I has a vision of the New Jerusalem in the night, and is revived. It'll come, sir, the quadruple 'll come!"

"I wonder," laughed Lucy, as they walked on, "whether she will go on to the end of her life expecting it?"

"If her husband will allow her," answered Lionel. "But by what I have heard since I came home, his patience is—as she says by her own with reference to the white 'quadruple'—well nigh exhausted."

"He told Decima, the other day, that he was sick of the theme and of her folly, and he wished the New Jerusalem had her and the white donkey together. Here we are!" added Lucy, as they came in front of Deerham Court. "Lionel, please, let me go in the back way—Jan's way. And then Lady Verner will not see me. She will say I ought not to have come through the rain."

"She'll see the shoes and the silk dress, and she'll say you should have stopped at Verner's Pride, as a well-trained young lady ought," returned Lionel.

He took her safely to the back door, opened it, and sent her in.

"Thank you very much," said she, holding out her hand to him. "I have given you a disagreeable walk, and now I must give you one back again."

"Change your shoes at once, and don't talk foolish things," was Lionel's answer.

A wet walk back he certainly had: but, wet or dry, it was all the same in his present distressed frame of mind. Arrived at Verner's Pride, he found his wife dressed for dinner, and the centre of a host of guests, gay as she was. No opportunity, then, to question her about Frederick Mas-singbird's death, and how far Captain Cannonby was cognisant of the particulars.

He had to change his own things. It was barely done by dinner-time, and he sat down to table, the host of many guests. His brow was smooth, his speech was courtly: how could any of them suspect that a terrible dread was gnawing at his heart? Sibylla, in a rustling silk dress and a coronet of diamonds, sat opposite to him in all her dazzling beauty. Had she suspected what might be in store for her, those smiles would not have chased each other so incessantly on her lips.

Sibylla went up to bed early. She was full of caprices as a wayward child. Of a remarkably chilly nature—as is the case sometimes where the constitution is delicate—she would have a fire in her dressing-room night and morning all the year round, even in the heat of summer. It pleased her this evening to desert her guests suddenly: she had the headache, she said.

The weather on this day appeared to be as capricious as Sibylla, as strangely curious as the great fear which had fallen upon Lionel. The fine morning had changed to the rainy, misty, chilly afternoon; the afternoon to a clear, bright evening; and that evening had now become over-cast with portentous clouds.

Without much warning, the storm burst forth: peals of thunder reverberated through the air, flashes of forked lightning played in the sky. Lionel hastened upstairs: he remembered how these storms terrified his wife.

She had knelt down to bury her head amidst the soft cushions of a chair when Lionel entered her dressing-room. "Sibylla," he said.

Up she started at the sound of his voice, and flew to him. There lay her protection; and in spite of her ill-temper and her love of aggravation, she felt and recognised it. Lionel held her in his sheltering arms, bending her head down upon his breast and drawing his coat over it, so that she might see no ray of light: as he had been wont to do in former storms. As a timid child was she at these times: humble, loving, gentle: she felt as if she were on the threshold of the next world, that the next moment might be her last. Others have been known to experience the same dread in a thunder-storm: and, to be thus brought, as it were, face to face with death, takes the spirit out of people.

He stood patiently, holding her. Every time the thunder burst above their heads, he could feel her heart beat against his. One of her arms was round him; the other he held; all wet it was with the fear. He did not speak: he only clasped her closer every now and then, that she might be reminded of her shelter.

Twenty minutes, or so, and the violence of the storm abated. The lightning grew less frequent, the thunder distant and more distant. At length the sound wholly ceased, and the lightning subsided into that harmless sheet lightning which is so beautiful to look at in the far-off horizon.

"It is over," he whispered.

She lifted her head from its resting-place. Her blue eye was bright with excitement, her delicate cheek crimson, her golden hair fell in a dishevelled mass around. Her gala robes had been removed with the diamond coronet, and the storm had surprised her writing a note in her dressing-gown. In spite of the sudden terror which overtook her, she did not forget to put the letter—so far as had been written of it—safely away. It was not expedient that her husband's eyes should fall upon it: Sibylla had many answers to write now to importunate creditors.

"Are you sure, Lionel?"

"Quite sure. Come and see how clear it is. You are not alarmed at the sheet-lightning."

He put his arm round her, and led her to the window. As he said, the sky was clear again. Nearly all traces of the storm had passed away: there had been no rain with it; and, but for the remembrance of its sound in their ears, they might have believed that it had not taken place. The broad lands of Verner's Pride lay spreading out before them; the lawns and the terrace underneath: the sheet-lightning illumined the heavens incessantly, rendering objects nearly as clear as in the day.

Lionel held her to his side, his arm round her. She trembled still; trembled excessively; her bosom heaved and fell beneath his hand.

"When I die, it will be in a thunder-storm," she whispered.

"You foolish girl!" he said, his tone half a joking one, wholly tender. "What can have given you this excessive fear of thunder, Sibylla?"

"I was always frightened at a thunder-storm. Deborah says mamma was. But I was not so very frightened until a storm I witnessed in Australia. It killed a man!" she added, shivering and nestling nearer to Lionel.

"Ah!"

"It was only a few days before Frederick left me, when he and Captain Cannonby went away together," she continued. "We had hired a carriage and had gone out of the town ever so far. There was something to be seen there; I forget what now; races perhaps. I know a good many people went; and an awful thunder-storm came on. Some ran under the trees for shelter; some would not: and the lightning killed a man. Oh, Lionel, I shall never forget it! I saw him carried past; I saw his face! Since then I have felt ready to die, myself, with the fear."

She turned her face and hid it upon his bosom. Lionel did not attempt to soothe the fear; he

knew that for such fear time alone is the only cure. He whispered words of soothing to *her*; he stroked fondly her golden hair. In these moments, when she was gentle, yielding, clinging to him for protection, three parts of his old love for her would come back again. The lamp, which had been turned on to its full blaze of light, was behind them, so that they might have been visible enough to anybody standing in the nearer portion of the grounds.

"Captain Cannonby went away with Frederick Massingbird," observed Lionel, approaching by degrees to the questions he wished to ask. "Did they start together?"

"Yes. Don't talk about it, Lionel."

"My dear wife, I must talk about it," he gravely answered. "You have always put me off in this manner, so that I know little or nothing of the circumstances. I have a reason for wishing to become cognisant of those past particulars. Surely," he added, a shade of deeper feeling in his tone, "at this distance of time it cannot be so very painful to your feelings to speak of Frederick Massingbird. I am by your side."

"What is the reason that you wish to know?"

"A little matter that regarded him and Cannonby. Was Cannonby with him when he died?"

Sibylla, subdued still, yielded to the wish, as she would probably have yielded at no other time.

"Of course he was with him. They were but a day's journey from Melbourne. I forget the name of the place: a sort of small village or settlement, I believe, where the people halted that were going to, or returning from the diggings. Frederick was taken worse as they got there, and in a few hours he died."

"Cannonby remaining with him?"

"Yes. I am sure I have told you this before, Lionel. I told it to you on the night of my return."

He was aware she had. (He could not say: "But I wish to press you upon the points; to ascertain beyond doubt that Frederick Massingbird did really die; that he is not living.") "Did Cannonby stay until he was buried?"

"Yes."

"You are sure of this?"

Sibylla looked at him curiously. She could not think why he was recalling this; why want to know it.

"I am sure of it only so far as that Captain Cannonby told me so," replied Sibylla.

The reservation struck upon him with a chill: it seemed to be a confirmation of his worst fears. Sibylla continued, for he did not speak:

"Of course he stayed with him until he was buried. When Captain Cannonby came back to me at Melbourne, he said he had waited to lay him in the ground. Why should he have said it, if he did not?"

"True," murmured Lionel.

"He said the burial-service had been read over him. I remember that, well. I reproached Captain Cannonby with not having come back to me immediately, or sent for me that I might at least have seen him dead, if not alive. He excused

himself by saying that he did not think I should like to see him: and he had waited to bury him before returning."

Lionel fell into a reverie. If this, that Captain Cannonby had stated, was correct, there was no doubt that Frederick Massingbird was safely dead and buried. But he could not be sure that it was correct: he may not have relished waiting to see a dead man buried: although he had affirmed so much to Sibylla. A thousand pounds would Lionel have given out of his pocket at that moment, for one minute's interview with Captain Cannonby.

"Lionel!"

The call came from Sibylla with sudden intensity, half startling him. She had got one of her fingers pointed to the lawn.

"Who's that—peeping forth from underneath the yew-tree?"

The same place, the same tree which had been pointed to by Lucy Tempest! An impulse, for which Lionel could not have accounted, caused him to turn round and put out the lamp.

"Who can it be?" wondered Sibylla. "He appears to be watching us. How foolish of any of them to go out! I should not feel safe under a tree, although that lightning is only sheet-lightning."

Every perceptive faculty that Lionel Verner possessed was strained upon the spot. He could make out a tall man; a man whose figure bore—unless his eyes and his imagination combined to deceive him—a strong resemblance to Frederick Massingbird's. Had it come to it? Were he and his rival face to face; was she, by his own side now, about to be bandied between them?—belonging, save by the priority of the first marriage ceremony, no more to one than to the other? A stifled cry, suppressed instantly, escaped his lips; his pulses stood still, and then throbbed on with painful violence.

"Can you discern him, Lionel?" she asked.

"He is going away—going back amidst the trees. Perhaps because he can't see us any longer, now you have put the light out. Who is it? Why should he have stood there, watching us?"

Lionel snatched her to him with an impulsive gesture. He would have sacrificed his life willingly to save Sibylla from the terrible misfortune that appeared to be falling upon her.

CHAPTER XLIII. A CASUAL MEETING ON THE RIVER.

A MERRY breakfast-table. Sibylla, for a wonder, up, and present at it. The rain of the preceding day, the storm of the night had entirely passed away, and as fine a morning as could be wished was smiling on the earth.

"Which of you went out before the storm was over, and ventured under the great yew-tree?"

It was Mrs. Verner who spoke. She looked at the different gentlemen present, and they looked at her. They did not know what she meant.

"You were under it, one of you," persisted Sibylla.

All, save one, protested that they had neither

been out nor under the tree. That one—it happened to be Mr. Gordon, of whom casual mention has been made—confessed to having been on the lawn, so far as crossing it went; but he did not go near the tree.

"I went out with my cigar," he observed, "and had strolled some distance from the house when the storm came on. I stood in the middle of a field and watched it. It was grandly beautiful."

"I wonder you were not brought home dead!" ejaculated Sibylla.

Mr. Gordon laughed.

"If you once witnessed the thunder-storms that we get in the tropics, Mrs. Verner, you would not associate these with danger."

"I have seen dreadful thunder-storms, apart from what we get here, as well as you, Mr. Gordon," returned Sibylla. "Perhaps you will deny that anybody's ever killed by them in this country. But why did you halt underneath the yew-tree?"

"I did not," he repeated. "I crossed the lawn, straight on to the upper end of the terrace. I did not go near the tree."

"Some one did, if you did not. They were staring right up at my dressing-room window. I was standing at it with Mr. Verner."

Mr. Gordon shook his head.

"Not guilty, so far as I am concerned, Mrs. Verner. I met some man, when I was coming home, plunging into the thicket of trees as I emerged from them. It was he, possibly."

"What man?" questioned Sibylla.

"I did not know him. He was a stranger. A tall, dark man with stooping shoulders, and something black upon his cheek."

"Something black upon his cheek!" repeated Sibylla, thinking the words bore an odd sound.

"A large black mark it looked like. His cheek was white—sallow would be the better term—and he wore no whiskers, so it was a conspicuous looking brand. In the moment he passed me, the lightning rendered the atmosphere as light as—"

"Sibylla!" almost shouted Lionel, "we are waiting for more tea in this quarter. Never mind Gordon."

They looked at him with surprise. He was leaning towards his wife; his face crimson, his tones agitated. Sibylla stared at him, and said, if he called out like that, she would not get up another morning. Lionel replied, talking fast; and just then the letters were brought in. Altogether, the subject of the man with the mark upon his cheek dropped out of the discussion.

Breakfast over, Lionel put his arm within Mr. Gordon's and drew him outside upon the terrace. Not to question him upon the man he had seen: Lionel would have been glad that that encounter should pass out of Mr. Gordon's remembrance, as affording less chance of Sibylla's hearing of it again; but to get information on another topic. He had been rapidly making up his mind during the latter half of breakfast, and had come to a decision.

"Gordon, can you inform me where Captain Cannonby is to be found?"

"Can you inform me where the comet that visited us last year may be met with this?" returned Mr. Gordon. "I'd nearly as soon undertake to find out the locality of the one as of the other. Cannonby did go to Paris; but where he may be now, is quite another affair."

"Was he going there for any length of stay?"

"I fancy not. Most likely he is back in London by this time. Had he told me he was coming back, I should have paid no attention to it. He never knows his own mind two hours together."

"I particularly wish to see him," observed Lionel. "Can you give me any address where he may be found in London?—if he has returned?"

"Yes. His brother's in Westminster. I can give you the exact number and address by referring to my note-book. When Cannonby's in London, he makes it his head-quarters. If he is away, his brother may know where he is."

"His brother may be out of town also. Few men are in it at this season."

"If they can get out. But Dr. Cannonby can't. He is a physician, and must stop at his post, season or no season."

"I am going up to town to-day," remarked Lionel, "and—"

"You are! For long?"

"Back to-morrow, I hope: perhaps to-night. If you will give me the address, I'll copy it down."

Lionel wrote it down: but Mr. Gordon told him there was no necessity: any little ragged boy in the street could direct him to Dr. Cannonby's. Then he went to make his proposed journey known to Sibylla. She was standing near one of the terrace pillars, looking up at the sky, her eyes shaded with her hand. Lionel drew her inside an unoccupied room.

"Sibylla, a little matter of business is calling me to London," he said. "If I can catch the half-past ten train, I may be home again to-night, late."

"How sudden!" cried Sibylla. "Why didn't you tell me? What weather shall we have to-day, do you think?"

"Fine. But it is of little consequence to me whether it be fine or wet."

"Oh! I was not thinking of you," was the careless reply. "I want it to be fine for our archery."

"Good-bye," he said, stooping to kiss her. "Take care of yourself."

"Lionel, mind, I shall have the ponies," was her answer, given in a pouting, pretty, affected manner.

Lionel smiled, shook his head, took another kiss, and left her. Oh, if he could but shield her from the tribulation that too surely seemed to be ominously looming!

The lightest and fleetest carriage he possessed, had been made ready, and was waiting for him at the stables. He got in there, and drove off with his groom, saying farewell to none, and taking nothing with him but an overcoat. As he drove past Mrs. Duff's shop, the remembrance of the

bill came over him. He had forwarded the money to her the previous night in his wife's name.

He caught the train; was too soon for it; it was five minutes behind time. If those who saw him depart could but have divined the errand he was bent on, what a commotion would have spread over Deerham! If the handsome lady, seated opposite to him, the only other passenger in that compartment, could but have read the cause which rendered him so self-absorbed, so insensible to her attractions, she would have gazed at him with far more interest.

"Who is that gentleman?" she privately asked of the guard when she got the opportunity.

"Mr. Verner, of Verner's Pride."

He sat back on his seat, heeding nothing. Had all the pretty women of the kingdom been ranged before him, on a row, they had been nothing to Mr. Verner then. Had Lucy Tempest been there, he had been equally regardless of her. If Frederick Massingbird were indeed in life, Verner's Pride was no longer his: but it was not of that he thought: it was of the calamity that would involve his wife. A calamity which, to the refined, sensitive mind of Lionel Verner, was almost worse than death itself.

What would the journey bring forth for him? Should he succeed in seeing Captain Cannonby? He awaited the fiat with feverish heat; and wished the fast express engine would travel faster.

The terminus gained at last, a Hansom took him to Dr. Cannonby's. It was half-past two o'clock. He leaped out of the cab and rang, entering the hall when the door was opened.

"Can I see Dr. Cannonby?"

"The doctor's just gone out, sir. He will be home at five."

It was a sort of checkmate, and Lionel stood looking at the servant—as if the man could telegraph some impossible aerial message to his master to bring him back then.

"Is Captain Cannonby staying here?" was his next question.

"No, sir. He was staying here, but he went away this morning."

"He is home from Paris then?"

"He came back two or three days ago, sir," replied the servant.

"Do you know where he is gone?"

"I don't, sir. I fancy it's somewhere in the country."

"Dr. Cannonby would know?"

"I dare say he would, sir. I should think so."

Lionel turned to the door. Where was the use of his lingering? He looked back to ask a question.

"You are sure that Captain Cannonby has gone out of town?"

"Oh yes, sir."

He descended the steps, and the man closed the door upon him. Where should he go? What should he do with himself for the next two and a half mortal hours? Go to his club? Or to any of the old spots of his London life? Not he: some familiar faces might be in town; and he was in no mood for familiar faces then.

Sauntering hither, sauntering thither, he came to Westminster Bridge. One of the steamers was approaching the pier to take in passengers, on its way down the river. For want of some other mode in which to employ his time, Lionel went down to the embarking place, and stepped on board.

Does *any* thing in this world happen by chance? What secret unknown impulse could have sent Lionel Verner on board that steamer? Had Dr. Cannonby been at home he would not have gone near it: had he turned to the right hand instead of to the left, on leaving Dr. Cannonby's house, the boat would never have seen him.

It was not crowded, as those steamers sometimes are crowded, suggesting visions of the bottom of the river. The day was fine; warm for September, but not too hot; the gliding down the stream delightful. With a heart at ease, Lionel would have found it so: as it was, he could scarcely have told whether he was going down the stream or up, whether it was wet or dry. He could see but one thing—the image of Frederick Massingbird.

As the boat drew up to the Temple pier, the only person, waiting to embark, was a woman: a little body in a brown faded silk dress. Whether, seeing his additional freight was to be so trifling, the manager of the steamer did not take the usual care to bring it alongside, certain it is, that in some way the woman fell in stepping on board; her knees on the boat, her feet hanging down to the water. Lionel, who was sitting near, sprang forward and pulled her out of danger.

"I declare I never ought to come aboard these nasty steamers!" she exclaimed, as he placed her in a seat. "I'm greatly obliged to you, sir: I might have gone in else; there's no saying. The last time I was aboard one I was in danger of being killed. I fell through the port-hole, sir."

"Indeed!" responded Lionel, who could not be so discourteous as not to answer. "Perhaps your sight is not good?"

"Well, yes it is, sir, as good as most folks' at middle age. I get timid aboard 'em, and it makes me confused and awkward, and I suppose I don't mind where I put my feet. This was in Liverpool, sir, a week or two ago. It was a passenger-ship just in from Australia, and the bustle and confusion aboard was dreadful—they say it's mostly so with them vessels that are coming home. I had gone down to meet my husband, sir; he has been away four years—and it's a pity he ever went, for all the good he has done. But he's back safe himself, so I must not grumble."

"That's something," said Lionel.

"True, sir. It would have been a strange thing if I had lost my life just as he had come home. And I should, but for a gentleman on board. He seized hold of me by the middle, and somehow contrived to drag me up again. A strong man he must have been! I shall always remember him with gratitude, I'm sure: as I shall you, sir. His name, my husband told me after, was Massingbird."

All Lionel's inertness was gone at the sound of the name. "Massingbird?" he repeated.

"Yes, sir. He had come home in the ship

from the same port as my husband—Melbourne. Quite a gentleman, my husband said he was, with grand relations in England. He had not been out there over long—hardly as long as my husband, I fancy—and my husband don't think he has made much, any more than himself has."

Lionel had regained all his outward impassiveness. He stood by the talkative woman, his arms folded. "What sort of a looking man was this Mr. Massingbird?" he asked. "I knew a gentleman once of that name, who went to Australia."

The woman glanced up at him, measuring his height. "I should say he was as tall as you, sir, or close upon it, but he was broader made, and had got a stoop in the shoulders. He was dark; had dark eyes and hair, and a pale face. Not the clear paleness of your face, sir, but one of them sallow faces that get darker and yellower with travelling; never red."

Every word was as fresh testimony to the suspicion that it was Frederick Massingbird. "Had he a black mark upon his cheek?" inquired Lionel.

"Likely he might have had, sir, but I couldn't see his cheeks. He wore a sort of fur cap with the ears tied down. My husband saw a good bit of him on the voyage, though he was only a middle-deck passenger, and the gentleman was a cabin. His friends have had a surprise before this," she continued, after a pause. He told my husband that they all supposed him dead; had thought he had been dead this two years and more, past; and he had never sent home to contradict it."

Then it was Frederick Massingbird! Lionel Verner quitted the woman's side, and leaned over the rail of the steamer, apparently watching the water. He could not, by any dint of reasoning or supposition, make out the mystery. How Frederick Massingbird could be alive; or, being alive, why he had not come home before to claim Sibylla—why he had not claimed her before she left Australia—why he did not claim her now he was come. A man without a wife might go roving where he would and as long as he would, letting his friends think him dead if it pleased him; but a man with a wife could not, in his sane senses, be supposed to act so. It was a strange thing, his meeting with this woman—a singular coincidence: one that he would hardly have believed, if related to him, as happening to another.

It was striking five when he again knocked at Dr. Cannonby's. He wished to see Captain Cannonby still; it would be the crowning confirmation: but he had no doubt whatever that that gentleman's report would be: "I saw Frederick Massingbird die—as I believed, and I quitted him immediately. I conclude that I must have been in error in supposing he was dead."

Dr. Cannonby had returned, the servant said. He desired Lionel to walk in, and threw open the door of the room. Seven or eight people were sitting in it, waiting. The servant had evidently mistaken him for a patient, and placed him there to wait his turn with the rest. He took his card from his pocket, wrote on it a few words, and desired the servant to carry it to his master.

The man came back with an apology.

"I beg your pardon, sir. Will you step this way?"

The physician was bowing a lady out as he entered the room—a room lined with books, and containing casts of heads. He came forward to shake hands, a cordial-mannered man. He knew Lionel by reputation, but had never seen him.

"My visit was not to you, but to your brother," explained Lionel. "I was in hopes to have found him here."

"Then he and you have been playing at cross-purposes to-day," remarked the doctor, with a smile. "Lawrence started this morning for Verner's Pride."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Lionel. "Cross purposes indeed!" he uttered to himself.

"He heard some news in Paris which concerned you, I believe, and hastened home to pay you a visit."

"Which concerned me!" repeated Lionel.

"Or rather Mrs. Massingbird—Mrs. Verner, I should say."

A sickly smile crossed Lionel's lips. Mrs. Massingbird! Was it already known?

"Why," he asked, "did you call her Mrs. Massingbird?"

"I beg your pardon for my inadvertence, Mr. Verner," was the reply of Dr. Cannonby. "Lawrence knew her as Mrs. Massingbird, and on his return from Australia he frequently spoke of her to me as Mrs. Massingbird, so that I got into the habit of thinking of her as such. It was not until he went to Paris that he heard she had exchanged the name for that of Verner."

A thought crossed Lionel that *this* was the news which had taken Captain Cannonby down to him. He might know of the existence of Frederick Massingbird, and had gone to break the news to him, Lionel; to tell him that his wife was not his wife.

"You do not know precisely what his business was with me?" he inquired, quite wistfully.

"No, I don't. I don't know that it was much beyond the pleasure of seeing you and Mrs. Verner."

Lionel rose.

"If I—"

"But you will stay and dine with me, Mr. Verner?"

"Thank you, I am going back at once. I wish to be home this evening if possible, and there's nothing to hinder it now."

"A letter or two has come for Lawrence since the morning," observed the doctor as he shook hands. "Will you take charge of them for him?"

"With pleasure."

Dr. Cannonby turned to a letter rack over the mantelpiece, selected three letters from it, and handed them to Lionel.

Back again all the weary way. His strong suspicions were no longer suspicions now, but confirmed certainties. The night grew dark: it was not darker than the cloud which had fallen upon his spirit.

Thought was busy with his brain. How could it be otherwise? Should he get home to find the news public property? Had Captain Cannonby

made it known to Sibylla? Most fervently did he hope not. Better that he, Lionel, should be by her side to help her to bear it when the dreadful news came out. Next came another thought. Suppose Frederick Massingbird should have discovered himself? should have gone to Verner's Pride to take possession?—his home now; his wife, Lionel might get back to find that he had no longer a place there.

Lionel found his carriage waiting at the station. He had ordered it to be so. Wigham was with it. A very coward now, he scarcely dared ask questions.

"Has Captain Cannonby arrived at the house to-day, do you know, Wigham?"

"Who, sir?"

"A strange gentleman from London. Captain Cannonby."

"I can't rightly say, sir. I have been about in the stables all day. I saw a strange gentleman cross the yard just at dinner-time, one I'd never seen afore. May be it was him."

A feeling came over Lionel that he could not see Captain Cannonby before them all. Better send for him to a private room, and get the communication over. What his after course would be was another matter. Yes: better in all ways.

"Drive round to the yard, Wigham," he said, as the coachman was about to turn on to the terrace. And Wigham obeyed.

He got out. He went in at the back door, almost as if he were slinking into the house stealthily, traversed the passages, and gained the lighted hall. At the very moment that he put his foot on its tessellated floor, a sudden commotion was heard up the stairs. A door was flung open, and Sibylla, with cheeks inflamed and breath panting, flew down, her convulsive cries echoing through the house. She saw Lionel, and threw herself into his arms.

"Oh Lionel, what is this wicked story?" she sobbed. "It is not true! It cannot be true that I am not your wife and—"

"Hush, my darling!" he whispered, placing his hand across her mouth. "We are not alone!"

They certainly were not! Out of the drawing-rooms, out of the dining-room, had poured the guests; out of the kitchen came peeping the servants. Deborah West stood on the stairs like a statue, her hands clasped, and Mademoiselle Benoit frantically inquired what anybody had been doing to her mistress. All stared in amazement. She, in that terrible state of agitation; Lionel supporting her with his white and haughty face.

"It is nothing," he said, waving them off. "Mrs. Verner is not well. Come with me, Sibylla."

Waving them off still, he drew her into the study, closed the door, and bolted it. She clung to him like one in the extremity of terror, her throat heaving convulsively.

"Oh Lionel! is it true that he is come back? That he did not die? What will become of me? Tell me that they have been deceiving me; that it is not true!"

He could not tell her so. He wound his arms tenderly round her and held her face to his

breast, and laid his own down upon it. "Strive for calmness," he murmured, his heart aching for her. "I will protect you so long as I shall have the power."

(To be continued.)

THE AMERICAN GENERALS.

WHILE fratricidal war is raging across the Atlantic, it may be presumed that reliable information as to the military antecedents of the principal actors—men generally unknown to the English public before, but henceforward destined to be historical personages—will be acceptable to those who are contemplating the lamentable struggle from afar with mournful interest. Long residence in the now distracted Republic, some knowledge of its military history, and personal acquaintance with many of its most eminent soldiers, acquired when formerly fighting under its banners, enable the writer to furnish some information which he conceives may be acceptable; and he purposes stating briefly, dispassionately, and simply, what is known to him of the past services of the military leaders, accompanied by such remarks on their personal appearance and character as the lapse of years permit him to recal to memory.

CONFEDERATES.

JEFFERSON DAVIS, the Southern President, now about fifty-five years of age, is a native of Kentucky, though by the possession of property and long residence therein more intimately connected with Mississippi. Entering the U.S. Military Academy at Westpoint, N. Y., in 1824, he served in the 1st Infantry and 1st Dragoons successively, and retired to civil life in 1835. At the opening of the Mexican war he was a Representative in Congress; but conceiving that at that crisis he could best serve the state in the field, he accepted the command of a volunteer rifle regiment. In acknowledgment of his distinguished services on the Rio Grande, Congress named him a Brigadier-General, but he declined accepting a title which had ceased to be honourable, because too often bestowed on the unworthy from party considerations. From 1847 to 1851 he sat in Congress as senator from Mississippi, and was remarked for his eloquence and ability in debate. He was Minister of War during General Pierce's presidency, and in that office displayed great administrative capacity, and by his care for its interests was very popular with the army, to which he was already favourably known as a gallant soldier. He is tall, spare, dark-complexioned as Southerners generally are, with a massive forehead, brilliant and deepset eyes, a pensive and somewhat sad expression, and a perceptible limp arising from a wound received at the battle of Buena Vista, apropos of which an interesting anecdote is current. When young he fell in love and eloped with a wealthy heiress, the only daughter of General Zachary Taylor. The old gentleman was yet unreconciled to him when the current of events brought Davis, as Colonel of the 1st Mississippi Rifles, under his immediate command in Northern Mexico; but discernment of his son-in-law's military merits gradually

soothed his anger; and when the brilliant charge of the Mississippi Rifles under the leadership of Davis retrieved the almost desperate fortunes of the bloody day of Buena Vista, unable to repress his admiration any longer, the stout old General hastened to the front where Davis was lying desperately wounded, and seizing his hand, exclaimed: "I forgive the hasty marriage, my dear lad; any father might be proud of such a son!" Jefferson Davis is alike wary in council and fiery in the field; but his swift audacity is guided by a cool and powerful intellect, and is the servant not the master of a resolute will.

ROBERT EDMUND LEE, of one of the most distinguished Virginian families, entered the Military Academy a year later than the President, and passing into the Engineers, served under Scott in Mexico; he was present in all the battles on that line; was severely wounded at the storming of Chapultepec near the capital, and was twice brevetted for distinguished gallantry. In 1852 he was appointed Superintendent of the Military Academy, and in 1855 was promoted to the lieutenant-colonelcy of the newly-raised 2nd Cavalry, which he held at the commencement of the present troubles, when he commanded at San Antonio, Texas. His late career has only confirmed the reputation for eminent ability he has always enjoyed in the army. My reminiscences of his personal appearance are vague and dim.

ALBERT SYDNEY JOHNSTON, of Kentucky, entered the Military Academy in 1822, and after serving in the 2nd and 6th Infantry, and acting as adjutant-general of the volunteers in the field during the war with the Sacs and Foxes, headed by the renowned warrior, Black Hawk, he in 1834 resigned the U. S. service, emigrated to Texas, and took an active part in severing that State from the Mexican Republic; having been adjutant-general to its army in 1836, and Secretary of War from 1838 to 1840, while it was struggling for independence. When the annexation of Texas to the Union issued in the Mexican war, he commanded a regiment of volunteers, the 1st Texan Rifles; was some time Inspector-General of one of the divisions of the army on the Rio Grande; and specially distinguished himself at the battle of Monterey. He was one of the paymasters of the army from 1849 to 1855, when he received the colonelcy of the 2nd Cavalry. He became a brigadier-general in 1857. He was of noble and commanding presence; courteous and affable in his address; of very generous and kindly disposition, and was universally esteemed and beloved. His death was a great misfortune for the South.

JOSEPH ECCLESTON JOHNSTON, of Virginia, entered the Military Academy in 1825, passed thence to the 4th Artillery; and retired in 1837; but, on the Florida war's breaking out shortly afterwards, entered the Topographical Engineers and served during the war. In 1846, as lieutenant-colonel of the Voltigeurs, he served during the Mexican war—being present at all the engagements between Vera Cruz and the capital,—was twice wounded and twice brevetted. In 1860 he left the line and became quartermaster-general to the U. S. army, with the rank of brigadier-general. He is very simple and unassuming in his bearing, but his

countenance is expressive of great resolution and capacity, as far as I can remember.

THOMAS J. JACKSON, of Virginia, entered the Military Academy in 1842, as a lieutenant in the 1st Artillery was attached to Magruder's battery during the Mexican war, and was twice brevetted for gallantry therein. He retired from the army in 1852. I do not recollect ever having met him, and certainly his military genius had not been discerned by his quondam associates.

PETER GUSTAVE TOUTANT BEAUREGARD, of Louisiana, entered the Military Academy in 1834; was attached successively to the 1st Artillery and Engineers; was in all the battles in the Valley of Mexico; and was twice wounded and twice brevetted. He was only a captain of Engineers in 1861.

EDMUND KIRBY SMITH, of Florida, a cadet of 1841, served through the Mexican war, at first as a lieutenant of the 5th Infantry—wherein were two other officers of the same name, both of distinguished bravery, and both slain in action—and afterwards in the 7th Infantry, and was twice brevetted for gallantry. He was for a time mathematical professor of the Military Academy; and in 1861 was a captain in the 2nd Cavalry.

BRAXTON BRAGG, of North Carolina, a cadet of the Military Academy in 1833, was known by name at least throughout the Republic for his heroic defence, when a lieutenant of the 3rd Artillery, of Fort Brown—the little earthwork hastily thrown up by General Taylor on the bank of the Rio Grande, opposite the city of Matamoros—and by his subsequent conduct at Buena Vista, when his battery, supported only by the 1st Mississippi Rifles, charged and routed the Mexican army, after the volunteer infantry had fled *en masse*. He received four brevets during that war, and was considered by the soldiery the *preux chevalier* of the army. In 1854 he was only a captain, and retired from the service some years since.

JAMES LONGSTREET, of South Carolina, a cadet of 1838, attached successively to the 4th and 8th Infantry, was present at Monterey, and all the battles in the Valley of Mexico; was wounded at Chapultepec, and twice brevetted. In 1858 he passed from the line into the paymaster's department, and belonged to it at the commencement of the present struggle in 1861.

RICHARD S. EWELL, of Virginia, a cadet of 1838, served through the Mexican war as a lieutenant in the 1st Dragoons, and was only a captain in that corps in 1861.

WILLIAM F. HARDEE, of Georgia, a cadet of 1834, a captain in the 2nd Dragoons during the Mexican war, was twice brevetted for his services therein, and in 1860 became lieutenant-colonel of the 1st Cavalry.

EARL VAN DORN, of Mississippi, a cadet of 1838, in the 7th Infantry and 1st Dragoons successively, was on General P. F. Smith's staff during the Mexican war; was present and highly distinguished in all the battles in the Valley of Mexico, was wounded in the capture of the capital, and twice brevetted. In 1860 he was appointed major of the 2nd Cavalry, the corps which has given so many able officers to the Confederacy.

DANIEL RUGGLES, of Massachusetts, a cadet of 1829, served in, and though only a junior captain for some time commanded, the 5th Infantry during the Mexican war, and was twice brevetted. In 1861 he was yet a captain and brevet-lieutenant colonel in that regiment. His having espoused the Southern cause may be accounted for by the fact of his having married a Southern lady, and being a slave proprietor. He is a man of fine personal appearance, of good ability, a scholar, and a polished gentleman, but perhaps too much of a martinet to become a distinguished general.

SAMUEL COOPER, of New York, a cadet of 1813, and consequently an old man, had for many years previous to the Secession been Adjutant-General of the U. S. Army. He has no military repute.

JOHN C. BRECKENBRIDGE, of Kentucky, was for a few months a major of volunteers during the Mexican war, but has hitherto been known only as a hot political partisan.

GIDEON PILLOW, of Tennessee, acquired unenviable notoriety during the Mexican war, in which he served as major-general of volunteers, by the arrogance and tyranny of his conduct to those unluckily subjected to his command, and by his captiousness and insubordination towards his superiors. He was tried for appropriating to himself certain captured property, and was forced to disgorge his plunder; a grievance which he resented by preferring vexatious charges against General Scott, which caused that gallant old officer's temporary removal from command. General Pillow subsequently made political capital out of his alleged services and trifling wounds, vigorously blowing his own trumpet everywhere and at all seasons with the unblushing impudence and inveracity characteristic of his legal profession. As it was notorious that when commanding at Vera Cruz he was so frequently shot at from the thickets by the volunteers of his command, that he was forced to forego his cool evening rides on the beach, his wounds were attributed by the army generally to his own men. Such being his antecedents, the fall of Fort Donelson, whereat he commanded, becomes intelligible enough, and it is a mystery how it came to be entrusted to him.

I am uncertain whether JAMES B. STUART, a cadet of 1834, and in 1861 a lieutenant in the 1st Cavalry; and JOHN BANKHEAD MAGRUDER, a cadet of 1826, greatly distinguished in the Mexican war, and in 1861 brevet-lieutenant-colonel and captain in the 1st Artillery—both of Virginia—are identical with the generals of the same names, but I presume so. In addition to these, and previously unknown to fame, may be mentioned:—ISAAC TRIMBLE, of Virginia, a cadet of 1818, who retired from the 3rd Artillery just thirty years ago, and has in the interim been the chief-engineer of various railways; AMERSON PERVELL HILL, of Virginia, in 1861 a lieutenant in the 1st Artillery; and JOHN H. FORNEY, of North Carolina, in 1861 a lieutenant in the 10th Infantry.

It would be inexcusable in this enumeration of Southern officers to omit the name of RAPHAEL SEMMES, formerly lieutenant in the Federal navy, who, as the commander of the ubiquitous Sumpter,

has won renown, and inflicted losses on the enemy, quite incommensurate with the scanty means at his disposal. This gallant officer volunteered from the U. S. squadron, which had assisted in the capture of Vera Cruz in 1847, as aide to General Worth—the brilliant commander of what was known as the "fighting division" of Scott's army—and was present at all the subsequent engagements on that line. I have a vivid remembrance of his tall lithe figure, fair, pleasant face, and the long curls of which he was as vain as a woman. He afterwards wrote a narrative of his campaign, which, as a literary composition, was not worse than might be expected from a young sailor more familiar with the cutlass or the marlinspike than with the pen.

We purpose continuing the subject with sketches of the Federal leaders, in an early number.

FOOTPRINTS OF THE NORTHUMBRIAN CELTS.

THE traces of the ancient Celtic population of Northumberland appear chiefly in the northern part of the county, and mostly upon the lower slopes of the Cheviot Hills, a mountainous range extending from near Roxburgh, in Scotland, to the coast, at a length of about thirty-five miles. The height of the highest of those hills, distinguished as the "Cheviot," rises at an elevation of 2856 feet. On nearly the whole of these hills are found remains conceived to have appertained to the Ancient Britons. The peculiarity which distinguishes these vestiges consists in the abundant use of large Cyclopean masonry instead of earthen bulwarks, as in the south of England, in the construction of the ramparts of the hill towns of the Northumbrian Celts, and of the habitations they comprehend. Tumuli, cairns, cromlechs, and stone circles are likewise found in the same district, together with large stones marked with a kind of hieroglyphic inscriptions which remain undeciphered, but which are conceived to have been the writings of the Druidic hierarchy of the Celtic tribes. Those rock inscriptions are likewise found in Cumberland, Ireland, Scotland, the Channel Islands, and at Carnac in Brittany; and even on one of the great masses of Stonehenge a hieroglyphic carving has been observed analogous in type to those mysterious inscriptions. Another interesting feature observable among the Cheviot hills consists in the appearance of ancient modes of cultivation; by which the hill-sides seem to have been rendered productive at a remote period. In these instances the acclivities of the hills have been scarped in terraces for the growth of the grain which supplied the numerous querns, or hand-mills, discovered among the Celtic remains. The research of Northumbrian antiquaries, furthered by the enlightened liberality of the Duke of Northumberland, has tended to throw considerable light upon the character of those remains by means of excavation and the investigation of the appearances thus revealed, which are being carried on in different sites among the hills, and promise to yield a rich harvest of archaeological results.

The most important of these investigations has been made at Greaves Ash, near Lynhope, high up the Cheviot range, in the valley of the Breamish,

just overlooking the point where the Lynhope burn runs into that water. Here, on the southern declivity of the hill of Greenshaw, by a moderate climb through the mountain fern, we reach the rocky platform of the Celtic town with its two dependencies, which form a group of fortified places of habitation. The situation is well chosen, for at a height above the level of the sea where the winds rage in full force it is so fixed as to be sheltered by the surrounding hills; the upper mass of Greenshaw hill and the great crag-crowned hill of Dunmore shelter its site on the north, the hill of Ritta performs the same office to the westward, and a little higher up the course of the Breamish are Standrop—its sides strewn with huge boulders, like the relics of some battle of primeval giants,—and Hedgehope, in altitude second only to its neighbouring height the main Cheviot. Facing its site is the contracted valley

of the Breamish, with the scree-strewn sides of Harthope, the Alnham moors rising in the direction of Shillmoor, and eastward the steep heights of the Ingram hills, and Brough Law (where the Breamish escapes from its mountain barriers through a narrow gorge, with Bleakhope and Hogden in the further distance. Thus overlooked, the Celtic stronghold would, at a glance, seem to be placed at a disadvantage with relation to the commanding heights by which it is surrounded, especially on the north, where, as regards the upper fork, which lies immediately under the steep declivity of Greenshaw, its inhabitants might easily have been driven out by rolling down upon them the great boulder-stones which lie ready to hand; but it is to be understood from existing traces that the approach to the upper ridges of the hill had been sufficiently protected, and for the same reason we may account



Celtic Fort: External face of the Inner Rampart.

for the superior strength of the ramparts of the larger town on the lower face of the hill, where the approach is more open and access less easily prevented at a time when the scope of missiles was limited.

The larger town, the westernmost of the triad of fortifications, is encompassed by two ramparts, the innermost of which incloses an area of somewhat less than acre, with a diameter of 213 feet, but that of the outer rampart comprehends a diameter of 309 feet, having an area of about two acres. The outermost and strongest rampart forms an irregular circle, and is strongly raised in large Cyclopean masonry of a substance varying from ten to twelve feet in width. The inner wall, which, however, is the more perfect, varies from five to seven feet, and on being excavated shows three, and in some parts four, courses of irregular masonry. But, although composed of unhewn stones, and destitute of any kind of cement, these

walls display a considerable amount of constructive faculty, being composed at intervals with large upright blocks, by which the stones forming the intermediate substance of the wall are firmly bound. Those which form the faces of the wall are large and well fitted together, the space between being rammed in carefully with smaller stones.

But the walls show a further degree of nicety in construction, and a provision for increased strength by the projection of large courses of stones at right angles with the faces of the wall laid with great exactness, and forming a series of cross-walls or buttresses dividing the rubble lining of their inner substance and imparting great stability to the whole mass. The whole masonry of these remains is composed of unhewn blocks of porphyry, the stone of the district.

The distance between the ramparts is unequal. On the south side it contracts to a space of twenty-

two feet; and it is remarkable that between these two ramparts there is the appearance of there having been a wall of less width and rudely built. The order of the circumvallation being—first, the outermost wall carried along the edge of a steep declivity, its outer face being composed of large stones carefully laid; then, at a distance of ten feet, the intermediate wall, the space between being filled with small stones, so as to remove the idea that it has formed a separate line of bulwark; in fact, it appears to have been thrown up in order to increase the bulk and substance of the outer wall; and, lastly, with an interval of two feet, the inner rampart, which is six feet wide. To what height those ramparts may have been originally raised must be matter of conjecture; but with such a substance for their base they may well have reached an elevation of from twelve to fifteen feet. On the north, east, and west sides the space between the outer and inner ramparts opens to a breadth of about fifty feet. At the east side is a gateway, from which a road is carried down the hill to the Lynhope Burn, apparently with a view to the supply of water, although there is a spring on the hill-side a little to the southward of the outer rampart; another hollow-way extends from the west wall down the hill to the Lynhope Burn, and takes up on the opposite side and ascends the hill of Ritta, where it joins another group of fortified towns lying on the hill-side. On the eastern side of the town there are three gateways in succession in the three ramparts placed diagonally to each other, so as to command from their angular position three several points of vantage, a display of military strategy observable in other Celtic fortifications.

The inner gateway remains pretty entire, with a passage eight and a-half feet broad. The sides are composed of very large blocks, some laid lengthwise and others set upright. On the north side of this gateway there is a guard-chamber, divided by a wall into two compartments, in one of which is a large stone, which seems to have served the purpose of a rude bench. Several other chambers are observable on the inside of the inner wall, some built on and others constructed in the substance of the wall itself; in most of these charcoal and broken pottery have been found, and in one of the wall-chambers a conduit was observed to penetrate the entire substance of the wall, opening on the outer side, and from being found to contain a quantity of charcoal it is conceived to have been constructed for the purpose of a flue, being twelve inches in height and fourteen inches wide at the bottom, narrowing to ten inches at the top. The area lying within the walls is occupied by the circular foundation of dwelling-places, eighteen of which remain clearly defined, and the traces of several more are discernible. These circles enclose a space varying from eleven to twenty-seven feet. The entrances are facing the east and south-east, some of them showing a rise in the pavement of three and a quarter inches, intended to serve as a check to a door. The floors have been paved with slabs of porphyry. It is only by speculation and comparison that we can arrive at a conception of the

superstructures which once stood upon those basements. In some of the western isles of Scotland the people still use the ancient circular buildings for their dwellings. These are beehive-shaped constructions, the stones being so laid as to form a dome-shaped roof, the opening left being covered by a slab of stone. This mode of building is even practised to the present time where families increase so as to require additional habitations. The Cloghams in Ireland are similar; and, indeed, this mode of construction is so easy and simple—as may be observed in the grottoes of oyster-shells raised by the urchins at street-corners in London—that it may be taken as a fair type of the efforts of a rude people in the endeavour to provide for themselves a shelter from the elements; and something similar may be observed in the huts of most rude or semi-cultivated peoples, from the wigwam of the Hottentot to the ice-built winter habitation of the Copper Indian of North America.

The ramparts which surround the western town of Greaves Ash are carried on by some strong works, which display no small skill in military strategy, to a smaller town to the eastward, which occupies a position somewhat higher on the hill-side. This site, although much less than the other, is remarkable for the large size of the stones employed in its construction, some of which laid in the rampart reach the length of four feet. Several hut-circles lie scattered between the western and eastern ramparts. A gate in the rampart of the eastern town communicates with a road which is carried up-hill to a third town of still higher elevation. This station is planted to the north-east, at a distance of 100 yards, being near a ravine through which a small stream of water flows, and which probably supplied the more elevated retreat. This site is of an irregular figure, measuring 220 feet from north to south, by about 200 feet from east to west. Here the rampire stands, in some parts at a height of eight feet from the central area. This area is divided into two parts by a wall, which crosses it in a north-east direction. Within the sites thus divided a number of hut-circles appear, together with enclosures of an oval form. The rampire here has several openings, but one on the west leading to the lower forts is the principal. It is constructed of large blocks of stone particularly well laid together. The interior of this fort contains, besides the main dividing wall, several smaller enclosures or subdivisions, with the vestiges of fifteen hut-circles, the walls of which, in some instances, remain at a height of three feet. One of those huts, standing upon ground elevated about five feet, is reached by a short flight of rude steps.

This triple group of fortified dwellings forms, it will be perceived, a connected series of town and suburbs, and it seems not improbable that those to the east may have served the purpose of places of retreat in case of siege or assault, the easternmost having perhaps been reserved as a citadel for the last desperate struggle in defence of the place.

The vast strength of the walls, and the vestiges of numerous habitations, show that this place has

been no camp of temporary refuge, but the fixed dwelling-place of a large tribe, which has not only inhabited the fortified towns, but planted itself over the whole of the southern slope of the hill, where, in quiet times, the cultivation of the soil may have been alternated with the chase of the forest bull, the boar, and other wild beasts with which the forests of Northumberland abounded in early times.

From the few rude articles which have been turned up during the excavations, no evidence has appeared to indicate any degree of wealth on the part of the ancient inhabitants, or the possession of arms and implements in any way superior to such as may have belonged to a people shut out from the more civilised tribes which evidently inhabited some parts of Britain before the Roman invasion.

The few fragments of pottery which have been

found are of the most coarse description, some pieces being three-quarters of an inch in thickness, generally devoid of any kind of ornamentation, and apparently fashioned by hand, without the use of the lathe. Some of these fragments are parts of large vessels, and are blackened by smoke, like vessels which have been used in cooking. A few glass beads have probably served as amulets. In one hut a fragment of a glass armlet was found, and which, with the beads, may have reached this remote spot by indirect transmission from those tribes which were in communication with the Phœnician voyagers. Fragments of chipped flints, together with a javelin-head of the lowest type, which as flint does not occur in Northumberland, must have been brought from a considerable distance. Horns of the red deer are evidently the spoils of the noble animal from which the neighbouring hill of Hartside has been named. A few



Celtic Fort : Eastern Gateway (see p. 587).

querns were found—the bottom stones only—as is commonly the case, apparently from the circumstance of these rude hand-mills having been in request among the people of those hills in times long subsequent. Indeed it is in the recollection of very old persons that, even when the miller plied his trade within reach of most people, many of them still adhered to the old hand-mill, probably in deference to the proverbial breadth of the miller's golden thumb, and they could only be induced to bring grist to the mill by taking away and destroying the upper stones of the querns in their possession, and which had probably descended as heir-looms during a succession of many centuries.

With reference to the time when those rude strongholds were raised, or when they ceased to be inhabited, is matter of speculation only; but it may be supposed from the circumstance of their defences being strongest toward the south, that

they were intended as a provision against a foe, whose assault had threatened from that direction. It is well known, that the different tribes of Celtic Britain lived in a continual state of hostility with each other, but there is a circumstance apparent in the connection of those towns with that on the opposite hill of Ritta, which would indicate an extended combination to resist a threatened assault or invasion; and if this connection can be traced to exist in common with other fortifications on these hills, there might appear grounds for the supposition that those settlements may have been strengthened and united into one common line of defence on the extension of the Roman occupation of Britain in a northern direction; and that, in fact, we have on the wild Cheviot hills a sort of counterpart to the great work of the Roman wall erected with a kindred view of limiting the incursion of a common enemy.

J. WYKHAM ARCHER.

A QUEER CABIN COMPANION.



"DOCTOR," said one of a party of diggers snugly ensconced one rainy winter's night in front of the Red Shirt Store's huge chimney, piled high with blazing logs, "spin us a yarn."

The doctor, nothing loth to display his talents, knocked the ashes out of his pipe, finished his grog, pushed his glass over to be filled again, and began as follows :

Fortune has made me a digger, but my uncle intended me for a physician. He was a crusty old bachelor, generous and open-handed, but irascible and obstinate. My father, his brother, having been a genius, had naturally come to grief. He married my mother for her beauty, which was her sole dower. It would have been a good thing for both of them, had Heaven taken away a trifle of the beauty on the one side and the genius on the other, and endowed each with a little sound sense. After a life of makeshifts, they both died when I was very young, leaving me nothing for my fortune but a fair share of the gifts which they had individually possessed. Did not old Jack Godfrey say of me, when I set his leg, that I was the cleverest chap in Victoria? And Bill, the fop, will bear testimony to the effect of my appearance, as I have cut him clean out of the good graces of the fair landlady of the Pick and

Shovel. About my common sense I won't brag, but I fancy I have acquired a wrinkle or two since I came to this golden country. Well, while my father was dissipating what little patrimony he had possessed in wild schemes, each of which was certain to bring him in at least a million, only it didn't, my uncle commenced business in a small way, saved and scraped, and when my parents died, in spite of the continual drain his brother had been upon him, was tolerably well off. When a lad, his great desire had been to be a doctor. Circumstances prevented the wish being gratified; but at any rate he determined that I should become one. So he sent me to a capital school, where I remained till I was eighteen, picking up a very small allowance of learning and a great deal of cricket and football, and then I was apprenticed to the principal surgeon in the town, from whom I acquired what little knowledge of medicine I possess. Now I have given you all this information, not because it has in the slightest degree anything to do with my story, but simply for the sheer pleasure of talking about myself; so, if you wish to raise any objections, you had better do so while I am taking a pull at my grog. (After a long draught the narrator continued.) When I was twenty-one I came up to a London hospital. My old uncle made

me a tidy allowance, and I determined to see life. My knowledge of drugs did not increase, it is true, but I became a wonderful judge of beer; my botanical studies were limited, but I culled the choicest flowers of speech that flourish on the cab-ranks, and had a large stock of chaff always on hand; and though I never paid much attention to anatomy, I have spent many a night over the bones. Now this sort of thing could not last. My old uncle was the style of man who does not object to outlay, but always expects a proportionate return; so that after I had been plucked a second time, he answered my application for a third payment of my debts by a letter, short but to the purpose. I remember it perfectly, so I'll give it to you. "Sir,—I enclose you a check for 100*l.*; you won't get any more when that is done, so you may go to the devil, or to Australia, which you like." I liked the latter; so, as my creditors were troublesome, before a week had elapsed I found myself on board the Ocean King, 1200 tons register, A 1, and carrying a competent surgeon, bound for Port Phillip direct. When I went down to engage a berth, I found that they were all taken up. At the last moment, however, a large compartment in the second cabin, which had been reserved for a hospital, was objected to by the surgeon as not adapted for the purpose, so I got billeted in it along with three others, and arranged to mess in the chief cabin. While we were running down Channel the sea was as calm as a mill-pond, with a fine breeze on the quarter, and all sail set. I felt as jolly as a sandboy, smoked cigars, swaggered about the deck, and talked as if I had been accustomed to the ocean all my life—in fact, any one might have imagined that it had acted as my nurse, and rocked me in my cradle. But when we got into the Bay I soon changed my tone. I believe that in that disgusting portion of the world it generally manages to blow two ways at once, or something of the kind; but on this occasion, as the mate, who was a rough old fellow, with a face made of unpolished mahogany, informed me, it had been blowing hard from three different quarters within the last twenty-four hours. The consequences were extremely unpleasant. There was an awful sea on—not a good high steady one, each billow half a mile long or so, like you see at the Cape—but a lot of horrid, high, short waves, all jumbled together, one going one way and another another. First the ship got a tremendous rap on her starboard side, sending her over to port; then, before she could get any distance down, she was knocked violently back again; then she would jump over the top of a wave as steep as a house side, and plunge bows under, as if she suddenly remembered that she had a particular engagement under water, and was going down to keep it; then she would be steady for a moment, and then down she would go again to port, and when she was laying over so much that she appeared to be making the interesting but slightly dangerous experiment of how far she could heel over without capsizing, a second sea would give her a malicious knock, as if bent on making her lose her balance, till you held your breath for fear that the slightest movement on your part should send her then and there on her

beam ends; and just as you had made up your mind that it was all over, and were regretting that you had neglected furnishing yourself with a life-belt, up she would come again, shivering from stem to stern, as if terrified at the fate she had so barely escaped—or rather, perhaps, as a prosaic passenger put it, shaking all over with suppressed laughter at the jolly fright she had given every one on board. When to all this was added the cursing of the captain, the bawling of the sailors, the roaring of the wind through the rigging, the creaking of the wooden partitions between the cabins, and the perpetual rolling to and fro of chests, trunks, washstands, basins, cooking utensils, &c., &c., not one of which, as a matter of course, had been properly secured, you may think that the situation was by no means an agreeable one. I stuck by the deck as long as I could, for, frightfully sea-sick as I was, I had a horror of the close air below; but at last the seas began to break over the ship so fast that I was obliged to go down.

On entering my cabin I was struck with the strong odour of tobacco and whisky that pervaded the atmosphere. At a glance the cause was evident. My cabin-companions—three old diggers on their return to Australia—were tucked snugly in their bunks, each with a bottle of whisky and a tin pannikin wedged in behind his pillow, and a clay pipe in his mouth. Now, if there was any one thing I abhorred more than another, it was the smell of tobacco in a small room. Cigars I liked, but a pipe smoked immediately under my nose within doors, I hated. So to the kind invitations of my shipmates to turn in and do likewise, I returned no very polite reply, but begged to recall to their memories that smoking below was strictly forbidden; to which the biggest and ugliest of them replied, using a great many adjectives, which I shall omit, that I was a fool; that I didn't think that they were going to be done out of their smoke for me,—did I? and that I had better go and complain to the captain, as he would be sure to leave the deck at that particular moment to put out their pipes if a swell, like myself, was to ask him. As I did not feel quite so sure of this, and had a sort of notion that I was being chaffed as well as smoked, I said nothing more, but turned in, in silence. For several hours I tossed and tumbled about, vainly endeavouring to get a few winks of sleep to alleviate the horrible pangs of sea-sickness, trebled by the stifling atmosphere and the fumes of bad tobacco, and worse spirits. At first I hoped that my companions would become stupefied by their incessant smoking and drinking, and would, at last, allow me a little repose. No such thing, such seasoned old chums as they, were not to be affected by a bottle of whisky or a few ounces more or less of bird's-eye. At first they contented themselves with interminable tales of how Squinting Jack, or some such interesting person had struck a new lead on a kangaroo flat, and had had his claimed jumped by the Tipperary boys; and how when he objected to this operation—with regard to the meaning of which I was in the most perfect ignorance—they had argued with him by the

unanswerable, and, as it appeared to me, consequent process of knocking him down and jumping on him afterwards; how Sydney Bill had kept a sly grog-shop and done the traps by having Old Tom, whoever he might be, up in a coffin, which, he said, was for his father, who insisted upon being buried in a civilised manner; how Cornish Dick had dropped on a cove sitting on his wash dirt, and had shot him then and there, and how this summary proceeding had been very much applauded by the whole diggings, although it turned out that the man was simply drunk, and no more a thief, bless you, than the Bishop. This last agreeable anecdote, by-the-by, was the cause of some very severe remarks against drinking by the ugliest and dirtiest of the three ruffians, who was then just about opening his second bottle. As it got dark they added to the generally cheerful frame of my mind, by lighting little bits of tallow candle and sticking them in an ingenious manner to the woodwork of their bunks by the aid of a little melted grease, so that my previous anxiety to see them speechlessly drunk was now converted into an agonised desire that they should remain sober, that being the only possible chance I could perceive of not adding the horrors of fire to the miseries of the tempest. By this time they had left off story-telling, and taken to singing, and as they all sang at once, and each of them a different song, the effect was infinitely more striking than agreeable. When the ugliest of them had sufficiently exercised his lungs, it seemed suddenly to strike him that I had made some personal remarks of an extremely offensive character on entering the cabin, whereupon he inquired whether I wanted anything for myself, and, if so, why I didn't stand up to him like a man, and he would let me have it as easily as rolling off a log. At last, maddened by this everlasting persecution, I rose, dressed myself as well as I could, and went on deck again. Here, however, it was impossible for me to remain, as the waves were breaking over the ship every moment with such violence that the scuppers were insufficient to carry off the water, and the deck was knee-deep in it. Four men were at the helm, and by their side stood the captain, a mass of waterproof. To the inquiry shouted in his ear, of whether he thought things were likely to mend soon, the only answer I got was how the devil could he tell, and what the devil I wanted on deck in everybody's way. As, under the circumstances, I did not think this a very favourable opportunity of laying my complaint before him, I took myself down to the chief cabin, and after ingeniously, as I imagined, lashing myself to a sofa, was soon asleep. I had not been so, however, many minutes before I was awakened by a tremendous concussion. For a moment I imagined that the ship had struck, and was going down, but I very soon discovered that she had only given a heavier lurch than usual, causing my ill-contrived knots to slip, and that the striking had been confined to my forehead which had come against the leg of the table with such force as to raise a lump on it as big as an egg. I had almost made up my mind to return to my disagreeable companions, when happening to cast my eyes upon the door of one of the

state-cabins, I remembered having heard my next neighbour remark, at dinner, on the preceding day, that the gentleman who had taken it had not come on board as had been expected.

"By Jove!" I exclaimed, "how can I have been such an ass as not to have thought of this before. Here, steward!"

The steward emerged from his den, and balanced himself carefully in front of me.

"The state-cabin that is unoccupied, I will remove into it, and will readily pay any additional sum that may be required."

"Very sorry, but you can't have it, sir."

"Can't have it—why not?"

"Why, you see, sir, that cabin was engaged by a gentleman as came aboard late one night, about a fortnight before we sailed. He comes down, and, says he, 'Steward, have you a cabin disengaged.' 'Yes,' says I, 'state-cabin.' 'I'll take it,' says he. 'Can I pay for it now, for it won't be convenient for me to call at the office and arrange.' 'Well, there is no one here at this time of night authorised to take the money; but if you do not mind trusting me with it, I've been man and boy twenty years in Mr. Green's service, and though I say it—who shouldn't say it—I am to be trusted.' Well, with that he hands me a purse, and, says he, 'you'll find there more than you'll want; get me any cabin furniture you may think right, and keep what's over for yourself. But mind one thing, when you've got all straight, lock the door, and don't open it again until you get to Melbourne, unless I give you express orders to do so.' 'Very good, sir,' says I; and off he goes. Well, I did as he told me, fitted the cabin up first-rate, locked it, and as he isn't come on board to give me my orders, why it won't be opened till we reach Hobson's Bay." "But, steward," said I, "what's the use of keeping the place locked up when the owner is not on board?" "Ah, you see our captain's a strict sort of a chap. He holds that a bargain's a bargain, and if he was to know that I opened that door after the gent had paid for its being kept shut, why, I should jolly soon get the sack, and that wouldn't pay me at any price." "But, steward, just look here; I am dying for a sleep; let me turn in for this night only. You can lock me up, you know, and let me out when no one is about; and here's a sovereign to get yourself something to drink." "Well, sir, seeing as how you are a gentleman, I don't mind if I do let you in for one night; but you must mind and not split on me to any one, for things get pretty soon known on board ship by all hands, from the cabin boy to the skipper, as soon as they have once been mentioned." "All right," says I, "you may rely upon me." "Mind," says he, "you don't make any noise in the morning. I'll come and let you out before breakfast when the skipper's on deck, and all hands are at work, swabbing themselves down."

With that he opened the cabin-door, handed me a candle, pushed me hastily in, and turned the key in the lock. The cabin was a model of neatness—a nice carpet on the floor, a first-rate bunk on one side, and a delightfully soft sofa on the other; in fact, all that one could desire; everything, too, well cleeted and fastened down in its

proper place, so as to prevent the possibility of any of the furniture taking to execute the very unpleasant nautical hornpipes which I had witnessed in the second cabin, and which had been the cause of a very considerable amount of diminution in the skin that ought to have covered my ankles. I did not, however, waste much time in contemplation, but undressed, inserted myself within the snow-white sheets, and, in spite of the roaring of the tempest, and the trampling of the sailors overhead, was soon sound asleep. And then I dreamt that I was haunted by a huge pipe, which persisted in following me all over the world. I fled to the interior of Africa, there was the pipe; I hurried off to Spitzbergen, there was the pipe. At last, in disgust, I returned to England, to my old lodgings, and the pipe came and took up its abode with me, and smoked all day long, and in the smoke I seemed to see all manner of strange things; first, my creditors—a fearful sight—each man with a writ in his hand as big as himself. Then, floating lightly on the smoke, came my uncle, with his pockets buttoned very tightly, and my creditors immediately made a rush towards him, and up they all went to the ceiling, and I saw them no more. Then, out of the pipe, there came a whisky bottle, and inside it (not at all injured by being soaked in spirits) were my three cabin companions, who tapped upon the glass, and nodded at me in a threatening manner, as much as to say, if you want anything for yourself, just pull out the cork, and we will step out and give it you. And then the tobacco seemed to grow more strong and pungent, and the smoke got up my nose, and I gave a great sneeze, and awoke.

"I hope, sir, you have had a comfortable nap."

I started up and looked across the cabin to the sofa, whence the voice proceeded. There, stretched out at his ease, lay a little fat man, with a long clay pipe in his mouth, from which a perfect column of smoke went up into the air. He had relighted the candle, and fixed it on the table in front of him, so that I could see him very well. He was rather ugly, with a pimply nose, as if given to drinking, badly made clothes, and an altogether mouldy appearance, as if he had been kept for some time in a damp place.

"Pray, sir," said I, "might I ask you what the deuce you want in this cabin?"

The little man took the pipe from his mouth, allowed a dense volume of smoke to escape, and then gently replied:

"I might ask you the same question in equally strong terms, if it was the practice in my part of the universe to be so rude."

"It's that rascally steward who has done this," exclaimed I, in a rage. "First he takes my money, which I pay for a quiet night's rest, and then he turns in a horrid, tobacco-smoking wretch, to torment my life out; but I won't stand it, so I should recommend you to make yourself scarce, or else you'll soon find yourself in the wrong box."

"Oh, no, I shan't," said he, stretching himself out at his full length, "you see, the fact of the matter is, that it is you who are the intruder, and not I: this cabin happens to be mine."

"Yours, indeed; come now, that won't go down with me: this cabin was hired by a person

who ordered it to be kept locked during the voyage, and who never came on board at all."

"That is to say,—no one saw him come on board; but, nevertheless, I was the person who hired it, and I came on board on Tuesday evening last, at a quarter past twelve, just as you were passing the Start."

"Why, you confounded old liar, no boat ever came near us after the pilot left; and he had been gone hours before that."

"Very likely—very likely: but I never said I came in a boat."

"Oh, I suppose you swam, then?"

"No, I didn't swim either."

"Then, sir, if you neither came in a boat nor swam, pray may I ask you how you did get on board?"

"Well, if you want to know, I walked."

"Oh, you walked, did you? Now, do you think I am drunk, or mad, which? Did ever anybody hear of a living being walking about on the British Channel?"

"Perhaps nobody ever did hear of a living being doing it, but you see, sir, I don't happen to be a living being."

"Then what in the name of goodness are you?"

"I am a ghost."

"A ghost?"

"Yes, a ghost."

With that the little man re-lighted his pipe, which had gone out during the foregoing conversation, and set to work again to smoke like a chimney. This was too much for me.

"Confound you," cried I, "do you think you are going to humbug me with any of your cock-and-bull stories? Out you go at once, or I'll make you."

"All right," says he, "make away," and with that he puffs a whiff of smoke right across the room into my face. Well, this made me pretty wild, you may guess; so up I jumped, took one stride to the sofa, and seized the little man, that is to say, attempted to seize the little man, by his nose, for, to my utter astonishment, instead of holding anything, my finger and thumb went through it like air. Utterly perplexed, I grasped at his neck with the same result, my hands met with nothing to resist them in their passage, and yet there he lay grinning from ear to ear, and smoking away as calmly as ever. I staggered back to my bunk in amazement.

"Well now, Mr. Campbell, I hope you are satisfied that what I told you is correct. And so, if you'll just tuck yourself up again, I'll tell you what brings me on board this ship, for I am sure you must be anxious to hear my story."

"Not a bit of it," said I. "Don't let me put you to any unnecessary trouble; I haven't the slightest curiosity in my composition."

You see I was awfully sleepy, and it was quite clear to me, by the way, the old fellow was settling himself down and clearing his throat that he meant to talk for the next hour at the least, which wasn't at all to my fancy.

"Well," says he, "if you are not curious, you ought to be; so here goes, and mind you pay attention, or else I shall have to waken you up as

I did before, by sticking my pipe under your nose. I was born in a little town in the north of England—"

"Oh, confound it," cried I, "hadn't you better begin at the beginning of the world at once? How do you think I am to get my pound's worth of sleep, if you give me your history from the cradle to the grave?"

"Well now," said he, "I should have liked to tell you something about my early life, for I was always considered a very remarkable child, but perhaps, upon consideration, I had better postpone that subject till some other night."

"Yes, old fellow," thought I, "you can tell me all that when you catch me in here again, but that won't be for some time, I know."

"When I was about thirty," he continued (I made a gesture of impatience). "I must begin somewhere," said he, angrily, "and if you don't let me start at thirty, may I never smoke again if I won't go back to my grandfather."

"Thirty be it then, and now bowl along."

"Well, as I said, when I was about thirty I came up to London, and went into business as a tobacconist; I had a snug little trade, and managed to scrape together a goodish bit of money. I wasn't quite such a fool as to trouble myself with a wife, so I got along first rate. I had been in the business about twenty years—there's a skip for you—when one fine morning I received a letter with the American post-mark on it. It was from my brother, the only relation I had to my knowledge, who had left England years before, and from whom I had never heard since his departure. It was short, for he had never been a man of many words."

"I should have preferred his ghost to yours, then," thought I.

"He told me that he was writing on his death-bed, and recommended to me his only son. As he hadn't any money, he couldn't leave me anything; but my nephew would bring me a valuable meerschaum pipe, which he himself had smoked for many years, and of which he begged my acceptance. This was all. A few days after, I received a note, informing me that my nephew had arrived at Liverpool. I went down and found a fine strapping youth of fifteen. I brought him up to London and put him in the shop, where he soon made himself uncommonly useful, so that I was pretty well contented with my bargain. The pipe was indeed a splendid one. Never had I seen one so perfectly coloured, never had I possessed one out of which the tobacco tasted so sweet. It was universally admired, and many a time have I been offered fabulous prices for it. But though I was by no means disinclined to turn a penny as a general rule, yet somehow I had an affection for that pipe, which increased every day. It seemed to me that ever since I had possessed it my food had tasted better, my sleep had been sounder, my health improved. Some one or another at the public I used once ventured to hint that the companionship of my nephew was the real cause of all this, but I knew better. The pipe did it, and the pipe alone. I don't deny that I found it very pleasant to have some one to take a fancy to, but I don't see how

affection for one's nephew could improve one's appetite, do you? But, bless me, you are half asleep; allow me to waken you."

With that he thrust the bowl of his pipe under my nose, causing me a fit of coughing and sneezing which lasted for five minutes.

"Confound you," said I, when I at last managed to speak, "why can't you come to the pith of your story, then? What on earth has all this nonsense about meerschaum pipes, and nephews, and appetites got to do with your being on board this ship?"

"Just you be a little patient, and then you'll learn; and let me beg to inform you that it is exceedingly ill-bred on your part, after occupying my private cabin, to go to sleep when I am doing my best to entertain you."

"Oh!" groaned I, "what cruel fate tempted me to leave England!"

"No cruel fate at all," says he, "but the fear of the Queen's Bench."

"Allow me to say, sir, that that is a most impertinent observation."

"None the less true for all that; you know as well as I do that your uncle wouldn't pay anything more for you, and that you'd have been locked up if you had stayed. I don't want to rake up unpleasant reminiscences, but if you won't treat me with common politeness, why you can hardly expect it at my hands; but to proceed. I grew fonder of my pipe every day, till at last I think no price that could have been offered me, would have induced me to part with it. As I grew older I gradually handed the management of my business to my nephew, who understood it as well, or better than I did, and spent most of my time in talking and smoking. At last I was taken ill. The doctor was sent for, and found me in bed with my pipe in my mouth. 'Put away that nasty thing,' said he. 'What nasty thing?' said I. 'Why, that pipe.' 'Put away my pipe? not if I know it.' 'Very good,' said he, 'only if you don't give up smoking, it'll give you up.' 'Oh, you mean I shall die?' 'Exactly,' said he. 'That's your decided opinion?' 'Nothing can save you.' 'Oh,' said I, 'in that case, as I don't mean to leave off smoking, I don't see the necessity of incurring useless expense; so Jack,' that was my nephew, 'pay the doctor his fee, show him out, and mind you don't let him in again.' When Jack came upstairs, I said to him, 'I feel that I shan't last long: there isn't much use in making a will, for you are my only relation, and of course, you'll take all that belongs to me when I am dead; only one thing I don't mean you to have, and that is this pipe.' 'Why?' said he, 'you don't mean to give my father's pipe away from me?' 'Not I, indeed, I mean to take it with me.' 'To take it with you, where?' 'Why, in my coffin to be sure.' 'And what shall you want with it; you don't think you're going to smoke after you are dead.' 'Now, look you here, Jack Simpson, it seems to me that you don't seem to fancy parting with this pipe, and as I am determined you shan't have it, just you go up to Mr. Smale's, the lawyer's and tell him to come down and make my will.' 'I thought you didn't want your will making just now,' says he. 'Ah,

well, I've altered my mind, it won't be the first time I have done it in my life, but I shan't about the pipe though, so look sharp.' Well, when the lawyer came, though I felt very bad, I made my will, leaving everything to my nephew, but I took care to insert a condition that he was to bury me in my every-day costume, and put a hundred weight of the best bird's eye and the meerschaum pipe into my coffin along with me; if he did not choose to do this, everything was to go over to my friend, the landlord of the Golden Bull. Well, when my will had been duly signed and attested, I stuffed my pipe once more, lighted it, smoked it out, and died. Well, of course, until I was under ground, my ghost could hang about where it liked; so I kept a sharp look-out on my nephew. The night before I was to be buried, up he came into the room with the lawyer, the landlord of the Golden Bull, and the undertaker's man; put the tobacco and meerschaum pipe into the coffin, though much against his will, as I could see, whereupon the lid was screwed down. And now, thought I, everything is all right, so off I went to look about me a bit. Well, I was buried the next day, and at midnight, as soon as ever the ghosts were allowed out, off I went to have a smoke. But what do you think, instead of my meerschaum pipe, I found a score of long clays, such as I am now smoking, and a short note from my nephew, informing me, if ever I came to look for my pipe, that he had taken the liberty of making the undertaker's man drunk, unscrewing the coffin, and effecting an exchange, and wishing me a pleasant time of it with my new acquaintances in the other world. I was burning with indignation, when up came the ghost of an old friend of mine, a solicitor, who had been dead some half-dozen years. 'What Simpson, you here!' said he, 'I am glad to see you; but what's the matter, man; you seem put out at something?' 'Put out! so would you be if you had been robbed like I have.' 'And who has robbed you?' 'Why, my nephew, Jack, the scapegrace.' With that I told him the whole story, and asked him what he would advise me to do. 'Well,' said he, 'the new ghost regulations are very severe upon us; we are not allowed to go about frightening people into fits as we used to do, at least not in a usual way; but I believe, in fact I am sure, that in a case like yours, the injured ghost is allowed to visit the ill-doer every night until he obtains restitution of his property. There are, I know, several cases in the books almost on all fours with yours, though I can't call any of them to mind just at this moment.' 'Then,' said, 'I may go down and claim my pipe?' 'Yes, you may appear to your nephew, or to any one else who has anything unlawfully in his possession or occupation which belongs to you as ghost; but, mind, you are not to attempt to take your pipe away, you must obtain it by fair means, or not at all.' 'All right,' said I, turning to go. 'Wish you luck,' said he, 'mind you are in at sunrise.' When I came down to the shop, I got quietly in through the key-hole and went upstairs into my nephew's room. He was in bed asleep. There was a strong smell of tobacco, and on a chair by the side of the bed lay my beloved pipe. The room was lighted with gas, which was not quite

out, so I turned it on, and then went and took a seat on the bed and called out 'Jack, Jack,' half a dozen times. He didn't wake at first, for he was always a sound sleeper, but after a little, he roused up a bit, and without opening his eyes, he cried out, 'What do you want; and who are you?' 'I am your uncle's ghost, Jack, and I am come for my pipe.' With that he jumps up as if he had been shot, and seizing hold of the pipe, clapped it under his pillow, and says he, 'I am very glad to see you, uncle, but you don't get this pipe, I can tell you; so you had better go back to your coffin again, and leave me to have my sleep out.' 'You won't have any sleep, Jack, unless I get that pipe. I shall come to you every night at twelve precisely, wherever you may be, and stop till daybreak, so you had better make up your mind and give it up at once.' 'Why didn't you take it,' said artful Jack, 'while it was lying on the chair?' 'Because I mayn't; but if you don't give it up, you shan't have a wink of sleep as long as you live.' 'All right, uncle,' says he, 'I shall always be glad to see you, but you don't get the pipe, as I said before; however, as I am to have the pleasure of your company for several hours, I may just as well make myself comfortable.' So with that he pulls out the pipe, stuffs it, and lights up as coolly as could be. 'Now,' says he, 'this is what I call jolly;' and with that he got quite talkative, and gave me a full account of everything that had taken place after my death, and how cleverly he had done the publican. Well, this did not put me in a better temper, as you may imagine; so I sat there quite glum and silent, till just before cock-crow, when I got up to go. 'What, off already, uncle,' said he; 'why, really it does not appear to me as if you had been with me half-an-hour. You see how agreeable your company is.' 'You'll find me disagreeable enough before you have done with me, I dare say.' 'Shall I?' said he, laughing. 'Then you mean to come again?' 'Come again! I should rather think so. I shall come every night till I get my pipe.' 'Then you'll have to come pretty often, that's all I can say—so good morning to you.'

'Well, I went away pretty cross, I can tell you. However, obstinate though I knew him to be, I felt sure that I must succeed in time, for his business kept him late in the shop, and as he had to be up early in the morning, want of sleep must soon bring him to terms. As soon as the clock struck twelve the next night I was at the house. As I entered the bedroom a delicious scent greeted me. Whisky-punch, as I was a ghost! Yes, in an arm chair, by the side of a blazing fire, sat my nephew with my pipe in his mouth, looking as fresh and rosy as though his rest had never been disturbed. His elbow rested on a small table, on which was a steaming bowl of punch, with glasses, tobacco, and a pipe; on the other side of the table stood an easy-chair. 'Glad to see you, uncle,' said he; 'take a seat, and make yourself at home. You see, I woke up this morning, and thought over all you told me the night before, and I came to the conclusion that it wouldn't be polite on my part always to be in bed when you came. So this

morning I hired an assistant who had been recommended to me, went to bed at six, leaving him to look after the shop, and I have just been up long enough to brew this jorum of punch, which I think you'll find to your liking—so, light up, fill your glass, and let's have a night of it."

"Now, I never could resist whisky-punch at any time; so, enraged as I was at my nephew's 'cuteness, I nevertheless, somehow or other, did as he told me, and in half-an-hour we were chatting together as friendly as could be.

"Take care of yourself," said he, as I rose to depart, "and don't assault the police. You will find me at home again to-morrow at the same hour."

"Well, this went on night after night for some months, and at last I really think I should have been sorry had he given up the pipe, inasmuch as I should have then had no excuse for paying him any more visits. Under the influence of punch, I was fool enough to let him into a few of our ghost secrets which I had much better have kept to myself. Amongst other things, I informed him that our superintendent, who was exceedingly strict, never allowed us to remove ourselves more than one thousand miles from our coffins of a night, which was a cause of great annoyance to many of us, who were anxious occasionally to travel abroad and see what was going on there."

"Excuse me interrupting you," said I, "but that does not at all agree with many of the ghost stories I have read. Why, it is the commonest thing in the world for a ghost to come all the way from India, or some other distant place, to announce his own death."

"Ah! Indian ghosts may be allowed to do that, but not English ones, I can assure you. We are subjected to the strictest rules."

"Well, I knew before that ghosts and spirits had to go out at the same entrance by which they came in, for I learnt that from Mephistopheles, but I never knew that they were tied to one spot before."

"I don't know anything about Mephistopheles," replied the ghost, "but you may rely upon it that the information I am giving you is as correct as anything he can furnish. I am very glad, too, to see that you are becoming interested in my story."

"Not a bit of it," said I, "but I can't let you have all the talk to yourself. However, go a-head."

"Well, as I told you, I had been visiting my nephew regularly every night, for about three months, when there was a general order issued, that from and after the 1st of the next month, no ghost was to be allowed out for twenty-eight days, as it was intended to take the decennial census, and also to obtain certain ghostly statistics which had been long needed by the administration. For this purpose commissioners were appointed to ask each individual a certain number of totally useless questions, and although only a few of us could be examined every night, it was considered necessary to confine us all until the investigation was at an end. On the last night of liberty my nephew perceived I was out of sorts when I came, and asked me the reason. I told him that I should be unable to see him for a whole month,

as I should be detained by business, but that I should renew my visits as soon as ever that term had expired. He made no remark at the time, but as I rose to depart he said: 'My dear uncle, your visits have caused me the greatest pleasure, but you will at once see the propriety of discontinuing them in future, when I inform you that this day week I am about to marry. You would not, I am sure, think of intruding into my bedroom, and frightening my wife out of her wits, and, as a matter of course, it would be highly improper on my part to spend my nights in future in carousing and smoking.'

"Oh, you are going to get married, are you, and that without consulting me? Very well, sir, you can of course please yourself; but if I am to be denied in future the charms of your conversation and your punch, at any rate, I will carry off my pipe to comfort me, so hand it over, and you will have done with me now and for ever."

"How many times have I told you that you will never get the pipe."

"Very good, then, you had better inform your wife beforehand that your house is haunted, for rest assured I shall never discontinue my visits until that pipe is restored to me."

"That is your fixed determination?"

"It is."

"Very well, we shall see."

"So we shall."

"Never do I remember so irksome a month as the ensuing one. The instant I was freed from restraint I was at my nephew's house. I entered; the stairs were bare of carpets. I passed into his bed-chamber; it was empty. Not a stick of furniture in any room in the house, not an ounce of tobacco in the shop. The bird was flown.

"Oh, ho, thought I, so he thinks to escape me in this way, does he; but the possession of that pipe insures my entry wherever he may have gone, and I don't think it will take me very long to find him out. I was just leaving, when I noticed a note on the floor. I took it up. It contained the following words:

"Dear Uncle,—As you won't agree to leave me in peace, I am obliged to resort to extreme measures. I have, therefore, sold my business, and am going with my wife to Australia. I sail to-morrow; the wind is fair, so that by the time you get this I shall be further away than your nightly limit of 1000 miles. Your affectionate nephew, JACK SIMPSON."

"I looked at the date. He had been gone fifteen days. Furious, I rushed back, and laid the matter before the superintendent. He admitted the gross injustice with which I had been treated, was extremely sorry for me, but was unable to act in the matter. My case was perfectly new; there was no precedent. But I was not to be put off in this way, and made myself so general a nuisance, that for the sake of peace and quietness I was allowed the indulgence of a year's absence, upon the condition, however, that I went out to Australia decently on board ship, paying for my passage like a respectable ghost, and carrying my coffin with me, 'Into which,' added the venerable magistrate, 'you will retire regularly during the

day; but as a compensation for so strict a confinement, you have my permission to be upon deck from sunset till sunrise. You will of course behave yourself in a decent and becoming manner, not allowing yourself to be led away to beguile the monotony of the voyage by making strange and unearthly noises, or by alarming any one in any way, as has been frequently the custom among ghosts of bad manners in former times. I have myself an objection to smoking, but I shall not interfere with your indulgence in that pursuit any further than by refusing to confer upon you the power of rendering your pipe invisible; and as it would be unseemly, opposed to the recognised order of things, and creative of remarks derogatory to our order, that a pipe should be seen of itself in mid-air, I must request that you will retire below whenever you feel inclined to indulge yourself in that, to me, offensive habit. You will order your cabin to be kept locked during the voyage; but should any one, nevertheless, intrude himself upon your privacy, you will of course have the right of appearing to and conversing with him so long as such intrusion shall continue. You will receive the requisite funds for your journey, upon application at the proper office, and you are authorised to appear in a human form for the purpose of taking your passage. Having concluded this lengthy harangue, he bowed me out, and I lost no time in securing this cabin. I was afraid that I should pass the whole voyage without the pleasure of conversation, but your lucky invasion has caused me to enjoy a very pleasant night. Now that we have once made acquaintance, I shall be delighted to see more of you." "Shall you?" said I; "and pray do you think I have nothing better to do with my nights than to spend them in listening to your dreary stories? No, sir; sooner than that, I will endure all the inconveniences which a sojourn with the three ruffians whose companionship I enjoy can inflict upon me." "Sir," said he, "your remarks surprise me. You bribe the steward to admit you into my private cabin, exposing him upon detection to the chances of dismissal; you occupy my bed, you deposit your clothes upon my sofa, and when I seek to entertain you and refresh myself by my highly instructive conversation, you treat me with insult. I can only inform you, sir, that you will find out the harshness of your conduct as soon as you are condemned to spend sixteen consecutive hours in an elm coffin down in the hold of a ship amongst the bilge water. But it is time for me to retire. Though it is dark enough below, here; yet I feel that daylight is at hand." With these words he arose, made me a formal bow, extinguished the light, and, I suppose, vanished through the key-hole, for when I awoke in the morning, I was alone.

"And did you never see anything more of him?" inquired one of the listeners.

"Never. As I did not consider his conversation cheap at the price of one pound per night, I did not buy any more of it; but, instead of wasting my money, I made friends with my whisky-drinking companions, who turned out very good

fellows, and with whom, on my arrival here, I came up to the diggings. Last year, about this time, I had some business at Mr. John Simpson's station, near which I was at work. A violent storm came on while I was there, and the creek rose so much that it was impossible for me to return to the camp that night. Mr. Simpson, therefore, very kindly offered me supper and a bed. During the evening I had the misfortune to break my pipe. 'I can,' he said, 'only offer you a clay, for I have no other in the house.' 'Have you not a very handsome meerschaum?' said I, involuntarily. He looked at me for a moment with surprise, and then replied, laughing: 'I had certainly, but my wife, there, compelled me to part with it.' 'And with good reason,' said she. I made no remark, but from their words I infer that my friend, the ghost, had at last succeeded in securing his prize."

"Well," said the storekeeper, "I suppose that's all true."

"Every word of it."

"Then all I can say is, that I shouldn't have believed it had I heard it from any one else."

AN OLD CHUM.

THE COD FISHERY.

HAVING in a previous paper given a brief account of the method used in "Trawl Fishing" with the net for the supply of metropolitan and other tables with soles, plaice, and such like staple commodities of the fish-market, it may be interesting to contrast with that fishery the means employed for taking the cod, whiting, and other choice inhabitants of the seas which are not usually caught with nets, but with hooks and lines.

"Long-lining," as it is familiarly called by those who prosecute this kind of fishery, is not only practised most extensively on our own coasts, but also on those of Newfoundland, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, and other countries. To say nothing of the many thousands to whom this kind of fishery affords a means of livelihood, it is in itself, as a matter of pleasure to the sea-side visitor, one of the most amusing pastimes possible to conceive. The writer, who has enjoyed this exciting sport times innumerable, knows of no other—not even salmon fishing—more exciting and exhilarating.

The wholesale fishery is carried on by small fishing smacks or "bangers," as the fishermen popularly term them, each of which is constructed with a large deep well, into which the fresh seawater is allowed to enter by means of a grating. This is for a double purpose, viz., to keep the fish alive after taken as long as possible, and also to enable the cod-smack to remain at sea as long as may suffice to catch a good supply of fish before proceeding to that part of the coast where there may be a market for them. Each smack carries a "fleet" of lines, as they are termed, varying in length from one to three miles, but of course the amateur fisherman would commence with a small "fleet" of not a tenth part that number. The cod line itself is in thickness about that of a blacklead pencil, and to it are attached, at intervals of a fathom apart, smaller lines a yard long, and not much thicker than twine. These are

called "anoods," and to the end of each "snood" is fastened a very large strong hook, the shank of which is usually two inches in length. Of course, to complete the entire *set* of lines, a great many are fastened together, the length of each line being usually about six hundred feet, and consequently having a hundred hooks. The entire set, when fastened, carry several thousand hooks, and extend, as before noticed, some miles. The lines are kept down to the bottom by very heavy stones attached to the end of each *line*, whilst at the extreme end of the "fleet," that is the entire set, are strong anchors securing the whole. These anchors again are connected by stout cables to large floating buoys, corks, &c., on the top of the water, which serve to mark the spot where the lines lie. Both "shooting," that is lowering, and also hauling the lines, is the work of many hours. The "shooting" is of course very tedious, but the excitement of the haul more than makes up for the infliction.

The baits employed are a whelk (which, as most of our readers know, is a large shellfish, a piece of fresh herring, or a sprat. (The unfortunate whelk is of course taken out of its shell before being impaled on the hook.) Of these baits the whelk certainly possesses the virtue of being tough, and therefore, by remaining longer on the hook, and consequently by serving many times and obviating much trouble, is the favourite bait of the fishermen. The writer, however, has no hesitation in saying that a sprat is by far the most *taking* bait, which the following instance may be sufficient to exemplify. In November of the year 1855, the writer fishing with the "long line" some little way off the North Foreland, and with a "fleet" containing only 280 hooks, caught fourteen fine cod-fish (the largest weighing thirty-four pounds and a-half), besides skate, large whiting, conger eels, &c., using *sprats* for bait, whilst a "professional" cod smack-fishing, not a mile off, and whose hooks amounted to upwards of 3000, caught but three fish, and of these not one was over ten pounds in weight!—the bait used by the smack being *whelks*. Nor was this a solitary instance. The result of our respective fishing was in the same proportion, so many times, that the fisherman sent his boats along shore to purchase sprats for bait, and at his next haul caught six score, or 120 fish!

The lines are "shot" whilst the tide is slack, and suffered to remain down—the whole strength of it—until it *again* slacks, when they are hauled. The fishermen entertain the prejudice that the "flood" tide is preferable to the "ebb" for taking many fish. The writer, however, in his experience (which has not been slight), has not found it so; and indeed the real truth is that the cod in the sea, as the pike in the river, is of so voracious a nature that he will bite at *whatever* may come in his way, and *whenever* it is set before him. In a cod-fish, weighing seventeen pounds, caught by the writer in October, 1854, there were found a plaice of a pound weight (quite fresh), three whole herrings, a sand-dab, a piece of a bullock's hide, two large crabs, about four dozen prawns, a large piece of chalk, and four trowser buttons! In another, caught four days later, were two whittings, a horse-mackerel, five crabs,

two polypi (sea anemones), and shrimps *ad libitum*. So eccentric indeed is the cod in his diet, that, during a long autumn and winter's fishing, the writer amused himself with making memoranda of the singular contents of some of the fish taken by him.

The hauling of the lines is very hard work, and is performed by three or four people, as thus:—One or, as the case may be, two, pull the smack's boat against the tide as fast and carefully as possible, whilst another hauls the lines, and a fourth (or if there is but one rower, a third) stands ready by the hauler with a large "gaff" or stout pole, to which a hook is affixed, in order to secure the struggling captives as they are drawn to the surface. Of course the hauler will encounter an invigorating shower of brine, with which and the excitement he is certain to secure at least an appetite for his chop and pint of pale ale afterwards; and if he carries, as most boating parties do, a case of sandwiches and "pocket pistol" of Cognac for present service, he need be under no fear as to the consequences of a "jolly sousing."

A curious variety of fish are taken on the "long-line." First will come the cod, the monarch of deep-sea fish, and his weight will vary usually from eight to thirty pounds or more. Cod, however, on the British coast, seldom run larger. On the coast of Holland, the Doggerbank, and Newfoundland, they are of great size. The Newfoundland have the credit of being the best; but the writer's experience would incline him to doubt their superiority to those caught on the Dutch coast. The fishing smacks sell their cod to the Billingsgate and other dealers by the *score*, and they are retailed at a vast profit. It is very common to see a fish that would fetch half-a-crown on the sea-coast fetch from fifteen to thirty shillings in the metropolis, so that the profits of the retail dealers, it will be seen, are not despicable. They run some risk, however, as a "glut" would seriously affect their market. There is indeed, in its way, as much speculating in Billingsgate as on the Stock Exchange, and the cod, being a "dinner fish," the sale of it is curiously influenced by the amount of gaiety going on in the metropolis, which alone takes *twice* the quantity of the entire kingdom; and indeed almost all fish used throughout England pass somehow through London in their transit from the sea to the dinner table.

Besides the cod, very fine whittings (some several pounds in weight, such as but few Londoners have seen) are taken with the "long-line," as are immense black skate, and a species of thornback called "roker." Plaice, also, and turbot, take the herring bait freely, or indeed any white bait. Conger eels, dog-fish, and nurse-dogs are the source of more plague than profit to the cod-fisher. On the Scottish coast, ling, tusk, and even haddock, are taken on the cod-line, the last mentioned of which fish has of late years become very scarce, and especially so on the English coast. The best haddocks are the Dublin Bay ones, and those taken off Yorkshire. The Scarborough, Filey, and Whitby fishermen take many, and the Flamborough Head haddocks are excellent, either fresh or cured. The proper way, however (and

this may be a hint to gastronomes), to dress a fresh haddock is to stuff it with a veal stuffing, boil it, and afterwards serve it up with slices of lemon, and a port or claret sauce. Some use shrimp or lobster sauce; but the above is preferable.

The annual revenue of the "long-lining" cannot, of course, be estimated, but it is something very large; and the value of the cod caught on the British and Dutch coasts alone averages a great many thousand pounds sterling. The capital employed in the fishery is great, and as the "hands" of the cod smacks are usually paid good weekly wages, *successful or not*, the owners run considerable risk. In some boats the men are paid no wages, but take a share in the profits; but this is not usual. The expenses also, for bait, harbour-dues, wear-and-tear of lines, &c., &c., are very great; but, on the whole, the speculation is usually a good one for employer and employed. Of course much might be said of the Newfoundland fishery, which is quite a feature in itself, and of the various ways of curing and disposing of the fish, but the writer has already exceeded the limits he proposed. ASTLEY H. BALDWIN.

THE AMERICAN GENERALS.

THIS week we resume and conclude our biographical sketches of the generals whose names of late have been most conspicuous in the records of Transatlantic war.

FEDERALS.

GEORGE B. MACLELLAN, of Pennsylvania, a cadet of 1842, won, as a lieutenant of Engineers, some credit and two brevets in Mexico; first organised the corps of U. S. Sappers and Miners; translated from the French a Manual of Bayonet Exercise for the use of the army; was, on account of his scientific attainments, despatched by the Executive to watch the operations of the Allied Armies in the Crimea; and, after criticising them somewhat harshly, subsequently left the service and engaged in civil engineering. I can add nothing as to his personal appearance to that which the able Special Correspondent of the "Times" has already told; and his recent military career is a sufficient criterion of his ability as a general.

JOHN POPE, of Kentucky, a cadet of 1838, and afterwards of the Topographical Engineers, was twice brevetted during the Mexican campaigns. In 1861 he was an undistinguished captain of his corps, and I am at a loss to imagine how he attained to his recent eminent command, since daily observation of him during some months in 1845 and 1846 gave me no reason to conceive him possessed of any remarkable ability.

HENRY WAGER HALLECK, of New York, a cadet of 1835, and of the Engineers; for a time one of the professors of the Military Academy; author of two works on "Bitumens," and on the "Elements of Military Art and Science;" obtained a brevet for military services in California when that state was wrested from the Mexican Federation; was Secretary of State under the military government which followed its acquisition, and afterwards one of the convention which framed its state constitution in 1849. The political eminence which he

had attained in that state led to his retiring from the army several years ago, and he has only resumed his sword at the call of the Federal Government.

IRVIN McDOWELL, of Ohio, a cadet of 1834; as a lieutenant of the 1st Artillery served in the Mexican campaign, received a brevet, ere the close of the war was transferred to the Staff, and in 1861 was a brevet major and assistant-adjutant-general. His name, previous to the present troubles, was known to me only as one of the Staff, and was not associated with any military achievement.

JOHN ELLIS WOOL, of New York, entered the 13th Infantry in 1812, during the war with England; was present at the battles of Queenston and Plattsburgh; commanded a division of General Taylor's army in Mexico; and was brevetted a major-general for having been present at the battle of Buena Vista. He is now a very old man, distinguished only by rank and long service, being generally regarded by the army to which he belongs as an imbecile.

JOS. J. K. MANSFIELD, of Connecticut, a cadet of 1817, served through the Mexican war as an Engineer officer; was once severely wounded, and once brevetted; and in 1861 was a colonel and inspector-general of the army. He wrote a common-place work on the Mexican campaign, and was a mild, kindly, old gentleman, never accused of any special ability.

DON CARLOS BUELL, of Ohio, an Infantry cadet of 1837, was present as a subaltern at all the battles in the valley of Mexico; once wounded, and once brevetted; and in 1861 was a brevet-major and assistant-adjutant-general. He has the reputation of being a very gallant soldier.

EDWIN V. SUMNER, of Massachusetts; entered the army in 1819, without passing through the usual preliminary instruction, as a lieutenant in the 2nd Infantry, and was Major of the 2nd Dragoons during the Mexican war. He was engaged in all the battles in the valley of Mexico; once wounded, and twice brevetted. During the Freesoil troubles in Kansas he was in military command there, was popularly known as "Old Bull of the Woods" from his shaggy beard and bluff equanimity, and acted throughout that struggle with great discretion. In 1861 he was colonel of the 1st Cavalry. He is esteemed an excellent Cavalry officer.

JESSE L. RENO, of Virginia, a cadet of 1842, subsequently of the Ordnance, was highly distinguished in command of a battery during the Mexican campaign, wherein he was severely wounded and twice brevetted. He was for a time mathematical professor at Westpoint, and in 1861 was junior captain of his corps.

JOSEPH HOOKER, of Massachusetts, a cadet of 1833, afterwards of the 1st Artillery; received three brevets during the Mexican war; and retired from the army in 1848. Where he has been in the interim I cannot ascertain.

PHILIP KEARNEY, of New York, entered the 1st Dragoons in 1837; while yet a captain, commanded his regiment in all the engagements in the valley of Mexico, and lost his left arm from a wound received while pursuing the routed enemy

up to the very walls of the capital. He resigned his commission in 1851. He was a fiery and energetic soldier, of fine personal appearance, and greatly admired by the soldiery.

FITZJOHN PORTER, of New Hampshire, a cadet of 1841; received two brevets for services in Mexico, where he was once wounded; and was sometime one of the professors at Westpoint. He was in 1861 a brevet-major and assistant-adjutant-general.

SAMUEL P. HEINTZELMAN, of Pennsylvania, a cadet of 1822; passed in 1832 from the 3rd Infantry to the General Staff, but on the breaking out of the Mexican war relinquished his appointment, returned to the line, and was once brevetted for his services in the campaign. In 1861 he was major of the 1st Infantry.

A. E. BURNSIDE, of Indiana, a cadet of 1843; retired from the 2nd Artillery at some date subsequent to 1851.

DIXON S. MILES, of Maryland, a cadet of 1824, and successively in the 4th, 7th, 5th, and 2nd Infantry; served with distinction through the Mexican war, and was in 1861 colonel of the last-named corps. He was a tall, fine-looking man, benign and generous, a father to his men, and greatly beloved by them, but of mediocre ability. Those who knew him, know how little he deserved the obloquy ungenerously cast on his memory. His death has expiated to the full his lack of success.

ISAAC J. STEVENS, of Massachusetts, an Engineer graduate of 1835, long engaged on the fortifications of the coast of Maine; was severely wounded in the Mexican campaign, and received three brevets for "distinguished services." For several subsequent years he was attached to the U. S. Coast Survey, whence he was promoted to the military command of Washington territory on the Pacific, and becoming afterward governor of it retired from the army. He was an officer of great professional ability and distinguished bravery, of pleasing person and fascinating manners, universally beloved and esteemed.

JOHN CHARLES FREMONT, a South Carolinian of French descent, was in 1838 irregularly appointed from civil life to a lieutenantancy in the Topographical Engineers, and entrusted with the command of two successive expeditions to explore the wild region traversed by the Rocky Mountains, and intervening between the western frontier and the territory claimed on the Pacific. In the course of these, he was exposed to great perils and hardships; and displayed such courage, fortitude, and enterprise, that the Federal Government appointed him, ignorant as he was of military matters, lieutenant-colonel of the Mounted Rifles; and, giving him with a latent political intent a military detachment far larger than could be needed for peaceful purposes as an escort, again despatched him to the far West. Reaching California, then forming part of Mexico, with which the States were at war, he abandoned his scientific pursuits, crossed the frontier, formed the American residents into a battalion, and co-operating with Commodore Sloat's squadron, after going through the farce of declaring California an independent state under the protection of the Union, overran and subdued it. While

this was being effected, General Stephen Kearney, a distinguished officer fresh from the conquest of New Mexico, reached the scene of action with a small force; and an unseemly squabble for supremacy ensued between the naval and military authorities, and between the General and the Lieutenant-Colonel, who claimed exemption from his jurisdiction as being on "particular service." The altercation ended in Kearney's being confirmed in the command and in Fremont's being sent home under arrest for trial, which he avoided by resigning in 1848. Notwithstanding this evidence of an unwillingness to obey indicating unfitness for command, which yet later brought disaster on the Federal arms, his political influence was such as immediately to obtain for him his appointment as commissioner to define the boundary between the U. S. and Mexico. This office he relinquished on being elected senator for California, where his influence was great from his having availed himself of his former temporary authority to possess himself of large estates, whereto the subsequent gold discoveries gave immense value, and which have since been the subject of multitudinous law-suits. Fremont is now about fifty-one years of age; wiry, spare, sunburnt, and weather-beaten; with that look of vigilant sagacity characteristic of the hunter or back-woodsman, whose perceptive faculties have been sharpened by the habit of peril and adventurous emergencies. The scientific attainments whereto he lays claim, and which are popularly imputed to him, are contemptuously denied by his quondam military brethren of the Engineers. His arrogant incompetence and malversation were amply exemplified by his late career in Missouri; and were the occasion presented to him, it is probable that his overweening vanity and restless ambition would prompt him to grasp at a supremacy, he would not have ability to retain.

RANDOLPH B. MARCY, of Massachusetts, a cadet of 1828, and afterwards of the 5th Infantry, managed to avoid the perilous contingencies incident to the military profession by absenting himself from his regiment during the entire war with Mexico; cheerfully resigning its command to his juniors, conduct which would have for ever disgraced an officer in any other service. When it became *safe* to emerge from his retreat, fired by the achievements of Fremont, he importuned the authorities at Washington for the command of an expedition to explore a shorter route across the prairies to Utah and California; and being backed by influential friends, he eventually obtained it. His account of these two expeditions having been recently eulogised by a part of the English press, it may not be irrelevant to observe that the book is a *refaccimento* of other books, containing nothing about the regions traversed which was not known before, while by discreet suppression of the names of those who constructed his maps and plans, he disingenuously leaves it to be inferred that they are his own. These expeditions and the compilation of these reports having relieved him of military duty for several years, he eventually retired from the line on obtaining a lucrative appointment on the staff. Whilst it may be hard to discern what there was in such antecedents to qualify this man

for the responsible office of chief of the Federal staff, which he now holds, they intelligibly account for much of the misfortune which has dogged the steps of the Federal army.

It will be seen from the preceding data that, contrary to the impression generally prevailing here—with exceptions that sufficiently prove the inferiority of amateur to professional soldiers,—the generals on either side have all at some period belonged to the regular army of the United States.

The fact that, from the slowness of promotion therein, an officer was superannuated by the time he attained a colonelcy in the line, accounts for most of the Federal generals being taken at this crisis from among the junior officers,—for youth is essential to military success, few being, like Radetsky, fit for command when octogenarians.

Miles and Sumner are the only colonels of the old army whose names appear; and it may be legitimately inquired wherefore the many promising subalterns that might be enumerated are not in command of volunteer regiments, in place of civilians whose only claim thereto has been their political influence. Having so efficient a force as the regular army at its disposal, when the Federal Executive decided against making it the nucleus of its irregular levies, as in instituting it the careful fathers of the Republic designed, by raising the value of the unit of organisation—the troop or company—from 50 to 100 or even 200, and the regiment from 500 to 5000; it erred grievously in not at least distributing it among the new battalions, in place of trusting entirely to raw tumultuary levies, without any interfusion of veterans to impart confidence and firmness.

The proximate causes of the different fortune which has attended the two groups of generals taken from the same army may, I conceive, be found in the differences of race and of social conditions—as determined by diverse geographical conditions—in the two hostile sections whereinto the former Republic is now divided.

The people of the South—generally of pure English descent, with an interfusion in Louisiana of French, and in Texas of Spanish, blood; inhabiting a fertile region, much of which is yet covered with dense forest, and varying their agricultural pursuits with hunting and other manly amusements; retaining an inferior race in subjection, therefore habituated to command and familiarised from childhood with the use of arms; bold, self-reliant, prompt for emergencies, and accustomed to peril—form a military aristocracy, like that of ancient Poland or Hungary under somewhat analogous conditions, and are peculiarly fitted for warfare.

The Southern gentleman who formerly entered the United States army was generally a landed proprietor, and adopted the profession of arms because possessed of those military tastes distinctive of his people; and it is noticeable that, whereas the great American writers, to the development of whose genius a life of contemplation and retirement was requisite, have almost all issued from the North; the men of action—the eminent soldiers, statesmen, and orators of the

republic—have mostly been sons of the South. Fighting for national existence, and to revenge the ruin and havoc wrought by a barbarous enemy, under the most unfavourable circumstances, and with means seemingly inadequate to the magnitude of its undertaking; poorly clad, often shoeless, scantily fed, and indifferently armed, but calmly resolute, and confident in the justice of its cause; the Southern army has not quailed before the immense armaments opposed to it, nor been discouraged by disasters; and its officers being men of military genius, and not military pedants; and its operations being directed by a professional soldier of great ability, calm judgment, and singular discernment in the selection of his instruments—to whom the nation unanimously conceded a dictatorial power suited to the emergency—it has thus far been victorious.

On the other hand, the people of the North is of various origin, divided by antipathies of race, sect, and faction, by opposition of interests, and diversity of pursuits; chiefly aggregated in towns, cities, and their immediate vicinity, therefore largely depraved by the vices, and effeminated by the luxuries, of civilisation; greedy of gain, tricky, arrogant, braggart, and unfamiliar with, as reluctant to arms. The gentleman of the North who formerly entered the U. S. army did so ordinarily to secure a life of indolent ease. The Northern army has been numerically so immense as to be unwieldy, so well provided with military material as to be embarrassed its movements by its own affluence of means, so confident of success as to be disheartened by the least reverses and thoroughly demoralised by successive defeats, which were partly due to the ignorant interference of the civilian at the head of the Federal government—constitutionally the commander-in-chief—a man vacillating because new to command and unequal to his position; who has been pliant to silly popular clamour when he should have been firm, and impracticable and stubborn when he should have been amenable to counsel.

It may be remarked, in conclusion, that, although the Confederate generals have certainly displayed singular genius, the sanguinary battles protracted through many successive days, while proving the rancour of the combatants, indicate a deficiency in the technical knowledge required to conduct war scientifically.

Carnage is not warfare, whatever the world may say. The great general is he who, from swift apprehension of the accidents of the ground, nice calculation of time and distance, and due consideration of the enemy's arrangements and strength, effects his discomfiture and a determinate end, with comparatively little loss of life, by scientific disposition, and adroit manœuvring of his own forces. Genius is not self-sufficient for great results: the soldier, like the writer and the artist, only attains consummate skill by preliminary studies and long experience; and from the former distribution of the regular army, wherein these officers learned their profession, along the frontiers in trivial detachments, comparatively few of its officers have ever, previously to the present events, seen a division in the field, or had facilities for acquiring a practical know-

ledge of tactics and strategy. This will partially account for the character of the operations, and the slaughter of this civil war; since it would indeed have been marvellous had leaders, few of whom have ever previously commanded even a battalion, not been somewhat unequal to, and indexterous in, the direction of great armies.

THE BOY MARTYR.

(NERO IMPERATOR.)

I.

Now that the bull with gilded horns was stricken by the priest,

The arena swam with human blood and with the blood of beast;

The tigers felled, the leopards stabbed, the huge snakes mashed to death,

Resting awhile to fan themselves, the multitudes take breath.

High up above the curtain-roof the great white-rose clouds blew,

High up above the circling seats the whirling pigeons flew;

Below in arching shadows cool the children hide and play,

No warning growl, nor hiss, nor moan can Roman boy dismay.

The sand was levelled smooth and dry, the babble once more swells,

The gladiators cut and gashed are resting in their cells,

The tridents and the gory nets, the axes and the swords,

Are lying in a dusty heap beside the hooks and cords.

The people laugh;—the senator, the juggler, and the mime,

The cobbler and the augur's man, the actors jest and rhyme;

The bath slaves and the soldiers sit shouldering seat by seat,

The drover and the fisherman, the thief and boxer meet.

The mountain palaces of Rome, the Forum's busy walks,

Have sent their wicked thousands here, and each of bloodshed talks;

The Tyber's bare, the temple's shut, the baths are empty all,

There only is one sleeping slave in Caesar's golden hall.

The purple awning over head, three acres Tyrian wove,

Flaps breezily as Auster now whispers with breath of love;

And Nero tired, leans back to rest on his great ivory seat,

His robe unloosed, his pimps and slaves basking around his feet.

Not one of all those thousands there thought of the death-doomed men

Who lay—hands bound—with bleeding backs in the subterranean den;

Nor of that little Christian boy, brought from the chalky shore,

Where Dorobernium's fort looks down upon the channel's roar.

Weary of pleasure was the Plebs, weary the Cæsar too,
In vain the slaves from swaying roof rain the sweet scented dew;

The gladiators, quaffing draughts of myrrh and Sabine wine,

Felt that a gloom was on the Plebs, and dread the fatal sign.

For storms had kept the corn fleet back, the Plebs was hard to please,

From Cæsar to the meanest churl, not one seemed at his ease;

All day the thumbs had been turned down, howe'er a man might fight,

For hungry folks are sour and sad, and full of spleen and spite.

They murmur for some newer thing, some combination wild,

A snake and wild cat, or a cub, to grapple with a child;

Or ostriches and antelopes—here Nero rose and cried

For some fresh combat man and beast that ne'er had yet been tried.

II.

The litæus and the tuba roar, the soldiers' drums resound,

The Nubian cymbals clash and chime the amphitheatre round;

As open fly a dozen doors, and robed in red and blue,

The gladiators doomed to death come pacing two and two.

With shining limbs and faces bruised, and strong arms white with scars,

The cestus-wearers march and sing their noisy hymns to Mars;

The netters and the light-armed lads, the agile targeteers,

Syrian and Greek, Arab and Gaul, heedless of hiss or cheers.

But lo! a whisper, Nero stands, and waves his Lydian lyre,

Made of Parnassus laurel wood, and strung with golden wire;

Again the gladiators pass through the Vomitory's door,

And the dull arena's ring of blood is silent as before.

What Libyan lions now with manes drifting upon the sand,

With lolling tongues and stealthy walk, till chafed by blow and brand;

Or German boars to gore and rush chasing the bleeding man;

Or mighty snakes to wind and leap as only such things can?

But no! an Epicure's surprise—voluptuous cruelty,
A Briton's child to struggle with a thief from Thessaly,

A brawny giant scarred and burnt, covered with dust and blood,

His feet all red as vineyard men's with the grapes' purple flood.

The boy was pale with dungeon gloom, yet was he still and stern,

Smiling at bony Death, who shook o'er him a funeral urn;

His father dead, his brothers slaves, his town burnt to the ground,
His tribe destroyed, his country lost, his mother chained and bound.

The horns and drums and shrieking flutes burst forth together now,
The giant swung his weapons round and wiped his crimson brow;
David when trampling on the bear looked like this Christian youth,
With such a halo round his face of holy love and truth.

The pagan gods frown on the Greek, his blows are fierce but wild,
Slowly his heart yields up its life unto this mere weak child;
He strikes with giant force, but lo ! he bites the gory sand,
The unfleshed trident snaps and falls from the dead giant's hand.

The people raise their thumbs erect, of mercy the glad sign,
Nero stands up and waves his wands that like the sun-beams shine,



"Curse Christ and live, O boy !" he cried : the lad looked up,
Pushing fierce back with angry hand the flatterer's proffered cup.

"Curse Christ and live !" ten thousand cried—and twenty thousand then,
The boy put one foot on the dead, and braved the howling men ;

"Christ and his cross alone !" he shouted, pallid but stern and cool,
Then Nero rose, and screaming cried, "To the lions with this fool !"

A roar—a leap—a shaking snarl, an angry growl and tear,
A gnash of gory teeth, a wave of bloody, dripping hair,

A dreadful shriek that rose above the shouts of countless men,
As Moorish gladiators drove the beast back to his den.

Sudden the death, and yet the boy had time one glance to see

Of the golden gates of Paradise opening silently.
And beckoning hands, and snowy wings, and odours as of balm ;
Then storm and dark that sudden changed to an eternal calm.

The mountain ant-hill's on the move—the people rise to go,
Through all the arches, from each bench, the human rivers flow ;
Nero, forgetting crime so small, drove to his golden home,—

But God did not forget it—no—GO LOOK YE NOW AT ROME.
T. W.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLIII. MEETING THE NEWS.

MISS DEBORAH WEST did not believe in ghosts. Miss Deb, setting aside a few personal weaknesses and vanities, was a strong-minded female, and no more believed in ghosts than she did in Master Cheese's delicate constitution, which required to be supplied with an unlimited quantity of tarts and other dainties to keep up his strength between meals. The commotion respecting Frederick Massingbird, that his ghost had arrived from Australia, and "walked," reached the ears of Miss Deb. It reached them in this way.

Miss Deb and her sister, compelled to economy by the scanty allowance afforded by Dr. West, had no more helpmates in the household department than could be avoided, and the surgery boy, Bob, found himself sometimes pressed into aiding in the domestic service. One evening Miss Deb entered the surgery, and caught Master Cheese revelling in a hat-full of walnuts by gaslight. This was the evening of the storm, previously mentioned.

"Where's Bob?" asked she. "I want a message taken to Mrs. Broom's about those pickled mushrooms that she is doing for me."

"Bob's out," responded Master Cheese. "Have a walnut, Miss Deb?"

"I don't mind. Are they ripe?" answered Miss Deb.

Master Cheese, the greediest chap alive, picked out the smallest he could find, politely cracked it with his teeth, and handed it to her.

"You'll not get Bob over to Broom's at this hour," cried he. "Jan can't get him to Mother Hook's with her medicine, unless it's made up so that he can take it before dark. They have to send for it."

"What's that for?" asked Miss Deb.

Master Cheese cracked on at his walnuts.

"You have not heard the tale that's going about, I suppose, Miss Deb?"

"I have not heard any tale," she answered.

"And I don't know that I must tell it you," continued Master Cheese, filling his mouth with five or six quarters at once, unpeeled. "Jan ordered me to hold my tongue in-doors."

"It would be more respectful, Master Cheese, if you said Mr. Jan," rebuked Miss Deborah. "I have told you so often."

"Who cares?" returned Master Cheese. "Jan doesn't. The fact is, Miss Deb, that there's a ghost about at night just now."

"Have they got up that folly again? Rachel Frost rests a great deal quieter in her grave than some of you do in your beds."

"Ah, but it's not Rachel this time," significantly responded Master Cheese. "It's somebody else."

"Who is it, then?" asked Miss Deb, struck with his manner.

"I'll tell you if you won't tell Jan. It's—don't start, Miss Deb—it's Fred Massingbird's."

Miss Deb did not start. She looked keenly at Master Cheese, believing he might be playing a

joke upon her. But there was no sign of joking in his countenance. It looked, on the contrary, singularly serious, not to say awe-struck, as he leaned forward to bring it nearer Miss Deborah's.

"It is a fact that Fred Massingbird's ghost is walking," he continued. "Lots have seen it. I have seen it. You'd have heard of it, like every body else has, if you had not been Mrs. Verner's sister. It's an unpleasantly queer thing for her, you know, Miss Deb."

"What utter absurdity!" cried Deborah.

"Wait till you see it, before you say it's absurdity," replied Master Cheese. "If it's not Fred Massingbird's ghost, it is somebody's that's the exact image of him."

Miss Deborah sat down on a stone jar, and got Master Cheese to tell her the whole story. That he should put in a few exaggerations, and so increase the marvel, was only natural. But Deborah West heard sufficient to send her mind into a state of uneasy perplexity.

"You say Mr. Jan knows of this?" she asked.

"There's nobody about that doesn't know of it, except you and the folks at Verner's Pride," responded Master Cheese. "I say, don't you go and inform Jan that you made me tell you, Miss Deb! You'll get me into a row if you do."

But this was the very thing that Miss Deb resolved to do. Not to get Master Cheese into a "row," but that she saw no other way of allaying her uncertainty. Ghosts were utterly excluded from Deborah West's creed; and why so many people should be suddenly testifying that Frederick Massingbird's was to be seen, she could not understand. That there must be something in it more than the common absurdity of such tales, the state of Alice Hook appeared to testify.

"Can Bob be spared to go over to Broom's in the morning?" she asked after a long pause of silence, given apparently to the contemplation of Master Cheese's intense enjoyment of his walnuts; in reality, to deep thought.

"Well, I don't know," answered the young gentleman, who never was ready to accord the services of Bob in-doors, lest it might involve any little extra amount of exertion for himself. "There's a sight of medicine to be taken out just now. Jan's got a great deal to do, and I am nearly worked off my legs."

"It looks like it," retorted Miss Deborah. "Your legs will never be much the worse for the amount of work you do. Where's Mr. Jan?"

"He went out to go to Hook's," replied Master Cheese, a desperately hard walnut proving nearly too much for his teeth. "He'll take a round, I dare say, before he comes in."

Deborah returned in-doors. Though not much inclined to reticence in general, she observed it now, saying nothing to Amilly. The storm came on, and they sat and watched it. Supper time approached, and Master Cheese was punctual. He found some pickled herrings on the table, of which he was uncommonly fond, and eat at them as long

as Miss West would supply his plate. The meal was over when Jan came in.

"Don't trouble to have things brought back for me," said he. "I'll eat a bit of bread and cheese."

He was not like his assistant: his growing days were over.

Master Cheese went straight up to bed. He liked to do so as soon as supper was over, lest any summons came, and he should have to go out. Easy Jan, no matter how tired he might be, would attend himself, sooner than wake up Master Cheese—a ceremony more easy to attempt than to accomplish. Fortifying himself with about a pound of sweet cake, which he kept in his box, as a dessert to the herrings, and to refresh his dreams, Master Cheese put himself into bed.

Jan meanwhile finished his bread and cheese, and rose.

"I wonder whether I shall get a whole night of it to-night?" said he, stretching himself. "I didn't have much bed last night."

"Have you to go out again, Mr. Jan?"

"No. I shall look to the books a bit, and then turn in. Good night, Miss Deborah; good night, Miss Amilly."

"Good night," they answered.

Amilly drew to the fire. The chilly rain of the afternoon had caused them to have one lighted. She put her feet on the fender, feeling the warmth comfortable. Deborah sent the supper-tray away, and then left the room. Stealing out of the side door quietly, she tripped across the narrow path of wet gravel, and entered the surgery. Jan had got an account-book open on the counter, and was leaning over it, a pen in his hand.

"Don't be frightened, Mr. Jan; it's only me," said Deborah, who did not at all times confine herself to the rules of severe grammar. "I'll shut the door, if you please, for I want to say a word to yourself alone."

"Is it more physic that you want?" asked Jan. "Has the pain in the side come again?"

"It is not about pains or physic," she answered, drawing nearer to the counter. "Mr. Jan,"—dropping her voice to a confidential whisper,—“would you be so good as to tell me the truth of this story that is going about?”

Jan paused.

"What story?" he rejoined.

"This ghost story. They are saying, I understand, that—that—they are saying something about Frederick Massingbird."

"Did Cheese supply you with the information?" cried Jan, imperturbable as ever.

"He did. But I must beg you not to scold him for it—as he thought you might do. It was I who drew the story from him. He said you cautioned him not to speak of it to me or Amilly. I quite appreciate your motives, Mr. Jan, and feel that it was very considerate of you. But now that I have heard it, I want to know particulars from somebody more reliable than Master Cheese."

"I told Lionel I'd say nothing to any soul in the parish," said Jan, open and single-minded as though he had been made of glass. "But he'd

not mind my making you an exception—as you have heard it. You are Sibylla's sister."

"You don't believe in its being a ghost?"

Jan grinned.

"I!" cried he. "No, I don't."

"Then what do you suppose it is, that's frightening people? And why should they be frightened?"

Jan sat himself down on the counter, and whirled his legs over to the other side, clearing the gallipots; so that he faced Miss Deborah. Not to waste time, he took the mortar before him. And there he was at his ease; his legs hanging, and his hands pounding.

"What should you think it is?" inquired he.

"How can I think, Mr. Jan? Until an hour or two ago, I had not heard of the rumour. I suppose it is somebody who walks about at night to frighten people. But it is curious that he should look like Frederick Massingbird. Can you understand it?"

"I am afraid I can," replied Jan, pounding away.

"Will you tell me, please, what you think."

"Can't you guess at it, Miss Deb?"

Miss Deb looked at him, beginning to think his manner as mysterious as Master Cheese's had been.

"I can't guess at it at all," she presently said. "Please to tell me."

"Then don't you go and drop down in a fit when you hear it," was the rejoinder of Jan. "I suppose it is Fred himself."

The words took her utterly by surprise. Not at first did she understand their meaning. She stared at Jan, her eyes and her mouth gradually opening.

"Fred himself?" she mechanically uttered.

"I suppose so. Fred himself. Not his ghost."

"Do you mean that he has come to life again?" she rapidly rejoined.

"Well, you can call it so if you like," said Jan. "I expect that, in point of fact, he has never been dead. The report of his death must have been erroneous: one of those unaccountable mistakes that do sometimes happen to astonish the world."

Deborah West took in the full sense of the words, and sunk down on the big stone jar. She turned all over of a burning heat: she felt her hands beginning to twitch with emotion.

"You mean that he is alive!—that he has never been dead?" she gasped.

Jan nodded.

"Oh, Mr. Jan! Then, what is—what is Sibylla?"

"Ah," said Jan, "that's just it. She's the wife of both of 'em—as you may say."

For any petty surprise or evil, Miss Deborah would have gone off in a succession of screams, of pseudo-faints. *This* evil was all too real, too terrible. She sat with her trembling hands clasped to pain, looking hopelessly at Jan.

He told her all he knew; all that was said by others.

"Dan Duff's nothing," remarked he; "and Cheese is nothing; and others, who profess to

have seen it, are nothing : and old Frost's not much. But I'd back Bourne's calmness and sound sense against the world, and I'd back Broom's."

"And they have both seen it?"

"Both," replied Jan. "Both are sure that it is Frederick Massingbird."

"What will Mr. Verner do?" she asked, looking round with a shudder, and not speaking above her breath.

"Oh, that's his affair," said Jan. "It's hard to guess what he may do : he is one that won't be dictated to. If it were some people's case, they'd say to Sibylla, 'Now you have got two husbands, choose which you'll have, and keep to him.'"

"Good heavens, Mr. Jan!" exclaimed Miss Deb, shocked at the loose sentiments the words appeared to indicate. "And suppose she should choose the second? Have you thought of the sin? The second *can't* be her husband : it would be as bad as those Mormons."

"Looking at it in a practical point of view, I can't see much difference, which of the two she chooses," returned Jan. "If Fred was her husband once, Lionel's her husband now : practically I say, you know, Miss Deb."

Miss Deb thought the question was going rather into metaphysics, a branch of science which she did not understand, and so was content to leave the controversy.

"Any way, it is dreadful for her," she said, with another shiver. "Oh, Mr. Jan, do you think it can really be true?"

"I think that there's not a doubt of it," he answered, stopping in his pounding. "But you need not think so, Miss Deb."

"How am I to help thinking so?" she simply asked.

"You needn't think either way until it is proved. As I suppose it must be, shortly. Let it rest till then."

"No, Mr. Jan, I differ from you. It is a question that ought to be sought out and probed ; not left to rest. Does Sibylla know it?"

"Not she. Who'd tell her? Lionel won't, I know. It was for her sake that he bound me to silence."

"She ought to be told, Mr. Jan. She ought to leave her husband—I mean Mr. Lionel—this very hour, and shut herself up until the doubt is settled."

"Where should she shut herself?" inquired Jan, opening his eyes. "In a convent? Law, Miss Deb! If somebody came and told me I had got two wives, should you say I ought to make a start for the nearest monastery? How would my patients get on?"

Rather metaphysical again. Miss Deb drew Jan back to plain details—to the histories of the various ghostly encounters. Jan talked and pounded : she sat on her hard seat and listened : her brain more perplexed than it could have been with any metaphysics, known to science. Eleven o'clock disturbed them, and Miss Deborah started as if she had been shot.

"How could I keep you till this time!" she exclaimed. "And you, scarcely in bed for some nights!"

"Never mind, Miss Deb," answered good-natured Jan. "It's all in the day's work."

He opened the door for her, and then bolted himself in for the night. For the night, that is, if Deerham would allow it to him. Hook's daughter was slowly progressing towards recovery, and Jan would not need to go to her.

Amilly was nodding over the fire, or, rather, where the fire had been, for it had gone out. She inquired with wonder what her sister had been doing, and where she had been. Deborah replied that she had been busy : and they went up-stairs to bed.

But not to sleep—for one of them. Deborah West lay awake through the live-long night, tossing from side to side in her perplexity and thought. Somewhat strict in her notions, she deemed it a matter of stern necessity, of positive duty, that Sibylla should retire, at any rate for a time, from the scenes of busy life. To enable her to do this, the news must be broken to her. But how?

Ay, how? Deborah West rose in the morning with the difficulty unsolved. She supposed she must do it herself. She believed it was as much a duty laid upon her, the imparting these tidings to Sibylla, as the separating herself from all social ties, the instant it was so imparted, would be the duty of Sibylla herself. Deborah West went about her occupations that morning, one imperative sentence ever in her thoughts : "It must be done! it must be done."

She carried it about with her, ever saying it, through the whole day. She shrank, both for Sibylla's sake and her own, from the task she was imposing upon herself ; and, as we all do when we have an unpleasant office to perform, she put it off to the last. Early in the morning she had said I will go to Verner's Pride after breakfast and tell her ; breakfast over, she said I will have my dinner first and go then.

But the afternoon passed on, and she did not go. Every little trivial domestic duty was made an excuse for delaying it. Miss Amilly, finding her sister unusually bad company, went out to drink tea with some friends. The time came for ordering in tea at home, and still Deborah had not gone.

She made the tea and presided at the table. But she could eat nothing—to the inward gratification of Master Cheese. There happened to be shrimps : a dish which that gentleman preferred, if anything, to pickled herrings, and by Miss Deborah's want of appetite he was able to secure her share and his own, including the heads and tails. He would uncommonly have liked to secure Jan's share also ; but Miss Deborah filled a plate and put them aside against Jan came in. Jan's pressure of work caused him of late to be irregular at his meals.

Scarcely was the tea over, and Master Cheese gone, when Mr. Bourne called. Deborah, the one thought uppermost in her mind, closed the door, and spoke out what she had heard. The terrible fear, her own distress, Jan's belief that it was Fred himself, Jan's representation that Mr. Bourne also believed it. Mr. Bourne, leaning forward until his pale face and his iron-grey hair

nearly touched hers, whispered in answer that he did not think there was a doubt of it.

Then Deborah did nerve herself to the task. On the departure of the vicar she started for Verner's *Pride* and asked to see Sibylla. The servants would have shown her to the drawing-room, but she preferred to go up to Sibylla's chamber. The company were yet in the dining-room.

How long Sibylla kept her waiting there, she scarcely knew. Sibylla was not in the habit of putting herself to inconvenience for her sisters. The message was taken to her—that Miss West waited in her chamber—as she entered the drawing-room. And there Sibylla let her wait. One or two more messages to the same effect were subsequently delivered: they produced no impression, and Deborah began to think she should not get to see her that night.

But Sibylla came up at length, and Deborah entered upon her task. Whether she accomplished it clumsily, or whether Sibylla's ill-disciplined mind was wholly in fault, certain it is that there ensued a loud and unpleasant scene. The scene to which you were a witness. Scarcely giving herself time to take in more than the bare fact hinted at by Deborah—that her first husband was believed to be alive—not waiting to inquire a single particular, she burst out of the room and went shrieking down the stairs, flying into the arms of Lionel, who at that moment had entered.

Lionel could not speak comfort to her. Or, at the best, comfort of a most negative nature. He held her to him in the study, the door locked against intruders. They were somewhat at cross-purposes. Lionel supposed that the information had been imparted to her by Captain Cannonby; he never doubted but that she had been told Frederick Massingbird had returned and was on the scene; that he might come in any moment—even that very present one as they spoke—to put in his claim to her. Sibylla, on the contrary, did not think (what little she was capable of thinking) that Lionel had had previous information of the matter.

"What am I to do?" she cried, her emotion becoming hysterical. "Oh, Lionel! don't you give me up!"

"I would have got here earlier had there been means," he soothingly said, wisely evading all answer to the last suggestion. "I feared he would be telling you in my absence: better that you should have heard of it from me."

She lifted her face to look at him. "Then you know it!"

"I have known it this day or two. My journey to-day—"

She broke out into a most violent fit of emotion, shrieking, trembling, clinging to Lionel, calling out at the top of her voice that she would not leave him. All his efforts were directed to stilling the noise. He implored her to be tranquil; to remember there were listeners around: he pointed out that, until the blow actually fell, there was no necessity for those listeners to be made cognisant of it. All that he *could* do for her protection and comfort, he would do, he

earnestly said. And Sibylla subsided into a softer mood and cried quietly.

"I'd rather die," she sobbed, "than have this disgrace brought upon me."

Lionel put her into the large arm-chair, which remained in the study still: the old arm-chair of Mr. Verner. He stood by her and held her hands, his pale face, grave, sad, loving, bent towards her with the most earnest sympathy. She lifted her eyes to it, whispering:

"Will they say you are not my husband?"

"Hush, Sibylla! There are moments, even yet, when I deceive myself into a fancy that it may be somehow averted. *I cannot understand* how he can be alive. Has Cannonby told you whence the error arose?"

She did not answer. She began to shake again; she tossed back her golden hair. Some blue ribbons had been wreathed in it for dinner: she pulled them out and threw them on the ground, her hair partially falling with their departure.

"I wish I could have some wine?"

He moved to the door to get it for her. "Don't you let her in, Lionel," she called out as he unlocked it.

"Who?"

"That Deborah. I hate her now," was the ungenerous remark.

Lionel opened the door, called to Tynn, and desired him to bring wine. "What time did Captain Cannonby get here?" he whispered, as he took it from the butler.

"Who, sir?" asked Tynn.

"Captain Cannonby."

Tynn paused, like one who does not understand. "There's no gentleman here of that name, sir. A Mr. Rushworth called to-day, and my mistress asked him to stay dinner. He is in the drawing-room now. There is no other stranger."

"Has Captain Cannonby not been here at all?" reiterated Lionel. "He left London this morning to come."

Tynn shook his head to express a negative.

"He has not arrived, sir."

Lionel went in again, his feelings undergoing a sort of revulsion, for there now peeped out a glimmer of hope. So long as the nearly certain conviction on Lionel's mind was not confirmed by positive testimony—as he expected Captain Cannonby's would be—he could not entirely lose sight of all hope. That he most fervently prayed the blow might not fall, might even now be averted, you will readily believe. Sibylla had not been to him the wife he had fondly hoped for; she provoked him every hour in the day; she appeared to do what she could, wilfully to estrange his affection. He was conscious of all this; he was all too conscious that his inmost love was another's, not hers: but he lost sight of himself in anxiety for her: it was for her sake he prayed and hoped. Whether she was his wife by law, or not; whether she was loved or hated, Lionel's course of duty lay plain before him now: to shield her, so far as he might be allowed, in all care and tenderness. He would have shed his last drop of blood to

promote her comfort: he would have sacrificed every feeling of his heart for her sake.

The wine in his hand, he turned into the room again. A change had taken place in her aspect. She had left the chair, and was standing against the wall opposite the door, her tears dried, her eyes unnaturally bright, her cheeks burning.

"Lionel," she uttered, a catching of the breath betraying her emotion, "if he is alive, whose is Verner's Pride?"

"His," replied Lionel, in a low tone.

She shrieked out, very much after the manner of a petulant child.

"I won't leave it!—I won't leave Verner's Pride! You could not be so cruel as to wish me. Who says he is alive? Lionel, I ask you who it is that says he is alive?"

"Hush, my dear! This excitement will do you a world of harm, and it cannot mend the matter, however it may be. I want to know who told you of this, Sibylla. I supposed it to be Cannonby: but Lynn says Cannonby has not been here."

The question appeared to divert her thoughts into another channel.

"Cannonby! What should bring him here? Did you expect him to come?"

"Drink your wine, and then I will tell you," he said, holding the glass towards her.

She pushed the wine from her capriciously. "I don't want wine now. I am hot. I should like some water."

"I will get it for you directly. Tell me, first of all, how you came to know of this?"

"Deborah told me. She sent for me out of the drawing-room where I was so happy, to tell me this horrid tale. Lionel"—sinking her voice again to a whisper—"is—he—here?"

"I cannot tell you—"

"But you must tell me," she passionately interrupted. "I will know. I have a right to know it, Lionel."

"When I say I cannot tell you, Sibylla, I mean that I cannot tell you with any certainty. I will tell you all I do know. Some one is in the neighbourhood who bears a great resemblance to him. He is seen sometimes at night: and—and—I have other testimony that he has returned from Australia."

"What will be done if he comes here?"

Lionel was silent.

"Shall you fight him?"

"Fight him!" echoed Lionel. "No."

"You will give up Verner's Pride without a struggle! You will give up me! Then, are you a coward, Lionel Verner?"

"You know that I would give up neither willingly, Sibylla."

Grievously pained was his tone as he replied to her. She was meeting this as she did most other things—without sense or reason; not as a thinking, rational being. Her manner was loud, her emotion violent: but, deep and true, her grief was *not*. Depth of feeling, truth of nature, were qualities that never yet had place in Sibylla Verner. Not once, throughout all their married life, had Lionel been so painfully impressed with the fact as he was now.

"Am I to die for the want of that water?" she resumed. "If you don't get it for me I shall ring for the servants to bring it."

He opened the door again without a word. He knew quite well that she had thrown in that little shaft about ringing for the servants, because it would not be pleasant to him that the servants should intrude upon them then. Outside the door, about to knock at it, was Deborah West.

"I must go home," she whispered. "Mr. Verner, how sadly she is meeting this!"

The very thought that was in Lionel's heart. But, not to another would he cast a shade of reflection on his wife.

"It is a terrible thing for any one to meet," he answered. "I could have wished, Miss West, that you had not imparted it to her. Better that I should have done it, when it must have been done."

"I did it from a good motive," was the reply of Deborah, who was looking sadly down-hearted, and had evidently been crying. "She ought to leave you until some certainty is arrived at."

"Nonsense! No," said Lionel. "I beg you—I beg you, Miss West, not to say anything more that can distress or disturb her. If the—the—explosion comes, of course it must come; and we must all meet it as we best may, and see then what is best to be done."

"But it is not right that she should remain with you in this uncertainty," urged Deborah, who could be obstinate when she thought she had cause. "The world will not deem it to be right. You should remember this."

"I do not act to please the world. I am responsible to God and my conscience."

"Responsible to— Good gracious, Mr. Verner!" returned Deborah, every line in her face expressing astonishment. "You call keeping her with you acting as a responsible man ought! If Sibylla's husband is living, you must put her away from your side."

"When the time shall come. Until then, my duty—as I judge it—is to keep her by my side, to shelter her from harm and annoyance, petty as well as great."

"You deem *that* your duty!"

"I do," he firmly answered. "My duty to her and to God."

Deborah shook her head and her hands.

"It ought not to be let go on," she said, moving nearer to the study-door. "I shall urge the leaving you upon her."

Lionel calmly laid his hand upon the lock.

"Pardon me, Miss West. I cannot allow my wife to be subjected to it."

"But if she is not your wife?"

A streak of red came into his pale face.

"It has yet to be proved that she is not. Until that time shall come, Miss West, she is my wife, and I shall protect her as such."

"You will not let me see her?" asked Deborah, for his hand was not lifted from the handle.

"No. Not if your object be the motives you avow. Sleep a night upon it, Miss West, and see if you do not change your mode of thinking and

come over to mine. Return here in the morning with words of love and comfort for her, and none will welcome you more sincerely than I."

"Answer me one thing, Mr. Verner. Do you believe in your heart that Frederick Massingbird is alive and has returned?"

"Unfortunately I have no resource but to believe it," he replied.

"Then, to your way of thinking, I can never come," returned Deborah in some agitation. "It is just sin, Mr. Verner, in the sight of Heaven."

"I think not," he quietly answered. "I am content to let Heaven judge me, and the motives that actuate me: a judgment more merciful than man's."

Deborah West, in her conscientious, but severe rectitude, turned to the hall door and departed, her hands uplifted still. Lionel ordered Tynn to attend Miss West home. He then procured some water for his wife and carried it in, as he had previously carried in the wine.

A fruitless service. Sibylla rejected it. She wanted neither water nor anything else, were all the thanks Lionel received, querulously spoken. He laid the glass upon the table: and, sitting down by her side in all patience, he set himself to the work of soothing her, gently and lovingly as though she had been what she was showing herself—a wayward child.

CHAPTER XLIV. TYNN PUMFED DRY.

MISS WEST and Tynn proceeded on their way. The side path was dirty, and she chose the middle of the road, Tynn walking a step behind her. Deborah was of an affable nature, Tynn a long attached and valued servant, and she chatted with him familiarly. Deborah, in her simple good heart, could not have been brought to understand why she should not chat with him. Because he was a servant and she a lady, she thought there was only the more reason why she should, that the man might not be unpleasantly reminded of the social distinction between them.

She pressed down, so far as she could, the heavy affliction that was weighing upon her mind. She spoke of the weather, the harvest, of Mrs. Bitterworth's recent dangerous attack, of other trifling topics patent at the moment to Deerham. Tynn chatted in his turn, never losing his respect of words and manner: a servant worth anything never does. Thus they progressed towards the village, utterly unconscious that a pair of eager eyes were following and an evil tongue was casting anathemas towards them.

The owner of the eyes and tongue was wanting to hold a few words of private colloquy with Tynn. Could Tynn have seen right round the corner of the pillar of the outer gate when he went out, he would have detected the man waiting there in ambush. It was Giles Roy. Roy was aware that Tynn sometimes attended departing visitors to the outer gate. Roy had come up, hoping that he might so attend them on this night. Tynn did appear, with Miss West, and Roy began to hug himself that fortune had so far favoured him: but when he saw that Tynn departed with the lady, instead of only standing politely to watch her off, Roy

growled out vengeance against the unconscious offenders.

"He's a-going to see her home belike," snarled Roy, in soliloquy, following them with angry eyes and slow footsteps. "I must wait till he comes back—and be shot to both of 'em!"

Tynn left Miss West at her own door, declining the invitation to go in and take a bit of supper with the maids, or a glass of beer. He was trudging back again, his arms behind his back and wishing himself at home, for Tynn, fat and of short breath, did not like much walking, when, in a lonely part of the road, he came upon a man sitting astride upon a gate.

"Hallo! is that you, Mr. Tynn? Who'd ha' thought of seeing you out to-night?"

For it was Mr. Roy's wish, from private motives of his own, that Tynn should not know he had been looked for, but should believe the encounter to be accidental. Tynn turned off the road, and leaned his elbow upon the gate, rather glad of the opportunity to stand a minute and get his breath. It was somewhat up-hill to Verner's Pride, the whole of the way from Deerham.

"Are you sitting here for pleasure?" asked he of Roy.

"I'm sitting here for grief," returned Roy; and Tynn was not sharp enough to detect the hollow falseness of his tone. "I had to go up the road to-night on a matter of business, and, walking back by Verner's Pride, it so overcome me that I was glad to bring myself to a anchor."

"How should walking by Verner's Pride overcome you?" demanded Tynn.

"Well," said Roy, "it was the thoughts of poor Mr. and Mrs. Verner did it. He didn't behave to me over liberal in turning me from the place I'd held so long under his uncle, but I've overgot that smart; it's past and gone. My heart bleeds for him now, and that's the truth."

For Roy's heart to "bleed" for any fellow-creature was a marvel that even Tynn, unsuspecting as he was, could not take in. Mrs. Tynn repeatedly assured him that he had been born into the world with one sole quality—credulity. Certainly Tynn was unusually inclined to put faith in fair outsides. Not that Roy could boast much of the latter advantage.

"What's the matter with Mr. Verner?" he asked of Roy.

Roy groaned dismally.

"It's a thing that is come to my knowledge," said he—"a awful misfortin that is a-going to drop upon him. I'd not say a word to another soul but you, Mr. Tynn; but you be his friend if anybody be, and I feel that I must either speak or bust."

Tynn peered at Roy's face. As much as he could see of it; for the night was not a clear one.

"It seems quite a providence that I happened to meet you," went on Roy, as if any meeting with the butler had been as far from his thoughts as an encounter with somebody at the North Pole. "Things does turn out lucky sometimes."

"I must be getting home," interposed Tynn. "If you have anything to say to me, Roy, you had better say it. I may be wanted."

Roy—who was standing now, his elbow leaning on the gate—brought his face nearer to Tynn's. Tynn was also leaning on the gate.

"Have you heered of this ghost that's said to be walking about Deerham?" he asked, lowering his voice to a whisper. "Have you heered whose they say it is?"

Now, Tynn had heard. All the retainers, male and female, at Verner's Pride had heard. And Tynn, though not much inclined to give credence to ghosts in a general way, had felt somewhat uneasy at the tale. More on his mistress's account than on any other score: for Tynn had the sense to know that such a report could not be pleasing to Mrs. Verner, should it reach her ears.

"I can't think why they do say it," replied Tynn, answering the man's concluding question. "For my part, I don't believe there's anything in it. I don't believe in ghosts."

"Neither didn't a good many more, till now that they have got orakelar demonstration of it," returned Roy. "Dan Duff see it, and a'most lost his senses; that girl of Hook's see it, and you know, I suppose, what it did for *her*; Broom see it; the parson see it; old Frost see it; and lots more. Not one on 'em but 'ud take their Bible oath, if put to it, that it is Fred Massingbird's ghost."

"But it is not," said Tynn. "It can't be. Leastways I'll never believe it till I see it with my own eyes. There'd be no reason in its coming now. If it had wanted to come at all, why didn't it come when it was first buried, and not wait till over two years had gone by?"

"That's the point that I stuck at," was Roy's answer. "When my wife come home with the tales, day after day, that Fred Massingbird's spirit was walking,—that this person had seen it, and that person had seen it—'Yah! Rubbish!' I says to her. 'If his ghost had been a-coming, it 'ud have come afore now.' And so it would."

"Of course," assented Tynn. "If it had been coming. But I have not lived to these years to believe in ghosts at last."

"Then, what do you think of the parson, Mr. Tynn?" continued Roy, in a strangely significant tone. "And Broom,—he have got his senses about him? How d'ye account for their believing it?"

"I have not heard them say that they do believe it," responded Tynn, with a knowing nod. "Folks may go about and say that I believe it, perhaps: but that wouldn't make it any nearer the fact. And what has all this to do with Mr. Verner?"

"I am coming to it," said Roy. He took a step backward, looked carefully up and down the road, lest listeners might be in ambush; stretched his neck forward and in like manner surveyed the field on either side the hedge. Apparently it satisfied him, and he resumed his close proximity to Tynn and his meaning whisper. "Can't you guess the riddle, Mr. Tynn?"

"I can't in the least guess what you mean, or what you are driving at," was Tynn's response. "I think you must have been having a drop of

drink, Roy. I ask what this is to my master, Mr. Verner?"

"Drink be bothered! I've not had a sup inside my mouth since mid-day," was Roy's retort. "This secret has been enough drink for me, and meat, too. You'll keep counsel, if I tell it you, Mr. Tynn? Not but what it must soon come out."

"Well?" returned Tynn, in some surprise.

"It's Fred Massingbird fast enough. But it's not his ghost."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Tynn, never for a moment glancing at the fact of what Roy tried to imply.

"He is come back: Frederick Massingbird. He didn't die, over there."

A pause, devoted by Tynn to staring and thinking. When the full sense of the words broke upon him, he staggered a step or two away from the ex-bailiff.

"Heaven help us if it's true!" he uttered.

"Roy! it *can't* be!"

"It *is*," said Roy.

They stood looking at each other by starlight. Tynn's face had grown hot and wet, and he wiped it.

"It can't be," he mechanically repeated.

"I tell you it *is*, Mr. Tynn. Now, never you mind asking me how I came to the bottom of it," went on Roy in a sort of defiant tone. "I did come to the bottom of it, and I do know it: and Mr. Fred, he knows that I know it. It's as sure that he is back, and in the neighbourhood, as that you and me is here at this gate. He is alive and he is among us—as certain as that you are Mr. Tynn, and I be Giles Roy."

There came flashing over Tynn's thoughts the scene of that very evening. His mistress's shrieks and agitation when she broke from Miss West; her cries and sobs which had penetrated to their ears when she was shut afterwards in the study with her husband. The unusual scene had been good for gossiping comment among the servants: and Tynn had believed something distressing had occurred. Not this; he had never glanced a suspicion at this. He remembered the lines of pain which shone out at the moment from his master's pale face, in spite of its impassiveness: and somehow that very face brought conviction to Tynn now, that Roy's news was true. Tynn let his arms fall on the gate again with a groan.

"What over will become of my poor mistress?" he uttered.

"She!" slightly returned Roy. "She'll be better off than him."

"Better off than who?"

"Than Mr. Verner. She needn't leave Verner's Pride. He must."

To expect any ideas but coarse ones from Roy, Tynn could not. But his attention was caught by the last suggestion.

"Leave Verner's Pride?" slowly repeated Tynn. "Must he?—good heavens! must my master be turned from Verner's Pride?"

"Where'll be the help for it?" asked Roy, in a confidential tone. "I tell you, Mr. Tynn, my heart's been a-bleeding for him ever since I heard it. I don't see no help for his turning out.

I have been a-turning it over and over in my mind, and I don't see none. Do you?"

Tynn looked very blank. He was feeling so. He made no answer, and Roy continued, blandly confidential still.

"If that there codicil, that was so much talked on, hadn't been lost, he'd have been all right, would Mr. Verner. No come-to-life-again Fred Massingbird needn't have tried at turning him out. Couldn't it be hunted for again, Mr. Tynn?"

Roy turned the tail of his eye on Tynn. Would his pumping take effect? Mrs. Tynn would have told him that her husband might be pumped dry, and never know it. She was not far wrong. Unsuspecting Tynn went headlong into the snare.

"Where would be the good of hunting for it again—when every conceivable place was hunted for it before?" he asked.

"Well, it was a curious thing, that codicil," remarked Roy. "Has it *never* been heered on?"

Tynn shook his head.

"Never at all. What an awful thing this is, if it's true!"

"It is true, I tell ye," said Roy. "You needn't doubt it. There was a report a short while ago that the codicil had been found, and Matiss had got it in safe keeping. As I sat here, afore you come up, I was thinking how well it 'ud have served Mr. Verner's turn just now, if it *was* true."

"It is not true," said Tynn. "All sorts of reports get about. The codicil has never been found and never been heard of."

"What a pity!" groaned Roy, with a deep sigh. "I'm glad I've told it you, Mr. Tynn! It's a heavy secret for a man to carry about inside of him. I must be going."

"So must I," said Tynn. "Roy, are you sure there's no mistake?" he added. "It seems a tale next to impossible."

"Well now," said Roy, "I see you don't half believe me. You must wait a few days, and see what them days 'll bring forth. That Mr. Massingbird's back from Australia, I'll take my oath to. I didn't believe it at first: and when young Duff was a going on about the porkypine, I shook him, I did, for a little lying rascal. I know better now."

"But how do you know it?" debated Tynn.

"Now, never you mind. It's my business, I say, and nobody else's. You just wait a day or two, that's all, Mr. Tynn. I declare I am as glad to have met with you to-night, and exchanged this intercourse of opinions, as if anybody had counted me out a bag o' gold."

"Well, good night, Roy," concluded Tynn, turning his steps towards Verner's Pride. "I wish I had been a hundred miles off, I know, before I had heard it."

Roy slipped over the gate; and there, out of sight, he executed a kind of triumphant dance.

"Then there is no codicil!" cried he. "I thought I could wile it out of him! That Tynn's as easy to be run out as is glass when it's hot."

And, putting his best leg forward, he made his way as fast as he could make it towards his home.

Tynn made *his* way towards Verner's Pride. But not fast. The information he had received filled his mind with the saddest trouble, and reduced his steps to slowness. When any great calamity falls suddenly upon us, or the dread of any great calamity, our first natural thought is, how it may be mitigated or averted. It was the thought that occurred to Tynn. The first shock over, digested, as may be said, Tynn began to deliberate whether he could do anything to help his master in the strait; and he went along, turning all sorts of suggestions over in his mind. Much as Sibylla was disliked by the old servants—and she had contrived to make herself very much disliked by them all—Tynn could not help feeling warmly the blow that was about to burst upon her head. Was there anything earthly he could do to avert it?—to help her or his master?

He did not doubt the information. Roy was not a particularly reliable person; but Tynn could not doubt that this was true. It was the most feasible solution of the ghost story agitating Deerham; the only solution of it, Tynn grew to think. If Frederick Massingbird—

Tynn's reflections came to a halt. Vaulting over a gate on the other side the road; the very gate through which poor Rachel Frost had glided, the night of her death, to avoid meeting Frederick Massingbird and Sibylla West; was a tall man. He came straight across the road, in front of Tynn, and passed through a gap of the hedge, on to the grounds of Verner's Pride.

But what made Tynn stand transfixed, as if he had been changed into a statue? What brought a cold chill to his heart, a heat to his brow? Why, as the man passed him, he turned his face full on Tynn; disclosing the features, the white, whiskerless cheek, with the black mark upon it, of Frederick Massingbird. Recovering himself as he best could, Tynn walked on, and gained the house.

Mrs. Verner had gone to her room. Mr. Verner was mixing with his guests. Some of the gentlemen were on the terrace smoking, and Tynn made his way on to it, hoping he might get a minute's interview with his master. The impression upon Tynn's mind was, that Frederick Massingbird was coming, there and then, to invade Verner's Pride: it appeared to Tynn to be his duty to impart what he had heard and seen, at once to Mr. Verner.

Circumstances favoured him. Lionel had been talking with Mr. Gordon at the far end of the terrace, but the latter was called to from the drawing-room windows, and departed in answer to it. Tynn seized the opportunity: his master was alone.

Quite alone. He was leaning over the outer balustrade of the terrace, apparently looking forth in the night obscurity on his own lands, stretched out before him. "Master!" whispered Tynn, forgetting ceremony in the moment's absorbing agitation, in the terrible calamity that was about to fall, "I have had an awful secret made known to me to-night. I must tell it you, sir."

"I know it already, Tynn," was the quiet response of Lionel.

Then Tynn told—told all he had heard, and how he had heard it; told how he had just seen

Frederick Massingbird. Lionel started from the balustrade.

"Tynn! You saw him! Now?"

"Not five minutes ago, sir. He came right on to these grounds through the gap in the hedge. Oh, master! what will be done?" and the man's voice rose to a wail in its anguish. "He may be coming on now to put in his claim to Verner's Pride; to—to—to—all that's in it!"

But that Lionel was nerved to self-control, he might have answered with another wail of anguish. His mind filled up the gap of words, that the delicacy of Tynn would not speak. "He may be coming to claim Sibylla."

(To be continued.)

SPIRIT RAPPING EXTRAORDINARY.

I FEAR that the above title will disgust most magazine readers, as our periodicals were glutted with spiritualism a year ago; but the fact is, that I did not dare tell my story at the time when everybody was full of the subject, lest I should be claimed as a friend, or cold-shouldered as an enemy by the disputants in a controversy into which my inexperience utterly disqualifies me from entering. But I may now hope that the following account will be taken just for what it is, a narrative which does not bear upon the serious consideration of the question in any way whatever.

On the 18th of December, 1860, I was standing without a coat in the middle of my chambers, engaged in a violent contest with my portmanteau, trampling shirts and tearing at straps to a Lurline accompaniment, when my *strains* were interrupted by a knock at the outer door.

"It itn't a dun, and I know you are in, because I heard you thinging," drawled a voice that I knew. Rather disconcerted at having had an audience to my "Gentle Troubadour," considerably indignant at the assumption that I was in debt, and not so indifferent as I wished to the fact of being caught by so great a swell in such a state of disorder, I admitted Harold Ormond, a man of five-and-twenty, tall, with a good figure, regular features, pink and white skin, nice hair, and dressed as men are who make dress quite a study.

"How are you, old fellah?" said he, giving me a picture of a kid glove to shake. "I am glad I have found you in, by Jove!" and sticking his eye-glass in his eye, he surveyed my unfinished work. "What the dickenth are you up to?"

"I am going down to Suffolk to-morrow, to spend Christmas with my uncle," I explained.

"That is just what I have called about; but, I thay, why don't you let your man pack?"

"Because I have not got one."

"By Jove! and so you pack yourself: I wonder if I could pack. Well, don't let me interrupt you; I'll sit in this easy chair and smoke, and we can talk all the thame. I thay, didn't I hear you thinging 'Fill this cup with parkling wine,' as I came up the staircase?"

This being a creditable attempt at jocularity for one of his somewhat solemn set, I rewarded him with sherry, and commenced filling a carpet bag

with boots. Ormond settled himself comfortably down, and then said, quietly:

"I am going to Morion Parvus with you, to-morrow, to be introduced as your friend; did not Mr. Morion tell you?"

"No," I replied; "at least he did not mention your name; he said something about the pleasure they would all have in seeing any friend of mine, who had no better place to spend Christmas at."

"That is it, he meant me; only the old boy was cautious, seeing that there is no pottitive engagement at prethent. Fact is, I ought to have told you all about it before, but you live so doothid far Eatht. I am going to marry your cousin Alice."

"Going to marry Alice! You?" cried I.

"Yaas," drawled the dandy, flicking off the ash of his cigar. "It is rayther a nuisance to have to get marwid so young; in justice to oneself one ought not to do it before forty; but you see I shall come to the title some day, and so my people baw me, and as I hate to be bawed, I am going to sacwivice myself. I thay, I don't know anything about packing, but do you generally put lucifer-boxes loose among shirts? because, if it's the thing to do, I don't think Williams does; and I'll tell him."

"And what led you to select our family for the honour of an alliance with the Ormonds?" I asked in a tone intended to be satirical, but I missed fire, for he took my speech as a compliment, and made me a graceful inclination of the head as he replied:

"Well, I met your couthin Alice a good dea latht theathon, and thought if I must marwy, I had sooner it was her than any other girl. And I hinted something of the thort to old Morion at the club, and he of course was awfully glad, and asked me to come and thtay, but said that Alice was rather a self-willed sort of girl, and would set her face against the match if I was asked down on purpose to pwopose, so he said I had better come down in a chance sort of way as your friend: so Williams shall call and tell you the train I am going by."

"I am going by the half-past nine train," said I.

"What a baw! I don't get up till eleven."

"If you miss the train I mentioned, you will not get to Morion Parvus by dinner-time."

"Bother! Well, then, I thall thee you at the stathon."

And he went away, I am happy to reflect, without receiving any impulse from my foot, though I never felt more inclined to kick a man down stairs in my life. Alice, that beautiful, soft, plump, rosy, witty, most winning and exquisite Alice, to be disposed of in this cavalier fashion! Why, at the rash and unreflecting age of twelve I had been in love with her myself, only my passion had burnt out for want of a drop of Hope-oil, and I had always wondered at the hardihood of even Frank Jackson, poet, artist, musician, jockey, sparrer, linguist and Engineer officer as he was, in daring to make love, and in appearance not unsuccessfully, to that paragon of a girl. It seemed to me as if the man who should win such a Peri must be unlucky in everything else he undertook, seeing that all the happiness

and good fortune which should have been eked out through his whole existence, must be exhausted to distil that drop of concentrated bliss. The prospect of such a joy being reserved for me would have made me miserable lest some accident should rob me of so great happiness; would have caused me to take up wearing flannel waistcoats; to forswear mushrooms; to sell my guns; to shave with a Plantagenet guard on the razor; to eschew travelling by railway; to go miles round rather than pass under a ladder; to relinquish bathing. And here was an affected, insolent puppy, with nothing but a rather pretty face and a certain social position to recommend him, treating the matter in an off-hand way, as if he was conferring a favour. The conceited idiot spoke of sacrificing, —I beg pardon—sacrificing himself!

And so Alice had forgotten all about the young Engineer officer whom she was so thick with two years ago, when staying with her aunt, at Ivy-bridge. Well, well, so much the better, perhaps, for her father would have never consented to the match. Still it was a bad bit of news to have to tell Frank on his return to England, and I should not have expected her, from all I had seen, to fall in so readily with her father's views respecting Harold Ormond.

I found that sleek aristocrat at the station next morning, looking just as calm and neat as if he had not been disturbed at so unusual an hour, and became immediately absorbed in the problem which he presents to me whenever I meet him, viz., how on earth he manages to tie that peculiarly elegant knot in his scarf. I had plenty of time for the consideration of this point during the journey, for after a short discussion on the state of the odds, he sank into a gentle slumber, which was only broken once when his servant came to the window and aroused him at a junction available for sherry.

There was a station within a mile of Morion Parvus, the railway having passed through a portion of my uncle's estate, much to his lamentation and wrath. To this day he considers himself as having been irreparably injured by the innovation, though there are people who would not mind how much of that sort of injustice was done them. For when I say that the railway passed *through* the estate, I speak advisedly, as it tunnelled under a hill at its extreme northern boundary, and did not injure a rood of land, grass or arable; and for this innocuous trespass my uncle received ten thousand pounds; besides which some house property belonging to him in the neighbourhood was, by the improved communication with the nearest town, quadrupled in value. But then my uncle disapproved of railways, and the penny postage, and geology and free trade, and all those sort of things on principle, and thought so little of the benefit his pocket had received, that he never even mentioned it when detailing his grievances to a stranger.

But we, whose ideas were more modern, and whose hands and feet were half frozen, were glad as we gave up our tickets that we had not far to go to a bright fire, a good dinner, and the warm reception given us by my uncle, an elderly, good-natured, strong-bodied, morbidly proud country

gentleman; proud of his ancestors, proud of his position in the country, and, above all, proud of a reversion he had in a Banshee.

I do not know how it is, perhaps we Morions are of Irish extraction, for I believe the Banshee to be a Paddy; but, however that may be, our fortunes are mysteriously bound up with those of a black cat. Whenever any calamity is about to happen to the head of the family, pussy is sure to make her appearance with dilated eyes and electric tail.

Now one winter's night, when my uncle was a lad of eleven years old and home for the holidays, he was reading the "Castle of Otranto" in the dining-room, and having finished the first volume, lit a candle and proceeded with a silent, cautious step (his father lying ill at the time, and the house being kept very quiet) to the study for the second. On turning from the book-case he fancied that he saw the curtain which fastened over the window move, and when, to put an end to the dread which came over him, he advanced towards it, a black cat flew out at him, dashed through the open door and disappeared. My grandfather died that night, and this confirmation of the family legend impressed my uncle with a taste for the supernatural, which has clung to him through life. My aunt was a moral chamelion, coloured by her husband, and sharing all his tastes, opinions, prejudices, and beliefs. They both spoil their only child, and would have given her gold to eat, had her stomach demanded such Spanish liquorice; would have starved for her, died for her, done anything but consent to her marriage with B., while she had a chance of getting A. the better match. Absurd? Inconsistent? Very true: but then everybody, except the reader and the writer, is mad upon some point; and that was the weak spot in *their* brains.

My uncle met us at the door.

"Glad to see you, Ormond; how are you, Tom? Come in out of the cold," said he, hurrying my travelling companion through the hall into a little room where hats, coats, &c., were kept, and then falling back and shaking my hand over again, checking me for a moment from following, while he whispered in my ear—

"Are you a medium?"

"Not that I know of," I replied, rather puzzled.

"Is he?" nodding towards the door.

"He has plenty of the circulating medium, if you mean that," I rejoined, making a snap shot.

"Ho, ho, Tom; far-fetched that, far-fetched! But it is not a subject to joke about," he added, shaking his head.

It seemed that I had been witty without knowing it, so I grinned a little, and wondered whether my revered relative had been taking any refreshment before dinner.

"Now I have got wid of my waps," said Ormond, when we had taken off our great coats, "I am weady to pay my wespacts to the ladies."

"Got rid of your raps!" cried my uncle, eagerly. "Oh, but you need not do that! This way." And we were ushered into the drawing-room.

My aunt gave Ormond a reception which was an acted charade very easy to guess. She did no.

say "You are a very fine fellow, well-born, rich, in all human probability the future possessor of a title, and a first-rate match for my daughter. Baiting with Alice we have hooked you, but such delicate fish have fine mouths, and I am dreadfully afraid lest you should break away after all; so pray take all the line you require," but she looked and smiled all this. When she had got her salmon into a comfortable still pool, she turned to me, poor worthless trout. Not that she was not glad to see me; on the contrary, I was a favourite of hers, and in my childhood she had been like a mother to me, dear old aunt! But, you see, business is business. After a kind welcome, she drew me mysteriously on one side, to ask, I supposed, some questions relative to the weight, haunts, or habits of her salmon; but no, her first inquiry was:

"Are you a medium?"

"A medium! what medium?"

"A spirit-medium, to be sure."

I could only think that she suspected me of being engaged in some conspiracy of a smuggling nature, and answered, with the indignation of a patriot who finds taxes a luxury, in the negative.

"Is Mr. Ormond?"

Before I could reply, the dressing bell rang, and my aunt hurried off to give directions about some domestic matters which were probably in perfect order already.

This gave me an opportunity for a few words with Alice, who seemingly did not consider it the duty of a bait to make itself agreeable to the fish whose capture was intended—that was the fisherman's business—so she treated Ormond in a very polite, cold, easy way, as a stranger of whom she had not seen much, but to whom a hospitable reception under her father's roof was due, while she greeted me with a warmth of sisterly affection more marked than usual, keeping hold of my hand after shaking it, and giving me her lips instead of her cheek—my usual allowance—to kiss. She seemed more thoughtful, and a trifle thinner in the face, than when I had seen her last. Not that there were any signs of fretting about her; she looked rather as if her will had been opposed, and her majesty consequently offended about something or other.

I sat next to her at dinner, and directly the conversation was general enough for her to address me without being overheard, she asked:

"Are you a medium?"

"I don't know!" I cried, quite bothered.

"Is your friend?"

My friend! What a way of alluding to the man she was to marry!

"I don't know," I repeated. "What on earth are you talking about? Are you all cracked? First of all my uncle, then my aunt, and now you want to know whether Ormond or I are mediums. What is a medium?"

"What! have you heard nothing of spiritualism and table-turning?"

"Oh, ah!" I cried, suddenly enlightened, "now I know what you mean; but the fact is that I am such a humdrum material sort of animal that I take very little interest in the supernatural."

"But do you believe that there is anything in it?"

"Well, I don't know. It is rude to tell people that they are not telling the truth, or that they have been humbugged, when they recount their experiences on the subject; but still I own that the idea of my soul becoming eventually part of the stock-in-trade of a Yankee conjuror does not coincide with my views of immortality, and would not tend to rob the grave of its terrors, and so I hope that I may be excused for being hard to convince."

She was silent for a minute, and then replied:

"We have been trying to turn a table, but without success. Now, if some night we should be more happy, I hope you will not be too inquiring or sceptical. You may not believe that it is all fair-play, but—"

"But what?"

"Could you not make believe to believe it? To turn a table and hear it rap would so please dear papa."

"Dutiful child!"

"Am I not?" and she glanced across at Ormond, looked down demurely, and added, "He is not a shy gentleman, your friend!"

"Not very; but why do you persist in calling him my friend?"

"Is he not? You brought him here."

"In the first place, he is far too great a swell to honour me with his friendship; next—But I must not abuse him to you. However, I have a friend—an old, tried, real friend—after whom you have not inquired."

"Whom do you mean?" she asked, in so quiet, indifferent a tone that I thought I had missed; but no, a pink spot came out on her neck and ear.

"Frank Jackson, Jackson of the Engineers," I answered.

"Ah, yes! I remember him," said the jilt; "he went out to India, or China, or somewhere, did he not?"

"Yes; but he returned to England six weeks ago."

"Dear me! I suppose he has changed a good deal, has he not?"

"I have not seen him yet."

"I wonder if one would know him again, if one met him unexpectedly."

"I should certainly. I do not forget my friends so quickly as that!"

"Really!" she replied, rising from the table, and adding with emphasis as she swept past me, "Even when they do not wish to be remembered?"

And then she vanished, leaving me woefully puzzled. Why should my oldest friend and constant correspondent wish me to forget him? Pooh! there was probably no meaning in her words; but she just uttered any nonsense which first came into her head to hide her confusion. For the slight blush I had detected showed that she still thought with kindness of poor Frank, and that was probably the reason of the cool greeting given by her to Harold Ormond.

Self-possessed as he was, that deliberate lover was slightly disconcerted by the indifference with which the lady to whom he had deigned to throw

his handkerchief let it lie where it fell; and he must have been hit harder than his intimates would have supposed possible. Instead, however, of quietly withdrawing the honour which he had proposed to confer upon the family, he seemed to be piqued into a determination to subdue this wonderful girl who did not jump down his throat the moment he opened his mouth, for he got quite earnest and alert in his attentions to the pretty Alice. The very evening of our arrival saw him standing by her side while she sang a song; on the following morning he joined our riding party, though we started at the preposterously early hour of eleven; and shortly afterwards I found him in the hot-house—"picking a nothgay, by Jove!" And a remarkably fine nosegay it was,

and a deal of mischief he did in culling it. The gardener took me into his confidence afterwards, and the language made use of by that shocking old man was awful.

It was in the afternoon of this same day that we all noticed an importance and excitement about my uncle which seemed to betoken the bottling up of important intelligence. At dinner-time he uncorked.

"Well," he began, "I had a visitor to-day."

"A visitor?"

"Yes; a MEDIUM! A German gentleman, endowed with the power of corresponding with those spiritual beings whom with all our endeavours we have never been able to summon, is now staying in the neighbourhood, and it having



been supernaturally intimated to him that I was desirous of communicating with the Unseen World, he has kindly offered to hold a *séance* here this evening at eight o'clock. What is the matter, Alice?"

"Nothing, papa."

"Why you are as pale as the tablecloth!"

"Am I? Well, I do feel rather frightened at the idea of this—this mysterious man coming so soon."

"Don't be frightened, Miss Mawion; I'll thrash him if he twys to hurt you," said Ormond.

"Thank you," said Alice.

"Come, come, Alice, you must get over your alarm," cried her father, "for Herr Fritzjok does not talk English very fluently, and as you are the

only German scholar of the party we look to you as our interpreter."

When we joined the ladies in the drawing-room Alice had recovered her colour, but was still, I thought, rather nervous and excited. She would be silent for a long time, and then begin to laugh and talk louder than anyone, and then relapse into silence, glancing at the door whenever she thought that no one observed her.

"Eight o'clock!" cried my aunt, as the time-piece struck the first stroke of that hour.

And as she spoke we heard a ring at the front-door. There was something awful in such Monte Christo punctuality.

"Herr Fritzjok!" cried the servant.

And there entered a tall, powerful man, with

long black hair, black beard, black whiskers, black moustache. He wore a ring on his forefinger and another on his thumb; and when I first saw him I started, but, catching Alice's eye on me, recovered myself.

"Ow you does, ladies and gentlemen?" said Herr Fritzjok, bowing all round. "You wish durns de dables? You speaks Deutsch, sir?"

"I speak Dutch! Not I," cried Ormond.

"You, milady?"

"No, none of us understand your language but my daughter. Alice, speak to the gentleman."

Alice and Herr Fritzjok bowed to each other, and commenced an animated discussion, which resulted in our adjourning to the dining-room and proceeding to business.

Very solemn business it was. Everything was cleared off the table, the lamp being placed on the sideboard; and we all sat down to a Barmecide feast, with our hands spread before us in the place of plates of mutton. On this occasion we had hardly sat five minutes before the table gave a jerk to the left, with a loud crack.

"Wonderful!" cried my uncle.

Next it began to move round slowly and painfully, an inch at a time.

"Tom, you are pushing!" said Ormond to me.

"Zilenze!" cried Herr Fritzjok, "we sall make zome qwestions. Sbirrid, if you are a sbirrid, and not a push, give a knock."

Bang came a great thump under the table, right in the middle.

"Most extraordinary!" cried my uncle.

"I hope it is not wicked," said my aunt, whose eyes were very wide open indeed; and to satisfy her scruples on this point the table was again appealed to, and a code of signals having been agreed upon, such as that one rap was to stand for "Yes," two for "No," and that sentences were to be spelled out by our repeating the alphabet, and the table rapping at the proper letter, it replied that our present occupation was not wrong, but rather virtuous than otherwise.

The table, now fairly started, chatted away at a great pace, telling anecdotes of the Morion family, of Harold Ormond, of myself, which we respectively deemed confined to a very select party of friends, in a way calculated to convince the most sceptical. Even Ormond remarked that it was "a doothed odd thing, you know, how the dooth should Herr Fritzjok, let alone the table, know about that affair, you know?" He even tried to improve the occasion by getting a supernatural tip for the Derby, but it was declared that the winner would be "a horse!" which information, though satisfactory as far as it went, was not available for betting purposes.

After some time, Mr. Morion announced that he wished to enter upon a more serious subject than had yet been broached.

"There is a solemn, an awful phenomenon attached to our family, and to which I myself have been a witness," said he. "Before any great calamity, a spirit, in the form of a black cat, appears to one of us. I should like to know what spirit that is, and why it takes that shape."

No sooner were the words out of his mouth, than we heard a scratching mixed with the

knocking under the table, and a most distinct *Me-ow* was audible in one corner of the room. Ventriloquism? O, of course! that is the way to cut the Gordian knot. And yet how very, very seldom one meets with a ventriloquist; what a rare power his is. Why I, who have made the subject a study, have never met with more than one amateur ventriloquist capable of executing that *Me-ow*, and that was a Crichton of a friend of mine in the Engineers, who could do everything and anything but make his whiskers and moustache grow, and that he never could accomplish.

And even supposing that Herr Fritzjok—but bah! let me content myself with a truthful narrative of what I saw and heard.

"Will you boot a question to the sbirrid?" the Medium asked my uncle.

"Ahem. Are you the family Banshee?"

No answer.

"Why do you not reply?"

"There is one in the room frightened, which I do not like?"

"Who is that person?"

"Alice," rapped out the spirit.

"It is true," said that young lady. "It is very foolish of me, I know, papa, but I should like to go away, if you didn't mind."

And then she spoke to the German, and he said something to her, and the table-spirit-cat was consulted, and rapped out "Go."

So Alice rose and bade an affectionate good night to her parents.

"Why, you silly little puss, how you tremble!" said my uncle, as he kissed her; and the caressing tone of his voice made her cry, I think, for the moment after I heard a distinct sob from the ringlets which floated over her mother's face, as she bade her, in turn, good night.

That placid lady looked surprised and concerned, for Alice was not accustomed to shed tears, being rather a stern little domestic Tartar, of whom her parents stood in some degree of awe.

"Had I not better come with you?" said she.

"Oh, no, mamma, dear, pray don't."

"Must ab fibe for the seance."

"Ask the table."

The table rapped out that Alice alone was to leave.

"I wonder she likth to go to bed and be alone, if she is afraid of the gothth," observed Ormond.

"Hush!" cried my uncle.

"*Me-ow*," squealed the Banshee, amid renewed scratching and knocking; and then my uncle commenced an inquisition into the affairs of the Family Bogy.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"The spirit who appears at intervals in the form of a black cat."

"Why do you take that form?"

"Because it is my own. I am the Founder of the Family."

"The Founder of the Family—a cat!"

"Yes, read 'Darwin.' Ten hundred thousand years ago some naughty young mastodons put myself and another kitten into a wooden bowl, and set us afloat on a lake, where we drifted to an island. We there had nothing to eat but swallows which skimmed the ground at about the height of

our heads when we stood on our hind legs, but never alighted. So that those of our children, who could stand on their hind legs best, got most swallows, while those who could not do it at all died of starvation. Thus a race of cats arose walking on their hind legs. Then the fore paws being entirely used for catching the swallows, after a few generations turned to hands, and so the cats eventually became monkeys, the transition from which animal to the Morion family is obvious."

"I don't see it!" murmured my uncle.

"The monkeys," the table rapped on, "migrated to a country where they were fed upon by a tribe of wolves, who, as they sprang into the trees, caught them by the tail, and so, those monkeys with the shortest tails having the best chance of life, a species was formed without any tails at all. Various accidents and necessities caused after-generations to grow tall and bare, and taught them to talk and cook, and you are the present specimen. I always take an interest in my descendants."

"Can we see you?"

"Put out the lights!"

It had taken a long time—upwards of an hour—for the cat-spirit to rap out all this, and we were all wearied, bewildered and excited, so that it was in a frame of mind very different from that sceptical shrewdness which is the normal condition of the civilised European, that we sat in the dark, wondering what was to come next. Presently Herr Fritzjok said quietly:

"Iab being moved."

And I thought I heard the handle of the door turned; but this must have been a mistake, as his voice came directly after, from the ceiling.

"Iab vloating ober your eds; be quiet, don't adir, or I won't answer for der consequedces."

We were quiet, and so were the spirits, for some half-hour, when my uncle, wearied out, said:

"Well, Herr Fritzjok, may we not light the lamp now? There seems nothing going on."

No answer. We sat ten minutes longer, and then my uncle got up and struck a light.

Herr Fritzjok had vanished!

"He has been carried off by the Evil One!" shrieked my aunt, going into hysterics.

"Or was perhaps him himself," said my uncle.

"Or a burgwar," suggested Ormond.

"Ring the bell."

"Look under the table."

"Count the poonth."

In the general confusion and fluster of the servants when summoned, no one was concealed anywhere, nor any article of value missing.

My aunt was revived and carried off to bed, very gently, for fear of disturbing Alice, whose room was next her mother's, and then all the males of the family were summoned together for a grand Fritzjok hunt. We searched the house, the offices, the cellar, the stables, the garden, the shrubbery, for some time without effect, but at last a bold Buttons, a boy who feared nothing but short commons, and who had pursued his investigations with a lantern, to where a wicket-gate opened from a distant part of the garden into a lane, came rushing back to the house shouting:

"I've got summut!—I've got summut!"

"What have you got?" was the general cry, as we pressed towards him from all directions.

"My, haven't the Dutchman and the old 'un been having a wrestle for it neither!" Buttons remarked, holding up an entire head of beautiful black hair, with whiskers, moustache, and beard to match.

"No nails left, *only* the hair?" asked Ormond.

After searching further, and finding nothing more, we shut the house up and went to bed.

Next morning no one brought me my hot water at the usual hour, and when I consequently rang the bell, it remained unanswered. Worse, when I went down stairs, I found no breakfast ready. What on earth could be the matter? Had What's-his-name, after taking Herr Fritzjok for a whet, come back for the rest of the household? As I had rung my bed-room bell, I now rang that of the dining-room, with a similar lack of results; there was nothing for it but to explore. The hall-door was wide open, and my uncle's hat and great coat were not on the pegs. Next I tried the stables, but the stalls were empty and the grooms gone. In the kitchen, however, I found a housemaid, with her arms on the dresser and her head on her arms, sobbing like a whipped child.

"What on earth is the matter, Mary?" I asked again and again, without getting any reply but—"Hi, hi, hi! oh, oh, oh!" At last, however, she pulled out of her pocket a letter addressed to me, in my uncle's handwriting; it ran thus:

"Sir, Sir, Sir!—You must have been in this disgraceful plot. You have abused my hospitality, and have acted like a viper. Let me never see your face again.

P. MAXION.

What *did* it all mean? how do vipers act? when had I ever formed a plot? My publishers had always complained that I was lamentably deficient in that respect.

"Mary, Mary, tell me, girl, what is the matter?"

"Hi, hi, hi!—oooh!"

"Hah, Buttons!" and I seized him by the collar. "What has happened?"

"You know," he replied with a grin.

"Now, then," said I, taking the youth by the ear, "will you answer me, and have half-a-crown, or will you be kicked until there is not a sound spot on your carcase?"

With the eye of genius, Buttons seized on the former alternative, and shouted in a breath:

"Miss Alice has bolted with the Dutchman, which his name is Jackson, and you know it. Give me the half-a-crown."

On returning to the hall I met Harold Ormond, to whom my uncle had not thought fit to communicate his unjust suspicions of my connivance with the runaways.

"I am going to town," said he.

"So am I," I replied: "we can go together."

"Yaas."

And he said no more until the train approached the London station, when he said:

"I shall horthwhip that fellah!"

Poor Frank Jackson! But I have written to warn him to have his knickerbockers lined with leather.

L. HOGON.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.



(See p. 620.)

[It is unnecessary for us to state by what means the following papers came into our hands, and it would be no compliment to the penetration of our readers if we indicated beforehand the nature of the mystery they are supposed to unravel. It will, however, require a very close attention to names and dates to comprehend the view of the compiler, as to the case he is investigating; and, so far, it is requisite to rely on the reader's patience and discernment. The whole particulars of the case will extend to some seven or eight numbers of "Once a Week," and some things which are dark at first will appear clearer in the sequel. If the compiler has really discovered a new species or description of crime, it is natural that the evidence of it, which is circumstantial, should be somewhat difficult of acceptance. The illustrations are simply added to make the reader's task more agreeable, but, of course, it is not pretended that they were made simultaneously with the events they represent.]

Mr. R. Henderson to the Secretary of the —
Life Assurance Association.

"Private Enquiry Office, Clement's Inn,
"GENTLEMEN, "17th Jan, 1858.

"In laying before you the extraordinary revelations arising from my examination into the case of the late Madame R**, I have to apologise for the delay in carrying out your instructions of November last. It has been occasioned, not by any neglect on my part, but by the unexpected extent and intricacy of the enquiry into which I have been led. I confess that after this minute and laborious investigation I could still have wished a more satisfactory result, but a perusal of the accompanying documents, on the accuracy and completeness of which you may fully rely, will I doubt not satisfy you of the unusual difficulty of the case.

"My enquiries have had reference to a policy of assurance for 5000l., the maximum amount

permitted by your rules, on the life of the late Madame R**, effected in your office by her husband, the Baron R**, and bearing date 1st November, 1855. Similar policies were held in the — of Manchester, the — of Liverpool, the — of Edinburgh, and the — of Dublin, the whole amounting to 25,000l.; the dates, 23rd December, 1855, 10th January, 25th January, and 15th February, 1856, respectively, being in effect almost identical. These companies joined in the instructions under which I have been acting; and, from the voluminous nature of this letter and its enclosures, I shall be obliged by your considering my present reply as addressed to them conjointly with yourselves.

"Before entering upon the subject of my investigations, it may be as well to recapitulate the circumstances under which they were originated. Of these the first was the coincidence of dates, above noticed; and an apparent desire

on the part of the assurer to conceal from each of the various offices the fact of similar policies having been elsewhere simultaneously effected. On examining further into the matter your Board was also struck with the peculiar conditions under which the marriage appeared to have taken place, and the relation in which Madame R** had formerly stood to the Baron. To these points, therefore, my attention was especially directed, and the facts thus elicited form a very important link in the singular chain of evidence I have been enabled to put together.

"The chief element of suspicion, however, was to be found in the very unusual circumstances attendant on the death of Madame R**, especially following so speedily as it did on the assurance for so large an aggregate amount. This lady died suddenly on the 15th March, 1857, from the effects of a powerful acid taken, it is supposed, in her sleep, from her husband's laboratory. In the Baron's answers to the usual preliminary enquiries, forwarded for my assistance, and herewith returned, there is no admission of any propensity to somnambulism. Shortly, however, after the occurrence had been noticed in the public prints, a letter to the Secretary of the Association from a gentleman recently lodging in the same house with Baron R**, gave reason to suspect that in this respect, at least, some concealment had been practised, and the matter was then placed in my hands.

"On receipt of your instructions, I at once put myself in communication with Mr. Aldridge, the writer of the letter in question. That gentleman's evidence certainly goes to show that, within at least a very few months after the date of the latest policy, Baron R** was not only himself aware of such a propensity in his wife, but desirous of concealing it from others. Mr. Aldridge's statements are also to a certain extent supported by those of two other witnesses; but, unfortunately, there are, as will be seen, circumstances calculated to throw considerable doubt upon the whole of this evidence, and especially on that of Mr. Aldridge, from which alone the more important part of the inference is drawn. The same must, unfortunately, be said with regard to some other parts of the evidence, as will be more clearly seen when the case itself is before you.

"From his statement, however, in conjunction with other circumstances, I learned enough to induce me to extend my researches to another very singular case, which not long since had given rise to considerable comment.

"You will, no doubt, remember that in the autumn of 1856 a gentleman of the name of Anderton was arrested on suspicion of having poisoned his wife, and that he committed suicide whilst awaiting the issue of a chemical enquiry into the cause of her death. This enquiry resulted in an acquittal, no traces of the suspected poison being found; and the affair was hushed up as speedily as possible, many of Mr. Anderton's connections being of high standing in society, and naturally anxious for the honour of the family. I must, however, acknowledge the readiness with which, in the interest of justice, I have been furnished by them with every facility for pushing

my enquiries, the results of which are now before you.

"In reviewing the whole facts, and more especially the series of remarkable coincidences of dates, &c., to which I beg to direct your most particular attention, two alternatives present themselves. In the first we must altogether ignore a chain of circumstantial evidence so complete and close-fitting in every respect, as it seems almost impossible to disregard; in the second, we are inevitably led to a conclusion so at variance with all the most firmly established laws of nature, as it seems almost equally impossible to accept. The one leaves us precisely at the point from which we started; the other involves the imputation of a series of most horrible and complicated crimes.

"Between these alternatives I am constrained to confess my own inability, after long and careful study, to decide. I have determined, therefore, simply to submit for your consideration the facts of the case as they appear in the depositions of the several parties from whom my information has been obtained. These I have arranged, as far as possible, in the form in which they would be laid before counsel, should it ultimately be deemed advisable to bring the affair into Court. In view, however, of the extreme length of the case, I have given, in a condensed form, the substance of such of the depositions as did not seem likely to suffer from such treatment. The more important I have left to tell their own tale, and, in any case, my abstract may be at once checked by the originals, all of which are enclosed.

"Should your conclusions be such as have been forced upon myself, further deliberation will yet be required with reference to the course to be pursued; a point on which, in such case, I confess myself almost equally unable to advise. Whether in a matter so surrounded with suspicion, it might not be well, in any event, to resist the claim, is certainly a question to be considered. On the other hand, even assuming the fullest proof of the terrible crimes involved, it is a matter calling for no less careful consideration, whether they would be found of a nature to bring the criminal within reach of the law. For the present, however, our concern is with the facts of the case, and ulterior questions had better be left on one side until that issue is decided, when, I conclude, I shall hear further from you on the subject.

"In conclusion, I must trouble you with a few words on a point which seems to require explanation. I allude to the apparent prominence I have been compelled to afford to the workings of what is called 'Mesmeric Agency.' Those, indeed, who are so unfortunate as to be the victims of this delusion, would doubtless find in it a simple, though terrible solution of the mystery we are endeavouring to solve. But while frankly admitting that it was the passage from the 'Zoist Magazine,' quoted in the course of the evidence, which first suggested to my mind the only conclusion I have as yet been able to imagine, I beg at the outset most distinctly to state, that I would rather admit my own researches to have been baffled by an illusory coincidence, than lay myself open to the imputation of giving the slightest credit to that impudent imposture. We must not, how-

ever, forget that those whose lives have been passed in the deception of others, not unfrequently end by deceiving themselves. There is, therefore, nothing incredible in the idea that the Baron R** may have given sufficient credence to the statement of the 'Zoist,' above-mentioned, for the suggestion to his own mind of a design, which by the working of a true, though most mysterious, law of Nature, may really have been carried out. Such, at least, is the only theory by which I can attempt, in any way, to elucidate this otherwise unfathomable mystery.

"Awaiting the honour of your further commands,

"I am, Gentlemen, very faithfully yours,
"RALPH HENDERSON."

SECTION I. THE CASE.

Extracts from Correspondence of the Honourable Catherine B**. *

1. *From Lady Boleton to Honourable C. B** (undated), about October or November of 1832.*

"Oh, auntie, auntie, what shall I do? For three nights I have not closed my eyes, and I would not write even to you, auntie dear, because I kept hoping that, after all, things might come right, and he would come back again. Oh, how I have listened to every sound, and watched the road till my poor eyes ache! And now this is the fourth day since he went away, and, oh, auntie, I am so frightened, for I am sure he is gone after that dreadful man, and, oh, if he should meet him, I know something terrible will happen, for you can't tell how he looked, poor Edward, I mean, when he went away. But, indeed, auntie, you must not be angry with him, for I know it was all my own fault, for I ought to have told him everything long ago, though indeed, indeed, I never cared for him, and I do love dear Edward so dearly. I was afraid

[Here the MS. becomes in places very blotted and illegible.]

. . . and I thought it was all at an end, and then and only a fortnight ago we were so happy . . . married hardly seven months and but you must not think I am complaining of him, dear auntie, for you don't know how Only if you can, come to me, for I feel getting so ill, and you know it is only God bless you, auntie; oh, do come to me if you can.
"GERTRUDE BOLETON."

2. *Extract of letter from the Same to the Same, written about four days later.*

* * * * *

"I am so sorry to hear you are so ill; don't try to come, darling auntie; I shall do somehow, and if not, anything is better than this horrible suspense. No tidings yet, but I cannot write more, for I can hardly see to guide the pen, and my poor head seems to open and shut. God bless you, auntie. "G."

"I open my letter to thank you so much for sending dear kind Mrs. Ward; she came in so unexpectedly [in a blue †] just as if she had come from heaven. I wonder if she has seen Ed. . . ."

[Here the MS. ends suddenly.]

* Great-aunt of the late Mrs. Arderton. The object of going so far back will presently appear. † Scratched out.

3. *From Mrs. Ward to Honourable C. B**, enclosing the above.*

"Beechwood,* Tuesday night.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,

"I fear I have but a poor account to give you of our dear Gertrude. Poor child! when I came into the room, and saw her looking so pale and wan, and with great black circles round her eyes, I could scarcely keep in my own tears. She gave a little cry of joy when she saw me, and threw herself upon my neck; but a moment after, turned to the writing table and tore open the letter I send you with this, and which was lying ready for the post. The long-continued strain seems to have been too much for her, and she had hardly written a line when her head began to wander, as you will see from the conclusion of her postscript, and in trying to write her husband's name she broke down altogether, and went off into a fit of hysterics which lasted for several hours. She is now, I am thankful to say, comparatively calm again, though at times her head still wanders, and she seems quite unable to close her eyes, but lies in her bed looking straight before her, and occasionally talking to herself in a low voice, but without seeming to notice anything. I have endeavoured, as far as I dared, to draw from her the history of this sad affair, but can get nothing, poor child, but eager assurances that it was 'all her fault,' and that 'indeed, indeed, he was not to blame.' It seems as though my coming—though certainly a great relief to her—had had the effect of putting her on her guard lest anything should escape her unfavourable to her husband, and her whole faculties seem to be concentrated in the endeavour to shield him from reproach. I fear, however, there can be no doubt that he has been very seriously to blame; indeed, from all I can gather, the fault seems to have been entirely on his side. What is the precise history of this unhappy business I have not been able to learn; but it seems that Sir Edward, who is certainly a most violent young man, and I fear also of a most jealous temperament, contracted some suspicion with regard to that Mr. Hawker who so perseveringly persecuted poor Gertrude the winter before last, and to have left Beechwood, after a very distressing scene, in pursuit of him. Mr. Hawker is supposed to be on the Continent, and it is known that Sir Edward took the Dover Road, which, as you know, passes close by this place. This is all I can at present learn with any certainty, though I hear but too much from the servants, who are all in such a state of indignation at Sir Edward's treatment of their mistress, that I have the utmost difficulty in restraining it from finding some open vent. Should I hear more, I will of course let you know at once; but meanwhile I cannot conceal from you my deep anxiety for our dear Gertrude, whose poor little heart seems quite broken, and for whom I am in hourly dread of the effect but too likely to be produced, in her present delicate state, by the anxiety and terror from which she is suffering. You know how much I always disliked the match, and I feel more than ever the

* The residence of Sir Edward Boleton.

impropriety of consigning so young and sensitive a girl to the care of a man of such notoriously uncontrollable temper. Poor thing! this is evidently not the first time she has suffered from it, and even should she herself escape without permanent injury to her constitution, I dread the effect upon the child And now I must close this long and sad letter, but will write again should anything fresh occur; meantime, I cannot be longer away just now from Gertrude's side. I hope your own health is improving. My love to little Henry, and tell him to be very good while I am away.

"Your affectionate
"HELEN WARD."

4. *The Same to the Same.*

"Beechwood, Monday morning.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,

"I am sorry to say I can still send you no better account of poor Gertrude. Since I last wrote by Saturday evening's post* very little change has taken place, though she is certainly more restless, poor child, and I fear also, if anything, weaker. She now constantly asks for letters, and seems impressed with the idea that we are keeping them from her, as indeed, in her present state, I should, I think, take the responsibility of doing, if any arrived. The newspaper I have always kept from her until it has first been carefully examined. I am dreading fever, though by the doctor's advice I have not attempted to dissuade her from getting up. The exertion, however, is almost more than she can bear, and I am looking anxiously for his next visit. She lies all day on the sofa, looking out of the window, which commands a view of the Dover Road. This morning she seems growing more and more restless, and I am waiting with inexpressible anxiety for Dr. Travers.

"Eleven o'clock.

"The doctor has been, and confirms my fear of approaching fever, which, however, he says may possibly pass off. He has ordered me to lie down at once for some hours, as I have hardly been in bed since I arrived, and he says if fever should come on I shall want all the strength I can get. I shall keep this letter open, to send you by the evening's post the latest account.

"Wednesday.

"All is over. I can hardly command myself sufficiently to write, and yet I must tell you what has happened. Oh, my dear Catherine, how shall I ever forgive myself for leaving poor dear Gertrude; and yet I know that this is foolish, for I was ordered to do so for her sake. But I must come at once to the sad news I have to tell. I left poor Gertrude in the charge of her maid, with strict injunctions to call me if there should be any change; but the poor child seems suddenly to have grown quieter, and at length to have fallen asleep. The maid watched her until just four o'clock, when, overcome with weariness, she herself dropped off into a doze, and on waking at a little before five, was horrified to find herself alone. She flew at once to me, but I had hardly

* This letter is omitted as containing nothing of any importance.

got to the top of the stairs when some one came running up to say that the postman was below, and had just met with poor Gertrude, who had been watching for him at the gate. She enquired eagerly after letters, and on being told there were none, asked for the newspaper, which she at once hurried away with into a part of the grounds called the Wilderness, while the postman, fearing from her manner that something was amiss, came on to the house to tell what had occurred. I need not tell you with what anxiety I hastened to the Wilderness, and there, poor girl, we found her, stretched upon the turf close by the edge of the lake, with the fatal newspaper in her hand. I had her taken carefully to the house, and a man despatched on horseback for the doctor; but before he arrived she had recovered consciousness, only, poor child, to be at once seized with the signs of her approaching trouble. From that moment until she breathed her last—an hour ago—I have never left her side. After nearly thirty hours of the most terrible suffering I have ever witnessed, she at length gave birth to two poor little girls, both so small and weak-looking that it is quite piteous to see them. The elder in especial, which was born about an hour before the second, is so weak and sickly, that the doctor says it is scarcely possible it can live, and, indeed, one can hardly hope that it may. The second seems stronger, but both are very small and weakly even considering their premature birth.

"Poor Gertrude now sank rapidly, and though every means was tried, and she still lingered on for three or four hours, she at last sank altogether, passing away at the last so quietly that we hardly knew that she was gone. Poor darling, I always loved her as being such a favourite with you all One word before I close as to the paper which was the unhappy cause of this terrible blow. It contained, as I had feared, the long-dreaded intelligence of Sir Edward's fatal quarrel with Mr. H.; and I send it off by the same post, as you will wish to know the sad particulars. I cannot write more now, for I am fairly worn out, and must take some rest. You know how deeply I sympathise with you

"Most affectionately yours,

"HELEN WARD."

5. *Extract from the "Morning Herald," of the 12th of November, 1832.*

"*Fatal Duel at Dieppe.*—We learn from the Paris papers, that an extraordinary and fatal duel took place some days since in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, between two Englishmen, neither of whom have as yet been identified. It appears that the parties encountered each other in the court-yard of the Hotel de l'Europe, where one of them, whose linen bears the mark of C. G. H., had been staying for some days. The new comer at once assailed the other evidently with the most opprobrious language, to which Mr. H. replied with equal warmth, but the conversation being carried on in English, was unfortunately not understood by any one present. The altercation at length grew so warm that the landlord was compelled to interfere, and the parties then left the hotel together. A few hours afterwards Mr. H.

returned, and calling for his bill, hastily packed his portmanteau, and departed. He has since been traced to Paris, where he was lost sight of altogether. Early the next morning a rumour spread that the body of an Englishman had been found in a vineyard, about a mile distant from the town, and on enquiry it proved that the victim was no other than the gentleman with whom the dispute had occurred on the previous night. It was evident on examination that the unfortunate man must have fallen in fair fight, though no seconds appear to have been present during the encounter. A pistol, recently discharged, was firmly grasped in the hand of the dead man; and at a dozen paces distant lay its fellow, evidently the weapon with which he had been killed. The fatal wound, too, was exactly in that portion of the chest which would be exposed to an adversary's fire, and had evidently pierced the heart, so that death must have been instantaneous. The weapons, too, with which the fatal duel was fought appear to have been the property of the deceased. They were a very handsome pair of duelling pistols, hair triggers, and evidently of English make. On the butt of each was a small silver shield, bearing the initials "E. B.," and an armed hand grasping a crossbow. The initials of the unfortunate gentleman's opponent were, as we have said, C. G. H.; and we have reason to fear that the victim was a young baronet, of considerable landed property, with whose sudden departure for the Continent rumour has for some time been busy.

"Since our first edition went to press, we have received further particulars, which leave no room for doubt that the victim of the above fatal occurrence was, as we feared, Sir Edward Boleton, Bart., of Beechwood, Kent; but the cause of the duel, and the name of his opponent, still remain a mystery. The unfortunate gentleman leaves behind him a young wife, to whom he was united but a few months since. Failing a male heir, the baronetcy will now, we understand, become extinct, while the bulk of the estates will pass to a distant connection. The widow, however, is, we believe, in possession of a considerable independent property."

6. *Mrs. Ward to Honourable C. B**.*

"July, 1836.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,

* * * * *

"You ask me whether I am satisfied with what I saw the other day of poor Gertrude Boleton's little ones. To say that I am satisfied with their appearance would, poor little things, be hardly true, for they are still anything but healthy—poor Gertie especially looking like a faded lily. The younger, however, is certainly improved, and will, I hope, do well, and I quite think that they both are better where they are than they could possibly be elsewhere. It is indeed sad, poor things, that they should have no near relation with whom they could live, but I quite agree with you that, in your state of health, it would not only be too great an undertaking for yourself, but would be by no means beneficial to them. Indeed I am convinced that on every

account they are best where they are. The air of Hastings seems to suit them, and in the higher part of the town where Mrs. Taylor lives is bracing without being too cold. Mrs. Taylor herself is a most excellent person, and extremely fond of them. She seems especially interested in poor Gertie, and never wearies of relating instances of the wonderful sympathy between the twins. This sympathy seems even more physical than mental. According to Mrs. Taylor, every little ailment that affects the one is immediately felt also by the other, though with this difference, that your namesake, Katie, is but very slightly affected by Gertie's troubles, while she, poor child, I suppose from the greater delicacy of her constitution, is rendered seriously ill by every little indisposition of her sister. I have often heard of the strong physical sympathies between twins, but never met myself with so marked an instance. Both, unfortunately are sadly nervous, though here, too, the elder is the greatest sufferer, while in the younger it seems to take the form of extreme quickness of perception. . . . Of course, as they grow up, they should be placed with some one in our own rank of life, but for the present I think poor Mrs. Taylor will do very well. . . . I shall be at Hastings again next month, and will write when I have seen them. . .

"Affectionately yours,

"HELEN WARD."

7. *From Mrs. Taylor to Honourable C. B**.*

About January, 1837.

"HONNERED MISS,

"with My Humbel duty to Your ladyshipp and i am trewly sorry to sai as mis Gerterud hav took a terrabel bad cold wich i Was afearad as she wud do has Miss kattarren av Likeways Had wun for 2 dais past wich i Am sorry to sai as mis gerterud is wuss than mis Kattaren but Hoping she wil be Well agen Sone wich has i hev told your Honnered Ladyshipp they as allers the same trubbels any pore mis gerterud allers hav them Wust. Honnered Miss the docter hav ben her wich he sais has mis Kattaren his quite wel agen he sais Honnered mis he hops mis gerterud will sone be wel 2. honnered Miss yore Humbel serv^t. to comand

"SARAH TAYLER."

8. *From the Same to the Same.*

About June, 1837.

"HONNERED MIS

"with My humbel Duty to Yore ladyshipp hand i am trewly thenkfull to sai the dere childern are both quit wel wich miss Kattaren made erself Hill on teusday and pore miss gerterud were verry bad in connsekens for 3 dais but his now quit wel agen. honnered mis yore Ladyships humbel ser^t. to comand

"SARAH TAYLER."

9. *From Same to Same.*

"July, 1837.

"HONNERED MIS

"with my humbel duty to Yore ladyshipp hand wud you plesse Cum Directly wich sunthink Dredfull hav apenned to pore mis Kattaren honnered mis Yore Ladyships humbel ser^t to comand

"SARAH TAYLER."

10. *Mr. Ward to Honourable C. B.***

"Marine Hotel, Hastings,
"12th July, 1837.

"DEAR MISS B**,

"Helen was unfortunately prevented from leaving home at the time your letter arrived, so, as the matter seemed urgent, I thought it best to come myself. I am sorry to have to send you such very unsatisfactory intelligence. Poor little Catherine has been lost—stolen, I am afraid, by gipsies—and I have hitherto been quite unable to find any clue to their whereabouts. It appears that Mrs. Taylor took them for a trip with some friends of hers to Fairlie Down, where they fell in with a gang of gipsies, of whom, however, they did not take any particular notice. They had taken their dinner with them, and after finishing it sat talking for some time, when suddenly the child was missed; and, though they hunted in every direction for several hours, no trace of her could be found. On returning to the place where the gipsies had been seen, the camp was found broken up, and the track, after passing near where they had been sitting, was lost on the hard road. Unfortunately, poor Mrs. Taylor—who seems quite distracted by what has happened—could think of nothing at first but writing to you, and it was only by the gossip of her friends, who live at some distance from the town, that the intelligence at length reached the police. Enquiries were being set on foot when I arrived last night, but I fear that, from the time that has been lost, there is now but little chance of recovering the poor child. I have advertised in all directions, and offered a large reward, but I have little hope of the result, nor are the police more sanguine than myself. Unfortunately poor Catherine's dark, gipsy-like complexion, and black eyes and hair, will render it easy to disguise her features, while her quick intelligence and lithe, active figure, will make her only too valuable an acquisition to the band. I need not tell you how grieved I am at this fresh trouble to these poor children, and I fear Gertrude will suffer severely from the loss of her sister, with whom she has, as you know, so extraordinary a bond of sympathy. I am going now to the police station to consult on further measures, and will write to you again by to-morrow morning's post.

"Ever, dear Miss B**,

"Very truly yours,
"HENRY WARD."

11. *Mrs. Vansittart to the Honourable C. B.***

"Grove Hill House Academy, Hampstead Heath,
"Wednesday, May 1st, 1842.

"MADAM,

"I have much pleasure in complying with your request for a monthly report of the health and progress of my very interesting young friend and pupil, Miss Boleton. In a moral and educational point of view nothing could possibly be more satisfactory. . . . Of my dear young friend's health I am compelled, however, to lament my inability to address you in the same congratulatory terms which in all other matters I am happily so well authorised to employ. Notwithstanding the ex-

treme salubrity of the atmosphere by which in this justly celebrated locality she is surrounded, and I trust I may venture to add the unremitting attention she has experienced both at my own hands and those of my medical and educational assistants, her general health is still, I regret to say, very far from having attained to that condition of entire convalescence at which I trust she may yet, with the advantage of a prolonged residence upon the Heath, before very long arrive. My medical adviser, Dr. Winstanley,—a physician of European reputation, and one in whom I can repose the most entire confidence,—informs me that Miss Boleton is suffering from no especial ailment, though subject from time to time to fits of illness to which it is often difficult to assign any sufficient cause, and which after a while disappear as strangely as they arose. He trusts with me that the pure air of the Heath, which so far as we can venture to believe has already been beneficial to his interesting patient, will in course of time effect a radical cure. The loss of her young sister, of which you informed me on her first joining our little society, inflicted, beyond doubt, a very serious blow upon her naturally feeble constitution; but I trust that its effects are already passing away. I shall, of course, adhere strictly to your instructions never in any way to allude to the sad occurrence in conversation with Miss Boleton, and have thought it advisable not to acquaint her companions with the fact. On the 1st of next month I shall again do myself the honour of acquainting you with the progress made by my interesting young friend, and have little doubt of being at that time able to furnish you with a satisfactory account of her physical no less than of her moral and intellectual advancement. For the present, dear madam, permit me to subscribe myself,

"Your very faithful

"And obliged servant,

"AMELIA DOROTHEA VANSITTART."

"To the Honourable Catherine B**."

12. *Mrs. Ward to the Honourable C. B.***

"14 June, 1851.

"MY DEAR CATHERINE,

"Very many thanks for your early intelligence of dear Gertrude's engagement. I congratulate you most heartily, though as you have yourself alluded to it, I cannot deny that I should have been better pleased had Mr. Anderton, in addition to all his other good qualities, possessed that of a somewhat less nervous and excitable temperament. I have always liked him much; but with poor Gertrude's own delicate constitution I cannot but fear the results of such an union upon both. However, it is impossible to have everything, and in all other respects he seems more than unexceptionable, so once more I congratulate you heartily. Are you really thinking of coming up to the Exhibition? . . . Give my best love to dear Gertrude, and say all that is kind and proper for us to her *fiancé*. Ever, dear Catherine,

"Affectionately yours,

"HELEN WARD."

(To be continued.)

THE APOSTLE OF EXIGENCY.

WHO, of the present generation, knows anything of Count Rumford? At the mention of his name everybody thinks of stoves. In most people's minds there is a sort of wonder whether he could be a real Count if his business in life was—stoves. Some of us elders of our day had fathers who knew Count Rumford, and who remembered and talked of him, not in connection with stoves, but as a nobleman of great knowledge, of an active inquiring spirit, of great administrative faculty, and the most indefatigable, resolute, vigilant and enterprising benevolence. Whenever society needs the largest amount of comfort at the smallest cost, the name and memory of Count Rumford come up again. In times of ordinary prosperity, when our workpeople are well employed and paid, and our gentry gather new luxuries about them, and entertain their minds with study and speculation, the man is forgotten, or spoken of only for this or that invention. When we have a particularly bad harvest, or any commercial adversity which throws millions of destitute people on our hands to be fed and cheered, Count Rumford's name is heard where old people are talking together of the black years of their lives. There may be less and less of this as the old folks pass away; but it will be a good while yet before there is nobody left to quote the sayings and doings of the large-hearted and practical-minded man who fed the hungry in four countries of Christendom, and showed how the greatest number could be nourished and cheered at the smallest cost. He was an American citizen, active and charitable in the War of Independence. This made him a soldier. It was not from his military tastes that he entered the Bavarian service, but because that country was in a wretched condition,—in extreme need of a good soldiery amidst the revolutionary period in Europe, but too poor to support an army,—or indeed any other class. Count Rumford believed he could do something towards retrieving the military system at least; and he retrieved the whole economy of Bavaria. Then he came to England, and till the end of the century instructed our fathers in the ways of economy and comfort,—cut off as our country was by war from the intercourses by which nations help one another forward in civilisation. Then, in 1802, he married the widow of Lavoisier, the great chemist, and was as good a citizen in France as he had been everywhere else; and there he died just when the Emperor departed for Elba and the Bourbons returned.

The present Emperor gets great praise just now for the soldiers' gardens, at the camp at Châlons; and we have been for some time congratulating ourselves on our regimental schools, and on the improved diet in barrack and camp; and we exclaim "how delightful!" when we hear of the plan of gardens laid out in Indian garrisons, and talked of here; but Count Rumford had done these very things with complete success eighty years ago.

He desired, considering the circumstances of the Bavarian State and population, to make the

soldiers as much of citizens as possible, and to fit the citizens to become soldiers, in case of need. He obtained authority to do what he would: and in a little while the barracks were clean, well-aired, and bright-looking, outside and in; the soldiers were in school some part of the day; and their children and the peasantry, or town children were welcomed to the schools also; so that they were always full. The State paid for the books and writing-materials; and the copy-books were afterwards used for cartridges, which saved their cost. The gardens were, however, a still better school to such idle rascals as the soldiers were at the outset of the experiment. Every man who would till his ground had 365 square yards, with tools, an allowance of manure, and his old uniform for a working dress. Potatoes and other good vegetables, were almost unknown among the ignorant and slow peasantry of the country. The soldiers soon learned to enjoy the luxury of good vegetables, and the profit of selling them. When they had reached that point, Count Rumford instituted a plan of long furloughs, by which his soldiers introduced their new discoveries in the rural districts, and moreover they got married in their own neighbourhood,—to the great advantage of the morals of their regiments. During their absence other young men were getting into training; and thus, in a few years, the Bavarian soldier had introduced improvements, order, and discipline into rural life, and the Bavarian peasant had become not only a man of the world, but actually a better husbandman than if he had never attended to anything else. The same advantages were obtained by the townspeople; for there were industrial schools as well as gardens, so that every soldier, and all his sons, had the means of learning some handicraft, with the privilege of making profit by their craft in their leisure hours.

The soldiers were paid 2½d. per day for food: and it was surprising, even to Count Rumford himself, to see how stout and healthy the men were upon such an allowance, out of which they even treated themselves with beer and tobacco. The odd three farthings were kept for these indulgences. The men, being left to their own devices about food, formed themselves into messes of twelve, one of whom was a non-commissioned officer who took the head of the table, and the lead in the affairs of the mess. They had been shown the wonderful effect of good cookery in increasing the amount of nourishment in food; and thus it was that they made their twopences go so far. In England, at the end of the last century, the people generally supposed that twopenn'orth of food was twopenn'orth of food—the same thing, whatever it might be: so the labourer's wife cut up a loaf among the children, and bade them go and eat it; and she and her husband ate their dry slices without any pleasure; and they were all soon hungry again. They could not understand, or would not believe, that the French prisoners in our military prisons obtained satisfying and agreeable meals for the same cost as this dry bread. These Frenchmen understood the virtues of barleymeal, and of the process of stewing, and how to make the most of

bread itself; and instead of a bit of a loaf, they had a savoury soup, flavoured with a red herring, in balls with bread crumbs—a substantial, hot, nourishing soup, at the cost of a lump of dry bread.

This was the way the Bavarian soldiers went to work,—making as much a point of skilful cookery as of good materials. They had a beef stew, with soup and savoury dumplings—enough for the day's food, a little under 2*d.* a head. Other days they had eggs instead of the beef, made, with bread, butter, flour, and condiments, into dumplings and soup, eaten together. They seem to have been strangely fond of liver; for they had liver dumplings as well as fried liver and liver soup. There were many variations in their bill of fare; but the steady rate was from 19 to 25 lbs. of food, without the supper bread, provided for each mess of twelve, at a cost of 2*d.* or less per man.

In England, when the Count was here, provisions of all kinds were excessively dear; yet he undertook to establish eating-houses which should be self-supporting, and which should furnish meals at a cost which might well astonish the English world of his day. He did it by his knowledge of economy of heat, as well as by his other experience. The cost of firewood in Bavaria must have been striking to a man fresh from America, where the forests were at that time in everybody's way, and it was rather a service than not to cut down a tree to cook a supper in the woods. In Bavaria, the way of shutting up the fire, to economise the heat, must have caught his eye at once; and for many years he studied the economy of heat till he got his name associated for ever with stoves.

His eating-rooms were to be well warmed, and his meals for 1500 people capitably cooked by an amount of fuel which, according to the custom of the day in England, would hardly have warmed a middle-class kitchen. The large scale, permitting all the advantages of wholesale prices and the using up of all scraps, was another cause of the cheapness. But, whichever way it was looked at, it was remarkable at a time when the middle classes were almost as much alarmed as the lower about how they were to live, on account of the dearthness of all kinds of provisions.

The dietary comprised four dishes or messes, at 1*d.*, 2*d.*, 4*d.*, and 6*d.* There was a room appropriated to each kind,—these four spacious apartments being well warmed and lighted, and the meals served in comfort. The penny meal consisted of twenty ounces, or a pint and a quarter of soup, made of barley, peas, potatoes, bread, and seasoning. The twopenny meal, of the same weight and measure, was a capital pea-soup with fried bread. The fourpenny was a soup like the second on the list, with two ounces of bacon shred fine, and fried bread. The sixpenny was a stew of beef and vegetables, with a quarter of a pound of bread.

There was an addition to the plan, of reading-rooms and sitting-rooms where any cleanly work could be carried on; these rooms to be open to the regular diners at the establishment; but my present business with the Count is as the greatest nourisher of the poor at the smallest cost on record.

His largest experiment is the most wonderful—his dealings with the beggars of Bavaria. Neither I nor any one else can for a moment associate our Lancashire, or Scotch, or Irish sufferers with any beggars, and especially with the Bavarian mendicants of that day. There is nothing now known like the Bavarian beggars of eighty years ago. Even in the Papal territory, the mendicants are few and modest and decent compared with those precious subjects of the Elector when Count Rumford went among them. I have not room to describe them at length; and it would not be at all an agreeable picture. It is enough to say that the law itself quailed before them, and that they made life a curse in that country. Foreigners and natives, young and old, men, women, and children, they swarmed in town and country till no citizen could call anything his own. In the rural districts they broke into the homesteads, pulled up the farm produce, stole the fowls, waylaid the farmers, stripped the labourers and their cottages, and made themselves at home wherever they pleased to enter. In the towns, nobody could cross the street without paying to be allowed to pass. In the shops, seller and customers were alike at their wits' end, for the beggars filled the place and mobbed the windows, and would be bought off or would help themselves. They followed the merchant or banker into his dining-room, and would not let him eat his meal in peace. Everything that was left about in the house was stolen; the public walks were impassable, except for soldiers or beggars. Perhaps the most striking circumstance was that these beggars so infested the churches that even worship was hindered. They would so molest the citizens in the midst of the prayers that to empty one's pocket was the only way to pray in peace.

No,—there was one thing worse, as I now remember. These wretches stole the infants of the citizens, and put out their eyes, or dislocated their limbs, or starved them—(and they starved even their own children)—to work upon the public compassion. Enough! It is easy to see that when society had once become afraid to refuse alms, a large proportion of it would turn beggars. Shepherds, artisans, children, and all the women below the rank of lady asked alms and got them; so that employers repaid themselves for their enforced donations by reducing wages in proportion to the begging talents of their servants and labourers. The town and country were divided into beats, commanded by companies of mendicants; and alliances between rival bands were cemented by marriages between the children of eminent beggars. The population of the capital was then 60,000. In one week after Count Rumford undertook to deal with the beggars, 2600 were entered on his list; and within four years, 10,000 had been arrested and dealt with.

I cannot give the whole story of Count Rumford's proceedings. I need only say that within a short time the vagrants were all registered, housed, employed, well fed and made comfortable, and the children educated, at incalculably less expense than their mendicancy had cost the community. Everybody was willing and thankful to contribute in return for relief from the scourge of their lives.

The butchers and bakers filled the town carts which daily stopped at their doors,—thankful to bestow their odds and ends of meat and bread, instead of the joints and loaves which had been extorted from them hitherto. All subscriptions for the poor, public and private, were stopped as soon as all the mendicants were collected, and the tribute was directed towards the state charity now instituted. At first, gifts of soup, as well as of materials, were received; but Count Rumford's soup was presently found to be so superior to any that came from private kitchens that the latter was declined.

The tables of the meals, and of the number and quality of the people who partook of them, are before me: and I see that a dinner of stew, vegetables of three kinds, condiments and bread for 1000 persons, was cooked by wood (when fuel was excessively dear) of the value of 4½d. The stout people had stirabout and buttermilk for breakfast; the sick and aged and children had bread with their milk,—1220 persons for 5l. 18s. 8½d. The dinner of beef, broth, and bread for the same 1220 persons cost 14l. 17s., including the cooking and all expenses. A pottage dinner for the same number cost 6l. 9s. 3½d. Supper for 416 delicate people and children cost 19s. 11d. This was in days of high prices, in an inland country where there was little variety of food; and before anything was heard of such fresh combinations as those which now yield so great an amount of nourishment as that, for instance, which is the cheapest known palatable food for a very great number of people; viz., rice and Indian meal boiled together for many hours, with a sufficiency of condiments. Now that we hear so much of the potato-hash, as the favourite part of the Lancashire dietary, we wonder why there was no dish of that sort in Count Rumford's kitchens. The fact was, potatoes were little grown in Bavaria in those days; but when he came to England, he at once had recourse to them. Rice was probably scarce in Bavaria, for want of access from the sea. In the department of meat, beef seems to have been the only sort used at all, except the bacon which was shred into the soup. In every way we have the advantage. In Germany at this time veal is more eaten than any other meat. Travellers hear of "calf's flesh" till they long for a leg of mutton to a degree they are ashamed of. The herds of swine in Germany, and the German reputation for hams and sausages, seem to point to a more various dietary than could be commanded eighty years ago. We in England have more mutton than perhaps any other country; and our potato-hash made with mutton is, if well prepared, one of the best dishes that can appear on any table.

The Glasgow kitchens, which I spoke of a few weeks since, show how much more can now be provided for the same denomination of money than could be done in Count Rumford's time; but there was something so gloriously audacious in his offer to relieve the whole Electorate of its pauperism,—something so new in the extent to which he undertook the feeding of multitudes, from day to day, and something so benevolent in the way in which he went to work,—considering the fortunes

and feelings of the vagrants no less than the rights of independent citizens,—that we may consider him an apostle not the less for our being able to do the things that he did somewhat more cheaply. We do it only through the advance that has been made in our food resources within the present century. If he were here now, he would feed and comfort Lancashire and Cheshire within a week, more cheaply than the wisest of us conceive of, and with a completeness which would leave us nothing to apprehend from the consequences of want of common necessities.

It is possible that a Count Rumford—an apostle of comfort to the destitute—may arise out of the needs of the time; and perhaps I may have been led to the choice of my theme to-day by some vague hope that the revival of the image of Count Rumford may hasten the appearance of some successor, in the crisis of our need. We all rejoice to hear of a sick kitchen in one place; of penny meals and pleasant rooms to eat them in another; and of proposals for a training kitchen elsewhere. We are all glad to hear that in some districts the melancholy sameness of the dole of meal and soup, or bread and soup, is broken up, and that the variety of potato-hash, rice and milk, &c., is introduced. But still, we are but too well aware that the people generally are not sufficiently nourished, and that they do not so enjoy their meals as to derive the full benefit of what they eat. We have not now, thank Heaven! natural philosophers who propose starch for poor men's diet, because starch comprehends such and such nutritious elements; nor mighty Dukes who come forward, brave in conscious humanity, to recommend a pinch of curry powder in cold water to warm the poor man's stomach, aching with emptiness. We have not to blush for this kind of display of humanity; but neither have we as yet a Count Rumford who would ask of us only our money and our help, in order to ensure a full and comfortable support to every sufferer in Lancashire till the mills are going again. We would readily forgive any appearance of military drill in his methods, at such an hour as the present, in consideration of the security he would certainly give us that nobody should die of hunger, or of fever as a consequence of hunger, if only we would provide the money, and would give him the spending of it. If a Count Rumford the Second would present himself to-day, we would make sure of his name being known in the next century more widely and more familiarly than that of his predecessor.

If we had such a "guide, philosopher and friend" at this moment, we must give him something more than even the area of our cotton manufacture to manage. We must, be the Lancashire pressure what it might, take him to the Island of Skye.—Yes, even so; though it is no trifle to cross the turbulent Northern seas, and land on the Hebrides in winter. The melancholy truth is that unless we do, in heart and in purse, cross that stormy sea, and visit Skye without delay, the sounding shores of that solemn island will be strewn with the silent dead by the time the winter is over. According to the latest accounts, the state of things in Skye is this.

The twenty thousand inhabitants have a more precarious subsistence than the inhabitants of almost any other part of the United Kingdom. Their soil is barren, except in a few valleys, and at the heads of the interior lochs; and from the mountains the traveller may see how scanty is the tillage. There are strips of cultivation in the levels and by the margin of the lakes, and patches here and there on the moorlands; and there are a few scattered farms, very poor, and difficult to manage. The climate is such that nothing is attempted beyond oats and potatoes. These and the fishery constitute the maintenance of the country and shore people; and the trades-folk depend, of course, on the custom of their neighbours. Everything that is imported is dear; and almost everything is imported, — even to butchers' meat. Peat from the moorland is the fuel used. It is not many years since the resources of the island failed, and the people were reduced to the most dreadful straits before we heard of their condition. It was a terrible spectacle, we were then told, to see the famine-stricken crowds snatching from one another the shell-fish on the shore,—the only thing they had to eat. There was a large emigration from Skye that year; and, as soon as the misery of the place was heard of, provisions were shipped thither.

The same thing must be done now, and without delay. The oats have almost altogether failed to ripen this year; and a considerable proportion has never been cut at all. It lies swamped under the snow. The potatoes are the main resource of the people, from autumn to midsummer, and the potatoes are this season a mere mass of putridity. The inhabitants are sitting amidst their hurricanes, and hail, and snow, without fire as well as without food; for the continual rains of this year have so flooded the moorland that no peat could be got. The ministers of Skye are in despair about saving the people without immediate help; and already the children are down in measles, and their parents wasting away in low fever. The fever is creeping on from house to house, and from village to village. Such is the account which lies before me, from the hand of the minister of Sleat. The name will call up recollections in the minds of tourists, who may perhaps feel that their summer pleasures so far bind them to the place and people as to constitute some sort of obligation to help them in their fearful stress. In the absence of a Count Rumford, we must use our own wits about how to go to work: and we ought to have both wit and heart enough to ship off some cargoes of potatoes, meal, and fuel (peat if possible, to suit the island-hearths). Unless this is done, there will be something worse in Skye than we have been dreading in Lancashire.

Will some one go, and cross that strip of stormy sea, and learn the extent of the need, and show us how to meet it, in the quickest and best way? If so, that explorer will look back, all his life, on that winter trip with more satisfaction than on any autumn touring, from the peaks of the Alps to the depths of Mammoth caves.

FROM THE MOUNTAIN.

TURF REMINISCENCES.—III.

[OUR readers may rely on the authenticity of the following narratives, though for the real names of the actors imaginary names have been substituted.—ED. O. A. W.]

"TURNING THE TABLES."

No one not "on the turf," and but few of those who are, can realise that bewildering sort of anxiety, and that alternation of hope and fear, which is experienced by the owner of a horse that is a prominent favourite for a great race. He, or rather his horse, is as it were a target for every rogue to shoot at; and constant and crafty must be the vigilance exercised to elude their aim,—so well concealed and cunningly devised are the ambushes behind which danger lurks. The favourite is to the turf nobbler what the full-purged traveller is to the footpad, and he seeks to *make him safe*, either for the sake of the money he can bet against him, or in order materially to improve the chance of other horses by which he stands to win, or both. To ensure success, it is not sufficient to have the best horse in the race, without you can shield yourself against the end-less efforts that are made to undermine your interest; on one occasion, for instance, when every attempt to bribe those about the horse, from the trainer and jockey downwards, had failed, an act of diabolical treachery was even practised on the jockey at the risk of his life. This occurred some years since, before the Derby; the plan succeeded, but very nearly failed, as the horse was beaten by only about half a length. But it is not of successful but of unsuccessful attempts at roguery I am about to speak.

On occasions when a considerable sum of money is required to be laid out by the owner and his friends, it is usual to call in the assistance of some clever speculator to effect their investments to the best advantage with solvent men, and also to watch the movements in the market, and closely and continuously observe who are the principal opposers and supporters of the horse in which they are specially interested. In return for this care and attention, he is compensated by the fullness of the information supplied him, and the opportunity he has offered him by the owner of sharing a portion of his investments. This Argus-eyed watchfulness as to the state of the market is of the utmost importance, and to it *specially* may success be often attributed; at all events, such was the case in the following instances, out of many others of minor importance that occur to me.

A gentleman of large fortune, living in Scotland, but who had a considerable racing establishment in the South of England, had a horse of great merit, whom we will call Cockcrow, engaged for the Goodwood Stakes. The owner of Cockcrow felt confident that his horse could win this race; and as he was a very heavy better himself, and had also a very large circle of friends who generally stood a portion of these investments, the amount that he required to be laid out was very large indeed. The gentleman whom he generally selected as his agent and confidant on these occasions was Mr. S—, a speculator of considerable standing on the Turf Exchange; and he

commissioned him, in this instance also, to lay a very heavy stake upon Cockcrow.

In the execution of this commission S—— had called in the assistance of one of his acquaintances on whom he could depend, and on comparing notes as to the different people who had laid them the money, he found that a considerable portion of it had been laid in a certain quarter, that is, not actually by one certain individual, but by different men, who, as he well knew, from long experience in these matters, acted as agents for him. The more money S—— brought into the market to support the horse, the less of a favourite he became, and the money still coming in against him from the same quarter, he became alarmed that there might be something the matter with the horse. By sending a telegram, and receiving a reply, his fears on this head were soon set at rest, yet the opposition in the betting market still continued unabated; so, as the day of the race was fast approaching, he telegraphed to the owner, who was then in Scotland, to say he would be in Edinburgh by the mail-train the following morning, and requesting him to meet him without fail on important business. The meeting took place.

"Are you certain," said S——, "that your trainer is *on the square*?"

"Beyond doubt," was the reply.

"Are you sure the horse is all right?" asked S——.

"I am sure of that," said the owner, "for the trainer has instructions to telegraph to me immediately if anything goes wrong with him, and I have not heard from him for two or three days."

S—— then communicated to him his suspicions, and, after some conversation, the owner finally gave him full authority to use his own discretion as to whether or not he would allow the jockey that was engaged for Cockcrow to ride him, S—— saying that he should not make up his mind till the morning of the race, and requesting the owner not to show himself at Goodwood till the day after the race.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, be it known that about half an hour before each race, the number of every horse in that race (each having a number affixed to his name on the list of the day) is exhibited on a large board, and opposite to this number is the name of the rider. At length the day arrived; Cockcrow had fallen considerably in the betting. At length the horse arrived when the race was to be run, when, on the numbers of the horses and the names of their riders being exhibited in due course on this board, the rider's name opposite to Cockcrow's number was not that of the jockey who it was generally understood would ride him, he having been changed at the last moment by that able tactician S——. The scene that now ensued beggared description: the persons who had laid so heavily against the horse were now rushing about like madmen, trying every means to back him, and imploring S—— to bet them some of their money back again, as they were anxious to "hedge;" to which he coolly replied, after his fashion—"Nay, my lads, I cannot hedge with thee; I want to back him for another thousand, and I made sure you would lay me a little more against him."

The rush to back the horse by those who had hitherto betted against him, very soon had the effect of making him first favourite, and S——, in about half an hour, had the satisfaction of despatching a message to his owner to say he had won in a canter.

Whether the horse would have been equally successful under his originally intended pilot is a problem impossible to solve. It can only be stated, as a curious fact, that his return to public favour commenced from the moment of the announcement of the change of his rider.

Some few years after these events, the great stable with which Phil Spott (alluded to in a former paper) had been connected brought out another Derby winner, in a horse we will call New Zealander. Before this period Phil Spott had seceded from the establishment to which he had been so long allied, and had set up business on his own account, and within a year or two after his secession he had been gathered to his fathers, and others, from time to time, had been seated in the saddle he had so long and so ably filled.

New Zealander having won the Derby, was naturally a great favourite for the Doncaster St. Leger, and the owner and his friends being desirous of laying out on him a considerable sum amongst them, Mr. S—— was selected as their agent; from the suspicious circumstances which eventually surrounded the horse, a more fortunate choice of a confidant, as it turned out, could not have been made, inasmuch as, having been the general in the case above described, he was not only keenly alive to the danger he and his party had then run, and to the necessity of keeping a strict watch on all the movements in the market, and ascertaining by whom these movements were effected, but prepared for a repetition of this danger, and if it presented itself, to combat it in a masterly manner.

In this case also, as in the case of Cockcrow, S—— had the assistance of one or two friends in the execution of his commission. Time wore on, and gradually and skilfully large sums were laid out on New Zealander; but as the ground where he was trained was rather public, and telegraphic communication was within easy distance, it may be imagined that the "touts" (horse watchers) were especially on the alert in looking out for the slightest indication, however trifling, that he was not progressing as he ought: but it was so especially notorious to all these gentry that he did his daily work gallantly and well, that their constant telegrams to their various employers were to the effect that, if he went on as well as he had hitherto done, "*he could not lose*" the race. The effect of these messages, sent to all parts of the kingdom, and to many parts out of it, coupled with the previous public knowledge of the horse's merits, was naturally an enormous outlay of public money in addition to that which his immediate adherents were investing; and as the four months that intervene between the Derby and the Doncaster St. Leger were fast passing away, S—— & Co. were rather astonished to find the ready supply of money which still met their demand, and that New Zealander had not improved in price.

Large sums were still laid out, but still was there no improvement in his position; and as the time approached, more and more was the horse "peppered at" by his opponents, and even up to the time the bell rang for saddling, this marked and determined opposition to the *proved best* horse of his year, *notoriously* known to be even in better trim than he was when he won the Derby, continued with unabated fury. So marked was it, and so unaccountable, that a great Manchester speculator who had been a strong backer of the horse, and had kept his money on him till the morning of the race, whilst one of his friends was assuring him the horse was perfectly well, and that he had seen him that morning in the stable, said: "Nay, my lad, I cannot stand this sort of betting any longer. I never saw one win yet that carried so much *brass*. I'll shift mine off his back, at all events, be the cost what it may; he may be well, but he will not win."

S—— and his party had been for some time perfectly satisfied in what quarter all this money was laid, and though, of course, laid through several agents to elude suspicion, the *ruse* failed in deceiving such acute men as had the conduct of this investment, and they, at the suggestion of S——, took careful notes of all the bets that they could hear of, that were made with others, which, added to their own, amounted to an enormous sum laid, as they had no doubt, in one quarter.

That something wrong was intended was to them very apparent, but whom to suspect they knew not. Frequent visits were paid to the training quarters, and precautions of all kinds suggested to guard against foul play. All went on, however, perfectly satisfactorily with the horse; he never missed a day's work or left an oat in his manger; and at Doncaster he arrived in his van perfectly well on the Monday—the St. Leger being on the Wednesday. All the world saw him on the Tuesday morning at exercise, and saw that he was perfectly well and in full force; yet, if possible, at the betting-rooms that night, the opposition to him, from the same quarter, became more and more marked. That same evening S—— and his party held a consultation, S—— saying:

"Something must be done, or we shall be done; if the horse is all right to-morrow morning, and the trainer pronounces him so, to what conclusion can we come? *If danger there is, that danger sits in the saddle;*" and, to make matters more perplexing, the owner was absent. At last, S—— decided upon what course he would pursue: without resting that night, he at once set to work, through a gentleman of high-standing on the Turf, to bring about an interview between himself and a nobleman of very great influence, and a proprietor of horses in the same stable as New Zealander. This interview took place. He laid before his lordship in a clear and concise manner all the facts as above stated, and on being asked what he would suggest to be done, at once advised to the following effect:

Let the trainer to-morrow morning, if the horse is all right and well, request several gentlemen of position and integrity on the Turf (the more the better) to come and see him in the stable stripped of his clothes, so that they can, one and all, testify

to the fact that, if he is beat, he at least has done his duty in bringing him "fit to the post;" and then your lordship must speak to the jockey, and tell him that, although you never have had any reason to doubt his honesty, yet it is impossible to pass unnoticed the enormous sums that have been betted against the horse, especially in a very marked manner, and for a length of time, in a certain quarter; and that such bettings are wholly inconsistent with the horse's well-known superior qualities, and the notorious fact that he is fit to run, as has been testified to this very day by several leading gentlemen on the Turf; that you impute no wrong intentions to him, but if the horse is beat, whatever sum it may cost you, you are determined on *that day* after the races to effect a trial, if not with the actual winner of the race, with the best trial horse you can procure, and that that trial shall take place on the St. Leger course, before all the world, who shall be the judges whether or not he ought to have won the Doncaster St. Leger.

These suggestions were carried out to the letter, and New Zealander won the race with the greatest ease, ridden by the jockey to whom his lordship had spoken as above.

Success is at all times gratifying, but this was doubly so, as it completely and entirely removed from the rider all those suspicions which, owing to a strong combination of circumstances, are often very naturally entertained against an innocent and an honest man; and it *turned the tables* upon those (if such there were) who contemplated effecting by foul means the defeat of the best horse in the race.

S. W.

SOCIAL ASPECT OF WASHINGTON BEFORE THE DISUNION.

I WRITE of Washington as it will never be again—ere this disastrous conflict inflamed the passions and excited the animosities of not only the North against South, but of one member of a family against another, dividing the closest ties and embittering all social relations.

It was evident to the reflecting, four years ago, that some great revolution was at hand.

Division of the States was constantly discussed. "A bad sign of the times," said an old Senator to me, "for, in my youth, any one who had mooted the subject would have been ignominiously scouted in society."

But it was not to discuss politics I took up my pen, as the subject is trite, and stinks in the nostrils of the superficial reader; my aim was rather to sketch the state of society during the last years of the union—its amusements, its tone, and its effect on the mind of a "Britisher."

The first social duty was a presentation at the White House, or Executive Mansion, as it had been re-named by Miss Lane.

The President appointed the evening as the time when I was to have the honour of introduction to his presence, and it was a rude shock to British feelings, accustomed to pomp and grandeur, as the natural accessories to power, to find the President of the Republic of the United States living in the palace of the nation much as a bankrupt merchant might, by kind permission of his

creditors, occupy the scene of his past glories until his affairs were wound up. Certainly the highest in the land gave example of the strictest economy, one wavering lamp just enabled us to trace the outline of the handsome Greek portico, while awaiting the tardy answer to the bell. At last peered through the door a dirty Irishman, who, having satisfied himself as to our identity, reluctantly half opened the door to let us through, and then preceded us along some dim passages to the presence-chamber. During this rather lengthy walk I had leisure to admire the Republican simplicity of his attire, which was not only dingy and greasy, but boasted of sundry rents and patches.

This functionary, who united in his ragged person the offices of chamberlain and usher of the white rod, having retired, we amused ourselves by criticising the tawdry furniture and decorations, and studying the by no means prepossessing features of the great Washington, founder of the Immortal Republic.

At length in shambled a tall, uncouth figure, arrayed much in the fashion of Dominic Sampson, in ill-made morning clothes, and with huge feet encased in muddy boots; to my surprise, all around me were doing obeisance to President Buchanan. With head on one side, he advanced, shook hands with ungainly courtesy, and begged us to be seated. His venerable grey locks, hanging in waving masses on his shoulders, and his high, bossy forehead, lent him an air of pseudo-benevolence which his sly mouth belied. The audience soon ended, his extreme caution and reserve freezing all efforts at conversation.

The same awkwardness with which he had made his entrance, marked his exit as he shuffled off the scene.

The winter time is the season of gaiety at Washington, and well the Americans economise every moment. They wisely prefer seeing their friends, to being merely acquainted with the outside of their doors, as so frequently happens in London. Instead, therefore, of packs of cards being exchanged — most fruitless folly — each lady proclaims to her acquaintances which day of the week she will receive from twelve till four, and in that way has the pleasure, not only of really meeting her friends weekly, but also has the option of six days to herself unmolested by visitors.

To give an idea of the working of this system — Monday, all the government ministers' wives receive; Tuesday, all the senators' wives; Wednesday, the houses of the diplomates are thrown open; Thursday, the judges' wives entertain; and so on, from one week's end to another, all the winter.

In this way those who wish can pay eight or ten visits a day in proportion to the time they wish to kill.

Let me briefly describe a morning reception in the height of the season:

At the door stands the lady of the house, resplendent in the last ultra French fashions, ready with a compliment for every new comer, who must return the same, both capital and interest, and besides assuring her she looks "quite lovely," must titillate her vanity by insinuating how superior her reception is to the eight or ten he has already visited.

Gratified pride and vanity increased the good lady's complacency, and being profusely bespattered with compliments, and satiated with flattery, she swims about the room like a peacock on a sunny day, with all its plumes spread for admiration. The visitor having discharged his volley of pretty nothings, then rushes boldly into the busy talking throng, which gives the salon the appearance of an auction-room, as the talkers seldom sit down. Such a buzz as there is, such significant little groups, canvassing with the utmost volubility and vehemence the current topics of the day, the last duel murder, row in the House of the Representatives, or savage onslaught in the Senate.

The young ladies generally cluster round the inevitable refreshment-table, and, while distributing broiled oysters, chocolate, cakes, and wine, keep at least six or eight "beaux" each in full talk. Sometimes, in the largest houses — such as that of the late Senator Douglas, the well-known "little giant," — the shutters would be shut, the gas lighted, the musicians summoned, and a dance got up, which would last with unflagging energy till six in the evening, when the exhausted dancers found a ball-supper prepared to revive them. To see the pretty girls whirling about, some with bonnets and cloaks on, reminded one too much of Cham's Illustrations of the "Jardin des Fleurs." Certainly the *d-plomb* and conversational powers of the American girl makes her more amusing in society than her English cotemporary. There is, in fact, no "missyism" among them, no striving to attract attention by assumed eccentricity or affectation of fastness. They have the utmost latitude conceded to them: a young "gurl" may talk with one or a score of her admirers all the evening without remark, select from among them the most congenial spirit to escort her to balls and to drive her in his "buggy" of an afternoon along Twelfth Avenue. She generally inscribes the name of the favoured one on her cards, as a hint that he is to be included in her invitations. The card itself is a curiosity, the conventional "Miss" being discarded and Molly Magee or Cynthia Graham simply inscribed on it. But of what use are cards, you will say, as they are never left? I forgot to say that on going to a reception you leave your cards with the "waiter" as you go in, and on the departure of the guests the lady counts them with as much eagerness and delight as a Red Indian counts his scalps.

To return to the young ladies, whose breaches of conventionalities would drive the old dowagers of Mayfair and Belgravia mad, I cannot see as much to condemn in this system of perfect liberty as English people generally do. Girls seem thus to acquire a principle of self-reliance and self-respect, and a greater knowledge of the world and their own position, than they do in England. Men meet them on an equal footing, without dreading a scheming mamma in ambush. Cupid has fair play in the United States, and Hymen does not, as is too often the case in England, light his torch for a heartless contract. The young men prove their good title to the confidence reposed in them, and a father would without scruple send his daughter from New York to New

Orleans under care of her "beau." It by no means follows that the young lady marries the said party; he is merely a temporary social convenience, a purveyor of bouquets, favoured partner, and trusted coachman. The old people play a very kindly part, though perhaps there is on their side too entire an abnegation of authority. One lady said to me, "I guess my Narcissa is a right good girl, she always asks me to the parlour the night she receives." They would on no account interfere to spoil the sports and frolics of the younger members of the society—or, as they emphatically express it by an idiom little known, "put a spider in their dumpling." Yet all this unshackled liberty produces no bad effects; never did I hear a breath of scandal assail the maidens of Washington. Once married, the girls—particularly the Southern ones—settle into grave and staid matrons, household cares and duties supplant those of society, and, unless the husband holds some public office necessitating hospitality, the gay belle of a few seasons ago becomes a most "domestic" character, and looks back on her past gaiety and whirl of excitement without regret. In Baltimore, marriage almost excludes from society the flattered beauty of yesterday, transformed into Mrs. Greenleaf Parrott; or Mrs. Powhattan Ellis finds herself deserted, and gives up a society where she has no longer a place.

The American type is no longer Anglo-Saxon: it has lost the ruddy freshness, the race is smaller, more fragile; what is in the men meagreness and punyness, becomes littleness and delicate outline in the women. Their figures are very graceful, their complexion pure alabaster, their eyes large and expressive, their mouths well shaped. Classical outline of features is seldom or never seen; their voices are their only defects; perhaps it may be said, as in Gay's fable, "the smallest speck is seen in snow." I think especially of one "vision of delight," whose short life was cut short by cold caught at her first ball. Only child and daughter of Captain Dahlgren, the American Armstrong, her sad fate thrilled every heart with sorrow. On the whole, the social condition of Washington is, or was, simpler than in England—to my mind, happier. You say frivolous—granted; but compare frivolity with frivolity, and is it worse than a London season?

Balls and routs, which are almost the same in every capital, had there an element of originality, as the men came frequently in morning coats and checked trousers, and an Orson, such as "Sam Houston," is not to be seen every day. His adopted daughter, the child of a Cherokee or Sioux chief, was also unique in her way. Like the immortal Miss Schwartz, in "Vanity Fair," her hands sprawled in her amber lap. Her large fierce eyes roamed restlessly among the crowd of dancers, and her terpsichorean performances betrayed the wild energy of a half-civilised savage. In the supper-room a young lady might be seen eating gigantic oysters off the same plate as her partner; and after the departure of her guests the careful housewife had to mourn the impressions left by wet ice-plates on her rose-coloured damask lounges.

But there is one entertainment which can be

seen nowhere else—a Presidential Reception. Such a motley crew throng in at the door,—rowdies, cab drivers, belles, beaux; diplomats, like the new discovered fossil, half golden-scaled lizard, half-crested bird; last, not least, a troop of Red Indians in war paint, with their best necklaces of bears' claws, come to do honour to their great father. Having first shaken hands with the President, who stood in the centre of a large saloon, we waited to watch the behaviour of the crowd. One and all insisted on vigorously shaking the poor old President's hand, holding up afterwards their dirty brats to be kissed. The next day the President had rheumatism in his arm, and no wonder.

(To be continued.)

MY LITTLE PICTURE.

I HAVE sent you a little picture
Of a face you used to know,
And I ask you to guard and keep it
For the sake of years ago.

As a token of Peace and Friendship,
I have sent it across the sea,
To ask if, as I have forgiven,
You too have forgiven me.

Not to call up the love that is gone,
Or to bring back the sad dead past;
Or the blossoms of hope that faded
In the biting wintry blast.

Not to recall the tight grasp of hands
That told what lips could not speak;
Or the long last kiss that gave "Farewell,"
And branded it on the cheek.

Nor to tell of a weary, wasting pain,
The wish for a well-loved face,
The useless longing to fill once more
The heart's cold vacant place.

The sobs o'er the love that passed away,
The cry of woe's keen smart,
That echoed, unanswered and unheard,
Through the chambers of the heart.

But to tell of by-gones forgotten,
And bid thee pardon the past,
And take from the hand I offer
Peace and friendship at the last.

It will look at you gently and kindly,
And bid you be happy again,
And tell you to bury the wretched years
Of our passion and our pain.

It will tell that though life may be weary,
There are bright days for us still,
If we live with a true and honest heart,
And a firm and upright will.

And through the dim coming future,
As the great years roll along,
It will whisper some sweet words of comfort,
And sing you a cheering song.

It will ask you to look far onward,
To the land where spirits meet,
To the calm for the weary heart-ache,
And the rest for weary feet.

Then take care of my little picture,
And do not cast it away;
'Tis the face that you used to look at
And love in a by-gone day.

T. D.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XLV. LOOKING OUT FOR THE WORST.

THE night passed quietly at Verner's Pride. Not, for all its inmates, pleasantly. Faithful Tynn bolted and barred the doors and windows with his own hand, like he might have done on the anticipated invasion of a burglar; and then took up his station to watch the approaches to the house, and never stirred till morning light. There may have run in Tynn's mind some vague fear of violence, should his master and Frederick Massingbird come in contact.

How did Lionel pass it? Wakeful and watchful as Tynn. He went to bed; but sleep, for him, there was none. His wife, by his side, slept all through the night. Better, of course, for her that it should be so: but, that her frame of mind could be sufficiently easy to admit of sleep, was a perfect

marvel to Lionel. Had he needed proof to convince him how shallow was her mind, how incapable she was of depth of feeling, of thought, this would have supplied it. She slept throughout the night. Lionel never closed his eyes: his brain was at work, his mind was troubled, his heart was aching. Not for himself. His position was certainly not one to be envied: but, in his great anxiety for his wife, self passed out of sight. To what conflict might she not be about to be exposed! to what unseemly violence of struggle, outwardly and inwardly, might she not expose herself! He knew quite well that, according to the laws of God and man, she was Frederick Massingbird's wife; not his. He should never think—when the time came—of disputing Frederick Massingbird's claim to her. But, what would she

do?—how would she act? He believed, in his honest heart, that Sibylla, in spite of her aggravations shown to him, and whatever may have been her preference for Frederick Massingbird in the early days, best cared for him, Lionel, now. He believed that she would not willingly return to Frederick Massingbird. Or, if she did, it would be for the sake of Verner's Pride.

He was right. Heartless, selfish, vain, and ambitious, Verner's Pride possessed far more attraction for Sibylla than did either Lionel or Frederick Massingbird. Allow her to keep quiet possession of that, and she would not cast much thought to either of them. If the conflict actually came, Lionel felt, in his innate refinement, that the proper course for Sibylla to adopt would be to retire from all social ties, partially to retire from the world—as Miss West had suggested she should do now in the uncertainty. Lionel did not wholly agree with Miss West. He deemed that, in the uncertainty, Sibylla's place was by his side, still his wife: but, when once the uncertainty was set at rest by the actual appearance of Frederick Massingbird, then let her retire. It was the one only course that he could pursue, were the case his own. His mind was made up upon one point—to withdraw himself out of the way when that time came. To India, to the wilds of Africa—anywhere far, far away. Never would he remain to be an eye-sore to Sibylla or Frederick Massingbird,—inhabiting the land that they inhabited, breathing the air that sustained life in them. Sibylla might rely on one thing—that when Frederick Massingbird did appear beyond doubt or dispute, that very hour he said adieu to Sibylla. The shock soothed—and he would soothe it for her to the very utmost of his power—he should depart. He would be no more capable of retaining Sibylla in the face of her first husband, than he could have taken her, knowingly, from that husband in his lifetime.

But where was Frederick Massingbird? Tynn's opinion had been—he had told it to his master—that when he saw Frederick Massingbird steal into the grounds of Verner's Pride the previous evening, he was coming on to the house, there and then. Perhaps Lionel himself had entertained the same conviction. But the night had passed, and no Frederick Massingbird had come. What could be the meaning of it? What could be the meaning of his dodging about Deerham in this manner, frightening the inhabitants?—of his watching the windows of Verner's Pride? Verner's Pride was his; Sibylla was his; why, then, did he not arrive to assume his rights?

Agitated with these and many other conflicting thoughts, Lionel lay on his uneasy bed, and saw in the morning light. He did not rise until his usual hour: he would have risen far earlier but for the fear of disturbing Sibylla. To lie there, a prey to these reflections, to this terrible suspense, was intolerable to him, but he would not risk the waking her. The day might prove long enough and bad enough for her, without arousing her to it before her time. He rose, but she slept on still: Lionel did wonder how she could.

Not until he was going out of the room, dressed, did she awake. She awoke with a start. It

appeared as if recollection, or partial recollection, of the last night's trouble flashed over her. She pushed aside the curtain, and called to him in a sharp tone of terror.

"Lionel!"

He turned back. He drew the curtain entirely away, and stood by her side. She caught his arm, clasping it convulsively.

"Is it a dreadful dream, or is it true?" she uttered, beginning to tremble. "Oh, Lionel, take care of me! Won't you take care of me?"

"I will take care of you as long as ever I may," he whispered, tenderly.

"You will not let him force me away from you? You will not give up Verner's Pride? If you care for me, you will not."

"I do care for you," he gently said, avoiding a more direct answer. "My whole life is occupied in caring for you, in promoting your happiness and comfort. How I have cared for you, you alone know."

She burst into tears. Lionel bent his lips upon her hot face.

"Depend upon my doing all that I can do," he said.

"Are you going to leave me by myself?" she resumed, in fear, as he was turning to quit the room. "How do I know but he may be bursting in upon me?"

"Is that all your faith in me, Sibylla? He shall not intrude upon you here: he shall not intrude upon you anywhere without warning. When he does come, I shall be at your side."

Lionel joined his guests at breakfast. His wife did not. With smiling lips and bland brow, he had to cover a mind full of intolerable suspense, an aching heart. A minor puzzle—though nothing compared to the puzzle touching the movements of Frederick Massingbird—was working within him, as to the movements of Captain Cannonby. What could have become of that gentleman? Where could he be halting on his journey? Had his halt anything to do with them, with this grievous business?

To Lionel's great surprise, just as they were concluding breakfast, he saw the close carriage driven to the door, attended by Wigham and Bennet. You may remember the latter name. Master Dan Duff had called him "Calves" to Mr. Verner. If Verner's Pride could not keep its masters, it kept its servants. Lionel knew he had not ordered it; and he supposed his wife to be still in bed. He went out to the men.

"For whom is the carriage ordered, Bennet?"

"For my mistress, I think, sir."

And at that moment Lionel heard the steps of his wife upon the stairs. She was coming down, dressed. He turned in, and met her in the hall.

"Are you going out?" he cried, his voice betokening surprise.

"I can't be worried with this uncertainty," was Sibylla's answer, spoken anything but courteously. "I am going to make Deborah tell me all she knows, and where she heard it."

"But—"

"I won't be dictated to, Lionel," she querulously

stopped him with. "I will go. What is it to you?"

He turned without a remonstrance, and attended her to the carriage, placing her in it as considerately as though she had met him with a wife's loving words. When she was seated, he leaned towards her.

"Would you like me to accompany you, Sibylla?"

"I don't care about it."

He closed the door in silence, his lips compressed. There were times when her fitful moods vexed him above common. This was one. When they knew not but the passing hour might be the last of their union, the last they should ever spend together, it was scarcely seemly to mar its harmony with ill-temper. At least, so felt Lionel. Sibylla spoke as he was turning away.

"Of course I thought you would go with me. I did not expect you would grumble at me for going."

"Get my hat, Bennet," he said. And he stepped in and took his seat beside her.

Courteously and smiling, as though not a shade of care were within ages of him, Lionel bowed to his guests as the carriage passed the breakfast-room windows. He saw that curious faces were directed to him; he felt that wondering comments, as to their early and sudden drive, were being spoken; he knew that the scene of the past evening was affording food for speculation. He could not help it; but these minor annoyances were as nothing, compared to the great trouble that absorbed him. The windows passed, he turned to his wife.

"I have neither grumbled at you for going, Sibylla; nor do I see cause for grumbling. Why should you charge me with it?"

"There! you are going to find fault with me again! Why are you so cross?"

Cross! He cross! Lionel suppressed at once the retort that was rising to his lips; as he had done hundreds of times before.

"Heaven knows, nothing was further from my thoughts than to be 'cross,'" he answered, his tone full of pain. "Were I to be cross to you, Sibylla, in—in—what may be our last hour together, I should reflect upon myself for my whole life afterwards."

"It is not our last hour together!" she vehemently answered. "Who says it is?"

"I trust it is not. But I cannot conceal from myself the fact that it may be so. Remember," he added, turning to her with a sudden impulse, and clasping both her hands within his in a firm, impressive grasp—"remember that my whole life, since you became mine, has been spent for you: in promoting your happiness; in striving to give you more love than has been given to me. I have never met you with an unkind word; I have never given you a clouded look. You will think of this when we are separated. And, for myself, its remembrance will be to my conscience as a healing balm."

Dropping her hands, he drew back to his corner of the chariot, his head leaning against the fair white watered silk, as if heavy with weariness. In truth, it was so: heavy with the weariness caused

by carking care. He had spoken all too impulsively: the avowal was wrung from him in the moment's bitter strife. A balm upon his conscience that he had done his duty by her in love? Ay. For, the love of his inmost heart had been another's—not hers.

Sibylla did not understand the allusion. It was well. In her weak and trifling manner, she was subsiding into tears when the carriage suddenly stopped. Lionel, his thoughts never free, since a day or two, of Frederick Massingbird, looked up with a start, almost expecting to see him.

Lady Verner's groom had been galloping on horseback to Verner's Pride. Seeing Mr. Verner's carriage, and himself inside it, he had made a sign to Wigham, who drew up. The man rode up to the window, a note in his hand.

"Miss Verner charged me to lose no time in delivering it to you, sir. She said it was immediate. I shouldn't else have presumed to stop your carriage."

He backed his horse a step or two, waiting for the answer, should there be any. Lionel ran his eyes over the contents of the note.

"Tell Miss Verner I will call upon her shortly, Philip."

And the man, touching his hat, turned his horse round, and galloped back towards Deerham Court.

"What does she want? What is it?" impatiently asked Sibylla.

"My mother wishes to see me," replied Lionel.

"And what else? I know *that's* not all," reiterated Sibylla, her tone a resentful one. "You have always secrets at Deerham Court against me."

"Never in my life," he answered. "You can read the note, Sibylla."

She caught it up, devouring its few lines rapidly. Lionel believed it must be the doubt, the uncertainty, that was rendering her so irritable: in his heart he felt inclined to make every allowance for her; more perhaps than she deserved. There were but a few lines:

"Do come to us at once, my dear Lionel! A most strange report has reached us, and mamma is like one bereft of her senses. She wants you here to contradict it: she says, she knows it cannot have any foundation. "DECIMA."

Somehow the words seemed to subdue Sibylla's irritation. She returned the note to Lionel, and spoke in a hushed, gentle tone.

"Is it *this* report that she alludes to, do you think, Lionel?"

"I fear so. I do not know what other it can be. I am vexed that it should already have reached the ears of my mother."

"Of course!" resentfully spoke Sibylla. "You would have spared *her*!"

"I would have spared my mother, had it been in my power. I would have spared my wife," he added, bending his grave, kind face towards her, "that and all other ill."

She dashed down the front blinds of the car-

riage, and laid her head upon his bosom, sobbing repentantly.

"You would bear with me, Lionel, if you knew the pain I have here"—touching her chest. "I am sick and ill with fright."

He did not answer that he *did* bear with her, bear with her most patiently—as he might have done. He only placed his arm round her that she might feel its shelter; and, with his gentle fingers, pushed the golden curls away from her cheeks, for her tears were wetting them.

She went into her sister's house alone. She preferred to do so. The carriage took Lionel on to Deerham Court. He dismissed it when he alighted; ordering Wigham back to Miss West's, to await the pleasure of his mistress.

Lionel had, probably, obeyed the summons sooner than was expected by Lady Verner and Decima; sooner, perhaps, than they deemed he could have obeyed it. Neither of them was in the breakfast-room: no one was there but Lucy Tempest.

By the very way in which she looked at him, the flushed cheeks, the eager eyes, he saw that the tidings had reached her. She timidly held out her hand to him, her anxious gaze meeting his. Whatever may have been the depth of feeling entertained for him, Lucy was too single-minded not to express all she felt of sympathy.

"Is it true?" were her first whispered words, offering no other salutation.

"Is what true, Lucy?" he asked. "How am I to know what you mean?"

They stood looking at each other. Lionel waiting for her to speak; she, hesitating. Until Lionel was perfectly certain that she alluded to that particular report, he would not speak of it. Lucy moved a few steps from him, and stood nervously playing with the ends of her waist-band, the soft colour rising deeper in her cheeks.

"I do not like to tell you," she said, simply. "It would not be a pleasant thing for you to hear, if it be not true."

"And still less pleasant for me, if it be true," he replied, the words bringing him conviction that the rumour they had heard was no other. "I fear it is true, Lucy."

"That—some one—has come back?"

"Some one who was supposed to be dead."

The avowal seemed to take from her all hope. Her hands fell listlessly by her side, and the tears rose to her eyes.

"I am so sorry!" she breathed. "I am so sorry for you, and for—for—"

"My wife. Is that what you were going to say?"

"Yes, it is. I did not like much to say it. I am truly grieved. I wish I could have helped it!"

"Ah! you are not a fairy with an all-powerful wand yet, Lucy, as we read of in children's books. It is a terrible blow, for her and for me. Do you know how the rumour reached my mother?"

"I think it was through the servants. Some of them heard it, and old Catherine told her. Lady Verner has been like any one wild: but for Decima, she would have started—"

Lucy's voice died away. Gliding in at the door,

with a white face and drawn-back lips, was Lady Verner. She caught hold of Lionel, her eyes searching his countenance for the confirmation of her fears, or their contradiction. Lionel bent his face on hers.

"It is true, mother. Be brave for my sake."

With a wailing cry she sat down on the sofa, drawing him beside her. Decima entered and stood before them, her hands clasped in pain.

She, Lady Verner, made him tell her all the particulars: all he knew, all he feared.

"How does Sibylla meet it?" was her first question when she had listened to the end.

"Not very well," he answered, after a momentary hesitation. "Who could meet it well?"

"Lionel, it is a judgment upon her. She—"

Lionel started up, his brow flushing.

"I beg your pardon, mother. You forget that you are speaking of my wife. She *is* my wife," he more calmly added, "until she shall have been proved not to be."

No. Whatever may have been Sibylla's conduct to him personally, neither before her face nor behind her back, would Lionel forget one jot of the respect due to her. Or suffer another to forget it; although that other should be his mother.

"What shall you do with her, Lionel?"

"Do with her?" he repeated, not understanding how to take the question.

"When the man makes himself known?"

"I am content to leave that to the time," replied Lionel, in a tone that debarred further mention.

"I knew no good would come of it," resumed Lady Verner, persistent in expressing her opinion. "But for the wiles of that girl you might have married happily, might have married Mary Elmsley."

"Mother, there is trouble enough upon us just now without introducing old vexations," rejoined Lionel. "I have told you, before, that had I never set eyes upon Sibylla after she married Frederick Massingbird, Mary Elmsley would not have been my wife."

"If he comes back, he comes back to Verner's Pride?" pursued Lady Verner, in a low tone, breaking the pause which had ensued.

"Yes. Verner's Pride is his."

"And what shall you do? Turned, like a beggar, out on the face of the earth?"

Like a beggar? Ay, far more like a beggar than Lady Verner, in her worst apprehension, could picture.

"I must make my way on the earth as I best can," he replied in answer. "I shall leave Europe. Probably for India. I may find some means, through my late father's friends, of getting my bread there."

Lady Verner appeared to appreciate the motive which no doubt dictated the suggested course. She did not attempt to controvert it; she only wrung her hands in passionate wailing.

"Oh, that you had not married her! that you had not subjected yourself to this dreadful blight!"

Lionel rose. There were limits of endurance even for his aching heart. Reproaches in a

moment of trouble are as cold iron entering the soul.

"I will come in another time when you are more yourself, mother," was all he said. "I could have borne sympathy from you, this morning, better than complaint."

He shook hands with her. He laid his hand in silence on Decima's shoulder with a fond pressure as he passed her; her face was turned from him, the tears silently streaming down it. He nodded to Lucy, who stood at the other end of the room, and went out. But, ere he was half-way across the ante-room, he heard hasty footsteps behind him. He turned to behold Lucy Tempest, her hands extended, her face streaming down with tears.

"Oh, Lionel, please not to go away thinking nobody sympathises with you! I am so grieved; I am so sorry! If I can do anything for you, or for Sibylla, to lighten the distress, I will do it."

He took the pretty, pleading hands in his, bending his face until it was nearly on a level with hers. But, that emotion nearly overmastered him in the moment's anguish, the very consciousness, that he might be free from married obligations, would have rendered his manner cold to Lucy Tempest. Whether Frederick Massingbird was alive or not, *he* must be a man isolated from other wedded ties, so long as Sibylla remained on the earth. The kind young face, held up to him in its grief, disarmed his reserve. He spoke out to Lucy as freely as he had done in that long-ago illness, when she was his full confidant. Nay, whether from her looks, or from some lately untouched chord in his memory re-awakened, that old time was before him now, rather than the present. As his next words proved.

"Lucy, with one thing and another, my heart is half broken. I wish I had died in that illness. Better for me! Better—perhaps—for you."

"Not for me," said she, through her tears. "Do not think of me. I wish I could help you in this great sorrow!"

"Help from you of any sort, Lucy, I forfeited in my blind wilfulness," he hoarsely whispered. "God bless you!" he added, wringing her hands to pain. "God bless you for ever."

She did not loose them. He was about to draw his hands away, but she held them still, her tears and sobs nearly choking her.

"You spoke of India. If it is that land that you will choose for your exile, go to papa. He may be able to do great things for you. And, if in his power, he *would* do them, for Sir Lionel Verner's sake. Papa longs to know you. He always says so much about you in his letters to me."

"You have never told me so, Lucy."

"I thought it better not to talk to you too much," she simply said. "And you have not been always at Verner's Pride."

Lionel looked at her, holding her hands still. She knew how futile it was to affect ignorance of truths in that moment of unreserve; she knew that her mind and its feelings were as clear to Lionel as though she had been made of glass, and she spoke freely in her open simplicity. She knew—probably—that his deepest love and esteem were given to her. Lionel knew it, if she

did not; knew it to his very heart's core. He could only reiterate his prayer, as he finally turned from her—

"God bless you, Lucy, for ever, and for ever!"

CHAPTER XLVI. CAPTAIN CANNONBY.

DEERHAM abounded in inns. How they all contrived to get a living, nobody could imagine. That they did jog along somehow, was evident; but they appeared to be generally as void of bustle as were their lazy sign-boards, basking in the sun on a summer's day. The best in the place, one with rather more pretension to superiority than the rest, was the Golden Fleece. It was situated at the entrance to Deerham, not far from the railway station; not far either from Deerham Court: in fact, between Deerham Court and the village.

As Lionel approached it, he saw the landlord standing at its entrance—John Cox. A rubicund man, with a bald head, who evidently did justice to his own good cheer, if visitors did not. Shading his eyes with one hand, he had the other extended in the direction of the village, as if he were pointing out the way to a strange gentleman who stood beside him.

"Go as straight as you can go, sir, through the village, and for a goodish distance beyond it," he was saying, as Lionel drew within hearing. "It will bring you to Verner's Pride. You can't mistake it: it's the only mansion thereabouts."

The words caused Lionel to cast a rapid glance at the stranger. He saw a man of some five-and-thirty or forty years, fair of complexion once, but bronzed now by travel, or other causes. The landlord's eyes fell on Lionel.

"Here is Mr. Verner!" he hastily exclaimed.

"Sir,"—saluting Lionel—"this gentleman was going up to you at Verner's Pride."

The stranger turned, holding out his hand in a free and pleasant manner to Lionel. "My name is Cannonby."

"I could have known it by the likeness to your brother," said Lionel, shaking him by the hand. "I saw him yesterday. I was in town, and he told me you were coming. But why were you not with us last night?"

"I turned aside on my journey to see an old military friend—whom, by the way, I found to be out—and did not get to Deerham till past ten," explained Captain Cannonby. "I thought it too late to invade you, so put up here until this morning."

Lionel linked his arm within Captain Cannonby's, and drew him onwards. The moment of confirmation was come. His mind was in too sad a state to allow of his beating about the bush: his suspense had been too sharp and urgent for him to prolong it now. He plunged into the matter at once.

"You have come to bring me some unpleasant news, Captain Cannonby. Unhappily, it will be news no longer. But you will give me the confirming particulars."

Captain Cannonby looked as if he did not understand. "Unpleasant news?" he repeated.

"I speak"—and Lionel lowered his voice—"of Frederick Massingbird. You know, probably,

what I would ask. How long have you been cognisant of these unhappy facts?"

"I declare, Mr. Verner, I don't know what you mean," was Captain Cannonby's answer, given in a hearty tone. "To what do you allude?"

Lionel paused. Was it possible that he—Captain Cannonby—was in ignorance? "Tell me one thing," he said. "Your brother mentioned that you had heard, as he believed, some news connected with me and—and my wife, in Paris, which had caused you to hurry home, and come down to Verner's Pride. What was that news?"

"The news I heard was, that Mrs. Massingbird had become Mrs. Verner. I had intended to find her out when I got to Europe, if only to apologise for my negligence in not giving her news of John Massingbird or his property—which news I could never gather for myself—but I did not know precisely where she might be. I heard in Paris that she had married you, and was living at Verner's Pride."

Lionel drew a long breath.

"And that was all?"

"That was all."

Then he was in ignorance of it! But, to keep him in ignorance was impossible. Lionel must ask confirmation or non-confirmation of the death. With low voice and rapid speech he mentioned the fears and the facts. Captain Cannonby gathered them in, withdrew his arm from Lionel's, and stood staring at him.

"Fred Massingbird alive, and come back to England!" he uttered, in bewildered wonder.

"We cannot think otherwise," replied Lionel.

"Then, Mr. Verner, I tell you that it cannot be. It cannot be, you understand. I saw him die. I saw him laid in the grave."

They had not walked on. They stood there, looking at each other, absorbed in themselves, oblivious to the attention that might be fixed on them from any stray passers-by. At that moment there were no passers-by to fix it: the bustle of Deerham only began with the houses, and, those, they had not yet reached.

"I would give all my future life to believe you," earnestly spoke Lionel; "to believe that there can be no mistake. For my wife's sake."

"There is no mistake," reiterated Captain Cannonby. "I saw him dead; I saw him buried. A parson, in the company halting there, read the burial service over him."

"You may have buried him, fancying he was dead," suggested Lionel, giving utterance to some of the wild thoughts of his imaginings. "And—forgive me for bringing forward such pictures—the mistake may have been discovered in time—and—"

"It could not be," interrupted Captain Cannonby. "I am quite certain he was dead. Let us allow, if you will, for argument's sake, that he was not dead when he was put into the ground. Five minutes' lying there, with the weight of earth upon him, would have effectually destroyed life; had any been left in him to destroy. There was no coffin, you must remember."

"No!"

"Parties to the gold-fields don't carry a supply of coffins with them. If death occurs *en route*, it

has to be provided for in the simplest and most practical form. At least, I can answer that such was the case with regard to Fred Massingbird. He was buried in the clothes he wore when he died."

Lionel was lost in abstraction.

"He died at early dawn, just as the sun burst out to illumine the heavens, and at mid-day he was buried," continued Captain Cannonby. "I saw him buried. I saw the earth shovelled in upon him; nay, I helped to shovel it. I left him there; we all left him, covered over; at rest, for good, in this world. Mr. Verner, dismiss this great fear; rely upon it that he was, and is, dead."

"I wish I could rely upon it!" spoke Lionel. "The fear, I may say the certainty, has been so unequivocally impressed upon my belief, that a doubt must remain until it is explained who walks about, bearing his outward appearance. He was a very remarkable-looking man, you know. The black mark on his cheek alone would render him so."

"And that black mark is visible upon the cheek of the person who is seen at night?"

"Conspicuously so. This ghost—as it is taken for—has nearly frightened one or two lives away. It is very strange."

"Can it be anybody got up to personate Fred Massingbird?"

"Unless it be himself, that is the most feasible interpretation," observed Lionel. "But it does not alter the mystery. It is not only in the face and the black mark that the likeness is discernible, but in the figure also. In fact, in all points this man bears the greatest resemblance to Frederick Massingbird,—at least, if the eyes of those who have seen him may be trusted. My own butler saw him last night; the man passed close before him, turning his face to him in the moment of passing. He says there can be no doubt that it is Frederick Massingbird."

Captain Cannonby felt a little staggered. "If it should turn out to be Frederick Massingbird, all I can say is, that I shall never believe anybody's dead again. It will be like an incident in a drama. I should next expect my old father would come to life, who has lain these twelve years past at Kensal Green Cemetery. Does Mrs. Verner know of this?"

"She does, unfortunately. She was told of it during my absence yesterday. I should have wished it kept from her, until we were at some certainty."

"Oh, come, Mr. Verner, take heart!" impulsively cried Captain Cannonby, all the improbabilities of the case striking forcibly upon him. "The thing is not possible; it is not indeed."

"At any rate your testimony will be so much comfort for my wife," returned Lionel, gladly. "It has comforted me. If my fears are not entirely dispelled, there's something done towards it."

Arrived at the Belvedere Road, Lionel looked about for his carriage. He could not see it. At that moment Jan turned out of the surgery. Lionel asked him if he had seen Sibylla.

"She is gone home," replied Jan. "She and

Miss Deb split upon some rock, and Sibylla got into her carriage, and went off in anger."

He was walking away, with his usual rapid strides on his way to some patient, when Lionel caught hold of him. "Jan, this is Captain Cannonby. The friend who was with Frederick Massingbird when he died. He assures me that he is dead. Dead and buried. My brother, Captain Cannonby."

"There cannot be a doubt of it," said Captain Cannonby, alluding to the death. "I saw him die; I helped to bury him."

"Then who is it that walks about, dressed up as his ghost?" debated Jan.

"I cannot tell," said Lionel, a severe expression arising to his lips. I begin to think with Captain Cannonby; that there can be no doubt that Frederick Massingbird is dead; therefore, he, it is not. But that it would be undesirable, for my wife's sake, to make this doubt public, I would have every house in the place searched. Whoever it may be, he is concealed in one of them."

"Little doubt of that," nodded Jan. "I'll pounce upon him, if I get the chance."

Lionel and Captain Cannonby continued their way to Verner's Pride. The revived hope, in Lionel's mind, strengthened with every step they took. It did seem utterly impossible, looking at it from a practical, matter-of-fact point of view, that a man buried deep in the earth, and supposed to be dead before he was placed there, could come to life again.

"What a relief for Sibylla!" he involuntarily cried, drawing a long, relieved breath on his own score. "This must be just one of those cases, Captain Cannonby, when good Catholics, in the old days, made a vow to the Virgin, of so many valuable offerings, should the dread be removed, and turn out to have been no dread at all."

"Ay. I should like to be in at the upshot."

"I hope you will be. You must not run away from us immediately. Where's your luggage?"

Captain Cannonby laughed.

"Talk to a returned gold-digger of his 'luggage!' Mine consists of a hand portmanteau, and that is at the Golden Fleece. I can order it up here if you'd like me to stay with you a few days. I should enjoy some shooting beyond everything."

"That is settled then," said Lionel. "I will see that you have your portmanteau. Did you get rich at the Diggings?"

The captain shook his head.

"I might have made something, had I stuck at it. But I grew sick of it altogether. My brother, the doctor, makes a sight of money, and I can get what I want from him," was the candid confession.

Lionel smiled.

"These rich brothers in reserve are a terrible lag upon self-exertion. Here we are!" he added, as they turned in at the gates. "This is Verner's Pride."

"What a fine place!" exclaimed Captain Cannonby, bringing his steps to a halt as he gazed at it.

"Yes it is. Not a pleasant prospect, was it,

to contemplate the being turned out of it by a dead man."

"A dead— You do not mean to say that Frederick Massingbird—if in life—would be the owner of Verner's Pride?"

"Yes, he would be. I was its rightful heir, and why my uncle willed it away from me, to one who was no blood relation, has remained a mystery to this day. Frederick Massingbird succeeded, to my exclusion. I only came into it with his death."

Captain Cannonby appeared completely thunderstruck at the revelation.

"Why, then," he cried, after a pause, "this may supply the very motive-power that is wanted, for one to personate Fred Massingbird."

"Scarcely," replied Lionel. "No ghost, or seeming ghost, walking about in secret at night, could get Verner's Pride resigned to him. He must come forward in the broad face of day, and establish his identity by indisputable proof."

"True, true. Well, it is a curious tale! I should like, as I say, to witness the winding-up."

Lionel looked about for his wife. He could not find her. But few of their guests were in the rooms; they had dispersed somewhere or other. He went up to Sibylla's dressing-room, but she was not there. Mademoiselle Benoitte was coming along the corridor as he left it again.

"Do you know where your mistress is?" he asked.

"Mais certainement," responded Mademoiselle. "Monsieur will find Madame at the archerie."

He bent his steps to the targets. On the lawn, flitting amidst the other fair archers, in her dress of green and gold, was Sibylla. All traces of care had vanished from her face, her voice was of the merriest, her step of the fleetest, her laugh of the lightest. Truly Lionel marvelled. There flashed into his mind the grieving face of another, whom he had not long ago parted from; grieving for their woes. Better for his mind's peace that these contrasts had not been forced so continually upon him!

Could she, in some unaccountable manner, have heard the consoling news that Cannonby brought? In the first moment, he thought it must be so: in the next, he knew it to be impossible. Smothering down a sigh, he went forward, and drew her apart from the rest; choosing that covered walk where he had spoken to her a day or two previously, regarding Mrs. Duff's bill. Taking her hands in his, he stood before her, looking with a reassuring smile into her face.

"What will you give me for some good news, Sibylla?"

"What about?" she rejoined.

"Need you ask? There is one only point upon which news could greatly interest either of us just now. I have seen Cannonby. He is here, and—"

"Here! At Verner's Pride!" she interrupted. "Oh, I shall like to see Cannonby: to talk over old Australian times with him."

Who was to account for her capricious moods? Lionel remembered the evening, during the very moon not yet dark to the earth, when Sibylla had made a scene in the drawing-room, saying she

could not bear to hear the name of Cannonby, or to be reminded of the past days in Melbourne. She was turning to fly to the house, but Lionel caught her.

"Wait, wait, Sibylla! Will you not hear the good tidings I have for you? Cannonby says there cannot be a doubt that Frederick Massingbird is dead. He left him dead and buried; as he told you in Melbourne. We have been terrified and pained—I trust—for nothing."

"Lionel, look here," said she, receiving the assurance in the same equable manner that she might have heard him assert it was a fine day, or a wet one, "I have been making up my mind not to let this bother worry me. That wretched old maid Deborah went on to me with such rubbish this morning about leaving you, about leaving Verner's Pride, that she vexed me to anger. I came home and cried; and Benoit found me lying upon the sofa; and when I told her what it was, she said, the best plan was, not to mind, to meet it with a laugh instead of tears—"

"Sibylla!" he interposed, in a tone of pain. "You surely did not make a confidant of Benoit!"

"Of course I did," she answered, looking as if surprised at his question, his tone. "Why not? Benoit cheered me up, I can tell you, better than you do. 'What matter to cry?' she asked. 'If he does come back, you will still be the mistress of Verner's Pride.' And so I shall."

Lionel let go her hands. She sped off to the house, eager to find Captain Cannonby. He—her husband—leaned against the trunk of a tree, bitter mortification in his face, bitter humiliation in his heart. Was this the wife to whom he had bound himself for ever? Well could he echo in that moment Lady Verner's reiterated assertion, that she was not worthy of him. With a stifled sigh, that was more like a groan, he turned to follow her.

"Be still, be still!" he murmured, beating his hand upon his bosom, that he might still its pain. "Let me bear on, doing my duty by her always in love!"

That pretty Mrs. Jocelyn ran up to Lionel, and intercepted his path. Mrs. Jocelyn would have liked to intercept it more frequently than she did, if she had but received a little encouragement. She tried hard for it, but it never came. One habit, at any rate, Lionel Verner had not acquired, amid the many strange examples of an artificial age—that of not paying considerate respect, both in semblance and reality, to other men's wives.

"Oh, Mr. Verner, what a truant you are! You never come to pick up our arrows."

"Don't I?" said Lionel, with his courteous smile. "I will come presently if I can. I am in search of Mrs. Verner. She is gone in to welcome a friend who has arrived."

And Mrs. Jocelyn had to go back to the targets alone.

But it is necessary to turn for an instant to Jan Verner.

There was a good deal of sickness at present in Dierham: there generally was in the autumn season. Many a time did Jan wish he could be master of Verner's Pride just for twelve months,

or of any other "Pride" whose revenues were sufficient to remedy the evils existing in the poor dwellings: the ill accommodation, inside; the ill draining, out. Jan, had that desirable consummation arrived, would not have wasted time in thinking over it; he would have commenced the work in the same hour with his own hands. However, Jan, like most of us, had not to do with things as they might be, but with things as they were. The sickness was great, and Jan, in spite of his horse's help, was, as he often said, nearly worked off his legs.

He had been hastening to a patient when encountered by Lionel and Captain Cannonby. From that patient he had to hasten to others, in a succession of relays, as it were, all day long: sometimes his own legs in requisition, sometimes the horse's. About seven o'clock he got home to tea, at which Miss Deborah made him comfortable. Truth to say, Miss Deborah felt rather inclined to regard Jan as a son; to pet him as such. He had gone there a boy, and Miss Deb, though the years since had stolen on and on, had not allowed her ideas to keep pace with them. So do we cheat ourselves! There were times when a qualm of conscience came over Miss Deb. Not that she could alter it, poor thing! Remembering how hard Jan worked, and that her father took more than the lion's share of the profits, it appeared to her scarcely fair. All she could do was, to be as economical as possible, and to study Jan's comforts. Now and again she had been compelled to go to Jan for money, over and above the stipulated sum paid to her. Jan gave it as freely and readily as he would have filled Miss Amilly's glass pot with castor oil. But Deborah West knew that it came out of Jan's own pocket; and, to ask for it, went terribly against her feelings and her sense of justice.

The tea was over. But she took care of Jan's. Some nice tea, and toasted tea-cakes, and a plate of ham. Jan sat down by the fire, and, as Miss Deb said, took it in comfort. Truth to say, had Jan found only the remains of the tea-pot and stale bread-and-butter, he might have thought it comfortable enough for him: he would not have grumbled had he found nothing.

"Any fresh messages in, do you know, Miss Deb?" he inquired.

"Now do pray get your tea in peace, Mr. Jan, and don't worrit yourself over 'fresh messages,'" responded Miss Deb. "Master Cheese was called out to the surgery at tea-time, but I suppose it was nothing particular, for he was back again directly."

"Of course!" cried Jan. "He'd not lose his tea without a fight for it."

Jan finished his tea and departed to the surgery, catching sight of the coat-tails of Mr. Bitterworth's servant leaving it. Master Cheese was seated with the leech basin before him. It was filled with Orleans plums, of which he was eating with uncommon satisfaction. Liking variations of flavour in fruit, he occasionally diversified the plums with a large sour codlin apple, a dozen or so of which he had got stowed away in his trousers' pockets. Bob stood at a respectful distance, his eyes wandering to the tempting col-

lation, and his mouth watering. Amongst the apples Master Cheese had come upon one three parts eaten away by the grubs, and this he benevolently threw to Bob. Bob had disposed of it, and was now vainly longing for more.

"What did Bitterworth's man want?" inquired Jan of Master Cheese.

"The Missis is took bad again, he says," responded that gentleman, as distinctly as he could speak for the apples and the plums. "Croup, or something. Not as violent as it was before. Can wait."

"You had better go up at once," was Jan's reply.

Master Cheese was taken aback.

"I go up!" he uttered, pulling a face as long as his arm. "All that way! I had to go to Baker's and to Flint's between dinner and tea."

"And to how many Bakers and Flints do I have to go between dinner and tea?" retorted Jan. "You know what to give Mrs. Bitterworth. So, start."

Master Cheese felt aggrieved beyond everything. For one thing, it might be dangerous to leave those cherished plums in the leech basin, Bob being within arm's length of them: for another, Master Cheese liked his ease better than walking. He cast some imploring glances at Jan, but they produced no effect, so he had to get his hat. Vacillating between the toll that might be taken of the plums if he left them, and the damage to his hair if he took them, he finally decided on the latter course. Emptying the plums into his hat, he put it on his head. Jan was looking over what they termed the call-book.

"Miss Deb says you were called out at tea-time," observed Jan, as Master Cheese was departing. "Who was it?"

"Nobody but old Hook. The girl was worse."

"What! Alice? Why have you not got it down here?" pointing to the book.

"Oh, they are nobody," grumbled Master Cheese. "I wonder the paupers are not ashamed to come here to our faces, asking for attendance and physic! They know they'll never pay."

"That's my business," said Jan. "Did he say she was very ill?"

"Took dangerous, he said," returned Master Cheese. "Thought she'd not live the night out."

Indefatigable Jan put on his hat, and went out with Master Cheese. Master Cheese turned leisurely towards Mr. Bitterworth's; Jan cut across the road at a strapping pace, and took the nearest way to Hook's cottage. It led him past the retired spot where he and the Reverend Mr. Bourne had found Alice lying that former night.

Barely had Jan gained it when some tall, dark form came pushing through the trees at right angles, and was striding off to the distance. One single moment's indecision—for Jan was not sure at first in the uncertain light—and then he put his long legs to their utmost speed, bore down, and pinned the intruder.

"Now then!" said Jan. "Ghost or no ghost, who are you?"

He was answered by a laugh, and some joking words:

"Don't throttle me quite, Jan. Even a ghost can't stand that."

The tone of the laugh, the tone of the voice, fell upon Jan Verner's ears with the most intense astonishment. He peered into the speaker's face with his keen eyes, and gave vent to an exclamation. In spite of the whiskerless cheeks, the elaborate black mark, in spite of the strange likeness to his brother, Jan recognised the features, not of Frederick, but of John, Massingbird.

(To be continued.)

WELSH CUSTOMS AND SUPERSTITIONS.

ALAS for the old world stories and customs of our country side! They are fast being driven out by railways, steamboats, telegraphs, and such like innovations; so fast, that in a few years the very tradition of them will be gone out, and their place know them no more. Even Wales, so mountainous and difficult of enterprise, is gradually yielding to the pick and shovel of the navy, while rustics and shepherds in out-of-the-way valleys and moory uplands are becoming cognisant of excursion trains and time-tables, instead of the former once-a-year visit to the nearest town on fair-day. Can nothing be left alone? and must we always be vexing and fretting over experiments and inventions until every spot is changed, every nook and cranny laid open to the world? As yet, however, I know of some charming dells and villages, guarded by hills from the inquisitive eyes of tourists, which have remained stationary for very many years, and will continue to remain so, I imagine, for a few years longer, preserving their ancient usages of dress, their old superstitions, and perhaps their old simple ways, though these are generally the first to go, the more's the pity. Many Welsh customs and traditions are interesting enough to be worth keeping, and at all events may serve to show my readers to what manner of people they belonged. I think that customs are apt to die out sooner than superstitions or legends, for the reason that they are more dependent on the circumstances of the time for their being performed; a tradition may lie dormant and undisturbed in the minds of people for a long time, but a custom requires a state of action to prevent its lapsing into a thing of the past. A very pretty usage, which eventually died away (although it has been partially revived in some places), was that of the *Plygain*, which consisted in holding an early service on Christmas morning in the church, illuminated for the occasion. At four o'clock, a.m., the bells rang out merrily, and the singers proceeded to the parsonage to escort the vicar to the church porch, lighting up the road with their torches, and singing carols lustily. Crickhowell, in Breconshire, was noted for its *Plygain*, though it has been discontinued for some years, the vicar and inhabitants preferring their slumbers to the early service. It is, I believe, carried out as in days of yore in the parish of Llanover, in Monmouthshire, the Welsh character of which village is carefully kept up by Lady Llanover, an enthusiast in nationality and Welsh flannel. My readers who have visited that most charming of watering-

places, Tenby (and those who have not done so should speedily wipe away the reproach), may have heard or read in the "Archæologia Cambrensis" some of the graceful customs that prevailed in that place not so many years back. Early on the New Year's morning, crowds of boys and girls visited each house, carrying with them a cup of water and a sprig of box, with which they besprinkled not only the inmates, but also the furniture of the rooms, accompanying the operation with the following singular rhyme:

Here we bring new water from the well so clear,
For to worship God with, this happy new year;
Sing levy dew, sing levy dew, the water and the wine,
With seven bright gold wires, and bugles that do shine;
Sing reign of fair maid with gold upon her toe,
Open you the west door, and turn the old year go;
Sing reign of fair maid, with gold upon her chin,
Open you the east door and let the new year in.

There is a discussion as to the meaning of the term "levy dew," which looks like "levez Dieu," but which Welsh scholars pronounce to be a corruption of "llef i Dduw"—a cry to God. At all events, it is a pretty song, and surely better worth preserving than the stereotyped coarseness of

A pocket full of money,
And a cellar full of beer.

The May-day festivals were kept up with the usual accompaniment of garlands and may-poles, which, when erected, were obliged to be jealously watched, lest the inhabitants of the adjoining village or parish should lay violent hands on it. The same practice was common in Glamorganshire on Easter Monday, when a gaily decorated birch tree was hoisted up and watched for four days and nights, lest it should be stolen. Great was the triumph of that village which not only succeeded in keeping its pole intact, but also in exhibiting by its side the stolen property of its neighbour. One characteristic of the May festivals, which was, and indeed still is, prevalent amongst the northern nations, appears to have become obsolete from a very early period, viz., the Belting, or Belting-fires, identical with the Sun-fire of the Scotch, and the Beal-tane of the Irish. In both these countries the practice is in existence, though perhaps under a different name. But in Wales there is nothing of the sort which we can identify with them.

Social customs kept their footing longer than others, though, as civilisation was brought more into the heart of the country by intercourse with the "Sassenach," they lost ground in a corresponding ratio. The wedding custom of "bidding" still exists in some isolated parishes. As many of my readers are doubtlessly aware, it consisted in the happy couple bidding the invited to attend at their wedding, and then and there to present them with a donation of money or kind according to their means, it being an understood thing that such offerings were to be returned when the next occasion offered. Indeed, I have seen it stated, that the legal obligation to refund such gifts was once recognised by the Court of Sessions held at Cardiff.

The whole tenor of this novel "bidding prayer" is of a most commercial description:

"We are encouraged by our friends to make a Bidding on Tuesday, the 23rd inst., when your most agreeable company will be humbly solicited by your humble servants,
"THOMAS JONES,
"MARY PRICE."

"N.B. The young woman's father and mother, Thomas and Sarah Price, and her brothers and sisters, Benjamin, Watkin, Evan, Winifred and Sarah, desire that all gifts due of the above nature will be returned to the young woman on that day; and whatever donation you may be pleased to bestow on them will be warmly acknowledged and cheerfully repaid whenever called for on a similar occasion."

Horse-weddings were formerly much in vogue, and, about ten years ago, the practice was carried on at Devynnock, in Breconshire, when the well-mounted bride was pursued by pretty nigh all the parish, in the vain attempt to steal her away, somewhat after the fashion of the Tartar tribes. Of course she was caught only by her own intended, to whom she yielded a willing captive, and it is to be hoped that man and wife lived a happy and peaceable life together. Did they not do so, the episode of the "cefyl pren" became an unpleasant feature in their married career. Perhaps the misdemeanour was of a class which, in high life, would have involved the calling in the aid of Sir Cresswell to solve the difficulty; or perhaps it was only a simple case of *sevitia* upon the part of the lady, who, in the attempt to prove that the grey mare was the better horse, had dared to lay hands on her lord. In either case, an effigy of the principal offender was paraded about to the accompaniment of cleavers, whistles, and other hideous noises, and finally halted at the house of the guilty parties, when it was pelted, ducked, or otherwise maltreated. Indeed, in gross cases, a sort of Lynch-law was inflicted on the persons of the unfortunates, who, however, frequently deemed it most prudent to abscond before the *vox populi* made itself heard.

Funerals are great occasions in Wales—even greater than weddings—because there is an excitement of grief which, I believe, is often the most acceptable form of excitement to the female population, of which the greater number of funeral-goers are composed.

No invitation is required, but the fact of being an acquaintance or neighbour is quite sufficient; consequently the burial of a popular character, especially if he be a person of mark in the dissenting ranks, is generally attended by an enormous crowd.

There is no "keening" as in the sister isle, but its place is taken by singing, in which the whole train lustily join. If the deceased is well off, there is the additional inducement of the funeral baked meats, which are dispensed previous to starting, in the shape of spiced-ale and a cake, made in a particular way, for the occasion.

While on the subject of deaths, I must mention a singular superstitious custom which lingered, not very long ago, in some of the secluded mountain-vales of Carmarthenshire.

When a person died, his friends sent for the sineater of the district, who, for the small sum of

half-a-crown, actually took upon himself the sins of the deceased, by the simple process of eating them. The plan of operations was this: A loaf of bread was provided, which the sin-eater first placed upon the dead person's chest, then muttered some incantations over it, finally eating it. Will it be credited that he was believed to have taken from the defunct the heavy weight of his sins, and to appropriate them to himself, for which act of kindness he was regarded by everybody as a tabooed outcast? Indeed, immediately after the ceremony was finished, and he had received his pay, he vanished in double quick time, it being the usual custom for the friends to belabour him with sticks—if they could catch him.

Deaths are common subjects of superstitious lore in almost every county. Wales, not less than other places, rejoices in the belief of corpse candles, which, when seen by parties in good health, betoken, like the Banshee of the west, the death of one of the members of the family. In some cases, indeed, not only a corpse candle, but a whole spectral funeral has appeared to persons coming home late at night, in which they have been able to foretell, from seeing the name on the coffin plate, which of their friends or acquaintance would be the next subject. Of similar ominous import, though extending more to localities than persons, was the Cyhiraeth, which appears to have been a sound more than a sight. It was generally heard at night in degrees varying from a low murmur to the most piercing scream, which petrified with horror the villagers in their beds as it swept past. As the Cyhiraeth was most frequently heard in sea-side places, it was considered to portend a wreck, which, however, in those days, was anything but a dispiriting prospect to the dwellers on the coast, who hoped to obtain good plunder thereby.

Before quitting the subject of Welsh usages, we must not omit to mention the Holy Wells, which are both numerous and important, although for one well in use and properly cared for, there are at least fifty desecrated, filled up, and comparatively unknown. We always find that the estimation in which they were held depended on two causes:—First, their medicinal virtues or properties; and, second, their character and associations. Of course, at one time or another, all the healing effects were based upon a superstitious foundation, and probably environed with superstitious rites; but it is an encouraging fact, that all these wells retain the patronage of the sick and infirm to this day, while those which were celebrated merely in connection with religion have lost their prestige, and in nine cases out of ten retain only the legend. First and foremost of Welsh wells is that of St. Winifred, at Holywell, in Flintshire, celebrated as much for the exquisite perpendicular building within which it is enshrined, as for the marvellous properties of the water, proofs of which are plentiful in the forest of sticks, crutches, and other kinds of votive offerings which have been deposited in the fretwork of the roof and pillars. There is really so much that is curious about this well, that apart from the legend, we cannot wonder that a large amount of the supernatural clung to it. The enor-

mous quantity of water that bubbles up, viz., 100 tons a minute, the colouring of the stones by the red moss, attributed to the blood of the saint, the singular fact that although intensely cold, the water never freezes, are all features worth notice in themselves. It was invested with other properties in times of yore, as Drayton gravely informs us that no animal would drown when thrown in—

Shee strongly beares it up, not suffering it to sink.

St. Gowan's Well, in Pembrokeshire, is of a different class, although possessing medicinal claims, which are highly thought of by the neighbouring country folk. Here, however, it is not so much the water that acts as a specific as the red mud or clay from the adjoining rocks, which is made into a poultice, and thoroughly plastered round the invalid, who is then left to dry in the sun, while offering up prayers and vows to the patron saint. A well at Llandegla, in Denbighshire, was celebrated for its powers over epilepsy, but the mode of using the water was mixed up with a tremendous religious ceremony. First, the patient must wash himself in the well, then offer fourpence, and walk round it three times, reciting the Lord's Prayer. After this he must carry a cock in a basket, again repeating the Paternoster. Finally, he must offer sixpence more, enter the church, and sleep for the whole night under the communion table. Even after all this amount of energy, the disease is not supposed to be cured unless the cock fortunately happens to die, in which case the afflicted invalid may fairly congratulate himself on having transferred his fits to the bird. Many wells were popular for other or less amiable qualities, being generally known as cursing wells, at which persons, by paying a consideration to the attendant minister, could procure any amount of discomfort or harm to their enemy, in proportion to the fee bestowed. The name of the devoted individual was registered in a book, and a pin or pebble, with his initials inscribed thereon, thrown into the water. These are certainly not the customs which we would wish retained, for they are neither pleasant or useful, and must have engendered a fearful amount of hate and revenge.

But while we dismiss the customs, every owner of property on which a well is situated should endeavour to restore it to its former efficiency, for many reasons—first, as a memorial of bygone times, and (in many cases) of extremely beautiful Gothic architecture; and, secondly, even if the character of the water is not medicinal, and thereby a cheap remedy for many disorders, as being at all events an easy and practical commentary on the old text that "cleanliness is next to godliness."

G. P. B.

THE CHARLTON HUNT.

Few of the many ardent lovers of our great national sport are aware at what an early period fox-hunting began, or that the hounds, whose jaws had been reddened by the last tributary wolf paid for by King Edgar's wise law, were afterwards trained to the milder pursuit of the

wily fox. Year after year saw the wide forests resounding to the fox-hunter's horn; and Cavaliers and Roundheads forgot their animosities when they retired to their hunting-boxes, and became of one cloth when they met at the covert side.

Hamlets, the very site of which are now known only to the antiquary, once held a high position in the estimation of the sporting world, and it is to rescue one of the most famous of these forgotten spots from its obscurity that we have come before the public.

To the north of Goodwood racecourse, and in a low valley, embosomed by the loftiest of the South Downs, lies a little hamlet, "a tything in the parish of Singleton." Once the Melton of England, Charlton has outlived its fame; a fame which in the reckless roystering days when the Merrie Monarch spent his country's living after the characteristic manner described in a well-known parable, possessed spells potent enough to rivet the attractions of the Court itself, and induce the votaries of fashion to forego the ease and luxury of town for the manifold discomforts of a rural life.

To what happy circumstance Charlton owes its first selection as a hunting-place we cannot ascertain. Dalloway, the historian of Sussex, throws no light upon the subject, yet it must have attained considerable celebrity in the sixteenth century, as in 1658 we find the Duke of Monmouth installed as master, having for huntsman a Mr. Roper, well known in his day as a true sportsman.

Two things might have favoured the selection of Charlton by the duke. One was its proximity to Up Park, the property of his great friend and companion Lord Tankerville; the other, the affection displayed towards him by the citizens of Chichester, which at one time became so notorious as to incur his majesty's serious displeasure, that it required all the eloquence of their bishop, Dr. King, to appease the royal anger. Yet, popular as the unfortunate duke was in the district, it does not appear that any great demonstration was made in favour of his claim to the crown—although there can be no doubt that the Hunt Meetings at Charlton formed a regular hotbed for the intrigues of the time; and when the duke laid claim to the throne, the principal members of the hunt rallied round their master in a far different field than that they had so often met in at the foot of Leving Down.

In consequence of the defeat and disgrace of Monmouth, the hunt, for a time, sank into oblivion, only, however, to rise again in fresh glory when King William brought peace to the troubled land; and Roper, who had found a temporary refuge in France, was unanimously recalled, and given back his old command. William, who spared no pains to suit his humour to that of every man, finding it politic to become a fox-hunter, honoured Charlton by his presence, bringing with him his guest the Grand Duke of Tuscany; and it was during this royal gathering that the Duke of Devonshire performed the feat of riding over Leving Down at full gallop, and leaping a five-barred gate at the bottom; though if the five-barred gates of those days were anything

like that which now stands at the foot of the Down, our modern Nimrods would scarcely think such a performance worth a second thought.

The countenance shown to Charlton by King William appears to have roused the jealousy of the Duke of Somerset, and induced him to establish a rival pack at Petworth, then his princely seat. For a season or two open war went on. At last, victory declared in favour of the Charlton Hunt, his Grace of Somerset signed a treaty of peace, and joined packs.

Lord Tankerville for a time held the mastership of the united packs; but some dispute having arisen, he threw it up and left the hunt altogether, carrying with him half the pack, and a famous whip named Tom Johnson. Mr. Roper then ruled alone until his death, when the Duke of Bolton took the entire management, sparing neither time, trouble, nor money, in bringing the pack to perfection. Venus, however, vanquished Diana, and the voice of Lavinia Fenton (Polly Peachem) proving more seductive than that of the huntsman, his Grace threw down the reins of government.

The Duke of Richmond was then elected; but finding he could not attend so fully as was requisite to his duties (his position at the Court of George IV. requiring his frequent presence), he appointed Lord Delawar as sub-master. Not content with the accommodation at Charlton, new kennels were erected, the hounds removed to Goodwood, and finally presented to the king. Thus the glories of the Charlton hunt became a thing of the past.

Fox Hall, the temple and club of the hunt, was standing until a few years ago, when it was pulled down by the orders of the late Duke of Richmond. The origin of the name is uncertain; probably it was given in honour of the purpose for which the building was intended, and foxes' plates, brushes, and pads, formed the ornaments of the magnificent dining-room, which was handsomely panelled and floored with marble, the design being furnished by the first Duke of Grafton, and Lord Bolingbroke, sometimes called the Vitruvius of his day. Yet although this is the simplest solution, we cannot help thinking it might have been given in sarcastic allusion to Fox Hall on the Thames, which formed a favourite lounge and resort for the fashionable world during the reign of Charles, and has no small notoriety among the intrigues, both political and domestic, of the time. On one side of the hall, and still standing, is a tall, quaintly-shaped house, with a lofty room upon the second floor, in which the Duchesses of Bolton and Richmond held assemblies. In the middle of the village stands the palace of the Duke of St. Albans. It is now used as a farmhouse, though from its great size we felt inclined to pity the farmer doomed to such occupancy. Close to this house over-rose the staff and standard of the hunt—a green silk flag, with a gilt fox at full cry.

Although these are the only separate buildings now standing, and which existed in the days of the hunt, the remains of many are discernible among the cottages, rick yards, &c., having been dismantled to save the expense of bringing stone

from a distance, a practice (we were nearly saying sacrilegious) to which we owe the loss of some of the most interesting relics of the past.

A few years ago two curious old documents were found in a farmhouse in the neighbourhood, one containing a list of the members of the hunt in its palmiest days; the other an account, by an eye-witness, of the memorable run which gained the championship of the sporting world for Charlton. The list of names which we subjoin speaks for itself as to the fashionable pretensions of Charlton, and the "run," though scarcely intelligible, we fear, except to persons well acquainted with the locality, may still be interesting, especially as sportsmen from all parts of England have ridden over much the same ground from time to time with Lord Leconfield's (Colonel Wyndham's) hounds.

Members of the Charlton Hunt, with their weights,

entered at Fox Hall, February 14th, 1703 :—Duke of Richmond, 15st.; Earl of Albemarle, 12st. 5lb.; Earl of Tankerville, 11st.; Earl of Lifford, 12st.; Major-General Honeywood, 13st. 8lb.; Lord Nassau Powlet, 13st. 13lb.; Andrew Charlton, Esq., 10st. 2lb.; Ralph Jennison, 9st. 11lb.; Phillip Meadows, Esq., 11st.; Wm. Conolly, Esq., 11st. 8lb.; Captain Hopgood, 12st.; Sir Cecil Bishhopp, Bart., 9st. 8lb.; Edward Carrol, Esq., 11st. 11lb.; Thomas Strickland, Esq., 9st. 7lb.; Gaston Orme, Esq., 11st. 11lb.; Richard Honeywood, Esq., 11st. 11lb.; Sir Thomas Prendergast, Bart., 14st. 5lb.; Earl of Sunderland, 13st. 5lb.; Sir John Lumley, 10st. 2lb.; Earl Cowper, 13st.; Col. J. Hushe, 15st. 9lb.; Mr. Loftus, 11st. 11lb.; Sir Robert Gilford, Bart., 12st. 6lb.; Lord De la Warr, 16st. 8lb.; Lord Glenorchy, 10st. 10lb.; Brigr. Churchill, 13st. 7lb.; Stephen Fox, Esq., 8st. 7lb.; Henry Fox, Esq., 11st. 13lb.; Mr. St. Paul, 13st. 7lb.; Mr. Brompton, 20st. 3lb.

From the date of the above to that of 22nd



The Village of Charlton.

February, 1748, the following are added in the Charlton weighing book :

Lord Lovel; Thos. Miller, Esq.; W. Alsworth, Esq.; Ed. Brudenel; Mr. Kelsel; Mr. Goddard; Mich. Broughton, Esq.; Lord Dursley; Col. Hawley; Lord Harcourt; Barrington Goldsworthy, Esq.; Mr. Villers; Lord Borringdon; Dr. Disaquillers; Humphrey Brown; Lord March (24th Aug., 1738, 2st. 5lb., being only 8 years old); Hon. Th. Fielding; Lord James Cavendish; Lord Ossulston; Lord Ch. Fitzroy; Lord H. Beauclerk; Lord Harry Liddle; Sir John Miller; Thos. Horde, Esq.; Will. Fauquier; Hon. Mr. Stourton; Hon. Ch. Bentinck; Hon. Col. Legge; Hon. James Dormer; Duke of Kingston; Hon. G. Bennett; Sir Robert Smith; Thos. Strickland, Esq.; Capt. Shafton; Admiral Townsend; Capt. Carpenter; Lord Bury; the Hon. W. Keppel; Marquis of Hartington; Earl of Dalkeith; Earl of Lincoln; Earl of Kildare; Hon. Col. Waldegrave; Hon. Gen. Brudenel; Hon. John Boscawen; Sir William Corbett; Sir Mathew Fetherstone; Duke of Grafton; Percy Wyndham O'Brien, Esq.; Lord Robert Manners; Viscount Downe.

The following is a copy of the MS. found in the farm-house :—

A FULL AND IMPARTIAL ACCOUNT OF THE REMARKABLE CHACE AT CHARLTON,—Friday, 26th of January, 1738.—It has been long a matter of controversy in the hunting world, to which particular county, or set of men, the superiority of power belonged. Prejudice and partiality have the greatest share in their disputes, and every society their proper champion to assert their pre-eminence and bring home the trophies to their own country. Even Richmond Park has its Dymack. But, on Friday, the 26th of Jan., 1738, there was a decisive engagement on the plains of Sussex, which, after ten hours' struggle, has settled all further debates, and given the brush to the gentlemen of Charlton. Present on the morning :—The Duke of Richmond; Duchess of Richmond; Duke of St. Albans; Lord Viscount Harcourt; Lord Henry Beauclerk; Lord Ossulston; Sir Harry Liddle; Brigr. Henry Hawley; Ralph Jennison, Esq.; Edward Pauncfort, Esq.; Will. Fauquier, Esq.; Cornet Philip Honiwood; Richard Biddulph, Esq.; Charles Biddulph, Esq.; Mr. St. Paul; Mr.

Thompson, Mr. Rearman, and Mr. Johnson, Chichester; Tom Johnson (huntsman); Billy Ives (yeoman pricker to his Majesty's hounds); David Briggs and Jim Ives (whips).

At a quarter before eight in the morning the fox was found in East Dean Wood, and ran an hour in that covert, then into the forest, up to Puntice Coppice, through Herring Dean to the Marlows, up to Coney Coppice, back through the Marlows to the Forest Westgate, over the fields to Nightingale Bottom, to Cobdens at Drought, up his Pine Pit Hanger (where his Grace of St. Albans got a fall). Through my Lady Tewkner's Puttocks and missed the earth, through West Dean Wood, to the Corner of Cellars Down (where Lord Harcourt blew his first horse). Crossed the Hacking Place, down the length of Coney Coppice, through the Marlows to Herring Dean, into the Forest and Puntice Coppice, East Dean Wood, the Lower Tegleaze, across by Cocking course, down between Graffham and Wolavington, through Mr. Orme's park and paddock, over the heath to Fielder's Furzes, over Todham Heath, almost to Cowdray Park, there turned to the limekiln at the end of Cocking Causeway, through Cocking Park and Furzes, there crossed the road and up the hills between Bepton and Cocking.

Here the unfortunate Lord Harcourt's second horse felt the effects of long legs and a sudden steep; the best thing that belonged to him was his saddle, which my lord had secured, but by bleeding and Geneva (contrary to act of Parliament) he recovered, and with some difficulty got home. And here Mr. Fauquier's humanity claims your regard, who kindly sympathised with my lord in his misfortunes, and had not power to go beyond him.

At the bottom of Cocking Warren the hounds turned to the left across the road, by the barn near Herring Dean, then took the north gate of the Forest (here General Hawley thought it prudent to change his horse for a true blue that stayed up the hills; Billy Ives also took a horse of Sir Harry Liddle's), went quite through the forest, and run the foil through Nightingale Bottom to Cobdens at Drought, up the Pit Hanger to Lady Lewkner's Puttocks, through every mews she went through in the morning, through the warren above West Dean (where we dropt Sir Harry), down to Binderton Farm (here Lord Harry Beauclerk sunk), through Goodwood Park (here the Duke of Richmond chose to send three lame horses back to Charlton, and took *Saucy-face* and *Sir William*, that were luckily at Goodwood; from thence at a distance Lord Harry was seen driving his horse before him to Charlton).

The hounds went out at the upper side of the park, across Strettsington road, by Sealy Coppice (where his Grace of Richmond got a summerset), through Halnaker Park, over Halnaker Hill, to Seabeach Farm.

At this point the master of the staghounds (Mr. Jennison), Cornet Honiwood, Tom Johnson, and Jim Ives, were thoroughly satisfied.

The hounds went on up Long Down, through Eartham Common Fields and Kemp's High Wood,

where Billy Ives tired his second horse, and took *Sir William*, and the Duke of St. Albans, having no greatcoat, returned to Charlton.

From Kemp's High Wood, the hounds took away through Gunworth Warren, Kemp's rough piece, over Slindon Down to Madehurst Parsonage (where Billy came in with them), over Poor Down to Midhurst, then down to Haughton Forest (where his Grace of Richmond, General Hawley, and Mr. Pauncfort came in, the latter, however, to little purpose, for beyond the Ruel Hill neither he nor his horse cared to go, so returned to his impatient friends), from thence up the Ruel Hill, left Sherwood on the right hand, crossed Ofham Hill to Southwood, from thence to South Stoke, to the wall of Arundel river, where the glorious twenty-three hounds ran into their fox, and put an end to the campaign ten minutes before six. His Grace of Richmond, Billy Ives, and General Hawley, were the only persons in at the death, to the immortal honour of seventeen stone, and at least as many campaigns.

I. FENTON.

THE THREE ELECTORS.

(A FAVOURITE ANECDOTE OF LUTHER'S.)

THREE princes at the Diet met,

The one was Pfalzgrave of the Rhine,

The second, Lord of Saxony,

The third was of the Nassau line:

And at the twelfth hour of the night,

When deepest grew the revelry,

Over the glasses and the dice,

They came to words both loud and high.

First leaped the Pfalzgrave up, and said,

"You see my country on the Rhine,

Its castled crags, its miles on miles

Of precious purple-laden vine,

Its sloping meadows, seas of corn,

Its mills, its orchards on each hand,

Its clustered villages and spires—

Say, is not mine the fairest land?

But then the lord of Saxony

Rose and rebuked his brother knight,

And cried, "My brother, boast not so!

As sunshine is to the dark night,

So are our Saxon hills to yours;

For ours with silver caverns shine,

While your mere slopes of stone and clay

Glow only with the peasant's vine."

Then Nassau, last, so calm and grave,

Stirred not, but said, "I boast no mine,

My hills know but the herdsman's huts,

And wear no crown of fruited vine;

But where I dwell, I dwell at peace,

In loneliest cabins dare to sleep;

My crown, hung on a tree, is safe,

For me no trembling children weep."

The nobles sate with bonnets slouched,

A golden medal bound each plume,

The flagons shone beneath the lights

In that old panelled tavern-room;

And when Nassau had ceased to speak,

The others rose with generous glee,

And, clasping hands, cried out aloud,

"His is the best of all the three!"

T. W.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.



(See page 647.)

. See remarks prefixed to the first of these papers, page 617. *

SECTION II.

1. Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.

WE now come to that portion of Mrs. Anderton's* history which embraces the period between her marriage and the commencement of her last illness. For this I have been compelled to have recourse to various quarters. The information thus afforded is very complete, and taken in conjunction with what we have already seen in Miss B——'s correspondence of the previous life of this unfortunate lady, throws considerable light upon two important points to be hereafter noticed. The depositions, however, unavoidably run to a greater length than at this stage of the proceedings, their bearing on the main points of the case would render necessary, and I have therefore condensed them for your use in the following memorandum. Any portion, not sufficiently clear, may be elucidated by a reference to the originals enclosed.

Mr. Anderton was a gentleman of good origin, closely connected with some of the first families in Yorkshire, where he had formed the acquaintance of Miss Boleton, while staying at the house of her great

* The late Miss Boleton.

aunt, Miss B——. He appears to have been of a most gentle and amiable disposition, though unfortunately so shy and retiring as to have formed comparatively very few intimacies. All, however, who could be numbered among his acquaintance seem to have been equally astonished at the charge brought against him on the death of his wife, with whom he was always supposed, though from his retired habits little was positively known, to have lived upon terms of the most perfect felicity. As the event proved, the case would in effect never have come on for trial; but, had it done so, the defence would have brought forward overwhelming evidence of the incredibility of such a crime on the part of one of so gentle and affectionate a disposition.

During the four years and a-half of their married life there does not appear to have been a cloud upon their happiness. Mrs. Anderton's letters to her great aunt, Miss B—— (to whom I am indebted for almost the whole of the important information I have been able to collect respecting the family) are full of expressions of attachment to her husband and instances of his devotion to her. Copies of several of these letters are enclosed, and from

these it will be seen how unvarying was their attachment to each other. Throughout the entire series, extending over the whole period of her married life, there is not a single expression which could lead to any other conclusion.

It is, however, evident that the delicate health with which Mrs. Anderton had been afflicted from her birth, still continued, and in two instances we have indications of the same mysterious attacks noticed in the letter of Mrs. Vansittart, before quoted. These, however, appear to have been but very slight. They had for some years been of more and more rare occurrence, and from this date, (October, 1852), we have no further record of anything of the kind. Still Mrs. Anderton's general health continued very unsatisfactory, and almost everything seems to have been tried by her for its improvement. Among the enclosed correspondence are letters dated from Baden, Ems, Lucca, Cairo, and other places to which the Andertons had, at different times, gone for the health of one or other, Mr. Anderton being also, as stated in Mrs. Ward's letter of the 14th June, 1851,* extremely delicate.

Of this gentleman all accounts agree in stating that the chief ailment was a constitutional nervousness, mental as well as physical. The latter showed itself in the facility with which, though by no means deficient in courage, he could be startled by any sudden occurrence however simple; the former, in his extreme sensitiveness to the opinions of those about him, and his dread of the slightest shadow of reproach on the name of which he was so justly proud. In the accompanying documents you will find instances of both these idiosyncrasies.

In the summer of 1854 Mr. Anderton's attention seems to have been drawn to the subject of Mesmerism. They had been spending some weeks at Malvern, where this science seems particularly in vogue, and had there made acquaintance with several of the patients at the different water-cure establishments, by some of whom Mr. Anderton was strongly urged to have recourse to mesmeric treatment both for Mrs. Anderton and himself.

The constant solicitations of these enthusiastic friends seem at length to have produced their effect, and the favourite operator of the neighbourhood was requested to try his skill on these new patients. On Mr. Anderton the only result seems to have been the inducing of such a state of irritation as might not unreasonably have been expected from so nervously excitable a temperament, in presence of the "manipulations" to which the votaries of mesmerism are subjected. In the case of Mrs. Anderton, however, the result was, or was supposed to be, different. Whether from some natural cause that, at the time, escaped attention, or whether solely from that force of imagination from which such surprising results are often found to arise, I cannot of course say; but it is certain that some short time after the mesmeric "séances" had commenced, a decided though slight improvement was perceptible. This continued until the departure of the operator for Germany, which country he had only recently left on a short visit to England.

Notwithstanding the worse than failure in his own case, the certainly curious coincidence of his

wife's recovery seems to have entirely imposed on Mr. Anderton, whose susceptibility of disposition appears indeed to have laid him especially open to the practices of quacks of every kind. So great was now his faith in this new remedy that he actually proposed to accompany the Professor to Germany rather than that his wife should lose the benefit of the accustomed "manipulations." He had proceeded to London, for the purpose of making the necessary preparations, when he was induced to pause by the remonstrances of several of his friends, who represented to him that a winter in the severe climate of Dresden—the place to which the Professor was bound—would probably be fatal to one of Mrs. Anderton's delicate constitution.

His medical adviser also, though himself professing belief in mesmerism, gave a similar opinion, while at the same time he obviated the difficulty respecting the mesmeric treatment of Mrs. Anderton, by offering an introduction to "one of the most powerful mesmerists in Europe," who had recently arrived in London, and who eventually proved to be the so-styled Baron R**.

This introduction appears to have finally decided Mr. Anderton against the Dresden expedition; and, after a brief experience of his manipulations, Mrs. Anderton herself seems to have derived, in imagination at least, more benefit from them than even from those of her late attendant. So thoroughly were they both impressed with the beneficial results of the Baron's "passes," &c., that Mr. Anderton, who had now resolved to settle in London for the autumn and winter, went so far as to take a ready-furnished house at Notting Hill, for the express purpose of having his new professor in his immediate neighbourhood. Here the *séances* were continued often twice or three times a day, and though, of course, no one in his senses could really attribute such a result to the exercises of the Baron, it is certain that, from some cause or other, the health of Mrs. Anderton continued steadily to improve.

Matters had continued in this position for some weeks, when objections were raised by some of Mr. Anderton's relations to what they not unnaturally considered the very questionable propriety of the proceeding. There seems to have been a good deal of discussion on this point in which, however, Mr. Anderton's constitutional susceptibility finally carried the day against his newly conceived predilections with respect to a practice so obviously calculated to expose him to unpleasant comment. The Baron, however, was not disposed so easily to relinquish a patient from whom he derived such large and regular profits. On being made acquainted with the decision respecting the cessation of his visits, he at once declared that his own direct manipulations were unnecessary, and that, if considered improper for one of the opposite sex, they could easily be made available at second-hand.

Having once swallowed the original imposition, any additional absurdity was of course easily disposed of, and it was now determined to avoid all occasion for offence; Mrs. Anderton should henceforth be operated upon through the medium of a certain Mademoiselle Rosalie, a *clairvoyante*

* Section I. No. 12.

in the employment of the Baron, who, after being placed "*en rapport*" with the patient, was to convey to her the benefit of the manipulations to which she was herself subjected by the operator.

Into the precise *modus operandi* I need not now enter, but will only remark upon the fresh instance of the extraordinary powers of imagination displayed in the still more rapid improvement of Mrs. Anderton under this new form of treatment, and the marvellous "sympathy" so rapidly induced between her and the Baron's "medium."

Mademoiselle Rosalie was a brunette rather below the medium height, with a slight but beautifully proportioned and active figure, sallow complexion, and dark hair and eyes. The only fault a *connoisseur* would probably find with her person would be the extreme breadth of her feet, though this might perhaps be accounted for by her former occupation, to be noticed later on. It is necessary for our purpose that this peculiarity should be kept in mind. In appearance she was at that time about thirty years old, but might very possibly have been younger, as the nature of her profession would probably entail a premature appearance of age. Altogether she formed a remarkable contrast to Mrs. Anderton, who was slight but tall, and very fair, with remarkably small feet, and notwithstanding her ill-health, still looking a year or two less than her age. Between these very different persons, however, if we are to credit the enclosed letters, such a "sympathy" sprang up as would, on all ordinary hypotheses, be perfectly unaccountable. Mrs. Anderton could feel—or imagined that she felt—the approach of Mademoiselle Rosalie even before she entered the room; the mere touch of her hand seemed to afford immediate benefit, and within a very few weeks she became perfectly convalescent, and stronger than she had ever been before.

At this point I must again refer you to the dispositions themselves, that of Mr. Morton, which here follows, being of too much importance to admit of condensation.

2. Statement of Frederick Morton, Esq., late Lieutenant, R.A.

My name is Frederick George Morton. In 1854, I was a lieutenant in the Royal Artillery, and was slightly wounded at the battle of Inkermann, on the 5th of November of that year, the day after my arrival in the Crimea. It was before joining the battery to which I was appointed. I have since quitted the service, on the death of my father, and am now residing with my mother at Leeds. I was an old school friend of the late Mr. William Anderton, and knew him intimately for nearly fifteen years. I was present at his marriage with Miss Boleton, in August, 1851, and have since frequently visited at their house. During the time I was at Woolwich Academy, I spent every leave-out day with them, and frequently a good portion of the vacations. My father encouraged the intimacy, and I was as much at home in their house as in our own. My father was junior partner of one of the large

manufacturing firms in Leeds. The Andertons generally lived in London, when they were not abroad; and on one occasion I went with them to Wiesbaden. I saw very little of them in 1854, as they were away the earlier part of the year, first at Ilfracombe, and then at Malvern, but I spent the 13th of October with them. I particularly remember the date, as I was on my way to the Crimea, where I was afterwards wounded, and the order had come very suddenly. When it came I had just gone to a friend's house for some pheasant-shooting, and I remember I was obliged to leave the second morning, and I spent the night at Anderton's, and embarked the next morning. I was to have gone for the first, but could not get away, and I lost the shooting altogether. It was on a Saturday that I embarked, because I remember we had church parade next day. That was the last time I saw Anderton. I was in Italy all that winter with my wound and rheumatic fever; and in the summer of 1855 I was sent for to my father, who was ill for several months before he died, and after that I could not leave my mother. We only took in a weekly paper, and I did not hear of his having been taken up till three or four days after. I started to see him immediately, but was too late. It was not on account of any quarrel that we had not met. Quite the reverse. We were as good friends as ever to the last, and I would have given my life to serve him. I was on the most friendly terms with Mrs. Anderton. He was dotingly fond of her. I used to laugh, and say I was jealous of her, and they used to laugh too. I never saw two people so fond of one another. He was the best and kindest-hearted fellow I ever knew, only awfully nervous, and very sensitive about his family and his name. The only time we ever quarrelled was once at school, when I tried to chaff him by pretending to doubt something he had said: it made him quite ill. He often said he would rather die than have any stain upon his name, which he was very proud of. On the day I speak of—13th October, 1854—I telegraphed to them at Notting Hill that I would dine and sleep there on my way out. I found Mrs. Anderton better than I had ever seen her before. She said it was all Baron R's doing, and that since Rosalie came she had got well faster than ever. She wanted to put off the Baron for that night, that we might have a quiet talk, but I would not let her; and, besides, I wanted to see him and Rosalie. They came at about nine o'clock, and Mrs. Anderton lay on the sofa, and Rosalie sat on a chair by her side, and held her hand while the Baron sent her to sleep. It was Rosalie he put to sleep, not Mrs. Anderton. The latter did not go to sleep, but lay quite still on the sofa, while Anderton and I sat together at the farther end of the room, because he said we might "cross the memeric fluid." I don't know what he meant. Of course I know that it was all nonsense; but I don't think Rosalie was shamming. I should go to sleep myself, if a man went on that way. When it was over, Mrs. Anderton said she felt much better, and I couldn't help laughing; then Anderton sent her up to bed, and he and I and the Baron sat talking for an

hour and more. I never saw Mrs. Anderton again, for I went away before she was up, but I used to hear of her from Anderton. What we talked of after she was gone was mesmerism. Of course I did not believe in it, and I said so; and Anderton and the Baron tried to persuade me it was true. We were smoking, but Rosalie was there, and said she did not mind it. She always seemed to say whatever the Baron wanted, but I don't think she liked him. She did not join in the conversation. She said—or at least the Baron said—she could not speak English, but I am quite sure she must have understood it, or at all events a good deal. I have learned German, and sometimes I said something to her, and she answered; and once I saw her look up so quickly when Anderton said something about "Julie," and the Baron said directly, in German, "not your Julie, child." I asked her, as she was going away, who Julie was, and she had just told me that she was her great friend, and a dancing girl, when the Baron gave her a look, and she stopped. That was as they were leaving. Before that, Rosalie was doing crochets, and we three were talking about mesmerism. They tried to make me believe it, and the Baron was telling all sorts of stories about a wonderful *clairvoyante*. That was his Julie, not Rosalie's. Of course I laughed at it all, and then they got talking about sympathies, and what a wonderful sympathy there was between twins, and the Baron told some more extraordinary stories. And when I wouldn't believe it, Anderton got quite vexed, and reminded me about the twin sister his wife had had, and who had been stolen by gipsies. And then the Baron asked him about it, and he told him the whole story, only making him promise not to tell it again, because they were afraid of her being reminded of it, and that was why it was never spoken of. The Baron seemed quite interested, and drew his chair close in between us. We were speaking low, that Rosalie might not hear. I remember the Baron said it was so curious he must take a note of it, and he wrote it all down in his pocket-book. He took down the dates, and all about it. He was very particular about the dates. I am sure Rosalie could have heard nothing of all this; not even if she had understood English. We had gone to the window, and were too far off. Besides, we spoke low. Afterwards the Baron seemed thoughtful, and did not speak for some time. Anderton and I got to mesmerism again, and he got a number of some magazine—the "Zoist," or something of that sort—to prove to me something. He read me some wonderful story about eating by deputy, and when I would not believe it, he called the Baron and asked if it was not true, and he said perfectly, he had known it himself. He started when Anderton spoke to him, as if he had been thinking of something else, and he had to repeat it again. I know it was something about eating by deputy, because afterwards, when I was wounded and had the fever, I used to think of it and wish I could take physic that way. You will find it in the "Zoist" for that month—October, 1854.* I remember

saying at the time, that it was lucky for the young woman that the fellow didn't eat anything unwholesome, and Anderton laughed at it. The Baron did not laugh. He stood for ever so long without saying a word, and looking quite odd. I thought that I had offended him by laughing. Anderton spoke to him, and he jumped again, and I saw this time he had let his cigar out. I remember that, because he tried to light it again by mine, and his hand shook so he put mine out instead. He said he was cold, and shut the window. He would not have another cigar, but said he must go away, for it was late. Anderton and I sat smoking for some time. I tried to persuade him to give up mesmerism, and he said Mrs. Anderton was so well now, he thought she could do without it, and that she would give it up in a few weeks. I heard from him afterwards, in November, that the Baron had left town for some weeks. When I was ill at Scutari, after my wound, I wrote to ask him to meet me at Naples, and he started with Mrs. Anderton in December, but was stopped at Dover by Mrs. Anderton's illness. I have had several letters from him since, and am quite ready to give copies of them; all but the bits that are private. I have read over this statement, and it is all quite true. I am quite ready to swear to it in a court of justice, if required. I wish to add, that I am quite certain poor Anderton had nothing to do with his poor wife's death. I will swear to that.

3. Statement of Julie.*

"Manchester, 3 Aug., 1857.

"DEAR SIR,

"In compliance with your instructions of the 11th ult., I forward deposition of Julia Clark, alias Julie, alias Miss Montgomery, &c., at present of the Theatre Royal, duly attested.

"Dear Sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"WILLIAM SMITH."

"I am a dancer, and my name is Julia Clark: I have performed under the name of Julie, and other names. I am at present called Miss Montgomery. I knew the girl called Rosalie. She was my particular friend. We were for several years together in Signor Leopoldo's company. I forget how many. She did the tight-rope business, and had ten shillings a week and her keep. In our company she was called the 'Little Wonder.' Her real name was Charlotte Brown. She was about ten years old when I joined the company. I do not know her history. She did not know it herself. She often told me so. She would have told me if she did. She passed as the niece of old Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Brown was the money-taker. She took Lotty's money and found her in clothes. Lotty is Rosalie. Some of our ladies said she had been bought from a tramp. Of course I did not believe it. They said it out of spite. Lotty did the tight-rope business for about five years after I knew her. She was a beautiful figure, only her feet were very broad.† All tight-

* An extract from the magazine here quoted will be given later on in the case.

† The difficulty of tracing this witness, from the slight clue afforded by Mr. Morton's statement, occasioned considerable delay.
† Section II. No. 1.

rope dancers are. The rope spreads them. Otherwise her figure was perfect. She was nervous. Not very, but rather. She used to tremble before she went on. It was not from fear. She was ill sometimes. Not often. Sometimes she caught cold from sitting on the damp ground to undress when she was hot with dancing. She got stronger as she grew up. Sometimes she felt ill, and did not know why. She had had headaches. When she was in that way physic was no good, only brandy. Brandy took away the headaches. She used to drink brandy sometimes, but not like some of our ladies. I never saw her the worse for liquor. Her headaches were not from drinking. Certainly not. They came and went away again. Brandy took them away. I only know of once that she has been ill since she left the company. She wrote and told me of it. I have the letter still. It is not dated, but there was an extract from a newspaper in it about her which is dated some time in October, 1852.* The day of the month is cut off. She gave up the tight-rope business because of a fall. That was from being nervous. She was not drunk. She had not been drinking. She was nervous. A glass drop fell from the chandelier and frightened her. That was all. She was very much hurt. One foot was sprained, and the doctors at the hospital said she must never go on the wire again. She was two months there. When she came out the circus was shut up. The company was all dispersed except her and me and Mr. Rogers, and the gentleman who did the comic business. Mr. Rogers was Signor Leopoldo. He took a music-hall. I think it was in Liverpool. He got another singing lady and gentleman, and we gave entertainments. Every evening Mr. Rogers gave a short lecture on mesmerism, and Lotty was his subject. She was very clever at that. Of course she was not really asleep. One night she stopped in the middle. The manager was very angry. She tried to go on, but she fainted, and had to be carried off. She said some gentleman in the stalls had done it. Next morning the gentleman called and took her away. He gave the Signor 50*l*. He was the Baron R**. I knew it from Lotty. She has written to me several times. These are her letters. They are rubbed at the edges. It is from keeping them in my pocket. I do not think she ever left the Baron, but I do not know. The last letter I ever had from her was from his house. It was in the first week of November, 1854. I got it in Plymouth. It was the only week I was there before I went to Dublin for the pantomime. She said she was going to be married, but must not tell me who to just yet. I never heard from her since. I have written several times, but my letters have been returned. I have no idea who she married. It could not have been the Baron. She disliked him too much. She stayed with him because he paid her well. Partly that, and partly because she said she couldn't help doing what he told her. She said he really did mesmerise her, and that she could see in her sleep. She did not live with the Baron as his wife. Only as his medium. If she had she would have told me. I am quite sure she would. I am quite certain

* Section II. No. 1.

there was never any connection between her and the Baron except what I have said. Of course I cannot swear she did not marry him, but I should think it very unlikely. Why should she when she disliked him so much? All this is true. I believe Signor Leopoldo is now somewhere abroad.

(Signed) "JULIA CLARK, *alias* JULIE."

Read over to the deponent, and signed by her in the presence of William Burton, J. P.

2nd August, 1857.

4. Statement of Leopoldo.

N.B.—This statement was obtained with some difficulty, and only on an express promise of immunity from any legal proceeding, in respect of the deponent's relations with the girl Rosalie, *alias* Angelina Fitz Eustace, *alias* the "Little Wonder," *alias* Charlotte Brown. The statement was enclosed in the following note:

"Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, &c., &c., &c., presents his compliments to R. Henderson, Esq., and in consideration of the assurance that 'what is done cannot be now amended,' I have the honour to forward the required information, in confidence that you will not keep the word of promise to the ear and break it to the hope, and thus 'my simple truth shall be abused.'

"Sir, your most humble servant,

(Signed)

"THOMAS ROGERS."

Deposition of Signor Leopoldo, Tragedian; Professor of Fencing and Elocution; Equestrian, Gymnastic, and Funambulist Artiste; Sole Proprietor and Manager of the Great Olympian Circus, &c., &c., &c.

"I, Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, &c., &c., &c., do hereby depose and declare that the girl, Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the celebrated 'Little Wonder,' was transferred by me to my celebrated Olympian Company in the month of July, 1837, at Lewes, in the county of Sussex, where the celebrated Olympian Circus was at that time performing with great success and crowded houses. And this deponent further maketh oath and saith that I, the said Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, &c., &c., &c., did in consideration of the services of the said Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the celebrated Little Wonder, pay to a certain person or persons claiming to be the parent or parents of the said Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the celebrated Little Wonder, the sum of five pounds (5*l*.), which person or persons were of the tribe or tribes commonly known as gipsies or Egyptians. And this deponent furthermore maketh oath and saith that I, Signor Leopoldo, tragedian, &c., &c., &c., cannot tell whether the said Charlotte Brown, commonly known as the Little Wonder, was really the child of the person or persons, gipsy or gipsies aforesaid, or that her name was Charlotte Brown, or any other of the particulars hereinbefore stated and deposed, but only that her linen was marked C. B., which initials do set forth and represent the name of Charlotte Brown.

"Witness our hand and seal this 4th day of January, in the year of grace, one thousand eight hundred and fifty-eight.

(Signed)

"THOMAS ROGERS."

5. *Statement of Edward Morris, Clerk in the Will Office, Doctors' Commons.*

"My name is Edward Morris. I am a clerk in the Will Office at Doctors' Commons, and my duty is to assist those who wish to search wills deposited in our office. On the 14th October, 1854, Baron R** came to the office and searched in several wills. One was the will of a Mr. Wilson, copy of which is herewith enclosed. I remember this will particularly, because I had an altercation with the Baron respecting his wish to copy parts of it. He wished to make extracts, and I told him it was not allowed; only the date and the names of the executors. He persisted, and I said I must report it. He then laughed and said it did not matter, and he tapped his forehead and said he could make a note of it there. He read parts of the will over two or three times and gave it back to me. He then said, 'You shall see, my friend,' and laughed again, and he made me follow him while he repeated several pages of the will by rote. He laughed again when he had done, and asked if he might copy it now. I said no; and he laughed again, and wrote for some time in his note-book, looking up at me every now and then and laughing. I was angry, partly because he laughed, and partly because he kept me there when I wanted to get away. I had leave for a week to go to the Isle of Wight and see my aunt. I wanted to get there that night because the next day was my birthday. He made me miss the train, and as the next day was Sunday, I did not get there till late. That is how I remember the date. I am sure of the year because my aunt only went to the Isle of Wight the November previously, and died in the spring of 1855. I am quite sure it was the Baron. I should recognise him anywhere. He is a short, stout man, with a rather florid complexion and reddish hair, rather light. He has large fat hands, white and well kept, and an immense head. He dresses all in black, and wears large spectacles of light blue. I don't think it is because his eyes are weak. I am sure it is not; for when he takes off his spectacles I never saw such extraordinary eyes. I can't describe them, only that they are very large and bright. I never could look at them long enough to make out the colour, but they are very dark, I think black, and they put one out to look at them, otherwise there is nothing very remarkable about him. I recognised him that day from having seen him before at a mesmeric lecture, when I asked his name."

6. *Memorandum by Mr. Henderson.*

I enclose the will of which the following is an abstract:

"Mr. Wilson, of the firm of Price & Wilson, Calcutta, who died in 1825, leaves the sum of 25,375*l.* three per cent. consols, to his niece, Gertrude Wilson (afterwards Lady Bolton), and to her children, if any, or their heirs in regular succession, whether male or female. In default of any such heirs, the money to be made over to trustees selected by the Governor General of India for the time being, from among the leading merchants of Calcutta, for the purpose of founding, under cer-

tain restrictions, an institution among the hills for the children of those who could not afford to send them home to England."

The will also provides that should any female taking under it die during her coverture, the husband shall retain a life interest in the property.

(To be continued.)

SOCIAL ASPECT OF WASHINGTON BEFORE THE DISUNION.

A FANCY ball at Washington was right good fun. The costumes were so queer, the notions about Italian peasants, marquises, knights and crusaders, being of the most indefinite nature.

Characters in satirical novels were taken up, and well supported, especially by the women, who have in large measure the "gift of the gab." Their repartees were somewhat Elizabethan in freedom, but they had true wit none the less.

No one had greater command of withering sarcasm, or fired off more pungent jokes, than Mrs. Jefferson Davis. Tall and handsome, her flashing black eyes seemed destined to command, and the South, once free, will feel she owes at least half her triumph to the energy and character of the wife of the President.

Jefferson Davis did not mix much in general society; his health was delicate, his mind incessantly occupied on graver matters than the idle chit-chat of society, of which, doubtless, the cream was served up to him by his clever wife.

I am surprised to see the newspapers represent the Southern President as tall; he is merely of middle height, certainly shorter than his majestic partner, very sallow and fragile-looking, with the sight of one eye gone—but spirited, daring, and nervously energetic in his appearance.

Mason, Cass, and Crittenden were notable exceptions to the generality of politicians. Political life in the States involved so much that was utterly abhorrent to the mind of a refined and well-educated man, that the arena was too much abandoned to an inferior class, whose sensibility to honour was callous, and who cared not for upholding the dignity and integrity of the nation, so long as they could, in the general scramble which occurred every four years, secure some comfortable post for a friend or relation. The politicians are, therefore, no fair sample of the American gentleman. They are of all grades of society, have generally tried their hands in every profession, and been country lawyers, schoolmasters, and backwoodsmen, turn about. They are as self-sufficient as they are ignorant; violence in their speeches and vituperation against England make up in their own eyes, and those of their colleagues, for calm reasoning and enlightened views. England was invaluable political capital to them. Did any man dread his popularity waning in his own State, straight he poured forth in the Capitol a frantic harangue against the "Britishers," and all hearts were his again; that is to say, the hearts of the "rowdies," his supporters. Unaccustomed to the usages of polite

society, these gentlemen came to a dinner party with unwashed hands, uncombed locks, and in morning attire.

I shall never forget the *entrée* of two of them in a house where they were personally unknown. No. 1, marching up to the mistress of the house, said :

"Madam, let me introduce Mr. Taylor, a distinguished citizen of Alabama."

Then No. 2 took up the flattering tale, and taking his friend by the button-hole, presented him in turn.

"Madam, let me present my friend, Mr. Brown, the most distinguished citizen of New York."

The first attempts at conversation met with no other response than, "Yes, madam," "No, sir, *sir-ree*," until Catawba, or something more potent, unloosed their tongues. Much intellectual acquirement is rarely met with in this class, unless the representative happens to have been a school-master or lawyer, when his prolixity, and slow deliberation of speech, with its odd accentuations, so strange to the British ear, try the patience almost beyond endurance.

Money-making, which is the American business of life, attracts the youth of the nation very early from the colleges, where they have been waging war with their masters, and learning more insubordination than Greek or Latin. To coining the "almighty dollar," they devote themselves with all the restless energy of their natures, not disdaining means we should designate as dishonest; but which even sensible men laugh at there as "right smart." For example: One merchant in New York made an immense fortune by importing lead, at a time when a heavy import duty had to be paid on it. His "dodge" was this: the lead was run into coarse moulds of figures, and imported free of duty as "Works of Art." To commemorate his "smartness," he built a magnificent house, and adorned the porch with two of these splendid statues.

Manly exercises and sports are altogether despised, the keen sportsman is looked on with contempt as a "low fellow," and an American youth guesses he has "locomoted" enough for the day, by driving his spanking mare at the rate of ten miles an hour, along the fashionable promenade. There is certainly a sad degeneration in mind as well as body, since the days of General Washington. You often find in one family a grandfather courteous after the fashion of Sir Charles Grandison, while the grandson is bitter, rough, and bearish, or a servile imitator of a Parisian "*faît*."

They are, however, very kind husbands, and devoted fathers, though they by no means adhere to the precepts of King Solomon. So careful are they of the liberty of the young citizen, that frequently the rite of baptism is delayed, that the infant may not have his opinions, as it were, pledged to "Hard-shells," or "Soft-shells," without a right of judgment. Children really tyrannise over their parents, everything is in abeyance to their wills and wishes; the result is, that the American is never anything but a spoiled child. He never learns self-denial or self-control; he beats

his black nurse as a baby, fights the young "rowdies" and "plug-uglies" in the street, as a school-boy, and, as a man, kills his dearest friend with his bowie-knife, on some trivial difference of opinion, out of which a fierce war of words has arisen. Duels are every-day occurrences, a mere refusal to "liquor up at the bar," will give rise to one; indeed, a common formula is, "You liquor, or—I shoot." For life they have not the least concern, they are reckless as fatalists.

Among the military, those educated at West Point are the most accomplished and well-bred, though from recent events it may be questioned how far the college has produced a sufficiency of military talent. There never was in any war greater lack of good generals. How different might the annals of the struggle have been had General Scott been a younger man. In person he is the beau ideal of a great general, his stature is that of the sons of Anak, his fine handsome face, his calm, penetrating glance, and the dignity of his manner, made him the most distinguished person wherever he went. His prophetic letter to Mr. Seward, and his constant exertions to arrest the rage of factions, prove not only the vigour of his green old age, but the folly of the nation who could prefer as Presidents a Taylor and a Pierce.

As to church architecture the Americans are sadly wanting in taste and knowledge. The churches are frightful, either in the style of the fashionable chapels of Mayfair, or else exhibiting such wild ornamentation as would have maddened the soul of Pugin. The chancel of the church of the "Holy Trinity," the largest church at Washington, has a fresco painting on the blank wall behind the altar representing, with doubtful perspective, a long vista of Gothic arches, the building being itself Grecian if anything; while to add still more to the beauty of the edifice, the bells are suspended in a campanile, so heavy and so badly constructed that shortly after its completion it fell down with a great crash. It was a very curious sight to see the Saturday baptisms there. Saturday was reserved for adults, and generally fifteen or twenty middle-aged heathens might be seen standing round the font, the ladies having their minds evidently considerably distracted between their attention to the ceremony and their concern lest the holy water of baptism should injure their gorgeous apparel.

The Americans have wisely curtailed many of the services, especially that of marriage, which now rivals in curtness a Scotch wedding ceremony. The social customs attendant on a wedding in America have been for more than a century abandoned in England; therefore, though originally British, they have the charm of novelty to the English visitor in the States. The happy pair, on their return from church, must prepare for an influx, not only of friends and relations, but of every casual acquaintance, come by way of congratulating them, but in reality to criticise their appearance, to gossip, and to discuss cake, ice, and wine. This ordeal lasts not only the whole of the wedding-day, but generally extends over the two subsequent days, and would I think exhaust the

patience of any but an American, who naturally loves excitement, being made the object of comment, and being raised, though but temporarily, to some social eminence. To the visitor, if he be a man, the process is most trying; he is begged to sit down, one lovely bridesmaid offers him cake, another wine: all of these he must accept, and in the midst of his struggles to hold them, must balance his hat on his knees and make flattering speeches to the newly-married, a large piece of wedding-cake, tied up in white paper with satin ribbon, is brought to him, and he is begged to carry it off in memory of the happy occasion. Such a trying position is more than even British courage could face more than once in a lifetime. Excitement seems to be a necessary of life in the States. Every circumstance is made conducive to it, even a death is an occasion for a display of promiscuous sympathy, as annoying to the English as soothing to the American mind. From morning till evening a succession of visitors call to console, and on the day of the funeral the house is often so crowded that the near relations are unable to enter the "salons," but are compelled to remain up-stairs. Everyone, however slightly acquainted with the family, may enter the house, and see the locked coffin laid in state on the dining-room table, and look at the once familiar features through the oval glass put for that purpose in the lid of the coffin. Sometimes in the case of children the funeral is long delayed, and a loving mother will ask you *months* after her child's death, to look at her sweet Sally? and on your look of surprise and astonishment, will add quietly: "We take in an extra dime of ice and charcoal every day, and she is quite beautiful."

The Americans are by no means a devout nation; during church-service there is a constant going to and fro, and, coming out of church, the ladies have to run the gauntlet of the remarks of the men drawn up in double file from the church-porch to some considerable distance down the street. A confirmation is a most unseemly display of national character. It often takes place in the evening. The entrance of the church is crowded like that of a theatre; young men lounging, chewing, smoking and spitting, discuss the appearance of the candidates for the holy rite, as if they were actresses and ballet-dancers.

Of course, the next morning's papers contain full and particular accounts of the whole proceeding, with the most personal remarks about the confirmed.

The press is truly a nuisance in the States. The vulgarity of its tone, the coarse strictures in which it indulges on the most private affairs of life, the publicity it gives to every family detail of any exalted personage, are truly revolting. It is a matter of surprise to me that the sensible citizens who lamented over the pernicious effects of such a state of things, should have been too indolent to dispossess from the editorship of newspapers, the low Irish blackguards who brought such discredit on the nation, and fomented its worst traits—love of excitement and mean curiosity as to their neighbours' affairs.

The advertisements in the "Washington Star,"

and other daily papers, are often as amusing as original. The first thing that catches the eye, are the small, dusky-figures heading so many paragraphs, which duly describe the personal appearance of run-away slaves. Then, in immense type, you read:

"Who wants 20 undeniable dollars for 10? Apply to Messrs. Bully and Bluster, 3, Franklyn Street, Brooklyn."

Some muff sends ten dollars, and gets back twenty genuine ones. Encouraged by success he tries a larger venture, and is rewarded with a double or treble amount in false specie; being in the wrong himself he cannot hope to obtain redress from justice, so the inventor of the dodge lines his pockets comfortably, thanks to the credulity of his neighbour.

You are also informed of the momentous fact that

"Mr. Hazard Wigg declines housekeeping, and will dispose of a likely table-boy."

"A young lady wishes a situation as cook."

You answer the latter advertisement, having, unlike Mr. Hazard Wigg, "gone in for house-keeping," and a rough Irish girl answers your application in person; who, having readily adapted herself to the Yankee notions of liberty and equality, plumps herself down in the most comfortable-looking easy-chair, to interrogate you as to whether you will suit her as master or "boos," as she calls it. This word has evidently been handed down from the old Dutch settlers, who introduced many of their own customs and manners, and certainly influenced not a little the style of house-architecture. The plan of having no sunk story, but giving up the "basement" to the servants, and either passing through the offices or else ascending a steep outside flight of steps to the first flat, is the same as that still practised in Holland. The drawing-rooms are most dreary places, no books, work, or any evidences of daily occupation are to be seen,—it is a mere talking-room. Crimson silk curtains, a gaudy carpet with an immense flowery medallion in the centre, rows of chairs placed with stiff primness down either side, and a few rocking-chairs—such is the stereotyped drawing-room all over the States. The ladies live in a snuggerly up-stairs, or in their bedrooms, surrounded by their children, who are fastened into baby-jumpers, while they tread everlastingly at sewing-machines. Another reason for the dreariness of the salon is the absence of crackling logs, or blazing coals, which are superseded by the stifling but invisible heat of a calorifère.

The great heat in summer, which renders it desirable to have deep houses, is another reason for their exceeding ugliness; the rooms are always badly proportioned, long and narrow, with windows at one end, and often the plan is so defective that there is a dark room on every floor, merely lighted from the passage. Four years ago there were but few houses which had water led into them in pipes—every drop of water had to be fetched from the neighbouring pump.

In spring the houses undergo a complete trans-

formation; cool mattings are laid down, and mirrors, picture-frames, clocks and ornaments of all kinds are swathed in pink net, to protect them from the swarms of flies, who are anathematised under the name of "bugs." Indeed, *bug* is the general term for all insects, and a devoted entomologist was shocked at hearing himself described as "a great bug-hunter." Even the beautiful fire-fly must be spoken of as a "lightning-bug;" and English readers will remember Edgar Poe's "Gold-bug," or gold-beetle. Spring is a most enjoyable season in Washington; in March the heat begins, and soon the peach-trees are covered with white blossoms thick as new fallen snow, the magnolias lade the air with delicious fragrance, and countless rainbow-hued blossoms adorn the stately tulip-tree, and afford shelter in their deep calices for the fragile humming-birds. The woods are then a glorious sight, banks of kalmias are one sheet of white, pink, and crimson flowers, the undergrowth of azaleas is redolent of perfume, and strange orchidaceous plants surprise and delight the eye of the botanist. The tame blue-bird, whose plumage is truly cerulean, and the gorgeous Baltimore oriole, lend life and beauty to the scene. Then is the season of pic-nics to Mount Vernon and the Falls; one of the great amusements at the last-mentioned place is catching the "shad," an excellent fish like a white salmon, and broiling it on a plank beside a fierce wood fire. The Potomac is very picturesque, the banks, well wooded, are in some places rocky and precipitous. The Falls are thought nothing of in the land of Niagara, but at all events are a more pleasing object than the cascades in the Bois de Boulogne.

The great market at Washington is worth a visit. It is ten times the size of Covent Garden. The stir, the excitement of vendors and buyers, the quaint old "niggers" selling their poultry and vegetables, and the numerous ladies, senators' wives included, going from stall to stall inspecting fish, flesh, and fowl, and pausing at the pyramids of vegetables to fill the immense basket with which their sable attendant is laden, render it well worth the trouble of getting up at six in the morning. It is an almost universal custom among the thrifty housewives thus to attend to their household concerns. One senator's wife went even further, and avowed with pride that being unable to get her ball-room floor waxed to her mind, she "reckoned she just sot down on her knees and did it herself." Good kindly souls they are, and if they do pickle hams and wash up tea-cups with their own hands, why our great-grandmothers did the same.

Congress generally prorogued alternately in March or July, and woe betide the unhappy mortals who had to wait on till the close of the session in July. The heat then became almost tropical, 92° Fahrenheit in the shade. The flies rivalled those of Egyptian fame, the stinks of the ill-drained city became pestiferous, the fierce sunlight penetrated through the very walls of the badly-built houses. Washington was unendurable, and all who could beat a speedy retreat to Nahant, Saratoga, and the Sulphur Springs.

(Concluded.)

THE DEATH OF RACHEL.

And it came to pass as her soul was in departing, that she called his name Ben-oni. And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem.—Gen. xxxv. 18.

- "Bring me Benoni, bring the son of sorrow,
Let him lie gently on his mother's breast,
Help me to hold him to my heart. To-morrow
My soul will sink to rest.
- "What strange mysterious magic in this meeting!
Lo! while I watch his pure and even breath,
My waning life's faint pulses wildly beating,
Seem struggling against death.
- "Nay, cheer me not with flatt'ring hopes beguiling,
Nor mock my fears, ye who around my bed
Rain sunshine show'rs, in love and pity smiling
E'en through the tears ye shed.
- "Forgive, good Lord, the fretful bold petition
That erst I prayed, 'Give children, or I die.'
Withdraw the cloud of dark and stern contrition
Which yet broods angrily.
- "For ever since that day the voice of weeping,
Such as we heard in Allon-Bachuth's shade,
Hath sounded in mine ears, awake or sleeping,
And made my soul afraid.
- "Yea, ever since, the trembling fear of dying
Hath gotten hold and compass'd me around,
And on the wind a wailing voice and sighing
Comes with a mournful sound.
- "Faster and faster still, death's hand doth beckon,
As nearer unto Mamre's land I come,
Ephrath is nigh, but life by hours I reckon;
I may not reach my home.
- * * *
- "Come near and kiss me, Jacob, it is morning;
The clouds and darkness all have passed away,
The eastern light my chamber is adorning,
Day breaks, I cannot stay.
- "Whose is this voice that calls the shepherd's
daughter,
Whence is this rod—this staff on which I lean!
What is this well of pure and living water,
Through the dark valley seen?
- "Once more, as in the morn of young affection,
To meet my Lord, I wander forth alone;
And, lo! the Angel of the Resurrection
Hath rolled away the stone."

E. E.

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

PART I.

FOR the small sum of half-a-crown you may in the summer season leave hot and dusty London behind you, traverse the South Downs, skirt the South coast, spend a day in the great naval arsenal of Portsmouth, and be back again in town to a late tea—that is, those who like cheap trips and this kind of racing within an inch of their lives, may do so if they like—which I do not. Wanting a holiday this last summer, and having made inquiries for the least Cockneyfied sea-side place within a couple of hours' journey of London, I made up my mind to spend a month at Southsea, to the horror of my respectable friends. And where in the name of fate is Southsea? inquires the reader. Southsea, then, is the west-

end of Portsmouth, so to speak, although it really lies to the east of that famous port—so close, in fact, that you may throw a biscuit from the common almost into the High Street. There are certain places that every Englishman must see in the course of his lifetime, and the dockyard—the chief cradle of our fleet—is one of them. And it is not only the cradle, but the destined grave of our naval power, as some people will have it; for here we are told the Frenchmen will some day catch us, and smother us in our naval hive like a swarm of hornets, unless we keep a good look-out. For these reasons Portsmouth Dockyard, just at the present moment, is one of the points on which the national eye is fixed.

There is certainly something very charming in the extreme civility with which the total stranger is treated in our great public establishments. He is made to feel that all the treasures that he sees belong to him, in common, it is true, with the Queen and a few millions besides, but still to him, and he feels all the dignity of proprietorship. Indeed I could not help feeling that I possessed more than my ordinary share of those large 120-gun ships, &c., inasmuch as a six-foot policeman was told off especially for my service in surveying all the glories of the premier British arsenal and dockyard.

And first about masts. Those accustomed to seaports and merchantmen only, are struck with the imposing magnitude of all the details belonging to our great ships of war. Milton, when he likens Satan's spear to the mast of "some tall admiral," conveys by his similitude only a just idea of their portentous size.

Let us take the main mast of the Duke of Wellington, for instance. Here it lies, stretching its length for many a rood; not a simple spar, for no tree that grows could furnish such a bulk as it presents; but a complex structure, built up of innumerable pieces, with as much care as one of those tall chimney stacks which carry off the fumes of alkali works—rising to a height of upwards of 200 feet, and surmounted on the topmost spar with a truck. We shudder when we see a British tar occasionally stand upon this giddy height, out of bravado; but the feat loses somewhat of its merit, when we find that this same truck, which looks like a mere speck at the mast-head, is in reality as big as a small tea-table.

As one surveys the treasures of the mast-house—sees the spars of the old Victory, of the Duke of Wellington, the Victoria, the Albert, and of the scores of other first-rates, that lie side by side, stacked away with as much ease as though they were mere walking-sticks—one feels a certain melancholy impression that they belong to the past. Never again will these stately masts carry the bulging sail; never again will a fleet of three-deckers put out from our seaports to fight. It is this reflection which gives such an air of sadness to all our naval arsenals. The old fighting ship which towered so majestically over all meaner craft, and which bore some sort of relation, as regards size, to the mighty deep on which it rode, is as much a thing of the past as the Great Harry, or a Roman galley. When Turner, thirty years

ago, painted his touching picture of "The Fighting Temeraire towed to her last berth" by the little fizzing tugboat, he but too truly foreshadowed the coming fate of the giant race of ships, which seemed, like Ossian's heroes, to grow more vast and majestic as they finally disappeared from the scene.

The revolution that is so silently and surely passing over our naval system, seemed to me to have struck with palsy the yard itself. The ropery, where of old those great cables were spun which held our largest ships at anchor, now finds its chief occupation gone, for iron takes the place of hemp. The smaller ropes are yet spun here; and the immense length of the building in which they are made—upwards of a quarter of a mile in length—becomes apparent to the eye as one sees the men at the extreme end advancing, like so many spiders, and scarcely as large, twisting the hempen line from the flax surrounding their waists, just as the insect seems to draw out its delicate web from its own intestines. We looked in vain, however, for the mighty twenty-five inch cables, and we saw the machinery for twisting the various strands that compose them, now standing idle. As a relic of other days, a portion of the great cable of the Royal George, sunk at Spithead, hung up in the Ropery, is doubtlessly looked upon by the hands as a Saurian is viewed by a geologist—marking the gigantic creations of the elder days. But bulk does not necessarily constitute strength, as iron links, only a third the size, are now in common use, and constitute the safeguard of our fleet. As we look upon these links, however, we are reminded of the magnitude of the trust we place in their soundness; on a single loop of iron the fate of a ship with a thousand men is often dependent as she rides at anchor during the fury of a gale blowing on a lee-shore. A slight flaw, which the eye cannot detect, may be pregnant with the fate of this multitude of men; the integrity of each segment of the iron cables issued to the navy, is therefore a necessary preliminary to its being issued; and we must give the government the credit of using every conceivable care in testing their soundness. Every link is subjected to an enormous strain by the application of hydraulic power before it is passed, and thus the instrument of salvation, as well as that of destruction in the shape of the cannon, is thoroughly tried before it is put to practical use. We wish, however, we could say the same of that portion of the men of war's holding power, which has laid upon it perhaps the greatest strain of all—the anchor. When we gaze upon the accumulation of huge "best-bowers" and "sheet-anchors" in the "rack," looking like the whitened ribs of countless elephants, we are reminded of the curse that has always attached to the Admiralty—the curse of sacrificing progress to "the system." The British public have often asked why it is that the British navy is supplied with the old-fashioned and most unscientifically constructed anchors, which have been so often tested and found wanting, in comparison with the patent anchors of Trotman, now used by all our large ships of the mercantile marine; and the answer is charac-

teristic enough of the department which makes it. "We cannot adopt the new anchor, because the contracts for the old one are not yet out, and will not be for a dozen years." What would the nation say if our artillery engineers had made the same improvident and imbecile contract in the case of guns, and had refused our tried Armstrongs and Whitworths, because they had a contract running with the Carron company for the old smooth-bore sixty-eight pounders?

The point, perhaps, of the greatest attraction, and one which the officials never fail to laud with the utmost extravagance, is the block manufactory, where the blocks, great and small, for the rigging of the British fleet, are manufactured. When the machinery for this purpose was first designed by the elder Brunel, in 1801, it was, doubtless, a very great advance upon the hand labour of the yard; and, probably, was viewed with astonishment by the somewhat fossil heads of the dockyard authorities—an astonishment and admiration which seems to have come down to the present time; but it is no offence to the memory of the great engineer who invented it to say that it is now grown very antiquated, and altogether behind the time, and is not by any means to be compared with many of the remaining new processes for saving labour now to be seen in operation either at the small arm factory at Enfield, or at the great arsenal at Woolwich. I would no more have desired to have hinted as much to the six-foot policeman who acted as my cicerone, than I would have given a free opinion on a point of theology to the Archbishop of Canterbury. We are told that the number of blocks in a full rigged ship is not less than 1432: this number of course refers to the old three-deckers; but as our modern heavy frigates are rigged in a far simpler manner than those sailed by our fathers, this estimate can no longer be accepted; and what perhaps with our new reefing apparatus, and our shield ships, the old-fashioned block will ere long be superseded by some new invention.

As we talk of shield ships, we find ourselves beside the dry dock which holds the Royal Sovereign—that is to be one day, a specimen of the new craft. We can imagine the inventor tearing his hair—if the obstructions thrown in his way by the department have left him any hair to tear—and exclaiming, "How long—yet how long!" The Royal Sovereign, a specimen of a three-decker of 110 guns, built we believe by the late surveyor of the Admiralty, not only never went to sea, but never even left the dock in which she was built. Two years ago she stood a noble-looking craft, when that wicked man, Captain Coles, forced his ideas upon the "lotos-eaters" at Whitehall, and the word was sent to cut her down. It has been remarked that the dockyard men never seem to work with such a will as when they are pulling to pieces, and in this case in a very short time the mighty frame of this "first rate" was razed to her water-line. Here however, all the efforts of the shipwrights seemed paralysed, and the work of reconstruction, when we saw her about three months ago, appeared to be in the hands of the government "man and the

boy," and these redoubtable individuals seemed to be working as leisurely as though they were caulking and repairing a Thames lighter—a craft which the cut-down leviathan now most mightily resembles—rather than working out one of the latest ideas of science as regards naval architecture. But can we expect the moving spirits at the Admiralty to be over-anxious that the new kind of war craft should succeed? "My Lords," who have passed their days of service in roomy ships, with fine poop cabins, and stern galleries, and in full command of flush decks, on which Jack, when work was done, danced for their own and his delectation, to the music of the merry fiddle, cannot be expected to bear any good will to these iron turtles, the chief merit of which consists in casing up their inmates in walls of iron, that let in light only from overhead (and not too much of that), and absolutely deny a peep at anything but the eternal blue of the sky above. "My Lords," could not be brought willingly to agree to such a living death as this. Moreover, our gallant heroes like to fall in the arms of victory upon their own quarter-deck; but, according to Captain Coles' scheme this will be impracticable: at all events, even Nelson could not have died in a dignified manner upon the top of the inverted kitchen candlestick—for such is a Coles' patent cupola, to say the best of it. But this is the British Admiral's point of view of the new design. Possibly the British public may have a different idea of the matter, and may wonder, as we know it does, after the experience of these cupola ships gained in actual conflict on the other side of the Atlantic, that such disgraceful apathy is shown in putting the new idea to the test in our own waters.

A. W.

(To be continued.)

LOVE SONG.

THE sweetest flower of latter spring,
That only breathes the breath of May;
The prettiest finch on painted wing,
By dropping acorn scared away,—
My Love is fair and shy as they.

A bashful violet of a maid,
She trembles at a gust of care;
But then she's fairest when afraid,
Her blue eyes look up in a prayer,—
My little Love is good as fair.

Once I came back: she sat alone,
Past midnight, in a dusky room;
On face and hair the firelight shone—
Ah, happy me! when through the gloom
I heard her sigh, and knew for whom.

Smiling that night, and crown'd with flowers,
All eyes but mine my Love had seen;
I knew the music of those hours
Was witching, but my little Queen
Had sigh'd for me, her smiles between.

I care not if her face be cut
To shape of artists' fantasies;
The light of it is nameless, but
Fills all my dreams, and when I rise
I follow it to my Love's blue eyes.

MARY BROTHERTON.

MODERN PILGRIMS.

As I lately travelled about six hundred miles with several hundred Arab pilgrims on their way to Meccah, some account of the journey may prove interesting. I had no intention to become a Hadjee, nor did I ever dream of pretending to be a Mussulman, even for the satisfaction of going through the excitement necessary to surmount the dangers which I had always understood to be inseparable from such a pilgrimage. My impressions of fanatical Arabs on the march were clearly defined; the weather should be terribly hot, the journey should be over a sandy desert, the people should be half-starved, and all must be armed to the teeth, and the route should be marked by successive skeletons. Years ago I had crossed the desert from the Nile to the Red Sea, and therefore I had a feeling of respect for Arabs in general, especially when they were well armed; but now any poetical notions I might have entertained on these subjects were doomed to be rudely thrust aside, for every man was at once disarmed, searched, and numbered—no one being permitted to carry even a pilgrim's staff. Instead of the Christians putting on disguises, and hiding themselves from fear of Mussulman fanaticism, they were the conductors of the enterprise, and pushed and cuffed the pilgrims into their places. Steam has much to answer for, if by its influence many more devout Hadjees can pay their devotions to the shrine of the prophet, and return absolved of all their sins, and be fit aspirants for the seventh heaven; and the fact is, the pilgrims were making a pilgrimage by steam!

After passing some time very pleasantly at Algiers (a most delightful winter climate, with good hotels, church, pleasant society, opera, carriages innumerable, and nothing at all expensive—only four days from London!), I had determined to go to Tunis; but the difficulty was how to get there, for in spring there were no steamers excepting French government mail-boats carrying no passengers. A land journey was not considered safe without an escort: in fact, it was a very dog-in-the-manger sort of business, for by the only route which was safe—that is in company with the officers and crew of the mail steamers—no one was allowed to take you, and if you wished to go by land no one was allowed to go with you. By the kind interest of a friend in high authority, our party was at last promised a passage by sea as guests of the officers. But circumstances prevented us making this agreeable journey; for one fine day I saw a large English steamer approach the harbour; she did not at once enter; there was something suspicious about her, as she had the quarantine flag flying to prevent people boarding her. At last down came the yellow flag, and she entered port. I boarded her, and found she was going to Tunis. Just the very thing I wanted—fine roomy cabins, a pleasant captain, and start next day; the only objectionable point was this—she was engaged to carry a whole deck load of pilgrims who were going to Meccah *via* Tunis, Malta, and Alexandria. We were strongly recommended by some friends to avoid such fellow-passengers; but others, who seemed to

know the Arabs best, told us there was no danger. The sprightly little captain promised that not a single Arab should be permitted to enter our cabin, and we were to have the whole quarters to ourselves and a clear deck kept on the poop. So we took passage to Tunis on these conditions. I soon found out that there was quite a rivalry among some of the steam-ship owners to get these pilgrims, and our captain did not get, at Algiers, as many as he expected. A French steamer had engaged a great many, and intended *not* to take them to Alexandria, as it would be out of her usual voyage. She was to give them the benefit of a trip to Marseilles, transferring them there to another vessel, which plied between that city and Alexandria. As the Arabs provided themselves with their own food and water, this little extra journey was no additional expense to the steamers, and merely served to show how completely the Mussulmen are at the mercy of the Christians, and how the Christians vie with each other in enabling the devout followers of the prophet to carry out one of the principal forms of the Mahomedan religion.

I had noticed the Arabs gathering on the quays, and submitting meekly to the rough examination of their baggage by the customs' officers. Their quietness surprised me almost as much as their apparent poverty. They were all ill-clad, and most of them had the hard, half-starved look which is almost a type of the child of the desert. How they could afford to go by steam to Meccah I could not at first make out; but afterwards I found that the expense was very small, and the steam journey had one advantage: it could be accomplished, going and returning, in a few months, with no very great loss of life, whereas the land journey was full of dangers and hardships, took more than a year to carry out (from Algiers), and the mortality used to be frightful. There was some honour in being a Hadjee in the old days, but now taking a pilgrimage by steam reminds one of the story of the pilgrim who boiled the peas he had to put in his shoes.

But, after all, this pilgrimage was not such an easy affair for the Arabs; for even setting aside all feelings of insulted dignity at being ordered and cuffed about by the rough gjaours of sailors, they had to suffer many great inconveniences, especially as it was at the period of Ramadan, when they must not taste *anything* till after sunset, no matter how ill they were. One man almost died from exhaustion; and, eventually, when we had a violent storm to contend with, it was quite a wonder we were not all drowned—indeed I believe some of the Arabs were lost; the sea made clean sweeps over the fore-castle, and dashed in floods about the deck, carrying all before it. With the Arabs, however, this was all *kismet*; they were tossed to and fro, and appeared to be perfectly helpless. Our crew worked all night ashing spars about the deck to make, as it were, folds or sheep-pens to prevent the whole mass of pilgrims being sent violently from one end to the other. Their baggage was all destroyed, and as they sat here and there, perched on the top of it, they looked like misery crowned with resignation. The good steamer could scarcely make a knot an hour headway; the sea came in short, heavy rolls,

making her labour tremendously. We were full to the hatches with cargo, and had 700 passengers on deck. I remember looking upon the whole affair in a business point of view, and thought that we should have been a bad risk for any underwriter, even at over 50 per cent. premium. The Arabs were certainly quite out of their element, and probably thought that that night was worse than months of toil over the sandy deserts.

In the fine weather, however, we had great amusement in watching the manners of our fellow-passengers. Those from Algiers were under command of five sheiks, two of whom took the most active part. One was a fine-looking, though rather delicate young man; the other was a venerable, good-humoured old fellow, with a long white beard and a striking expression, decidedly more advanced in civilisation than the others. Yet he often looked puzzled about some things; especially on one hazy evening. Our little captain was a wag, and that night the old chief came up to get particulars about sunset, and the exact direction of Meccah. The captain put him right as to the hour, but pointed exactly in the wrong direction for the chief and his followers to bow when praying towards the holy city of Mahommed: but before it went too far, we got this also set right. The old man, however, seemed to put less faith in the captain, though he had a profound respect for him on one account—namely, as a sort of magician: for one day the captain took a small instrument to the division where the sheiks were, and placing two tubes in the old sheik's hands, began at once to electrify him so hard that the old man could not leave go. He was very much astonished, but persuaded a young servant to try, who got a desperate shaking before he was let off. All was done in very good humour, and it was really wonderful how well everything went off, for no one of the steamer's crew could speak Arabic, and none of the Arabs could speak English. We found out two who knew something of French, so that I could manage to do a little as interpreter, and facilitate arrangements.

It was wonderful to see the patience of the poor fellows, rigidly keeping from food all day, till about four or five o'clock, when they began to cook simple messes of lentils, grain or fruit (without meat), and did not offer to taste a morsel till after sunset prayers. At sunset, the old chief called them all to prayer, and it was really a fine sight to see how earnest they were; they set a strong example to some Christian congregations.

A few of the men had a curious custom, from the practice of which they must have suffered great pain. From a small metal box they took an iron pin, covered with a dark powder; this they scraped round the inside of their eye-lids, the eye-ball became bloodshot at once, and the eyelids had a blue tint. It was very disagreeable to witness. As a preventive of sea-sickness, I noticed many kept a piece of orange peel up one or both nostrils; but they were not all successful. Out of the whole number I never saw more than two reading; and they all appeared very idle, and quite accustomed to do nothing. There were few really handsome men among them, and none well dressed. Each had his valuables and

money attached to his person by a belt, frequently hung over one shoulder under his clothing. Every man was disarmed on coming on board. The Algerines (as we called those which came on board at Algiers, though they were nearly all Kabyles) had very few weapons; but the men who came on board at Tunis were well supplied with swords and guns. It was fortunate that the arms were taken away, for the Algerines were not at all disposed to let the Tunis Arabs turn them out of good places on deck. Words came to blows, and at last, while at anchor off Tunis, we had to send on shore for a guard of soldiers to keep order among them. It was after leaving Tunis for Malta that we felt the heavy gale, which took all ideas of fighting out of their heads; perhaps fortunately so, for our crew was a very small one for so large a ship, and though very willing, could scarcely manage the steamer, and could not attempt to make her "snug aloft." So the Arabs saw practically how much more a ship can roll than a camel, whose walking is so proverbially uncomfortable to unpractised riders.

Of the Arab women we saw nothing, though we knew that several bundles of clothes were meant to represent humanity intended to be invisible. How these bundles must have suffered in the gale, utterly drenched, and with no chance of a "change," even after the pleasant addition of two days' coaling in Malta harbour. It would require more than the turning of a stone in the hand and *pretending* to wash with it that would make them clean. There was a form of ablution, daily, before prayers; each man went through the form of washing, using only a stone: the latter, having been brought from Meccah, was supposed to cleanse thoroughly as well as water. I was told that in the desert, when water is scarce, this is the customary manner of ablution. We were warned that the Arabs would bring many "passengers" on board with them; of such passengers we saw daily massacres; on the whole, I put down these Arabs as a dirty set, and in several respects inferior to many Asiatics. And even though we do help them on in their pilgrimage, and they seem very devout in thus devoting much of their time exclusively to a long religious penance, I cannot help thinking that with their view of an "hereafter," so much a sensual one as it is, all this rigid religion and fanatical penance is a good deal like a man saving up money, and starving himself to be able some day to launch out in a grand revel, made up of all his savings. But there is no doubt much good in these men, or would be, if they were more civilised, and not kept in a state of ignorance, which, with their mode of living, makes them mere fanatics.

They may lose some of their fanaticism when they find that the Christians take advantage of it to make money, and that there is really not much honour, or chivalry, in making a pilgrimage by steam. Though our fellow-passengers were all journeying with the same object in view, the selfish feeling of the Arab was very prominently developed. I noticed it particularly with regard to water—the treasure of the desert; even on board ship this was zealously guarded. Each man had his own supply generally in a goat skin, and

it looked anything but tempting when poured out — being quite discoloured and warm, from the skin being exposed to the sun. Some of the men had met with accidents and lost their supply; but no one would share a drop with his neighbour, so after a few ineffectual demands they sat down, resigned to their fate. It was melancholy to see them not tasting a morsel all day, evidently sea-sick, feverish, and suffering, yet with no water to help them. The ship had only a small stock, and that had to be guarded, for even those Arabs who had a supply endeavoured to save it for themselves. I noticed two men sitting together, who were both suffering terribly from thirst, pointing to their parched lips. I went to my cabin and brought a glass of water, and smuggled it into the hands of one of them. He took the whole to himself, notwithstanding the urgent entreaties of the other. The captain at last allowed the guard to give out water at a certain hour each afternoon,

even though attempts had been made to overpower the guard. The sailors had very hard work, and when we arrived at Malta, several told me they would take care never to come on such a voyage again. The little captain was all enthusiasm for his owners, and took everything cheerfully. His poor first officer, quite a young man, had no rest, and was heartily sick of the Arabs: I must confess I was glad to get quietly on shore, and felt thankful to be able to look at the pilgrims from a distance, as I gazed down upon the steamer from the open arches of the Baracca. The pilgrimage appeared to be a sham, and I could not help thinking that Mahommed was in some way or other being cheated, and that the Viceroy of Egypt was not behaving fairly to his memory by running pilgrim steam-boats from Suez to Meccah, and gathering pilgrims from Mediterranean ports to meet them, and helping them, too, across the desert, by "excursion trains." S.



THE PARTING OF ULYSSES.

THE goddess with a radiant tunic dress'd
My limbs, and o'er me cast a silken vest.
Long flowing robes, of purest white, array
The nymph that added lustre to the day:
A tiar wreath'd her head with many a fold;
Her waist was circled with a zone of gold.

Forth issuing then, from place to place I flew;
Rouse man by man, and animate my crew.

"Rise, rise, my mates! 'tis Circe gives
command:

Our journey calls us; haste, and quit the
land."
POPE'S ODYSSEY.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."

CHAPTER XLVII. DRESSING UP FOR A GHOST.

AND so the mystery was out. And the ghost proved to be no ghost at all,—to be no husband of Sibylla,—come to disturb the peace of her and Lionel; but *John Massingbird* in real flesh and blood.

There was so much explanation to ask and to be given, that Jan was somewhat hindered on his way to Hook's.

"I can't stop," said he, in the midst of a long sentence of John's, "Alice Hook may be dying. Will you remain here till I come back?"

"If you are not long," responded John Massingbird. "I intend this to be the last night of my concealment, and I want to go about, terrifying the natives. The fun it has been!"

"Fun, you call it!" remarked Jan. "If Hook's girl does die, it will lie at your door."

"She won't die," lightly answered John. "I'll send her a ten-pound note to make amends. Make you haste, Jan, if I am to wait."

Jan sped off to Hook's. He found the girl very ill, but not so much so as Cheese had intimated. Some unseemly quarrel had taken place in the cottage, which had agitated her.

"There's no danger," mentally soliloquised Jan, "but it has thrown her back a good two days."

He found John Massingbird—restless John!—restless as ever!—pacing before the trees with hasty strides, and bursting into explosions of laughter.

"Some woman was coming along, from one of the cottages by Broom's, I expect, and I appeared to her, and sent her on, howling," he explained to Jan. "I think it was Mother Sykes. The sport this ghost affair has been!"

He sat down on a bench, held his sides, and let his laughter have vent. Laughter is contagious, and Jan laughed with him, but in a quieter way.

"Whatever put it into your head to personate Frederick?" inquired Jan. "Was it done to frighten the people?"

"Not at first," answered John Massingbird.

"Because, if to frighten had been your motive, you need only have appeared in your own person," continued Jan. "You were thought to be dead, you know, as much as Fred was. Fred is dead, I suppose?"

"Fred is dead, poor fellow, safe enough. I was supposed to be dead, but I came to life again."

"Did you catch Fred's star when he died?" asked Jan, pointing to the cheek.

"No," replied John Massingbird, with another burst of laughter, "I get that up with Indian-ink."

Bit by bit, Jan came into possession of the details. At least, of as much of them as John Massingbird deemed it expedient to furnish. It appeared that his being attacked and robbed and left for dead, when travelling down to Melbourne,

was perfectly correct. Luke Roy quitted him, believing he was dead. Luke would not have quitted him so hastily, but that he wished to be on the track of the thieves, and he hastened to Melbourne. After Luke's departure, John Massingbird, as he phrased it, came to life again. He revived from the suspended animation, or swoon, which, prolonged over some hours, had been mistaken for death. The bullet was extracted from his side, and he progressed pretty rapidly towards recovery.

Luke meanwhile had reached Melbourne; and had come in contact—amongst other people—with a family of the name of Eyre. Luke—if you have not forgotten—had said to Mr. Eyre that he had obtained a clue to the men who robbed his master; such, at least, was the information given by that gentleman to Sibylla Massingbird, on her subsequent sojourn at his house. He, Mr. Eyre, had said that Luke had promised to return the following day and inform him how he sped in the search, but that Luke never did return; that he had never seen him afterwards. All true. Luke found the clue, he thought he had gained, to be no clue at all; but he heard news that pleased him better than fifty clues would have done—that his master, Mr. Massingbird, was alive. One who had travelled down to Melbourne from where John was lying, gave him the information. Without waiting to break bread or draw water, without giving another thought to Mr. Eyre, Luke started off there and then, to retrace his steps to John Massingbird. John was nearly well then, and they returned at once to the diggings. In his careless way, he said the loss must be given up for a bad job; they should never find the fellows, and the best plan was to pick up more gold to replace that gone. Luke said he had written home to announce his death. John went into a fit of laughter, forbade Luke to contradict it, and anticipated the fun he should have in surprising them, when he went home on the accumulation of his fortune. Thus he stopped at the diggings, remaining in complete ignorance of the changes which had taken place; the voyage of Frederick and his wife to Melbourne, the death of Mr. Verner, the subsequent death of Frederick; and above all—for that would have told most on John—of the strange will left by Mr. Verner, which had constituted him the inheritor of Verner's Pride.

But fortune did not come in the rapid manner fondly expected by John. The nuggets seemed shy. He obtained enough to rub along with, as he phrased it, and that was all. The life did not ill suit him. To a man like Lionel Verner, of innate refinement, just and conscientious, the life would have been intolerable, almost worse than death. John was not overburdened with any one of those qualities, and he rather liked the life than not. One thing was against him: he had no patience. Roving about from place to place, he was satisfied nowhere long. It was not only that he perpetually changed the spot, or bed, or work,

but he changed from one settlement to another. This was the reason probably that Captain Cannonby had never met with him; it was more than probable that it was the cause of his non-success. Luke Roy was not so fond of roving. He found a place likely to answer his expectations, and he remained at it; so that the two parted early, and did not again meet afterwards.

Suddenly John Massingbird heard that he had been left heir to Verner's Pride. He had gone down to Melbourne; and some new arrival from England—from the county in which Verner's Pride was situated—mentioned this in his hearing. The stranger was telling the tale of the unaccountable will of Mr. Verner, of the death of John and Frederick Massingbird, and of the consequent accession of Lionel Verner; telling it as a curious bit of home gossip, unconscious that one of his listeners was the first-named heir—the veritable John Massingbird.

Too much given to act upon impulse, giving himself no time to ascertain or to inquire whether the story might be correct or not, John Massingbird took a berth in the first ship advertised for home. He possessed very little more money than would pay for his passage; he gave himself no concern how he was to get back to Australia, or how exist in England, should the news prove incorrect, but started away off-hand. Providing for the future had never been made a concern by John Massingbird.

He sailed, and he arrived safely. But, once in England, it was necessary to proceed rather cautiously; and John, careless and reckless as he was could not ignore the expediency of so acting. There were certain reasons why it would not be altogether prudent to show himself in the neighbourhood of Verner's Pride, unless his pocket were weighty enough to satisfy sundry claims which would inevitably flock in upon him. Were he sure that he was the legitimate master of Verner's Pride, he would have driven up in a coach-and-six, with flying flags and streamers to the horses' heads, and so have announced his arrival in triumph. Not being sure, he preferred to feel his way, and this could not be done by arriving openly.

There was one place where he knew he could count upon being sheltered, while the way was "felt." And this was Giles Roy's. Roy would be true to him; would conceal him if need was; and help him off again, did Verner's Pride, for him, prove a myth. This thought John Massingbird put in practice, arriving one dark night at Roy's, and nearly startling Mrs. Roy to death. Whatever fanciful ghosts the woman may have seen before, she never doubted that she saw a real ghost now.

His first question, naturally, was about the will. Roy told him it was perfectly true that a will had been made in his favour; but the will had been superseded by a codicil. And he related the circumstance of that codicil's mysterious loss. Was it found? John eagerly asked. Ah! there Roy could not answer him; he was at a nonplus; he was unable to say whether the codicil had been found, or not. A rumour had gone about Deerham, some time subsequently to the loss, that it

had been found, but Roy had never come to the rights of it. John Massingbird stared as he heard him say this. Then, couldn't he tell whether he was the heir or not? whether Lionel Verner held it by established right or by wrong? he asked. And Roy shook his head—he could not.

Under these uncertainties, Mr. John Massingbird did not see his way particularly clear. Either to stop, or to go. If he stopped, and showed himself, he might be unpleasantly assured, that the true heir of Verner's Pride inhabited Verner's Pride; if he went back to Australia, the no less mortifying fact might come out afterwards, that he was the heir to Verner's Pride, and had run away from his own.

What was to be done? Roy suggested perhaps the best plan that could be thought of—that Mr. Massingbird should remain in his cottage in concealment while he, Roy, endeavoured to ascertain the truth regarding the codicil. And John Massingbird was fain to adopt it. He took up his abode in the upper bedroom, which had been Luke's, and Mrs. Roy, locking her front door, carried his meals up to him by day, Roy setting himself to ferret out—as you may recollect—all he could learn about the codicil. The "all" was not much. Ordinary gossipers knew no more than Roy, whether the codicil had been found or not; and Roy tried to pump Matiss, by whom he got baffled—he even tried to pump Mr. Verner. He went up to Verner's Pride, ostensibly to ask whether he might paper Luke's old room at his own cost. In point of fact, the paper was in a dilapidated state, and he did wish to put it decent for John Massingbird; but he could have done it without speaking to Mr. Verner. It was a great point with Roy to find favour in the sight of Mr. Massingbird, his possible future master. Lionel partially saw through the man; he believed that he had some covert motive in seeking the interview with him, and that Roy was trying to pry into his affairs. But Roy found himself baffled also by Mr. Verner, as he had been by Matiss, in so far as that he could learn nothing certain of the existence or non-existence of the codicil.

Two days of the condemned confinement were sufficient to tire out John Massingbird. To a man of active, restless temperament, who had lived almost day and night under the open skies, the being shut up in a small, close room, was well-nigh unbearable. He could not stamp on its floor (there was no space to walk on it), lest any intrusive neighbour below, who might have popped in, unwanted, should say, Who have ye got up aloft? He could not open the window and put his head out, to catch a breath of fresh air, lest prying eyes might be cast upon him.

"I can't stand this," he said to Roy. "A week of it would kill me. I shall go out at night."

Roy opposed the resolve so far as he dared—having an eye always to the not displeasing his future master. He represented to John Massingbird that he would inevitably be seen: and that he might just as well be seen by day as by night. John would not listen to reason. That very night, as soon as dark came on, he went out, and was seen. Seen by Robin Frost.

Robin Frost, whatever superstitions or fond

feelings he may have cherished, regarding the hoped-for reappearance of Rachel's spirit, was no believer in ghosts in a general point of view. In fact, that it was John Massingbird's ghost, never once entered Robin's mind. He came at once to the more sensible conclusion that some error had occurred with regard to his reported death, and that it was John Massingbird himself.

His deadly enemy. The only one, of all the human beings upon earth, with whom Robin was at issue. For he believed that it was John Massingbird who had worked the ill to Rachel. Robin, in his blind vengeance, took to lying in wait with a gun: and Roy became cognisant of this.

"You must not go out again, sir," he said to John Massingbird: "he may shoot you dead."

Curious, perhaps, to say, John Massingbird had himself come to the same conclusion—that he must not go out again. He had very narrowly escaped meeting one, who would as surely have known him, in the full moonlight, as did Robin Frost: one, whom it would have been nearly as inconvenient to meet, as it was Robin. And yet—stop in perpetual confinement by day and by night, he could not: he persisted that he should be dead. Almost better go back, unsatisfied, to Australia.

A bright idea occurred to John Massingbird. He would personate his brother. Frederick, so far as he knew, had neither creditors nor enemies round Deerham; and the likeness between them was so great, both in face and form, that there would be little difficulty in it. When they were at home together, John had been the stouter of the two: but his wanderings had fined him down, and his figure now looked exactly as Frederick's did formerly. He shaved off his whiskers—Frederick had never worn any; or, for the matter of that, had had any to wear—and painted an imitation star on his cheek with Indian ink. His hair, too, had grown long on the voyage, and had not yet been cut: just as Frederick used to wear his. John had favoured a short crop of hair; Frederick, long.

These little toilette mysteries accomplished, so exactly did he look like his brother Frederick, that Roy started when he saw him; and Mrs. Roy went into a prolonged scream that might have been heard at the brick-fields. John attired himself in a long, loose dark coat, which had seen service at the Diggings, and sallied out: the coat which had been mistaken for a riding habit.

He enjoyed himself to his heart's content, receiving more fun than he had bargained for. It had not occurred to him to personate Frederick's ghost: he had only thought of personating Frederick himself: but, to his unbounded satisfaction, he found the former climax arrived at. He met old Matthew Frost; he frightened Dan Duff into fits; he frightened Master Cheese; he startled the parson; he solaced himself by taking up his station under the yew-tree on the lawn at Verner's Pride, to contemplate that desirable structure, which perhaps was his, and the gaiety going on in it. He had distinctly seen Lionel Verner leave the lighted rooms and approach him, upon which he retreated. Afterwards, it was rather a favourite night-pastime of his, the standing under the yew-

tree at Verner's Pride. He was there again the night of the storm.

All this, the terrifying people into the belief that he was Frederick's veritable ghost, had been choicest sport to John Massingbird. The trick might not have availed with Robin Frost, but they had found a different method of silencing him. Of an easy, good-tempered nature, the thought of any real damage from consequences had been completely passed over by John. If Dan Duff did go into fits, he'd recover from them; if Alice Hook was startled into something worse, she was not dead. It was all sport to free-and-easy John: and, but for circumstances, there's no knowing how long he might have carried this game on. These circumstances touched upon a point that influences us all, more or less: pecuniary consideration. John was minus funds, and it was necessary that something should be done: he could not continue to live long upon Roy.

It was Roy himself who at length hit upon the plan that brought forth the certainty about the codicil. Roy found rumours were gaining ground abroad that it was not Frederick Massingbird's ghost, but Frederick himself; and he knew that the explanation must soon come. He determined to waylay Tynn, and make an apparent confidant of him: by these means he should, in all probability, come at the desired information. Roy did so: and found that there was no codicil. He carried his news to John Massingbird, advising that gentleman to go at once and put in his claim to Verner's Pride. John, elated with the news, protested he'd have one more night's fun first.

Such were the facts. John Massingbird told them to Jan, suppressing any little bit that he chose, here and there. The doubt about the codicil, for instance, and its moving motive in the affair, he did not mention.

"It has been the best fun I ever had in my life," he remarked. "I never shall forget the parson's amazed stare, the first time I passed him. Or old Tynn's, either, last night. Jan, you should have heard Dan Duff howl!"

"I have," said Jan. "I have had the pleasure of attending him. My only wonder is, that he did not put himself into the pool, in his fright: as Rachel Frost did, time back."

John Massingbird caught the words up hastily.

"How do you know that Rachel put herself in? She may have been put in."

"For all I know she may. Taking circumstances into consideration, however, I should say it was the other way."

"I say, Jan," interrupted John Massingbird, with another explosion, "didn't your Achates, Cheese, arrive at home in a mortal fright one night?"

Jan nodded.

"I shall never forget him; never. He was marching up, all bravely, till he saw my face. Didn't he turn tail! There has been one person above all others, Jan, that I have wanted to meet, and have not. Your brother Lionel."

"He'd have pinned you," said Jan.

"Not he. You would not have done it to-night, but that I let you do it. No chance of any body catching me, unless I chose. I was on the

look out for all I met, for all to whom I chose to show myself: they met me unawares. Unprepared for the encounter, while they were recovering their astonishment, I was beyond reach. Last night I had been watching over the gate ever so long, when I darted out in front of Tynn, to astonish him. Jan"—lowering his voice—"has it put Sibylla in a fright?"

"I think it has put Lionel in a worse," responded Jan.

"For fear of losing her?" laughed John Massingbird. "Wouldn't it have been a charming prospect for some husbands, who are tired of their wives! Is Lionel tired of his?"

"Can't say," replied Jan. "There's no appearance of it."

"I should be, if Sibylla had been my wife for two years," candidly avowed John Massingbird. "Sibylla and I never hit it off well as cousins: I'd not own her as wife, if she were dowered with all the gold mines in Australia. What Fred saw in her was always a puzzle to me. I knew what was going on between them, though nobody else did. But, Jan, I'll tell you what astonished me more than everything else when I learnt it—that Lionel should have married her subsequently. I never could have imagined Lionel Verner taking up with another man's wife."

"She was his widow," cried literal Jan.

"All the same. 'Twas another man's leavings. And there's something about Lionel Verner, with his sensitive refinement, that does not seem to accord with the notion. Is she healthy?"

"Who? Sibylla? I don't fancy she has much of a constitution."

"No, that she has not! There are no children, I hear. Jan, though, you need not have pinched so hard when you pounced upon me," he continued, rubbing his arm. "I was not going to run away."

"How did I know that?" said Jan.

"It's my last night of fun, and when I saw you I said to myself, 'I'll be caught.' How are old Deb and Amilly?"

"Much as usual. Deb's in a fever just now. She has heard that Fred Massingbird's back, and thinks Sibylla ought to leave Lionel on the strength of it."

John laughed again.

"It must have put others in a fever, I know, besides poor old Deb. Jan, I can't stop talking to you all night, I should get no more fun. I wish I could appear to all Deerham collectively, and send it into fits after Dan Duff! To-morrow, as soon as I genteely can after breakfast, I go up to Verner's Pride and show myself. One can't go at six in the morning."

He turned off in the direction of Clay Lane as he spoke, and Jan made the best of his way to Verner's Pride. From some cause or other they had dined unusually late there, and Lionel Verner was with his guests, making merry with the best heart he had. Now, he would rely upon the information given by Captain Cannonby; the next moment, he was feeling that the combined testimony of so many eye-witnesses must be believed, and that it could be no other than Frederick Massingbird. Tynn had been with the man

face to face only the previous night; Roy had distinctly asserted that he was back, in life, from Australia. Whatever his anxiety may have been, his wife seemed at rest. Full of smiles and gaiety, she sat opposite to him, glittering gems in her golden hair, shining forth from her costly robes.

"Not out from dinner!" cried Jan, in his astonishment, when Tynn denied him to Lionel. "Why, it's my supper-time! I must see him, whether he's at dinner or not. Go and say so, Tynn. Something important, tell him."

The message brought Lionel out. Thankful, probably, to get out. The playing the host with a mind ill at ease, how it jars upon the troubled and fainting spirit! Jan, disdaining the invitation to the drawing-room, had hoisted himself on the top of an old carved ebony cabinet that stood in the hall, containing curiosities, and sat there with his legs dangling. He jumped off when Lionel appeared, wound his arm within his, and drew him out on the terrace.

"I have come to the bottom of it, Lionel," said he, without further circumlocution. "I dropped upon the ghost just now and pinned him. It is not Fred Massingbird."

Lionel paused, and then drew a deep breath; like one who has been relieved from some great care.

"Cannonby said it was not!" he exclaimed. "Cannonby is here, Jan, and he assures me Frederick Massingbird is dead and buried. Who is it then? Have you found it out?"

"I pinned him, I say," said Jan. "I was going down to Hook's, and he crossed my path. He—"

"Is it somebody who has been doing it for a trick?" interrupted Lionel.

"Well—yes—in one sense. It is not Fred Massingbird, Lionel: he is dead, safe enough; but it is somebody from a distance; one who will cause you little less trouble. Not any less, in fact, putting Sibylla out of the question."

Lionel stopped in his walk—they were pacing the terrace—and looked at Jan with some surprise; a smile, in his new security, lighting his face.

"There is nobody in the world, Jan, dead or alive, who could bring trouble to me, save Frederick Massingbird. Anybody else may come, so long as he does not."

"Ah! You are thinking only of Sibylla."

"Of whom else should I think?"

"Yourself," replied Jan.

Lionel laughed in his gladness. How thankful he was for his wife's sake ONE alone knew.

"I am nobody, Jan: any trouble coming to me I can battle with."

"Well, Lionel, the returned man is John Massingbird."

"John—Mass—ingbird!"

Of all the birds in the air and the fishes in the sea—as the children say—he was the very last to whom Lionel Verner had cast a thought. That it was John who had returned, had not entered his imagination. He had never cast a doubt to the fact of his death. Bringing the name out slowly, he stared at Jan in very astonishment.

"Well," said he, presently, "John is not Frederick."

"No," assented Jan. "He can put in no claim to your wife; but he can to Verner's Pride."

The words caused Lionel's heart to go on with a bound. A great evil for him: there was no doubt of it; but still alight, compared to the one he had dreaded for Sibylla.

"There is no mistake, I suppose, Jan?"

"There's no mistake," replied Jan. "I have been talking to him this half hour. He is hiding at Roy's."

"Why should he be in hiding at all?" inquired Lionel.

"He had two or three motives, he said:" and Jan proceeded to give Lionel a summary of what he had heard. "He was not very explicit to me," concluded Jan. "Perhaps he'll be more so to you. He says he is coming to Verner's Pride to-morrow morning at the earliest genteel hour after breakfast."

"And what does he say to the fright he has caused?" resumed Lionel.

"Does nothing but laugh over it. Says it's the primeest fun he ever had in his life. He has come back very poor, Lionel."

"Poor? Then, were Verner's Pride and its revenues not his, I could have understood why he should not like to show himself openly. Well! well! compared to what I feared, it is a mercy. Sibylla is free; and I—I must make the best of it. He will be a more generous master of Verner's Pride—as I believe—than Frederick would ever have been."

"Yes," nodded Jan. "In spite of his faults. And John Massingbird used to have plenty."

"I don't know who amongst us is without them, Jan. Unless—upon my word, old fellow, I mean it!—unless it is you."

Jan opened his great eyes with a wondering stare. It never occurred to humble-minded Jan that there was anything in him approaching to goodness. He supposed Lionel had spoken in joke.

"What's that?" cried he.

Jan alluded to a sudden burst of laughter, to a sound of many voices, to fair forms that were flitting before the windows. The ladies had gone into the drawing-room. "What a relief it will be for Sibylla!" involuntarily uttered Lionel.

"She'll make a face at losing Verner's Pride," was the less poetical remark of Jan.

"Will he turn us out at once, Jan?"

"He said nothing to me on that score, nor I to him," was the answer of Jan. "Look here, Lionel. Old West's a screw, between ourselves; but what I do earn is my own: so don't get breaking your rest, thinking you'll not have a pound or two to turn to. If John Massingbird does turn you out, I can manage things for you, if you don't mind living quietly."

Honest Jan! His notions of "living quietly" would have comprised a couple of modest rooms, cotton umbrellas like his own, and a mutton chop a day. And Jan would have gone without the chop himself, to give it to Lionel. To Sibylla, also. Not that he had any great love for that lady, in the abstract: but, for Jan to eat chops,

while anybody, no matter how remotely connected with him, wanted them, would have been completely out of Jan's nature.

A lump was rising in Lionel's throat. He loved Jan, and knew his worth, if nobody else did. While he was swallowing it down, Jan went on, quite eagerly.

"Something else might be thought of, Lionel. I don't see why you and Sibylla should not come to old West's. The house is large enough: and Deb and Amilly couldn't object to it for their sister. In point of right, half the house is mine: West said so when I became his partner. He asked if I'd not like to marry, and said there was the half of the house; but I told him I'd rather be excused. I might get a wife, you know, Lionel, who'd be for grumbling at me all day, like my mother does. Now, if you and Sibylla would come there, the matter, as to your future, would be at rest. I'd divide what I get between you and Miss Deb. Half to her for the extra cost you'd be to the housekeeping; the other half for pocket-money for you and Sibylla. I think you might make it do, Lionel: my share is quite two hundred a year. My own share, I mean: besides what I hand over to Miss Deb, and transmit to the doctor. Could you manage with it?"

"Jan!" said Lionel, from between his quivering lips. "Dear Jan, there's—"

They were interrupted. Bounding out at the drawing-room window, the very window at which Lucy Tempest had sat that night and watched the yew tree, came Sibylla, fretfulness in the lines of her countenance, complaint in the tones of her voice.

"Mr. Jan Verner, I'd like to know what right you have to send for Lionel out when he is at dinner? If he is your brother, you have no business to forget yourself like that. He can't help your being his brother, I suppose; but you ought to know better than to presume upon it."

"Sibylla!—"

"Be quiet, Lionel. I shall tell him of it. Never was such a thing heard of, as for a gentleman to be called out for nothing, from his table's head! You do it again, Jan, and I shall order Tynn to shut the doors to you of Verner's Pride."

Jan received the lecture with the utmost equanimity, the most imperturbable good nature. Lionel wound his arms about his wife, gravely and gently: whatever may have been the pain caused by her words, he suppressed it.

"Jan came here to tell me news that quite justified his sending for me, wherever I might be, or however occupied, Sibylla. He has succeeded in solving to-night the mystery which has hung over us; he has discovered who it is that we have been taking for Frederick Massingbird."

"It is not Frederick Massingbird," cried Sibylla, speaking sharply. "Captain Cannonby says that it cannot be."

"No, it is not Frederick Massingbird—God be thanked!" said Lionel. "With that knowledge we can afford to hear who it is bravely; can we not, Sibylla?"

"But why don't you tell me who it is?" she retorted, in an impatient, fretful tone, not having

the discernment to see that he wished to prepare her for what was coming. "Can't you speak, Jan, if he won't? People have no right to come dressed up in other's clothes and faces to frighten us to death. He ought to be transported! Who is it?"

"You'll be startled, Sibylla. It is one whom we have believed to be dead; though it is not Frederick Massingbird."

"I wish you'd tell—beating about the bush like that! You need not stare so, Jan. I don't believe you know."

"It is your cousin, Sibylla; John Massingbird."

A moment's pause. And then, clutching at the hand of Lionel—

"Who?" she shrieked.

"Hush, my dear. It is John Massingbird."

"Not dead! Did he not die?"

"No. He recovered, when left, as was supposed, for dead. He is coming here to-morrow morning, Jan says."

Sibylla let fall her hands. She staggered back to a pillar and leaned against it, her upturned face white in the starlight.

"Is—is—is Verner's Pride yours or his?" she gasped, in a low tone.

"It is his."

"His! Neither yours nor mine?"

"It is only his, Sibylla."

She raised her hands again; she began fighting with the air, as if she would beat off an imaginary John Massingbird. Another minute, and her laughter and her cries came forth together, shriek upon shriek: she was in strong hysterics. Lionel supported her, while Jan ran for water; and the gay company came flocking out of the lighted rooms to see.

CHAPTER XLVIII. NO HOME.

PEOPLE talk of a nine days' wonder. But no nine days' wonder has ever been heard or known, equal to that which fell on Deerham, which went booming to the very extremity of the county's boundaries. Lionel Verner, the legitimate heir—it may so be said—the possessor of Verner's Pride, was turned out of it to make room for an alien, resuscitated from the supposed dead.

Sailors tell us that the rats desert a sinking ship. Pseudo friends desert a falling house. You may revel in these friends in prosperity, but when adversity sets in, how they fall away! On the very day that John Massingbird arrived at Verner's Pride, and it became known that not he, but Mr. and Mrs. Verner must leave it, the gay company, gathered there, dispersed. Dispersed with polite phrases, meaning nothing. They were so very sorry for the calamity, for Mr. and Mrs. Verner; if they could do anything to serve them they had only to be commanded. And then they left; never perhaps to meet again, even as acquaintances. It may be asked, what could they do? They could not invite them to a permanent home; saddle themselves with a charge of that sort; neither would such an invitation be accepted. It did not appear they could do anything; but their combined flight from the house, one after the other, did strike with a chill of mortifica-

tion upon the nerves of Lionel Verner and his wife.

His wife! Ah, poor Lionel had enough upon his hands, looking on one side and another. *She* was the heaviest weight. Lionel had thanked God in his true heart that they had been spared the return of Frederick Massingbird; but there was little doubt that the return of Frederick would have been regarded by her as a light calamity, in comparison with this. She made no secret of it. Ten times a day had Lionel to beat down his feelings, and compress his lips to stop the retort that would rise bubbling up within them. She would openly lament that it was not Frederick who had returned, in which case she might have remained at Verner's Pride!

"You'll not turn them out, Massingbird?" cried Jan, in his straightforward way, drawing the gentleman into the fruit-garden to a private conference. "I wouldn't."

John Massingbird laughed good-humouredly. He had been in the sunniest humour throughout; had made his first appearance at Verner's Pride in bursts of laughter, heartily grasping the hands of Lionel, of Sibylla, and boasting of the "fun" he had had in playing the ghost. Captain Cannonby, the only one of the guests who remained, grew charmed with John, and stated his private opinion in the ear of Lionel Verner that he was worth a hundred such as Frederick.

"How can I help turning them out?" answered he. "I didn't make the will—it was old Daddy Verner."

"You need not act upon the will," said Jan. "There was a codicil, you know, superseding it, though it can't be found. Sibylla's your cousin—it would be a cruel thing to turn her from her home."

"Two masters never answered in a house yet," nodded John. "I am not going to try it."

"Let them stop in Verner's Pride, and you go elsewhere," suggested Jan.

John Massingbird laughed for five minutes.

"How uncommon young you are, Jan!" said he. "Has Lionel been putting you up to try this on?"

Jan swung himself on a tolerably strong branch of the mulberry-tree, regardless of any damage the ripe fruit might inflict on his nether garments.

"Knowing Lionel, you needn't ask it, Massingbird. There'd be a difficulty in getting him to stop in Verner's Pride now, but he might be coaxed to do it for the sake of his wife. She'll have a fit of illness if she has to go out of it. Lionel is one to stand by his own to the last; while Verner's Pride was his, he'd have fought to retain its possession, inch by inch; but let ever so paltry a quibble of the law take it from him, and he'd not lift up his finger to keep it. But, I say, I think he might be got to do it for Sibylla."

"I'll tell you a secret, Jan," cried John Massingbird. "I'd not have Sibylla stop in Verner's Pride if she paid me ten thousand a year for the favour. There! And as to resigning Verner's Pride the minute I come into it, nobody but a child or Jan Verner could ever have started so absurd an idea. If anything makes me feel cross, it is the thought of my having been knocking

about yonder, when I might have been living in clover here. I'd get up an Ever-perpetual philanthropic benefit-my-fellow-creature society, if I were you, Jan, and hold meetings at Exeter Hall!"

"Not in my line," said Jan, swaying himself about on the bough.

"Isn't it! I should say it was. Why don't you invite Sibylla to your house, if you are so fond of her?"

"She won't come," said Jan.

"Perhaps you have asked her!"

"I was beginning to ask her, but she flew at me and ordered me to hold my tongue. No, I see it," Jan added, in self-soliloquy, "she'll never come there. I thought she might: and I got Miss Deb to think so. She'll—she'll—"

"She'll what?" asked John Massingbird.

"She'll be a thorn in Lionel's side, I'm afraid."

"Nothing more likely," acquiesced easy John.

"Roses and thorns go together. If gentlemen will marry the one, they must expect to get their share of the other."

Jan jumped off his bough. His projects all appeared to be failing. The more he had dwelt upon his suddenly-thought-of scheme, that Dr. West's house might afford an asylum for Lionel and his wife, the more he had become impressed with its desirability. Jan Verner, though the most unselfish, perhaps it may be said the most improvident of mortals, with regard to himself, had a considerable deal of forethought for the rest of the world. It had struck him, even before it struck Lionel, that, if turned out of Verner's Pride, Lionel would *want* a home; want it in the broadest acceptation of the word. It would have been Jan's delight to give him one. He, Jan, went home, told Miss Deb the news that it was John Massingbird who had returned, not Frederick, and imparted his views of future arrangements.

Miss Deb was dubious. For Mr. Verner of Verner's Pride to become an inmate of their home, dependant on her housekeeping, looked a formidable affair. But Jan pointed out that, Verner's Pride *gone*, it appeared to be a choice of cheap lodgings: their house would be an improvement upon that. And Miss Deb acquiesced: and grew to contemplate the addition to her family, in conjunction with the addition Jan proposed to add to her income, with great satisfaction.

That failed. Failed upon Jan's first hint of it to Mrs. Verner. She—to use his own expression—flew out at him, at the bare thought: and Sibylla Verner could fly out in an unseemly manner when she choose.

Jan's next venture had been with John Massingbird. That was failure the second.

"Where are they to go?" thought Jan.

It was a question that Lionel Verner may also have been asking in his inmost heart. As yet he could not look his situation fully in the face. Not from any want of moral courage, but because of the inextricable confusion that his affairs seemed to be in. And, let his moral courage be what it would, the aspect they bore might have caused a more hardy heart than Lionel's to shrink. *How much he owed he could not tell*; nothing but debt stared him in the face. He had looked to the

autumn rents of Verner's Pride to extricate him from a portion of his difficulties; and now those rents would be received by John Massingbird. The furniture in the house, the plate, the linen, none of it was his: it had been left by the will with Verner's Pride. The five hundred pounds, all that he had inherited by that will, had been received at the time—and was gone. One general sinking fund seemed to have swallowed up everything; that, and all else, leaving a string of debts a yard long in its place.

Reproaches now would be useless; whether self-reproach, or reproach to his wife. The latter, Lionel would never have given. And yet, when he looked back, and thought how free from debt he might have been, nothing but reproach, however vaguely directed, reproach of the past generally, seemed to fill his heart. To turn out in the world, a free man, though penniless, would have been widely different from turning out, plunged over head and ears in difficulties.

In what quarter did he not owe money? He could not say. He had not been very provident, and Sibylla had not been provident at all. But this much might be said for Lionel: that he had not wasted money on useless things, or self-indulgence. The improvements he had begun on the estate had been the chief drain, so far as he went; and the money they took had caused him to get backward with the general expenses. He had also been over liberal to his mother. Money was owing on all sides; for large things and for great: how much, Lionel did not yet know. He did not know—he was afraid to guess—what private debts might have been contracted by his wife. There had been times lately, when, in contemplating the embarrassment growing so hopelessly upon him, Lionel had felt inclined to wish that some climax would come and end it; but he had never dreamt of such a climax as this. A hot flush dyed his cheeks as he remembered there was nearly a twelve-month's wages owing to most of his servants; and he had not the means now of paying them.

"Stop on a bit if you like," said John Massingbird, in a hearty tone; "stop a month, if you will. You are welcome. It will be only changing your place from master to guest."

From master to guest! That same day John Massingbird assumed his own place, unasked, at the head of the dinner-table. Lionel went to the side with a flushed face. John Massingbird had never been remarkable for delicacy, but Lionel could not help thinking that he might have waited until he was gone, before assuming the full mastership. Captain Cannonby made the third at the dinner, and he, by John Massingbird's request, took the foot of the table. It was not the being put out of his place that hurt Lionel, so much as the feeling of annoyance that John Massingbird could behave so unlike a gentleman. He felt ashamed for him. Dinner over, Lionel went up to his wife, who was keeping her room, partly from temper, partly from illness.

"Sibylla, I'll not stop here another day," he said. "I see that John Massingbird wants us gone. Now, what shall I do? Take lodgings?"

Sibylla looked up from the sofa, her eyes red with crying, her cheeks inflamed.

"Anybody but you, Lionel, would never allow him to turn you out. Why don't you dispute the right with him? Turn him out, and defy him!"

He did not tell Sibylla that she was talking like a child. He only said that John Massingbird's claim to Verner's Pride was indisputable—that it had been his all along—and, in point of right, he himself had been the usurper.

"Then you mean," she said, "to give him up quiet possession?"

"I have no other resource, Sibylla. To attempt any sort of resistance would be foolish as well as wrong."

"I shan't give it up. I shall stay here in spite of him. You may do as you like, but he is not going to get me out of my own home."

"Sibylla, will you try and be rational for once? If ever a time called for it, it is the present. I ask you whether I shall seek after lodgings."

"And I wonder that you are not ashamed to ask me," retorted Sibylla, bursting into tears. "Lodgings, after Verner's Pride! No. I'd rather die than go into lodgings. I daresay I shall die soon, with all this affliction."

"I do not see what else there is for us but lodgings," resumed Lionel, after a pause. "You will not hear of Jan's proposition."

"Go back to my old home!" she shrieked. "Like—as poor Fred used to say—bad money returned. No! that I never will. You are wrapt up in Jan: if he proposed to give me poison, you'd say Yes. I wish Fred had not died!"

"Will you be so good as tell me what you think ought to be done?" inquired Lionel.

"How can I think? Where's the good of asking me? I think the least you can do in this wretchedness, is to take as much worry off me as you can, Lionel."

"It is what I wish to do," he gently said. "But I can see only one plan for us, Sibylla—lodgings. Here we cannot stay: it is out of the question. To take a house is equally so. We have no furniture—no money, in short, to set up a house, or to keep it on. Jan's plan, until I can turn myself round and see what's to be done, would be the best. You would be going to your own sisters, who would take care of you, should I find it necessary to be away."

"Where are you going?" she quickly asked.

"I must go somewhere and do something. I cannot lead an idle life, living upon other people's charity, or let you live upon it. I must find some way of earning a livelihood: in London, perhaps. While I am looking out, you would be with your sisters."

"Then Lionel, hear me!" she cried, her throat working, her blue eyes flashing, with a strange light. "I will never go home to my sisters! I will never, so long as I live, enter that house again, to reside! You are no better than—than—a bear—to wish me to do it."

What was he to do? She was his wife, and he must provide for her: but she would go neither into lodgings, nor to the proposed home. Lionel set his wits to work.

"I wonder—whether—my mother—would in-

vite us there, for a short while?" The words were spoken slowly; reluctantly: as if there were an undercurrent of strong doubt in his mind.

"Would you go to Deerham Court for a time, Sibylla, if Lady Verner were agreeable?"

"Yes," said Sibylla, after a minute's consideration. "I'd go there."

Deeming it well that something should be decided, Lionel went down stairs, caught up his hat, and proceeded to Deerham Court. He did not say a word about his wife's caprice, that two plans, proposed for her, had been rejected. He simply asked his mother whether she would temporarily receive him and his wife, until he could look round and decide on the future.

To his great surprise, Lady Verner answered that she would; and answered readily. Lionel, knowing the light in which she regarded his wife, had anticipated he knew not what of objection, if not of positive refusal.

"I wish you to come here, Lionel: I intended to send for you and tell you so," was the reply of Lady Verner. "You have no home to turn to, and I could not have it said that my son in his strait was at fault for one. I never thought to receive your wife inside my doors, but for your sake I will do so. No servants, you understand, Lionel."

"Certainly not," he answered. "I cannot afford servants now as a matter of luxury."

"I can neither afford them for you, nor is there room in my house to accommodate them. This applies to that French maid of yours," Lady Verner pointedly added. "I do not like the woman: nothing would induce me to admit her here, even were circumstances convenient. Any attendance that your wife may require, she shall have."

Lionel smiled, a sad smile. "Be easy, mother. The time for my wife to keep a French maid has gone by. I thank you very sincerely."

And so Lionel Verner was once more to be turned from Verner's Pride, to take up his abode with his wife in his mother's home. When were his wanderings to be at rest?

(To be continued.)

LOST IN A SEPULCHRE.

"I SUPPOSE the pacha has told you that I was once a dragoman—ah, I see he has; but I can assure you that I am not ashamed to acknowledge it. I am, as you know, an Italian, and had two uncles in orders at Rome."

"I was at Cairo, teaching a French engineer how to make himself understood by the natives (for fortunately I had learnt Arabic in my youth), when I received a note from an Italian nobleman, inclosing another from my uncle at Rome. The same evening I presented myself at the Consulate, according to Count —'s request. The count was reputed to be one of the richest of the Roman nobility. His object in coming to Egypt was, he told me, to visit the ruins, and to excavate such portions of them as seemed to offer the most likely chance of meeting with objects of interest. His preparations for carrying on the work were, as I afterwards found, very complete. The tools he had brought with him were much better than

could be procured in Alexandria, and shaped in the way which he had found most effective in excavating among the buried cities of Italy.

"After visiting, merely to inspect the pyramids, we travelled direct to Thebes, where he intended to excavate, and had procured a firman requiring the sheikh to supply as many hands as he might think fit. The count had got a plan of Thebes as it used to be when it was an inhabited city. It was drawn on a very ancient-looking parchment, and he made a great deal of mystery about it, never leaving it about for anybody to look at; and once, when I asked him who had drawn it, he rudely turned his back to me without replying, which I conceived to be a hint that he did not wish to be questioned about it. Before he set the men to work, he showed me a drawing of a pillar, on which the figure of a man was sculptured in low relief, and twining round it a serpent, with its head completely buried in the figure, as though devouring its heart. Together we searched for this pillar, and after days and days of vain seeking, we discovered it at, if I remember rightly, the south-west corner of the ruins. It lay on the ground, with fragments of other pillars all around it, and had evidently, like them, been separated from its base by violence, the tradition among the Arabs being, that Defterdar Bey's artillerymen amused themselves by firing at the upright pillars. The difficulty to be overcome, after finding it, was to ascertain from which of the bases discovered on clearing away the sand the pillar had been detached; and when this had been decided to the best of our judgment, the count drew the symbol of the serpent in the sand, the base lying in the centre of the figure. The dimensions of the symbol were carefully measured, according to some scale, and no time was lost after this in setting as many men to work in clearing away the fragments and the sand as could work without being in each other's way. The ordinary difficulty of getting labour was easily overcome by a liberal present to the sheikh, and regular payment of the men every evening, allowing such as chose to absent themselves the next day, and taking others in their place when they did not present themselves at the hour fixed. My share of the labour was to watch the operations of the Arabs, to see that every stone they turned up was taken to the count, who examined every stone as it was raised. One day an Arab brought me a stone he had just dug up, and asked me for a present in return. It was a perfect cube, and on one of its faces there was the same design as on the pillar, the figure of the serpent wandering over three others, through a maze of hieroglyphics. I made the man show me the place where it had been dug up, and then I called the count to look at it. The moment he saw the design he turned as pale as death. I drew a glass of water from a cask beside us, and gave it to him to drink; this helped to restore him; he went and sat down again under his umbrella, and resumed his examination of the stones beside him. About an hour afterwards he directed me to tell the men that they were to cease excavating here for the present, till he had had time to examine the stones which had accumulated, and to set them at work at the

Temple of the Three Suns, as we named it, from the symbol of the sun being cut on each of the pillars, and arranged in the form of a triangle—three symbols on each column. This temple was about half-a-mile distant, and he desired me to come back as soon as I had set them to work. The idlers, who were always present watching the operations of the diggers, followed their friends, so that when I returned to the count I found him alone, attentively studying a small plan I had not seen before. I had noted so carefully the spot where the stone was dug out, that I saw at once he was sitting on it, I suppose to make certain that it should not be forgotten. After he had studied the plan for some time, he took up the stone, and, turning it over till the side on which was the tip of the serpent's tail came uppermost, he appeared to read the hieroglyphics, stopping every minute or so to refer to his plan. Presently he left off reading, and drew the symbol of the serpent on the sand, as before, but on a smaller scale, and with greater attention to accuracy. He next requested me to fetch a shovel and two pickaxes from the tent, and we soon were both of us hard at work. We left off to dine at the usual hour, but the evening being a fine moonlight one, the count expressed his determination to resume his labour, and I followed his example. We had not been at work very long when the count, who was using the pickaxe, left off suddenly and sat down, while I shovelled out the dirt. He then showed me the upper edge of a large stone, which proved to be the threshold of the entrance to the building, which formerly stood on this spot. It was not long before we had made a breach through a thin wall of stone or concrete beneath this stone, large enough to admit of our seeing that it opened into a cellar, or cave. The count wanted to enter immediately, and if I had not checked him he would have dropped through the hole, heedless of the depth he might have fallen—about seven feet. I next went back to the tent, and got four short wax candles, and a box of matches; and, thinking that a stimulant might be useful, I filled a small bottle with brandy, which I put in my pocket, and returned to the count. The moon was so bright that we did not light our candles till we were fairly within the building.

"The apartment in which we first entered was small and square, and on its sides were numerous short inscriptions in hieroglyphics. These the count found it necessary to translate before he went any further, so that by the time he had finished, the sun was rising again, and we scrambled out of the hole, putting stones against it and heaping the dirt over them to conceal it. We then went to the new excavations, and remained there about an hour, that none of the Arabs might suspect our discovery. After breakfast we lay down in the tent and slept till evening; then we washed and dined, and lighting a cigar each, we strolled away as though we had no object in view, the count first requesting me to tell the servants they might go to sleep when they liked, as he would want nothing more that night.

"We found the tools and everything else as we had left them, and it took us but a few minutes to reopen the hole and drop through it into the

interior. As I have already said, there were several inscriptions on the walls of this apartment: these the count had translated—you can see them if you like. Young Giovanni—Luigi—what's your name, take these keys, unlock the bottom right-hand drawer of that writing-table, and give me out a parcel rolled up in a piece of rag.

"This piece of canvas," continued the Italian, "once held the head of a human being, whose dark countenance with its widely-opened eyes, its lip drawn up as though he had died a violent death, and its large white teeth, gave me a startling shock when I first saw it. Certainly those eyes must have looked on Thebes when it was a crowded city: and for aught I know it may have been such when it was inhabited by a race of people who existed there before the Egyptians had become a nation, if he were a type of them, for his hair was of a reddish-yellow colour, and his eyes a bright and rather pale blue. It remains where I saw it, that is to say, in the building I have referred to, for I wanted the canvas for a purpose of my own. Here are the count's notes; they are most of them incomprehensible, owing to the abbreviations he used: probably he thought he would have future opportunities of examining the hieroglyphics, but the most important is clear enough, it runs thus: 'Let the serpent be thy guide on thy right hand.' This the count told me referred to the direction to be followed: that is to say, in going and returning through the labyrinth of apartments we must follow the direction in which the figure of the serpent appeared to be travelling. The rest of the notes you can look over at your leisure, if you like. And now to return to my story.

"From the apartment we had broken into we saw, as soon as we had lighted our candles, a flight of stone stairs, which widened as we went down after the manner of a fan. There were in all about fifty or sixty steps. Before we had descended more than four or five of these, the count put his foot on something which looked like a heap of dirt, but on holding the candle closer, proved to be the remains of a human being; and we saw that similar shadowy heaps were scattered over the steps as far as our lights enabled us to see. Some had the appearance of being seated with the head bent forward on the knees, others were extended over two or three steps, as if asleep, others again had evidently dropped asleep with their arms round each other's necks; in short there was no imaginable attitude in which these skeletons were not to be seen. There was something awe-inspiring in these remains of human beings, some of whom, from their life-like attitude, looked as if they were capable of rising and questioning us with regard to our intrusion. After a few seconds spent in looking fearfully about us, and in reflection, the count stepped carefully over a recumbent figure, and I followed close behind him, stopping whenever we came near a figure which seemed in better preservation than the others, to examine it. In nearly every case we found that the bodies, however perfect in appearance, crumbled to fragments under the lightest pressure, while the woollen robes which enveloped them remained entire, and served as a cerecloth to keep the remains of each

together. The robes were of an extremely fine texture, and the brilliancy of their colours after so many hundreds of years, we agreed in low whispers, was owing to their having remained in a place from which light and dust were totally excluded. The colours I saw were either scarlet or purple: and as I passed my candle over them, I saw here and there the dull glitter of a gold chain, the links of which in every case were in the form of a serpent.

"The apartment we found ourselves in, on reaching the bottom of the steps, was about twenty feet in width, and as well as we could judge by the imperfect light given by our candles, may have been forty feet in height, and in length about thirty paces. The walls were covered with paintings, not in fresco, but done on some textile fabric, which adhered to the walls so closely that it required considerable force to remove it. Beneath each panel was painted a serpent, in such vivid colours, that I started back when I saw it, thinking it was a real serpent gliding along the ground. A closer examination showed that the appearance of rotundity was not quite an optical illusion due to the art of the painter, but partly the work of the sculptor. I noticed in passing hastily that the figures were not mere outlines, as in that fresco behind you, which was brought from a temple at Edfon, but draped figures; and I was particularly struck by one which represented a dim, shadowy figure of enormous proportions, resembling a man in all respects but one—it was painted without a face. Before this figure were several dressed in long robes, and among them, though standing aloof, and as though he were answering a charge, one which must have been the portrait of the person whose head I afterwards found wrapped in canvas. Guided by the serpent, we passed from this apartment into a broad passage, and from this we turned aside into another, which led to a chamber compared with which, that we had just left was small and insignificant. Of its immense proportions we could scarcely form an idea, owing to the want of light, our candles being wholly inadequate for the purpose. We could discern no paintings on the walls except the serpent, which seemed to have accompanied us from the other room. At one end the wall projected forwards, and had a large number of little niches, in each of which was a beautifully sculptured figure of a man, alternating with a geometrical figure surrounding a painting of the same dim and vaporous-looking figure without a face, of which I have already spoken. In front of this projection was a block of stone, the top of which was slightly hollowed out: it occurred to us that this was used for sacrificial purposes, but there was nothing to establish the fact, and the only grounds we had for the supposition were its position and appearance. Still following the course indicated by the serpent, we passed through three other apartments of equally magnificent dimensions, the walls of which were covered with beautiful paintings, in all of which the figures must have been at least ten feet high. It was in the last of these we met with the most impressive spectacle I ever saw or heard of. The approach to it was so intricate that but for the guidance of the reptile we should never have penetrated to it; nor was access to it at all easy even

with our clue; for, as if to prevent persons who might reach thus far and suspect the purpose for which the serpent was painted so frequently, it was depicted as creeping in every direction, and it was only by a careful inspection that we were able to decide that the head inclined to a particular direction, often at variance with that it appeared to be travelling in itself. Following these indications, the count went boldly on, winding in and out till my brain was far from clear. This may have been partly owing to the thought having suddenly occurred to me, how hopeless it would be to try to escape from this labyrinth if our guide were suddenly to fail us. Some idea of its intricacy may be derived from the fact that we had been in it thirty-five minutes when I looked at my watch, and it was some minutes after this before we emerged from it into a short passage which led into a small square apartment having two places of exit, one at each end.

"At the first glance we threw round us we perceived simultaneously a faint light shining in at these openings. The count took in his hand the light pickaxe, which he had hitherto carried suspended from his neck by a strap, and I did the same. We drew close together, and though we did not speak, I had no doubt he was hesitating whether he should not return silently by the way we had come. I hoped he would, and, to decide him, I took a step in that direction; but he caught me by the arm, and drew me abruptly to one of the openings by which the light entered.

"We found ourselves looking down a chamber of enormous length and width, in the centre of which burnt a clear bright flame, which rose straight from the floor to a height of five or six feet. So steady and brilliant was this light that it blinded my eyes. On opening them I looked down the side of the chamber; but, notwithstanding the intense brilliancy of the flame, so vast were its dimensions, that I could only faintly discern from the place where I stood, two lines of shadowy figures, one above the other, apparently seated on thrones. Turning my head a little, and looking to the opposite side, there was the same array of motionless figures. I trembled as I looked on this mysterious assemblage, apparently, of human beings, who sat before me seemingly in silent contemplation of that strange bright flame which rose from the marble floor. I turned my head to look at the count, but he had disappeared, and it was only when I staggered back, with a cold chill creeping over me, that I saw he was prostrate on his face on the pavement. I took him by the shoulder, fearing that he had been overcome by terror; but he drew himself from me in a manner which showed that he was in full possession of his senses, and desired to be left alone. He lay there some time longer, after which he got on his feet and went with head uncovered and reverent step towards the occupants of the seats on the right side of the chamber.

"The lower row, except two or three at the upper end, were skeletons, a few of which had quite fallen to pieces, and the skulls had rolled along the pavement, while the rest of the bones remained inclosed within the robe worn by the man when living. The greater part of them, how-

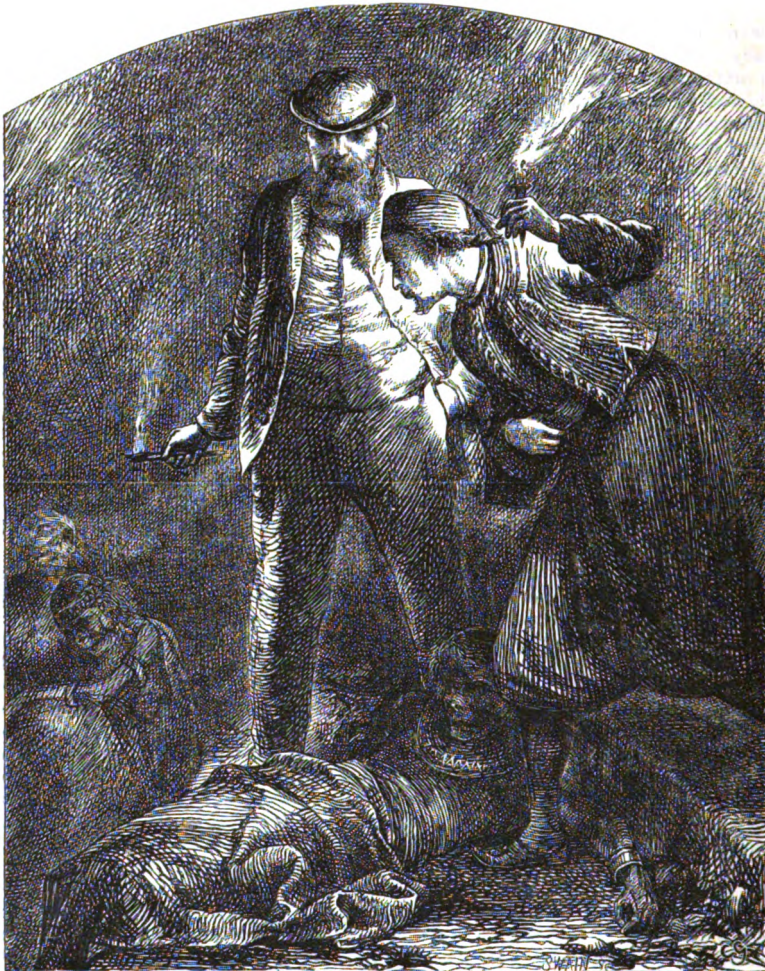
ever, either retained the frame entire, with the fleshless head resting against the back of the seat, or else had shrunk together and lay in a heap on the seat. The sight of these was painful, but the impression produced was slight compared with the shock I received when I looked at those above. They sat upright and rigid, as though they were living men; the purple colour of their robes was so fresh, and their open eyes reflected the light so brightly, that I could hardly help thinking they were alive and watching our movements. The throne occupied by each of them was of marble, beautifully polished, and above their heads was a plate of gold covered with hieroglyphics, and encircling this the serpent painted in the same vivid colours as those we had seen on the walls previously, but with eyes of a green stone, resembling emerald, which flashed back the light and gave them a life-like appearance. A very slight examination, joined with the experience I had had of such things, enabled me to see that the figures had been carefully and skilfully embalmed.

"Never in my life had I looked upon a man of whom it could be said with so much justice that he had a noble appearance, as might be said of these dried corpses. Without exception, as far as I saw, the expression of their faces was of the most elevated character. Grave and awe-inspiring, it made me feel my littleness so acutely, that, although I knew them to be as devoid of life as so many statues, I was abashed and humbled before them; possibly this feeling may have been heightened by their enormous size, which was so far above that of ordinary men that I supposed they must be sitting on cushions concealed by their robes until I looked closely and satisfied myself that this was not so.

"After we had gone slowly down the chamber and back again, we crossed from the right side to the left. Here there was the same arrangement of bodies as on the opposite side; so we spent but a comparatively short time in looking at them, and passed on to the upper end of the chamber, where was a dais with nine polished marble seats at each end, similar to those already described, and a like number arranged in a semicircle in the centre. Of those in the centre, four were filled by the same soulless tenants, not more grand in their physical appearance, but who probably held posts of authority: for each, instead of the gold plate inlaid in the marble, with the serpent around it, wore a circlet of gold about his head in the form of that reptile, its various brilliant hues being imitated by stones set in the gold, which reflected the flame so vividly that the forehead seemed to be covered with specks of many-coloured fires. There was one other of the central seats occupied, but no circlet of precious stones glittered on the brow of its tenant, for it was headless, the head being placed beside the body and carefully wrapped in canvas, the coarseness of which contrasted strongly with the rich purple woollen robe which enveloped the body. On the pavement before it lay a circlet like the others, but it was cut in two parts. The awe I felt was too great to permit me to remove the ornament from the heads of those who wore them; but the temptation to take the pieces lying

on the stone was too strong to be resisted. Having no pocket in my dress except one very small one, I quietly removed the head from the wrapper while the count stood silently regarding the flame, and putting the pieces into it, I fastened it round my body, so as to be ready for the reception of any other article of interest I might meet with. I then rejoined the count, and together we stood looking at the flame, which must have been burning thus for thousands of years. There was no lamp visible : the flame appeared to spring direct from

a hole cut in the marble, and I suppose it must have been gas derived from a natural reservoir in the interior of the earth. But whatever it might be that fed it, there was something impressive in the sight of this living fire, which had shed its light through so many ages on the inanimate forms of those demigods in appearance who sat silent and motionless on their marble thrones. The count must have known, I think, who these were, and I would have asked him, but when I looked at his face the expression was so changed ; it had



become so dignified, and yet so sad and mournful, that I did not dare to address him then ; besides I thought there would be abundant opportunity of doing this at some future time. Had I known then that the future accorded to him was bounded by those walls, my curiosity would have been stronger than my respect. As I looked round again at the grave majestic faces, the idea occurred to me that these subterranean apartments had formed part of one of the magnificent temples which formerly stood on the ground above, and

that the dead occupants of the seats may have formed part of the priestly hierarchy who, having officiated there in their lifetime, had retired here to die, and that those whose remains lay mouldering here were their successors, who, on some invasion of the city had preferred to retire here and to die with their predecessors, rather than incur the risk of death elsewhere, though combined with chances of escape ; those in the outer apartment being members of the same priesthood, though of less exalted degree.

"After a considerable time spent in this chamber the count left it by the same way we had entered it; but, returning through the labyrinth, he continued to follow the same guide which had led us thus far, and in a few minutes we found ourselves in a comparatively small apartment, the contents of which excited in my mind a feeling as strong, though different in character, as that I had experienced in the chamber we had just left.

"If you had been permitted to enter the Emperor of Morocco's treasure-chamber, some years ago, you might be able to form some idea of what I felt at the sight of the vast riches heaped up in this chamber. There were vessels of gold so pure that the lapse of centuries had not tarnished them; vessels innumerable and of the strangest and most beautiful designs. Some of them were arranged on elaborately sculptured shelves, but a much larger number were lying in a confused heap on the ground, as though brought there from some other place and thrown down hastily. Those the count took up he handled reverently, and as though the only value they had in his eyes arose from the uses to which they had been devoted, or from the hands that had grasped them in past ages. My heart beat faster as I looked upon such an accumulation of riches, and I was devising in my mind how they could be removed away with the greatest secrecy, when I was startled by the count suddenly saying:

"My candle has gone out; give me another, quickly!"

"I had not got another; but his request instantly attracted my attention to that I held in my hand, and I will leave it to you, who have been in situations where your life depended on the light you carried, to imagine the shock it gave me when I observed that my own light was on the point of going out also. The rich vessels and the jewelled ornaments were at once forgotten, and we turned and left the chamber to get as rapidly as possible through the stony labyrinth which lay between us and safety. The count took the candle from me and led the way, as fast as it was safe to go, without running the risk of extinguishing it. There was so little of it that I tore the sleeves off my dress as we went along, and putting one end between my teeth, I twisted the other so as to have it ready to light in case the candle should be burnt out before we had got through the maze. My precaution was, however, rendered of no avail by the sudden dropping of the wick into the last remains of the wax, where it was extinguished as suddenly as though it had been plunged in water. I put my hand in my pocket, but I must have left the matches on the floor of the apartment we had first entered. I don't like to recall what I felt when this happened. I caught hold of the count's dress and held it as he groped his way along in the thick darkness, hoping now we had got so far through it, he might be able to feel the rest of the way. But the constructor of this maze had been too skilful. Hour after hour I followed the man to whom I owed my destruction, as I then thought, and we were still wandering in the narrow passages, and, so far as we could judge, we were as far from the outlet as ever. At last the count

stood still, and, taking my hands in his, he said:

"Paulo, I can go no further. I have struggled to the utmost, because I would have saved your young life if I could. As for my own, I could not resign it with so much willingness, anywhere, as within these sacred walls. My only wish is that I could breathe my last in the presence of the glorious spirits who once dwelt in those kingly bodies you saw in the chambers, lighted by that everlasting flame... Adieu, Paulo. If you escape, all I have left on earth is yours; but do not let the Arabs discover the entrance to this holy place." The count loosed his hold of my hands and stretched himself on the ground with a sigh of relief.

"I hesitated whether to leave him, and make the utmost use of my strength in endeavouring to find my way out, or to remain and die with him, for I had less dread of death with him than of perishing alone in the darkness. All of a sudden I remembered that I had some brandy in my pocket, and taking out the flask I groped about till I felt the count's hand, into which I put it, and begged him to swallow a little. After much persuasion he seemed to become sensible of what I wished him to do, and made an effort to rise, in which I assisted him. A few seconds, after swallowing it, he got on his feet and began groping his way along as before, and when he showed signs of fainting, I gave him a little more. I refrained from taking any as long as I could, but nature gave way at last; and just as I began to hear noises which deafened me, and to feel as though I had swollen so large that the passage was no longer wide enough to allow of my going any further, the count fell heavily on the stone pavement, and I sank down beside him.

"Of all deaths, that from exhaustion is the most easy and painless; nay, I may go further and say, that it is actually a pleasing sensation. It was with a feeling of exquisite relief that I closed my eyes and resigned myself to what I believed was my last sleep—very different indeed to the sensation I experienced when I opened them again in the profound and awful darkness, with hunger gnawing at my stomach, and a terrible pain in my head, which nearly maddened me. With all this there was the desire to live, and I managed to get on my feet, and was in the act of staggering onward, when I suddenly recollected the count. I stooped down and touched his face, and that touch was sufficient to tell me that he was past all knowledge and suffering. I rose and crept along, as well as I was able, till I was so feeble from want of food and fatigue, that I was constantly falling against the wall or beating myself against the abrupt angles until my face seemed beaten to pieces, and I could feel the blood trickling down within my clothes. Still I kept moving, determined that I would not rest again while I retained the power of standing. My perseverance was at last rewarded by the faintest possible glimmer of light,—so faint that no eyes but such as had been in absolute darkness for many hours could have perceived it. Trembling with excitement, I moved towards the opening through which

it was reflected, and in another minute I found myself in that mysterious chamber of the dead. No words can say how rejoiced I was at the sight of that eternal flame. I approached it with joy, and with little of that awe I had felt when I saw it for the first time. My sense of the perils of my position was revived by the acute smarting of my face as the heat of the flame reached it, and I became frantically desirous of escaping to the open air. But, without a light, how could I effect this, and where was I to find the materials for a flame which would burn long enough to enable me to make my way through the tortuous passages. I looked round the chamber, but there was nothing there of which I could avail myself, except—and the very idea made me shudder at first—I used the body of one of the embalmed corpses for the purpose. I had more than once seen fragments of mummies used with substances of the foulest description to kindle a fire; but there seemed something so sacrilegious in breaking up a perfect human body for such a purpose that nothing but the state of desperation in which I was could have given me the courage to do it. Shutting my senses to all considerations but that of my own condition, I dragged one of these noble-looking figures from its throne, tore off the robe, as though acting under a species of frenzy, and broke the body in pieces. Untying the piece of canvas which I had fastened round my waist, I shook out the glittering diadem on the pavement as though it were of no more value than the tawdry thing which that wretched dancing-girl yonder wears on her head, and with it I made a cord by which I slung the members from my shoulders. Taking one of them, I thrust it into the flame: it kindled instantly, burning so fiercely that there was little fear of its being extinguished by any accident. I hastened away as fast as my strength would enable me, and I had not got far into the labyrinth before I perceived the body of the count, who, had he only taken three steps to the left, instead of the right, would have been saved. I stopped an instant to look on him for the last time, and repeating the verse—

Il tempo verrà in cui tutti quegli che sono ne' sepolcri udiranno la voce del Figliuolo di Dio e usciranno,

I continued my way, with all the speed which my condition and the necessity of carefully studying the direction in which the serpent pointed would permit. Sick, dizzy, and with eyes so dimmed that even with the strong light I carried, I could distinguish small objects only with great difficulty, I emerged from the maze into an apartment which was not that through which we had entered it for the first time. Whatever there may have been in it, I was but too anxious to escape while a little strength remained to me, and my attention was wholly directed to the discovery of the creeping reptile, which was the only barrier between me and death. Having discovered this, I followed it through passages and apartments till it led me to a chamber from which there was no apparent outlet. I felt that, in a few minutes, my strength would entirely give way. To lengthen my power of endurance, I had recourse to what was once con-

sidered an infallible restorative, which, disgusting as it was, I managed to swallow, and I have no doubt it was the means of keeping me alive long enough to get out of the horrible position in which I was placed. I examined the guiding representation with the utmost care, yet it was not till I had been twice round the chamber that I detected that in one of these the tip of the tongue was wanting. I divined at once that this was purposely to indicate an opening in the wall, and dashing myself recklessly against it, the stone moved heavily though smoothly outward, and admitted me into the chamber where still lay the skeletons the sight of which had so impressed me what appeared months before. Climbing these steps with hope once more strong in me, I dragged myself up to the hole we had made and emerged into the open air.

"It was night, and the stars were shining brightly in the dark blue sky. I could see a fire burning in the direction of our tent; but I preferred to lie down on the soft sand and sleep where I was, to attempting to reach it. The pure air and the sound sleep so refreshed me that I woke another man. There was nobody near me when I opened my eyes. Hastily heaping up a few stones against the hole, I covered them with sand, and then made my way to our tent. Here I found the Sheikh had taken up his quarters, and he did not appear at all gratified at seeing me. His first question was as to where I had left the count. I might have known that this question would be asked of me; but I had not thought of it, and I saw myself under the necessity of disregarding the count's last request, or of being treated as a criminal who had murdered him. Under these circumstances I told the Sheikh of all that had occurred, and the day following I showed him the opening, and directed him how to reach the place where I had left the count's body. Probably, fearing that I might lessen the amount of his gains, if I remained to enter the subterranean building with him, he gladly drew up, with me, a certificate of the circumstances under which the count had perished, and after a hasty settlement of the accounts of the labourers, I caused the luggage to be packed, and returned to Alexandria with the least delay possible, being anxious to place myself under the care of a medical man, fever having laid hold of me within a few hours after my escape.

"It was long before I recovered from it, and then I was offered a post by my friend the Pasha, there, with the sanction of the Viceroy, which suited me a great deal better than that of mere dragoman; and thanks to good friends, and perhaps a little to the conscientiousness and ability with which I discharged the functions of my office, my position improved till it became what you know it to be now. I have never had any occasion to ascend the Nile, beyond a short distance, since my unfortunate journey with the count; but from the experience I have had of the cunning and perseverance of the Arabs, when the discovery of treasure is in question, I know that very few days had passed before the whole of this subterranean building had been ravaged, so that I have never been tempted to make a journey to Thebes for the purpose of seeking to appropriate the treasures it contained."

G. L.

THE NOTTING HILL MYSTERY.



(See page 676.)

. See remarks prefixed to the first of these papers, page 617.

SECTION III.

1.—*Extracts from Mrs. Anderton's Journal.*

Aug. 13, 1854.—Here we are, then, finally established at Notting Hill. Jane laughs at us for coming to town just as every one else is leaving it; but in my eyes, and I am sure in dear William's too, that is the pleasantest time for us. Poor Willie, he grows more and more sensitive to blame from any one, and has been sadly worried by this discussion about our Dresden trip. The new professor to-morrow. I wonder what he will be like.

Aug. 14.—And so *that* is the new professor! I do not think I was ever so astonished in my life. That little stout squab man, the most powerful mesmerist in Europe! And yet he certainly is powerful, for he had scarcely made a pass over me before I felt a glow through my whole frame. There is something about him, too, when one

comes to look at him more closely, which puzzles me very much. He certainly is not the commonplace man he appears, though it would be difficult just now to say what makes me so sure of it.

Aug. 25.—Quite satisfied now. How could I have ever thought the Baron commonplace! And yet, at first sight, his appearance is certainly against him. He is not a man with whom I should like to quarrel. I don't think he would have much compunction in killing any one who offended him, or who stood in his way. How quietly he talks of those horrid experiments in the medical schools, and the tortures they inflict on the poor hospital patients. Willie says it is all nonsense, and says all doctors talk so; but I can't help feeling that there is something different about him. And yet he is certainly doing me good.

Sept. 1.—Better and better, and yet I cannot conquer the strange feeling which is growing upon me about the Baron. He is certainly an extraordinary man. What a grasp he takes of anything on which he rests his hand even for a moment; and how perfectly he seems to disregard anything that stands in his way. This morning I was at the window when he came, and I was quite frightened when I saw him, as I thought, so nearly run over. But I might have spared my anxiety, for my gentleman just walked quietly on, while the poor horse started almost across the road. Had it caught sight of those wonderful green eyes of his, that it seemed so frightened? What eyes they are! You can hardly ever see them; but when you do!—And yet the man is certainly doing me good.

Sept. 11.—So it is settled that the Baron is not to mesmerise me himself any more. Am I sorry or glad? At all events, I hope they will not now worry poor William.

Sept. 13.—First day of Mademoiselle Rosalie. Seems a nice person enough; but it feels very odd to lie there on the sofa while some one else is being mesmerised for one.

Sept. 15.—This new plan is beginning to answer. I think I feel the mesmerism even more than when I was mesmerised myself, and this way one gets all the pleasures and none of the disagreeables. It is so delicious. Looked back to-day at my Malvern journals. So odd to see how I disliked the idea at first, and now I could hardly live without it.

Sept. 29.—I think we shall soon be able to do without the Baron altogether. I am sure Rosalie and I could manage very well by ourselves. What a wonderful thing this mesmerism is! To think that the mere touch of another person's hand should soothe away pain, and fill one with health and strength. Really, if I had not always kept a journal, I should feel bound to keep one now, as a record of the wonderful effects of this extraordinary cure. Got up this morning with a nasty headache. No appetite for breakfast. Eyes heavy, and pulse low. Poor William in terrible tribulation, when lo! in comes little Mademoiselle Rosalie and the Baron. The gentleman makes a pass or two—the lady pops her little, dry, monkey-looking paw upon my forehead, and, *presto!* the headache has vanished, and I'm calling for chocolate and toast!

Sept. 30.—A blank day. Headache again this morning, and looking out anxiously for my little brown "good angel," when in comes the Baron, with the news that she cannot come. Up all night with a dying lady, and so fagged this morning that he is afraid she would do me more harm than good. I am sure she cannot feel more fagged than I do, poor girl. But, after all, in spite of the delight of doing so much good, what a life it must be!

Oct. 1.—Rosalie here again. Headache vanished. Everything bright as the October sun outside. I am getting quite fond of that girl. How I wish she could speak something besides German.

Oct. 4.—It is quite extraordinary what a hold that poor girl, Rosalie, is taking upon me. I am even beginning to dream of her at night.

Oct. 6.—Headache again this morning, and a message that Rosalie cannot come. How provoking that it is on the same day.

Oct. 12.—I think I shall really soon begin to know when poor Rosalie has been over-worked. Headache again to-day, and I had a presentiment that she would not be able to come.

Oct. 20.*—So now the Baron is going to leave us. Well, I am indeed thankful that he can now so well be spared. Jane Morgan here to-day, and of course laughing at the idea of mesmerism doing any good. She could not deny, though, how wonderfully better I am, and indeed, but for those tiresome headaches, which always seem to come just when poor Rosalie is too tired to take them away, I am really quite well and strong.

Oct. 31.—Something evidently wrong between poor Rosalie and the Baron. She has evidently been crying, and I suppose it must be from sympathy, but I feel exactly as if I had been crying too. Very little satisfaction from the mesmerism to-day. It seems rather as if it had given me some of poor Rosalie's depression. How I wish she could speak English, or that I could speak German, and then I would find out what is the matter. Perhaps she is to lose her work when the Baron goes. Mem.: To ask him to-morrow.

Nov. 1.—No. He says he shall certainly take her with him to Germany, and "he hopes that may have a beneficial effect." What can he mean? He says she is quite well, but throws out mysterious insinuations as to something being wrong with her. How I do wish I could speak German.

Nov. 3.—Still that uncomfortableness between the Baron and Rosalie. I am sure there is something wrong, and that she wants to speak to me about it, but is afraid of him. It certainly is strange that he should never leave us alone. Mem.: To ask William to get him out of the way for a little while to-morrow, though what good that will be when she and I cannot understand each other, I hardly know after all.

Nov. 4.—What a day this has been! I feel quite tired out with the excitement, and yet I cannot make up my mind to go to bed until I have written it all down. In the first place, this is to be my last visit from Rosalie, at all events till they come back from the continent. I cannot help perceiving that William is not altogether sorry that she is going. Dear fellow! I do really believe that he is more than half jealous of my extraordinary feeling for her. And certainly it is extraordinary that a woman quite in another class of life, of whom one knows nothing, should have taken such a hold upon one. I suppose it must be the mesmerism, which certainly is a very mysterious thing. If it is so, it is at all events very fortunate it did not take that turn with the Baron himself. Ugh! I can really begin to understand now all the objections I thought so foolish and so tiresome three or four months ago, before Rosalie first came. And yet, after all, I don't think—in spite of mesmerism or anything else—one need ever have been afraid of liking the Baron too much. I could quite understand being

* Compare Section II., 2 and 5.

afraid of him. Rosalie evidently is, and to own the truth so am I a little, or I should not have been beaten in that way to-day. To-day was my last *séance* with Rosalie, and I had made up my mind to get the Baron out of the way, and try and get something out of Rosalie. They came at two o'clock as usual, and as I thought I would not lose a chance, I had got dear William to lie in wait in his study, and call to the Baron as he passed, in hopes that Rosalie would come up alone. That was no use, however, for the Baron kept his stout little self perseveringly between her and the staircase, and when I went—thinking to be very clever—to the top of the staircase and called to her to come up, it only gave him an excuse for breaking away from poor William altogether, and coming straight up to me before her. I was so provoked, I could hardly be civil. Well, of course the Baron was in a great hurry, and we went to work at once with the mesmerising. When that was done, we both tried to keep them talking, and I made signs to William to get the Baron out of the way. I was really beginning to get quite anxious about it, and kept on repeating over and over to myself the two German words I had learned on purpose from Jane Morgan this morning. It was no use, however, and I began to grow quite nervous; and I am quite sure Rosalie saw what I was wanting, for she seemed to get fidgety too, and then that made me more nervous still. At last the Baron declared he must go, and they both got up to leave. William would have given it up, but he says I looked so imploringly at him he could not resist, so made one more effort by asking the Baron to come into his study for a short private consultation. This he refused, saying he had not time, but could say anything needful where we were. Then William told me to take Rosalie into the next room, but the Baron would not have that either, though he laughed when he said he could not trust to a lady's punctuality in this case, but if I would leave Rosalie she would not understand anything that was said. Of course this would not do, and at last William, with more presence of mind and determination than I should have thought him capable of, took him by the button-hole and fairly drew him away into the further window, where he began whispering eagerly to him to draw off his attention. I suppose it was the consciousness of a sort of stratagem, but my heart beat quite fast as I brought out my two words, "*Gibet was?*" and I could see that hers was so too. She seemed surprised at my speaking to her in German, and certainly I was no less so to hear her answer in English, with a slight accent certainly, but still in quite plain English—"Don't seem to listen. I am . . ." and then she stopped suddenly and turned quite pale, and I could feel all my own blood rush back to my heart with such a throb! I looked up, and there were the Baron's eyes fixed upon us. Poor Rosalie seemed quite frightened, and I declare I felt so too. At all events, we neither of us ventured on another word, and the next minute the Baron succeeded in fairly shaking off poor William and taking his leave. So there is an end of my little romance about Rosalie. I am sure there was something in it. Why, if she had nothing particular to say,

should she have taken the trouble of learning that little bit of English? and why—but I must not sit here all night speculating about this, which after all is, I daresay, nothing at all. It is positively just twelve o'clock.

Nov. 6.—How strange! There is certainly some mystery about Rosalie and the Baron. I am quite certain I saw them in a cab together this morning, and yet they were to cross on Saturday night and be in Paris yesterday. I wonder whether they were late after all, and yet an hour and a-half is surely time enough to London Bridge, and if he had missed the train I should think he would have come to us yesterday. At all events he might have gone early this morning. It is very odd. . . .

Nov. 7.—I wonder whether any one ever had such a husband as I have got. Yesterday he must needs worry himself with the idea that I am fretting about the loss of my mesmerism,—as if I could possibly think a moment about the loss of anything when I had got him with me. So nothing would satisfy him but that we must go to the Haymarket to see "Paul Pry" and the Spanish Dancers. I have not laughed so much for many a long day. I don't like all that violent dancing, so we came away directly after the absurd little farce—"How to Pay the Rent." How we did laugh at it to be sure, and the absurdities of that little monkey, Clark. Wright, too, in "Paul Pry," is quite inimitable. Dear William, how good it was of him! . . .

Dec. 5.—Just going to the theatre again when news came of poor Harry Morton's illness. My own dear William, how good he is to every one. And so prompt, too. Touch his heart or his honour, and the Duke himself could not be more quick and decided. The news only came as we were dressing, and to-morrow we are off to Naples to meet poor Mr. Morton, and nurse him.

Dec. 6.—There is no one like Willie. After all the scramble we have had to get ready, he would not take me across when it was so rough. So we have taken two dear little rooms, from day to day, because Willie cannot bear the publicity of an hotel, and I am sure I hate it too, and we are to wait till it is fine enough to cross.

Dec. 9.—Still here; but the wind has gone down almost suddenly within the last three hours, and to-morrow morning I hope we really shall cross. Dear William getting quite worried; I persuaded him to take me to a lecture that was going on, and while we were there the wind went down, and we have been packing up ever since. Twelve o'clock! and William calling to me. I must just put down about Mr. . . . Good Heaven! What is the matter? I feel so ill—quite—

2.—Statement of Dr. Watson.

My name is James Watson, and I am a physician of about thirty years' standing. In 1854, I was practising at Dover. On the night of the 9th of December in that year, I was sent for hurriedly to see a lady, of the name of Anderton, who had been taken suddenly ill immediately after her return from a lecture at the Town-hall, which she had attended with her husband. The message was brought by the servant from the lodgings where they were living. On our way to the house she

told me that "the lady was dying, and the poor gentleman quite distracted." On arriving at the house I found Mr. Anderton supporting his wife in his arms. He seemed greatly agitated, and cried, "For God's sake be quick—I think she has got the cholera!" Mrs. Anderton was on the couch in her dressing-room, partially undressed, but with two or three blankets thrown over her, as she seemed shivering with the cold. There was a good fire in the room, but notwithstanding this and the blankets, her hands and feet were both quite chilly.* I asked Mr. Anderton why she had not been got to bed, to which he replied, that she had been vomiting, until within a very few moments, so violently, that they had been unable to move her. Almost immediately on my arrival the vomiting re-commenced, though there appeared to be now hardly anything left in the stomach to come away. The retching continued with unabated violence for more than an hour after the stomach had been evidently completely emptied, and was accompanied with great purging and severe cramps both in the stomach and the extremities. I at once sent to my house for a portable bath I happened to have hired for my own wife's use, and, on its arrival, placed Mrs. Anderton in it at a temperature of 98°, having previously added $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of mustard. While waiting for the bath, I administered thirty drops of laudanum in a wine-glassful of hot brandy-and-water, but without, in any degree, checking the purging, which continued almost incessantly, and was of a most watery character. It was accompanied also by violent pains and great swelling of the *epigastrium*. A fresh dose of opium was equally unsuccessful, nor was any amelioration of symptoms produced by the exhibition of prussic acid and creosote. On removing the patient from the warm bath, I had her carefully placed in bed, shortly after which she began to perspire profusely, but without any relief to the other symptoms. . . . I now began to fear that some deleterious substance had been unconsciously swallowed, the more especially as the patient had, up to the very moment of her seizure, been in unusually good health. I therefore made careful examinations with the view to detecting the presence of arsenic; and instituted, by the aid of Mr. Anderton, the strictest inquiries as to whether there was in the house any preparation containing this or any other irritant poison. Nothing of the kind could, however, be found, nor were such tests, as I was at the time in a position to apply, able to detect anything of the kind to which my suspicions were directed. Deliberate poisoning proved, moreover, on consideration, entirely out of the question, as there could be no doubt of Mr. Anderton's devoted attachment to his wife, and the people of the house were entire strangers to her. Moreover, the length of time since any food had been taken was almost conclusive against such a supposition. Mrs. Anderton had dined at six o'clock, and between that hour and midnight, when the attack came on, had

eaten nothing but a biscuit and part of a glass of sherry-and-water, the remainder of which was in the glass upon the dressing-room table when I arrived. Since then I have removed portions of all the matters tested, as well as the remaining wine-and-water, and have had them thoroughly examined by a scientific chemist, but equally without result. I am compelled, therefore, to believe that the symptoms arose from some natural though undiscovered cause. Possibly from a sudden chill in coming from the heated rooms into the night air, though this seems hardly compatible with the fact that she never complained of cold during the long drive home, and that she was seated comfortably in her dressing-room, making her customary entries in her journal, when the attack came on. Another very suspicious circumstance was that, afterwards mentioned by her, of a strong metallic taste in the mouth, a symptom sometimes occasioned, and in conjunction likewise with the others noticed in her case, by the exhibition of excessive doses of antimony in the form of emetic tartar. This medicine, however, had never been prescribed for her, nor was there any possibility of her having had access to any in mistake. At Mr. Anderton's request, however, I exhibited the remedies used in such a case, as port wine, infusion of oak-bark, &c., but with as little effect as the other medicines. Indeed, the remedies of whatever kind were precluded from exercising their full action by the extreme irritability of the stomach, by which they were ejected almost as soon as swallowed. This being the case, I abandoned any further attempt at the exhibition of the heavy doses I had hitherto employed, or indeed of drugs of any kind, and confined myself, until the irritation of the *epigastrium* should have been in some measure allayed, to a treatment I have occasionally found successful in somewhat similar cases; the administration, that is to say, of simple soda-water in repeated doses of a teaspoonful at a time. I have often found this to remain with good effect upon the stomach when everything else was at once rejected, nor was I disappointed in the present case. About an hour after commencing this treatment, the first violence of the symptoms began to subside, and by the next afternoon the case had resolved itself into an ordinary one of severe *gastro-enteritis*, which I then proceeded to treat in the regular manner. After quite as short a period as I could possibly have expected, this also was subdued, leaving the patient, however, in a state of great prostration, and subject to night-perspirations of a most lowering character. I now began to throw in tonics, and to resort, though very cautiously, to more invigorating diet. Under this treatment she continued steadily to improve, though the perspirations still continued, and her constitution cannot be said to have at all recovered the severe shock it had sustained by the month of April, 1855, when they left Dover, by my recommendation, for change of air. Since that time I have not seen her. I am quite unable to account for the seizure from any cause but that of a chill; an hypothesis which, I must admit, rests its authority almost solely on the fact that no other can be found.

* This portion of Dr. Watson's statement, relating entirely to the symptoms of Mrs. Anderton's case, though some details are excluded, necessarily contains much that must be interesting only to the medical profession and disagreeable to the general reader. The following paragraph may therefore be passed over, merely noting that the symptoms were such as would be compatible with antimonial poisoning.

3.—*Extracts from Mrs. Anderton's Journal—Continued.*

Jan. 20, 1855.—At last I get back once more to my old brown friend.* Dear old thing, how pleasant its old face seems! Very little to-day though; only a word or two, just to say it is done. Oh, how it tries one!

Jan. 25.—My own dear husband's birthday; and, thank Heaven! I am once more able to sit with him. Oh! how kind he has been through all these weary weeks, when I have been so fretful and impatient. Why should suffering make one cross? God knows, I have suffered. I never thought to live through that terrible night. It makes me shudder to think of it. And, then, that horrid, deathlike, leaden taste—that was worst of all. Well, thank God! I am better now, but so weak. I am quite tired with writing even these few lines.

Feb. 12.—How weak I still am! Walked out to-day with dear William for the first time upon the pier, but had scarcely got to the end of it, when I felt so tired I was obliged to sit down while poor William went to fetch a chair to take me home.

Feb. 13. I have been quite startled to-day. I was talking to Dr. Watson about my being so tired yesterday, and about how very weak I still was, and how ill I had been—and, at last, he let slip that, at the time, he thought I had been poisoned. It gave me quite a turn, and then he tried to make us talk of something else, but I could not get it out of my head, and kept coming back and back to it, and wondering who could have had any possible interest in poisoning poor me. And so we went on talking; and, at last, Dr. Watson said something which let out that at first he had suspected—William! my own William! my precious, precious husband! Oh! I thought I should have choked on the spot. I don't know what I said, but I do know I could not have said too much, and poor William tried to laugh it off, and said: "Who else would have gained anything by it? Would he not have had that miserable 25,000*l.*? and besides him, there was no one but the Charities in India, and they could not have done it, because they would not exist till we were gone;" but I could see how he winced at the idea, and I felt as though my blood were really boiling in my veins. And then that man—oh! how thankful I shall be when we can get away from him—tried to persuade me that he had not really thought it. I should think not, indeed! and that he soon saw it was impossible, and all that; and at last, I fairly burst out crying with passion, and ran out of the room. And—and—I could cry now to think of my poor dear Willie being—and I shall, too, if I go on thinking about it any longer, so I will write no more to-night.

Feb. 15.—No journal yesterday, I really could not trust myself to write. And poor Willie, though he tried to laugh at it, I could see how bitterly he felt the imputation. Good Heaven! think if that wretched man had really charged him with it. It would have killed him. I know it would, and he would rather have died a thou-

*and times. Well, I must not think of it any more. Only, once more, thank Heaven! we shall soon be going away.

April 7.—Back once more at home, thank Heaven! But how slow, how very slow this convalescence, as they call it, is. Oh! shall I ever be well again, as I was last year before that horrid day at Dover!

May 3.—So we are to leave England for a time, and try the German baths. I am almost thankful for it. I have grown very fond, too, of this dear little luxurious house, though I could hardly say why. It is like my wonderful fancy for Rosalie. Ah, poor Rosalie! I wonder where she is now, and when they will return. I cannot help thinking she might do me some good. But, as I was saying; fond as I am of this dear little house, I shall be really glad to leave it for a time, and see what change of air will do for me. If I could only get rid of those terrible night perspirations. It is they that pull me down so, and make me so weak and miserable. Oh! what would I not give to be well once more, if it were only to get rid of the memory of that time.

July 7.—Safe at Baden Baden; and too early as yet for the majority of the English pleasure-seekers. What a delicious place it is; I declare I quite feel myself better already.

Sept. 11.—Really almost well again. Quite a comfortable talk to-day with dear Willie about that foolish Dr. Watson; the first time the subject has been mentioned between us, since that day when I got into such a passion about it. Poor man, he was hardly worth going into a rage about. We heard to-day of his having made some terrible blunder in the new place he has gone to, and lost all his practice by killing some poor old woman through it. It was this made us talk of his poisoning notion, and oh! how glad I was to see that dear Willie had quite got over his nervousness about it. We had quite a long talk; and, at last, he promised me faithfully never to say a word more about it to any one.

Oct. 10.—Home again at last, and in our own dear little house. And really I feel once more as well and strong as this time last year. Dear William, too, how happy he is; the shadow seems quite to have passed away. God grant it may not return.

Oct. 30.—An eventful day. All the morning at the Crystal Palace, and just as we returned who should walk in but the Baron R**! It was just a year since he left us, but he had not altered in the very least. I do not think that short, square figure, with the impenetrable rosy face, and the large white hands, and those wonderful great green eyes that you can so rarely catch, and when you have caught, so invariably wish you had let alone, can ever change. I am afraid I was not very cordial to him. I ought to be, for he has done great things for me; and yet somehow when I saw him, I felt quite a cold shudder run all through me. Dear William saw it, and asked if I was ill, and when I laughed and said, "No, it was only some one walking over my grave," I could not help fancying that for a moment the Baron's lips seemed to turn quite white, and I just caught one glance from those awful

* Apparently the journal, which is bound in brown Russian leather.

eyes that seemed as if it would read me through and through. And yet after all it may have been only fancy, for the next moment he was talking in his rich, quiet voice as though nothing could ever disturb him. So Rosalie is gone. That is clear at all events, though what has exactly become of her I cannot quite so well understand. From all I can make out, she seems, poor girl, to have married very foolishly, and it was that that was the matter between them when they went away last year. The Baron seemed indeed to hint at something even worse, but he would not speak out plainly, and I would defy any one to make that man say one word more than he may choose. Poor Rosalie, I hope she has not come to any harm.

Nov. 1.—Another visit from the Baron, to say good-bye before his return to—his wife! How strange that we should never have heard of her before, and even now I cannot make out whether he has married since he left us or whether he was always so. Certainly that man is a mystery, and just now it pleases him to talk especially in enigmas. He does not seem disposed, however, to put up with vague information on our part. I thought he would never have done questioning poor William and me about my illness, and at last he drew it out of me—not out of William, dear fellow—what that foolish Dr. Watson had said. After all I am not sorry I told him, for it was quite a relief to hear him speak so strongly of the absurdity of such an idea, and I am sure it was a comfort to poor William. He—the Baron—spoke very strongly too about the danger of setting such ideas about, and particularly cautioned dear Willie not to mention it to any one. I knew he would not have done so any way, but this will make him more comfortable.

April 3.—Such a delightful day and so tired. I never saw Richmond look so lovely, and how dear Willie and I did enjoy ourselves in that lovely park. But oh! I am so sleepy. Not a word more.

April 5.—Another lovely day—strolling about Lord Holland's Park all the morning, and this evening some music in our own dear little drawing-room. How happy—how very happy—good Heaven, what is this? That old horrible leaden taste: and oh, so deadly sick. . . .

April 6.—Thank Heaven the attack seems to have passed away. Oh, how it frightened me. Thank Heaven, too, I was able to keep the worst from dear William, and he did not know how like it was to that other dreadful time.

April 20.—Again that horrible sickness, and worse—oh, far worse—still, that awful deadly leaden taste. Worse this time, too, than the last. In bed all day yesterday. Poor Willie terribly anxious. Pray Heaven it may not come again.

May 6.—Another attack. God help me! if this should go on, I do not know what will become of me. Already I am beginning to feel weaker and weaker. Poor Willie!—these last three days have been terrible ones for him. However, the doctor says it will all pass off. Pray Heaven it may!

May 25.—More sickness, more derangement, more of that horrible leaden taste. The doctor himself is beginning to look uncomfortable, and I can see that poor Willie's mind is reverting to that terrible suggestion a year ago. Thank Heaven I

have as yet managed to conceal from him and from Dr. Dodsworth that horrid deadly taste which made such an impression on Dr. Watson. Oh, when will this end!

June 10.—A horrible suspicion is taking possession of me. What can this mean? I look back through my journal, and it is every fortnight that this fearful attack returns. The 5th and 18th of April—3rd and 21st of May—and now again the 7th of this month. And that terrible leaden taste which is now almost constantly in my mouth; and with every attack my strength failing—failing—O God, what can it be?

June 26.—Another fortnight—another attack. There *must* be foul play somewhere. And yet who could—who would do such a thing? Thank Heaven I have still concealed from my poor William that worst symptom of all, the horrible leaden taste which is now never out of my mouth. My precious Willie, how kind, how good he is to me. . . .

July 12.—I cannot hold out much longer now. Each time the attack returns I lose something of the little, the very little strength that is left. God help me, I feel now that I must go. . . . The Baron came to-day, and for a moment my poor boy's face lighted up with hope again. They had a long discussion before the doctor would consent to consult with him, but after that, they seemed to change the medicines. But something must have gone wrong, for I have never seen Dr. Dodsworth look so grave.

Aug. 1.—I think the end is drawing very near now. This last attack has weakened me more than ever, and I write this in my bed. I shall never rise from it again. My poor, poor Willie. . . Three days I have been in bed now, but I have taken nothing from any hand but his.

Aug. 17.—This is, I think, almost the last entry I shall make. Another fortnight and I shall be too weak to hold the pen—if, indeed, I am still here.

Sept. 5.—Another attack. Strange how this weary body bears up against all this pain. Would that it were over; and yet my poor, poor boy. . . He too, is almost worn out; night and day he never leaves me. . . I take the things from his hand, but I cannot taste them now—nothing but lead. . . .

Sept. 27.*—Farewell my husband—my darling—my own precious Willie. Think of me—come soon to me. God bless you—God comfort you—my darling—my own.

In the hand of Mr. Anderton.

This day my darling died.

Oct. 12th, 1856.

W. A.

(To be continued.)

A GOOD SHILLING'S WORTH.

It has been said—and I am inclined to believe it—that if any one were to take an empty room and invite a pleasure-seeking public to the contemplation of its bare walls, the speculation would be a paying one, provided only that the price of

* Written in pencil, the characters barely legible from weakness.

admission was fixed at One Shilling. It would be a problem not without some interest to the metaphysician to determine the causes which have led to the adoption of this particular sum as the almost universal equivalent for modern amusement of every kind. Why should a poor, half-starved, half-stupefied, barking seal command exactly the same price, for instance, as the incalculable treasures of the World's Fancy Fair? On what mercantile principles does an enterprise, whose cost is reckoned by hundreds of thousands, rely for its success upon the identical sum as that which is calculated to pay for the weekly hire of a small back room? Why, in short, should neither the quality nor the cost of the entertainment offered affect in the slightest degree the price demanded or the readiness with which it is paid? It is not so in other matters. If I wish to buy my wife a gown, I am painfully sensible of the difference in cost between cotton and silk. If, after a hard day's work, I indulge myself in the brief Elysium of nicotine, I at once realise the pecuniary distinction between the aristocratic regalia and the "shag" or "bird's-eye" of humble life. But if for once in a way we sally forth together for a day or a night of "popular" amusement, I find that quality is no longer an element for consideration. From comic songs to science; from Leotard to light literature; from Cornhill to Cremorne; from the high art of South Kensington or Trafalgar Square to the high rope of the Crystal Palace or Highbury Barn, the price is still the same, and when once we have made up our mind to expend each our shilling, the world seems all before us where to choose.

I am probably by no means the first to whom some such reflection has occurred, on looking through the first three or four advertisement columns of the "Times." Others, too, have probably ere now arrived at the conclusion that, of many shillings so spent, some at least have met with a decidedly good return. Of one of the best of these I purpose now to give some brief account.

I confess to a weakness for some slight blending of instruction with amusement. I like to think that I have carried away something for my money; and though many will doubtless discern in this evidence of a sordid and mercantile spirit, still others will, I trust, admit in the nature of the object sought some excuse for any undue eagerness in its acquisition. Deeply, then, was I grieved when the untoward accident of 1857 brought to an untimely close that favoured haunt of my boyish days—the Polytechnic; and great was my rejoicing when, on my return from a long absence abroad, I found my old friend risen like a phoenix from its ashes in far higher feather than before. Here, at least, was a safe investment for a shilling.

And, indeed, hardly had I passed up the well-known steps into the gallery of the Great Hall, ere I found myself repaid. In the course of what is poetically termed "a somewhat chequered career," it has been my lot to travel at one time or another over a considerable portion of the habitable globe. With the outer surface of no small portion of what our geography books jocosely

term *five* quarters of the world, I am tolerably familiar; but—too like, I fear, to most other travellers—it was to the surface alone that my knowledge had been hitherto confined. A glance at these walls and my heart expands at a bound. Here is the dear old Norwegian Fjord, with its deep dark forests and broad still mountain ranges stretching away on either hand, just as I remember it years ago. But with it is something I do not remember at all. Here is the solid earth open right down under my feet, and stratum after stratum revealed through lingula flags, and Ffestiniog slates, and "Cambrian" and "metamorphic," and gneiss, right down to the primeval granite.

Here, again, is my own native land,—the very spot in "famous London town," on which I now sit to write these lines, and down under my feet I can see in this wonderful picture the London clay and the Woolwich beds, and under them the gault, and the greensands, and the mammalian beds, and the Purbeck and carboniferous strata, and through them all the dark shiny streaks of trap and veined granite. Then Vesuvius and the tremulous Solfatara, with their red veins of glowing lava and their huge black pillars of basalt; and then again we are out in the wild Atlantic, and the rocky peaks of the Azores, that loomed mistily upon our horizon as we rolled homeward before the wild westerly gale only a few short weeks ago, dive downward mile after mile through the clear green sea, over which we have so often sped, down to the old granite again, and the flat bed of the Atlantic telegraph cable plateau.

So on from point to point of well-remembered journeyings, and at each we learn something of the mysteries over which we have passed without a thought, and our wanderings assume an interest altogether new.

Then, as I turn from the depths of the Pacific Ocean, I find my wife, who has for some moments been tugging at my sleeve, rapt in reverent admiration of a great crown of dark-coloured sugar-candy, standing proudly under its glass case. Is it the form of the crown that moves her loyal heart, or is it the sweetness of the seeming candy that gently agitates her sympathetic palate? A moment's inspection shows that it is neither of these, and I hurry her away with all convenient speed. That crown is made, not of sugar-candy, but of aniline, and it is from those dark crystals, extracted by cunning hands from the coal-scuttle of common domestic life, that the soft beauties of mauve and the brilliant glories of magenta are drawn forth for the distraction of mankind. No wonder if ladies' dress has become an expensive item in the yearly account. Here is a little matter of colouring only; a little crystal crown, barely half a foot high, but worth a matter of some 200*l.* or so, and representing just 250 tons of coal. My dear, I think we had better move on.

Here is something much more to the purpose. This round, tub-looking affair must have some domestic bearing, despite its hard name. A "Hydro-Extractor." The title is not entirely explanatory; but while I am puzzling between the rival claims of Latin and Greek, up steps one

of the civil brown-coated servants of the Institution, and explains that in English this means a wringing machine. "You put a wet blanket in here, air, and just turn this handle." Wh-r-r-r-r ! and the blanket is taken out again as dry as though it had been manipulated by M. Robert Houdin. If this admirable machine could but be adapted to the "wet blankets" of society, how many poor hearts and "withers" would escape unwrung!

What is this? An instrument of torture, with its cruel-looking knives twisting and turning in their hollow trough? On the contrary, it is a machine by the use of which much torture might be saved, especially that worst of tortures, dyspepsia. It is Stevens's bread-making machine, and those cruel-looking knives have no more fatal object than the harmless making of dough.

Here, again, we change our direction, and dive into the realms of practical science. This black-looking thing in a dark corner, with which Mrs. A——'s crinoline has just become entangled, proves to be a locomotive engine. Not a full-grown one, certainly, but a very good-sized model, some five feet in length and three in height, with furnace, boilers, tender, &c., all complete, and furnished with a mile of rails on which to perform its miniature journeys. Above it, on a sort of raised counter round the compact little engine which drives all the moving machinery of the Institution, is a large collection of similar models on a considerably smaller scale. Locomotives and stationary engines, patent sewage locks and machinery for desiccation and deodorisation, and one little pair of oscillating steamboat engines that work within the very moderate compass of a walnut shell. Close beside them is another collection of telegraphic apparatus,—Morse's, and Hulse's—and various other forms. Here, stretching across the canal which runs round three parts of the lower hall, is a model of a most ingenious wooden bridge, which, after the exercise of almost equal ingenuity in spelling out the inscription placed unapproachably in the centre of the structure, we find to be a model of one erected by Captain Moorsom, R.E., upon the Waterford and Kilkenny Railroad. And here, just beyond it, is a cardboard model of a very wonderful machine for navigating the air. Estimated weight, 1½ tons; estimated pressure on pistons, 200 lb. per square inch, and 4-horse power; estimated speed per hour, 150 miles! On the top of it stands for purposes of comparison a great locust, with its heavy body and four small wings. Let us hope that its big imitator underneath may be equally successful in the application of its own.

And now, ranged in the glass cases on our left, we have a sort of miniature "process court." First, an illustration of the construction of a wine-glass in all its various stages, from the little round "blob" of glass to the fully developed goblet. Next, a case of iron from Taranaki, or New Plymouth, as our unimaginative Colonial Office calls it. Here is a mine of riches for our brothers at the far antipodes a thousand-fold more valuable than any wealth of gold. The iron

seems to lie like sand upon the shore. Here is a cupful of it just as it is gathered; pure iron dust which clings to the magnet we thrust into it as closely and readily as any filings from the forge. Then come various specimens of the uses to which it may be put. Knives and keen razors and tools of every kind.

A little further on and another large case shows us samples of the various stages through which is passed the kamptulicon, a sort of substitute for floor-cloth or matting, made of cork and gutta percha. Beside it stands a yet more interesting case, illustrating the various processes of wood engraving, and filled with specimens of various kinds. In the little room on the left hand, passing out at the further end of the hall, is displayed the whole art and mystery of pipe-making, and the votary of the Indian weed can superintend in person the manufacture of his meerschaum or his clay from the first lump to the final glories of amber mouthpiece and silver mounting. The little niche opposite—where of old the glass-blower used to elaborate his skeleton ships—is now taken possession of by the representatives of two more useful trades, and one man will weave a handsome scarf for your neck, while the other is mending, "stronger than new," the pet piece of old china for whose breakage poor Ponto and his master got into such trouble months ago.

Beyond these two "process" rooms, we come to a large room full of pictures, but of these, with one exception perhaps, the less said the better. This is a Rubens, but not by any means one of the best productions of that too prolific master. Beneath it hangs a very good print of the same picture, inverted as though in a looking-glass. The others are all specimens more or less mediocre of the English school, not perhaps much below, but certainly not above, the average of the Academy Exhibition. In the centre of this room, however, is a very interesting case filled partly with beautiful specimens of glass and china, partly with relics and "curios" of all kinds from Delhi and Cawnpore. Of these latter, some are perhaps of a questionable description. "A branch of the tree under which the massacre occurred" is a relic of rather a "sensational" character, as is also, though in a less degree, the "leaf from a Bible picked up beside the Cawnpore well," while the tulwar "which has killed women and children" is, I would venture to suggest, a mistake from every point of view. But passing these, we have here plenty of objects both curious and interesting. What a glorious, though perhaps not over-comfortable smoking-cap is that of the late King of Delhi, with its precious setting of 450 pearls and precious stones! What garments, too, gorgeous with rich jewels and cloth of gold; and, chiefest of all, the *integumenta virilia* of the Queen, looking as though they could stand by themselves without further support than their own gorgeous embroidery. Close by them is a very singular instrument, of which I should have liked a more minute inspection had I not been promptly hurried away for fear, I suppose, of the contagion of evil example. It is a "gold whip set with 300 turquoises, very beautiful,

used in the Zenana for flogging the ladies of the court!"

A brief tour through a long series of glowing cosmorama views, Alma and Sebastopol, and the Vatican, and Switzerland, and Aladdin's Palace, *et hoc genus omne*, and we are again in the great hall, where the bell is just proclaiming the approaching descent of the diving bell. For those who are in want of a headache, and do not mind paying a shilling for the accommodation, this is such an opportunity as does not often occur. We have different tastes: so, after having sufficiently admired the unfortunate diver, who, enveloped in waterproof, and with his head mysteriously encased in a huge tin pot, seems to spend the greater part of his life in groping for halfpence at the bottom of a pond, we leave the diving bell to make its daily journey, and push on past wax flowers and portions of the Blondin rope, and Dr. Eddy's steam shield-ships of 1300 tons and 500 horse-power, with masts which in action lie down snugly along the deck, blocking up apparently all possible retreat through the cabin doors, and little iron mounds like beaver huts to protect the guns; and now our attention is arrested by another seeming instrument of torture, in which is actually a wooden representative of the unhappy being who is the subject of its pangs. This, however, proves upon examination to be a galvanic bath; and by and by, in one of the galleries upstairs, we come upon a still more awful-looking chair, in which the same agent is again employed for the restoration of the invalid.

And then we come to those two innocent-looking little brass rods which played so fatal a part in the following sad tale.

Poor Edwin was a clerk in the —, well, in a Government office. But clerks, even Government clerks, are mortal, and to him, as to others, had come the piercing shafts of love. Was it from a three-cornered note of tender pink, or from a whispered intimation on the crowded staircase of Lady P—, or was it by the intuition of his own beating heart, that he divined the presence of his loved Angelina and her schoolmates from the adjacent Regent's Park at this excellent institution one frosty day in January, 185—? No matter. There she was; and we need not waste much time in guessing the destination of a day's leave obtained by young Edwin from his superiors in Pall Mall. The eventful moment came; and as Angelina faintly strove to fix her wondering attention upon the explanations of the talented lecturer in the centre of the hall, young Edwin stood suddenly by her side. Oral communication was difficult, for, wedged closely in the crowd, but two paces off, was Mrs. Dragonnette, the inexorable duenna of Minerva House; but soon a little ungloved hand slid gently into his, while the other clasped tightly, and perhaps a little ostentatiously, the nearest of the two fatal knobs of brass. Five seconds of Elysium, and then came a hurried movement of the throng, and Edwin, in imminent peril of separation from his fair queen, grasped vigorously at the companion rod. P—r—r—r—t. Ah!!! A thrill shot through the unfortunate pair; a shriek burst from Angelina's lips, as, for the moment, she

fancied that wrist, elbow, and shoulder must all be out of joint. In an instant the eyes of Madame Dragonnette were upon her, and in another she was on her way back to the Regent's Park. The blow was fatal. The ill-starred couple never met again. It was but last week that Angelina was married to an eminent dealer in Russian hides and tallow, while Edwin still sits, a disconsolate bachelor, in his cocoa-matted office in Pall Mall. Should he ever recover, as of course he probably never will, so far as to again indulge in the tender passion, he will probably be very careful not to venture on its experience in too close proximity to an electrical machine.

But what a magnificent machine it is, with its seven-feet plate and all its gigantic appliances! It was constructed, we are told, for the Emperor Napoleon, and cost no less than 250*l*. For half an hour and more, if only a moderately dry atmosphere allows of the exhibition, are we delighted with the brilliant marvels of this beautiful instrument. Single sparks, more than six feet in length; chains of glowing light, reaching to the very roof of the great hall; and huge spiral flames, and brilliant colours, and wonderful experiments upon a small boy in an iron box.

And when this is over, we again continue our tour of observation, and now our attention is attracted by some of the most ingenious absurdities that perhaps ever entered the mind of man. Here is a wonderful engine, like an elaborate rack, for teaching to swim. Here a "burglary detector," a wonderful arrangement, by which, when a thief opens by night either door or window, the fact is at once notified by sound of bell to the master of the house, for whose subsequent guidance a notice board sets forth with business-like accuracy the particular door or window at which the entry has been made. Here is an eight-fold cannon, with its various muzzles radiating, wheel-like, from a centre, and admirably calculated for the simultaneous destruction of friend and foe. Here a "reversible devotional stool," with a kneeling-place, intended to turn bottom upwards during the sermon for the accommodation of your feet, but better adapted to enforce involuntary prostration at some too neglected shrine. Here is a "thought-writer," a heart-shaped, palette-like piece of wood, furnished with two wheels and a pencil, by resting the tips of your fingers on which your thoughts are to be unconsciously recorded on the sheet beneath. And last, not least, here is a most ingenious machine, full of cranks and wheels and screws, and fine-cutting chisels,—a sort of adaptation on a small scale of the celebrated brass gun turning machinery at Woolwich, and its end is—to peel apples.

And now we are in the little room above the great theatre, and are wandering with ever-increasing admiration from one to another of M'Pherson's glorious photographs of Rome. There stands the Coliseum, with its myriad arches bright and clear as in the broad Italian sun, or, better still, the soft rich moonlight of the southern clime. There are the graceful columns of Minerva's

temple, the massive proportions of the Rotunda, the historic grandeur of Capitol and Forum and triumphal arch. There, too, are the sculptured beauties of the Vatican, and a dozen other galleries; the frescoes of innumerable palaces, and all the endless gems of Rome. Four hundred photographs, the catalogue tells us, and any one of them cheap at the entrance fee we have paid.

But it is not for our eyes only that the indefatigable Professor Pepper caters at the Polytechnic Institution. Here is excellent entertainment also for the ears. Lectures on Cotton and Chemistry, Ventilation, Railway Accidents, the Art of Balancing (with a view to a scientific exposition of the feats of Blondin and Leotard), the Whitworth and Armstrong Guns, the Iron-plated Ships, Accidents in Coal Mines, the New Terrestrial and Stellar Chemistry, the New Tar Colours (Mauve and Magenta), and the Chief Scientific Specialities of the late International Exhibition. After these, concerts by the Brousil Family and the St. George's Choir, Magical Illusions, and Experiments in Recreative Philosophy; and last, not least, the delightful Herr Susman, with his marriage peals on the quaint old cithern, his exquisite imitations of nightingale and thrush, and "ze tocks in ze vater," and the duet between the shrill robin and the deep-voiced blackbird, and the numerous family of pigs, and the infant neighings of "ze yong colt vat ronns aftare ze old mare, ze modder horse."

And then come the magnificent Dissolving Views, the great feature of the entertainment. These consist, by day, of an interesting series by Messrs. Childe and Hill, illustrative of London at various dates, from the Roman to the Hanoverian epoch, illustrated by one of the most amusing of demonstrators.

So, too, must the lovely illuminated fountain, with its glittering spray, now of brilliant crimson, now of palest or deepest blue, now of purple, violet, orange, green, and all these colours interchanging and intermixed, and forming altogether such a treat for the lovers of light and colour as in our dingy clime is rarely to be obtained.

And then we all wander into the dingy streets again, and leave behind us scores of things as exhilarating and as beautiful as any we have seen; the uranograph, illustrating the relation between earth and sun; the models of merchant ships and men of war; the charcoal biscuits for brightening the teeth and assisting the digestion; the water-pipes and other wondrous works of cardboard; the interesting process of Messrs. Bartlett and Co., for preserving stone, and, if possible, inducing our costly Houses of Parliament to hold together a few years more; the beautiful collection of engravings and chromo-lithographs; the anatomical horrors of eyes and ears;—all these, and dozens more, we must leave for another visit, for it is 10 p.m., and the Polytechnic hours are respectable and early. Perhaps, after all, we have seen and heard already somewhat too much. Possibly, had we been less diffuse in our researches, we might have taken away more. But we think, at all events, we carry with us home the conviction that we have certainly had an uncommonly good shillingworth.

C. W. A.

A CURIOUS PENANCE.

A SINGULAR penitential service has been performed at Whitby for the last seven hundred years. It was first imposed upon Percy, Bruce, and Allatson, three gentlemen boar-hunters, who wounded a hermit in Eskdale Side, October 16th, 1159. He died of his wounds December 8th or 18th, which would be in 1160, as the ecclesiastical year begins with Advent. By this cruel murder the said Percy, Bruce, and Allatson forfeited their lives and their estates; and the Abbot of Whitby, as in duty bound, had them brought to justice, and was about to enforce the law against them, when the dying hermit interposed, saying: "I will freely forgive these men my death, if they will perform this penance." And the men being present said: "Impose what you please upon us, only spare our lives." Then the holy hermit presently entreated the Abbot that their lives might be spared, if they would perform this penance for the good of their souls. And that they should also hold their lands of the Abbot of Whitby on this condition: namely, that on Ascension Eve they should each of them cut a certain quantity of hedging near where he was killed, with a knife which shall cost one penny, and bring it on their backs to Whitby by nine o'clock, A.M.,—if it be full sea at such hour, the penance to cease,—and each of them to make a hedge at the water's edge, and to fix it so as to stand three tides without being washed away. The Abbot's officer was to attend them and to blow "Out upon you, out upon you" three times with his horn, to remind them of their heinous crime, and move them to contrition. This service has been performed every year, as it never can be full sea at nine, A.M., on Ascension Day, and it is still continued by the Allatson's and their successors, whose land is in Fylingdales. It remained in the Allatson family till 1755, since which it has been owned by a family called Herbert, by whom the hedge has been regularly made every year, as it is expressly stipulated in their writings. Mrs. Keane, the wife of the present incumbent of Whitby, is a representative of the Allatson family, being fourth in descent from the last Allatson who sold the estate; but the service is not now done in a penitential spirit, and with the original design. It benefits neither the living nor the dead. The historians of Whitby have strangely confounded it with the making up of the Horngarth, which was quite a different thing, being altogether for secular purposes, while the penny hedge was only a penance and could never serve any other purpose; besides, the Horngarth was made up long before 1159, and has long since been dispensed with, while the penny hedge is still made up every year by one of the parties, and the legal title to an estate depends upon its being so continued. There are two versions of this legend: they are substantially the same, though they vary in several particulars. It is evident that they have not been copied or translated from the same original, but have come down to us probably from oral tradition. The curious reader can see one version in "Grose's British Antiquities," and the other in the "History of Whitby."

PORTSMOUTH DOCKYARD.

PART II.

THE docks,—of which there are nine in the Portsmouth yard,—nearly all speak of the transition state of our marine affairs. With the exception of two, they are all too short for the long frigates, both iron and wood, which have superseded our towering three-deckers. Like growing boys, these new ships have outgrown their docks, and now the latter must have their tucks let out, if we may be allowed to use a tailor's image. On two of the docks this operation has been performed, and we saw the famous transport *Himalaya*, high and dry in one of them, exposing in all her length the beauty of her finely curved lines. The necessity for increasing the dry dock accommodation in this yard is becoming day by day more apparent, as, since the introduction of the iron-plated frigates, it is found that the bottom-cleaning process is required much more frequently than with wooden ships. Both the *Warrior* and the *Black Prince* have thus fouled in a very short space of time, and no composition has yet been found effectual against the barnacles and the seaweeds which cling to them. A sheathing of copper, unfortunately, cannot be employed in such ships, inasmuch as the salt water, acting upon the two metals when in contact, would produce a galvanic action which would speedily eat away the copper, as in ordinary galvanic troughs. Some bold speculator has startled the "slow coaches" of the dockyards by proposing to supersede the laborious and costly plan of sheathing her Majesty's ships with sheets of copper—6,500 of which, we are informed by the guide-book, are required for the bottom of a first-rate, and these must be fastened on with a ton and a-half of counter-sunk nails—by the simple plan of electro-plating them. To accomplish this, the dock would be turned into a large electro-bath, the vessel of wood would simply be blacklead, a line of wire from stem to stern would be formed to complete the circuit, and in an incredible short space of time the ship would receive, without further trouble, a clothing of copper from her water-line downwards without break or flaw. The deposition of iron has never been yet managed successfully by means of the electro-type process: otherwise we may imagine our teak-built frigates thus armed with plates of metal to any required thickness, in a single night, without the weakening process of bolting in! Our great war-ships would then go to battle fully armed in coats of mail, and the din of "closing rivets up," would be quietly and noiselessly performed by the blue spark of electricity alone.

We have not time to accompany the reader through the smithery, as there really is nothing in all this establishment which differs much from great private shops of the same kind. The Admiralty have lately taken to manufacture their own armour-plates, but we have not heard that they have succeeded in producing better work than, or indeed so good as, the *Thames Iron Company* and other establishments.

The old *Sultan*, 74, hulk, has for months been used as a target-ship for the trial of these plates,

sent by different iron-masters; and the significant attentions of 68-pounders, at 200 yards' range, are visible enough on her sides. Some of her plates are merely dented, others are starred like a sheet of glass; others, again, have been smashed and partly detached from their fastenings. An inspection of the dark hold of the old ship shows most strikingly the effect of the shot upon her timbers. In some places the ball has gone through both sides; in others, huge fractures appear, and the solid oak, in most cases, has been broken into "match-wood." We do not speak figuratively, but literally; the ship-side, in some places, being so shattered around the shot-holes that it has crumbled to pieces like "touch-wood."

On a fine breezy day, a sail up the harbour is the proper addendum to an inspection of the dockyard. If we take a boat at the "hard," that spot beloved by Jews and crimps, and the richest perhaps in public-houses of any like-sized spots in the world, our destination is sure to be suspected to be the old *Victory*. There she lies together with her companion-training ship, the *Britannia*,—two models of the old men-of-war of the days of our grandfathers, "when ships were ships," as the Old Salt remarked who rowed me towards the mighty old hull.

There is something about the build of these old three-deckers that looks more majestic than even larger ships of a later build—the "tumbling-in" of their sides gives a proud, defiant look to them which we miss in the straighter sides of newer models. Compare them, for instance, with the *Duke of Wellington*, or the *Victoria* and *Albert*, the three leviathans riding at anchor higher up the harbour; each of these fine ships is at least a third larger than *Nelson's* old ship, but to our eye they do not make such a proud appearance when viewed from a distance. These latter ships are the last efforts of a bygone age; the paint is scarcely dry upon their sides; the masts of the two latter have, if we mistake not, never been shipped, yet they are as completely things of the past as the *Royal Harry*. Their large bulk, instead of being a source of strength to them, is a cause of weakness. A single shell pitched into their hulls from a mimic gunboat by an *Armstrong* at a mile's distance would as effectually demolish them as *Goliath* was demolished by the smooth stone from *David's* sling. What will they do with these bulky toys, just completed at a cost of a quarter of a million each? Is it their fate to be cut down to the water's edge, like the *Royal Sovereign*? We fear so, for they will never ride the waters like a thing of life again in their present form. It is positively disheartening to sail up the harbour and see ship after ship past and gone ere it has sailed a league. We cannot say, like *Beau Brummel's* valet, as he carried away an armful of crumpled cravats, "these are our failures;" but we really should be glad to know when we have a ship that we can really call a ship, and not a mere helpless target for those horrid guns, which go, bang, bang, from the *Stork* gunboat higher up the harbour; for possibly, as we listen, *Captain Coles's* Cupola has been smashed into "a cocked hat" by steel-headed bolts.

"They ain't contented wi' cannon balls, as they was in my day," remarked the boatman, dolefully; and dolefully we rowed on beneath the shadow of the 131-gun ship, almost doubting if Britannia did indeed rule the waves, and if the broadside threatening above us was only a delusion and a snare. As we passed on, the long, low raking hull of the Warrior lay alongside the dockyard wall, looking vixenish and cruel: her gun-ports contracted to the smallest possible size, her guns of the deadly Armstrong make; no ornament, no open stern galleries, no projecting angles to be knocked about; but a smooth hard nut, very hard, we doubt not, to crack, but to be cracked, as sure as fate, by that dreadful Whitworth, who grimly sits at home making his punches and steel bolts to smash our gallant navy to smithereens.

It is positively a relief to turn away from this headaching game of attack and defence, to watch those two little brigs of war making out to sea, as though we were in the good old days when George the Third was King. They are the Sealark and the Racehorse—old 10-gun brigs, bowling along with all sails set. These are the training ships, in which the boys and naval cadets learn seamanship. They start down Channel every Monday morning, and return at the end of the week, and train the young English tar in the way he should go. Let guns beat ships, or ships guns, we may be sure that it is the true British stuff that fights them,—that will give us the lead as heretofore; and as we see the young scamps crowd the rigging and run like cats along the yards, we feel that here at least we are doing the right thing, beyond cavil or dispute.

Not to loiter longer among the melancholy ships laid up in ordinary, dressed in their Quakerish suits of drab, let us pass by the steam ferry over to the Gosport side, in order to inspect the gun-boat slip. If anything in England can be like China, we should say that the country in the neighbourhood of the government establishments very much resembles it. There are salt-water swamps in any number, with creeks running through oozy mud banks, and across a small inlet of the sea a bridge, which rises at a pitch that reminds us of the bridge on the "willow-pattern" plate. Gloomy and solemn looks the Great Naval Hospital of Haslar on our right hand; but the inmates have a charming view over Spithead, and the lovely Isle of Wight beyond, and there is a liberty accorded to the convalescents, which may well be copied in other hospitals. If the visitor looks seaward, over the terrace, some fine day, he may probably see an eight-oared cutter moving about. This is the mad-boat of the establishment: the insane are permitted to row, and fish, and sail on their old element, and no harm comes of it.

But the Gun Boat Slip? says the reader. Well, the Gun Boat Slip is perhaps the oddest place in the whole naval establishment. At first the visitor thinks he is in a railway station, as on either side, long rows of sheds are placed, and between them lines of rails—one line running down into the salt water, with others crossing it at right angles, just in front, and parallel with the long row of sheds, which open end-ways upon the open

shore. Peering out from the sheds, on the opposite side, seem to be a goodly company of white owls of Brobdignagian proportions. On inquiry, however, they are found to be only mortar-boats laid up in ordinary. Their hawse-holes, however, look just like eyes, and their cut-waters like beaks, and the whole expression of their bows is wonderfully like that of the night-loving bird.

That longer row of sheds, facing the water and the landing-slip, is divided off into numberless pigeon-holes, out of which peer as ill-tempered a set of gun-boats, as well could be got together, if we may judge from the names conspicuously painted on their bows. Snappers, Growlers, Biters, Vixens, Termagants, Bruisers, Snarlors, &c., all looking at you out of their houses, just like so many bull-dogs in a sporting dog-dealer's yard.

But how do these 200 feet gun-boats perform the feat of getting so comfortably on dry land? There is a huge locomotive, and before you are the rails. The Griper steams up to the landing slip already fixed in a cradle which runs upon the rails. This cradle is attached to long iron rods, which are hauled inland by means of a powerful screw, and up comes the long black hull, and in a few minutes it is landed like a great whale. Once fairly on shore, she has to be shunted to her appointed shed; this is done by means of the cross-rail, the locomotive, butting at the ship's side, pushes her broadside along, just as elephants are pictured as shoving before them great guns in India. This is certainly a most novel contrivance. The steam bakery is close at hand: the flour put in at the top of the mill comes out finished biscuit at the bottom, and Jack, who is not supposed to be over-fastidious, has long been the only person in Her Majesty's dominions who has tasted this article of food made by the aid of machinery alone. He is now, we hear, to have bread whilst ashore: better late than never; if the reader has ever eaten a captain's biscuit against time for a wager, he will be able to appreciate the boon this will be to poor Jack.

But we fear we are drawing out this article to an inexcusable length, and yet we have not said our say about the fortifications that girdle round this naval treasure. These, like everything else at Portsmouth, are rendered useless by the long ranges of our modern artillery. Of old the only means by which our arsenal could be reached was by way of the deep channel inside the spit and close alongshore; this passage was sufficiently guarded by the outer forts; but now that a hostile fleet can anchor three miles off and plump down shell out of their reach, the whole existing line of fortifications is rendered useless. Hence an outer range of forts is rising out to seaward: we see the piles driven for ocean forts in the various spits of sand, and along the crest of Portsdown Hill the deep chalk cuttings show the progress made in covering the dockyard in the rear. The question may naturally be asked, why go to such an expense to defend stores that could much more securely be moved to an arsenal in the interior? but this, we know, is dangerous ground to tread upon, and we have no wish to risk a collision with our reader, or with "the powers that are."

A. W.

A JAR OF OLIVES.

A FRIEND of mine has presented me with a fine large jar of olives, just imported from the Levant. My friend and all his family, in common, I suppose, with most others who have not resided in olive countries or acquired a liking for that fruit look upon olives as only the next remove from the most nauseous physic. I like them myself; therefore I uncork the jar, and as I gaze into it and inhale the (to me) pleasant aroma, previously to brushing up old recollections and flavours by regaling on a dozen or two, I am suddenly plunged into deep reflection, and find memory busy at the bottom of the jar, digging up old reminiscences.

The first thing brought to light is a very ancient Arabic anecdote, or fable, about a certain eccentric caliph, who loved to ramble about *incognito*, and who was once riding about near the environs of Bagdad, when he chanced to light upon an octogenarian, who was busily occupied in planting out some young olive-shoots. How the royal *incognito* chuckled to himself, as he disdainfully asked the veteran whether he really was so stupid as to suppose that he was going to live long enough to enjoy the fruit of his labour, and how his unseemly mirth was changed into much confusion of countenance at the sage's reply: "If my ancestors had not sown olives, how should I ever have enjoyed the fruit or the oil produced therefrom; I sow that future generations may reap, and bless the hand that sowed the seed."

Of course the caliph was a wiser and a better man thenceforward; at least so says this oriental fable, or anecdote, and I am not supposed to be responsible for its veracity. "*Si non e vero e bene trovato.*"

Well, I also, in my life's experience, have planted olives and watched them grow; and if I were to return to the spot, doubtless by this time I might reap some of the fruit of my labour. Who knows? perhaps the contents of this jar were gathered from those very identical trees! The thought is a pleasant one to myself, and will impart an extra relish to the flavour. That was in a large oil district in Syria, where the whole of the high land was devoted to the cultivation of the olive tree, both for the sake of the fruit and the oil it yields; a great quantity of the latter is exported to various parts of Europe; whilst an incredible quantity of the fruit (preserved either in salt and water or in its own oil), is consumed by the Christian portion of the native population during their frequently recurring fasts, the longest of which are Lent and Advent. They also on festive occasions use the olive for culinary purposes, such, for instance, as stuffing ducks and fowls, or a shoulder of mutton. Of course, when so used, the stone is extracted. There are very few plants that require less care or trouble than the olive does. Indigenous to the soil, it is of a hardy as well as a fruitful nature, but is governed by the same rule which applies to many other fruit or berry-producing trees and plants; that of having alternate years of plentiful and scant crops.

The olive harvest is the latest crop of the year,

being usually gathered in through the northern districts of Syria about the end of October or the first week in November. Then the peasant and all the available members of his family find active occupation for a full week or ten days, according to the size of the plantation they have to work upon.

In the spring, the silkworm seed has been hatched, reared, fed, and converted into cocoons, and the cocoons spun into silk, or picked into what is called cotton-silk. The mulberry trees have had their branches lopped off—as a supply of winter fuel—and sufficient silkworm eggs are preserved against the crop for next year.

In the summer, the wheat, barley, and other grain is gathered and winnowed in the centre of vast fields; the hay and straw is collected into bundles and piled up in sheds (for they are unacquainted with the art of stacking), or between the beams and the roof of the cottages.

In early autumn, the grapes are collected, dipped into boiling water, and hung across cords, to conserve them for winter use; or converted into wine, or rakey; or else dried as raisins, or boiled down into the saccharine matter called "Beemaze, or Dhipe."

The leaves off the branches of the mulberry trees, which have sprouted considerably since the lopping operations of spring, are stripped off by hand, affording a plentiful supply of food for oxen and other cattle.

Then comes the olive crop; and to gather this in the peasant and his family bivouac in a roughly got up shed somewhere about the centre of the plantation; in and around which are rolls of coarse matting and empty baskets, all to find service on the morrow.

The dawn is just breaking, and larks leaving their warm nests for flights of song, when the peasant rouses his family, and they get their frugal breakfast off a few dried fruits, some bread, and a cup of water. Then each one laden according to his or her capability with mats or baskets, they scatter themselves under the trees immediately surrounding the huts. The younger children climb up the trees, to shake the uppermost branches, which are almost too fragile to admit of even their weight. The wind blows up in heavy puffs from seaward, aiding the gatherers not a little: mats are spread underneath, and the father, mother, and eldest daughter pick up the fruit as it falls, and pile it up into the baskets. When the youngsters have exerted all their strength, they come down, and the father climbs up, and getting a firm footing where the tree commences to branch out, seizes upon two of the stoutest branches, and bringing all his might to bear upon the effort, shakes them just as one sometimes sees a large and furious monkey in a cage seize upon the bars and shake them with unrelenting vengeance. The result is a perfect hailstorm of olives, so heavy and so hard that those underneath are glad to get out of the way for awhile. Nevertheless, be he Jew, or Turk, or Fellah, or Christian, the peasant is careful to leave a few

olives upon the tree for the benefit of the houseless vagrant and very poor gleaner, who will be sure to visit the spot so soon as the peasant returns to his home. By this act, in many cases ignorantly, they follow the injunctions of the Old Testament. Every day, just at the close of evening, the peasant loads the day's produce upon horses, mules, asses, and even oxen, and conveys them in safety to the proprietor's house on the estate: returning with his beasts of burthen in time for a good night's rest, to brace him up against to-morrow's labours. When all the trees have been so served, then the hut and the baskets, the mats, the peasant and his family, all disappear from the field of action, and the olive groves relapse into solitude, made sadder still by the plaintive cooing of the turtle dove, who is possibly telling his mate that the winter is nigh—and that they had better return to their winter quarters in the mosque at the entrance gate of the nearest town.

This does not complete the peasant's labour upon the olive harvest; but the remainder of the work has to be conducted under the experienced and wary eye of the proprietor of the estate, and it requires some considerable practical experience to judge which olives are best adapted for one purpose, and which for another.

Firstly, the whole has to be sorted into three different qualities: the pulpy, juicy, and well-matured olives are set aside for extracting the finest edible or salad oil; the barely ripened, green, hard, and transparent ones are collected for pickling in salt and water; the inferior, including those that are unripe, small, and almost devoid of juice, and blown down by the wind, are kept to be preserved in olive oil; while all the refuse, the dried up, worm-eaten, blighted, and so forth, are converted into very inferior, black, thick oil, which is burnt in lamps by the poorer classes of the population. They use a very primitive mill, constructed of a couple of ponderous mill-stones or grinding stones, the upper one of which is turned by means of a stout beam inserted into a bore in the stone, one end being secured to the neck of a mule or bullock, which walks round and round under the lash and is always blindfolded to prevent its getting dizzy. Scooped out of the bottom stone is a deep, narrow duct, through which the oil bruised out from the olives oozes through a fine sieve into large wooden troughs, whence the oil is poured into skins or immense glass bottles firmly secured or corked, and hung up or warehoused, out of the reach of destructive rats and mice. The sound produced by the turning of the mill and the crushing of the olives is of a monotonous wheezing sort, sometimes swelling into loud notes, and then suddenly subsiding into silence. The smell is disagreeable and overpowering, and both smell and noise extend over a considerable distance amongst the surrounding hills and valleys in the height of the olive season. When pressing the inferior oils for lamps, the sieve is dispensed with, and the thick matter is allowed to settle to the bottom of ponderous earthenware jars, whence the oil is ladled out for nightly use. Whether burnt in the silver-gilt lamp of the lord of the manor,

swinging from the roof of his loftier halls, or consumed in the baked clay lamp of the peasant, or shoved into a niche in his miserable hut, the stench and smoke emitted are abominable.

When the oil has been all extracted, and the olives pickled or preserved, then the peasant pays one final visit to the olive grove, hacking down such trees as are too old to yield any more crops. By the side of these he has long before planted shoots, which are now growing up into young trees, and may yield their first crop next year.

It is high time now for me to cork up my jar of olives; for whilst I have been speaking about them, I have been dipping for an olive every now and then, and I call to mind that they are of a very heating nature, and apt to produce fever, if eaten in too great quantities: especially is this the case with the black olives, the finest of which are produced in Damascus, and in size and colour resemble a fine prune with the bloom on.

THE DISTRESS IN SKYE.

THE writer of a letter in the "Times" of December 2nd, dating from the Theological College at Wells, has thought fit to dispute the statements as to the distress existing in Skye which were made in a recent number of *ONCE A WEEK*.* To this the Editor can reply that the writer of the article had the information there quoted from the Minister of Sleat, and that on various other points he has a satisfactory answer to his critic's objections. The author of the paper himself says, in reply to the writer:

"The valuable farms that he speaks of, belong to the lairds; those which I speak of are the crofts of the peasantry. It was of *agricultural products* that I spoke, as being the only things attempted, viz., oats and potatoes. Of course the sheep and cattle of the great graziers are not destroyed by the rains; as for the failure of the oats and potatoes, look at Mr. Forbes' letter; as for the price of fish, the people have not money wherewith to buy. As for the peat, all accounts agree that there is this year a double stock throughout Ireland, from the drying of two years' stock; from the north of Ireland a freight would cost little. Let people judge, however, how to supply the fuel, but it *must be sent*. The narrowest part of the strip of stormy sea is one mile broad; at this season so stormy that for many days together the ferry cannot be crossed. The south-east part of the island is the agricultural part—in which lies Sleat; I need not say that the most distressed portions are those where the land lies lowest, and where the peasantry chiefly live, from their dependence on the fishery."

Such are the chief points of the letter in the "Times," to which our contributor thinks it necessary to make this cursory answer.—Ed. O. A W.

* See pp. 625—6.

VERNER'S PRIDE.

BY THE AUTHORESS OF "EAST LYNNE."



CHAPTER XLIX. TURNING OUT.

THE battle that there was with Mrs. Verner! She cried, she sobbed, she protested, she stormed, she raved. Willing enough, was she, to go to Lady Verner's; indeed the proposed visit appeared to be exceedingly palatable to her; but she was not willing to go without Mademoiselle Benoit. She was used to Benoit; Benoit dressed her, and waited on her, and read to her, and took charge of her things; Benoit was in her confidence, kept her purse; she could not do without Benoit, and it was barbarous of Lionel to wish it. How could she manage without a maid?

Lionel gravely laid his hand upon her shoulder. Some husbands might have reminded her that until she married him she had never known the services of a personal attendant: that she had gone all the way to Melbourne, had—as John Massingbird had expressed it with regard to himself

—been knocking about there, and had come back home again alone, all without so much as thinking of one. Not so Lionel. He laid his hand upon her shoulder in his grave kindness.

"Sibylla, do you forget that we have no longer the means to keep ourselves? I must find a way to do that, before I can afford you a lady's maid. My dear, I am very sorry; you know I am; for that, and all the other discomforts that you are meeting with; but there is no help for it. I trust that some time or other I shall be able to remedy it."

"We should not have to keep her," argued Sibylla. "She'd live with Lady Verner's servants."

Neither did he remind her that Lady Verner would have sufficient tax, keeping them, himself and her. One would have thought her own delicacy of feeling might have suggested it.

"It cannot be, Sibylla. Lady Verner has no accommodation for Benoite."

"She must make accommodation. When people used to come here to visit us, they brought their servants with them."

"Oh, Sibylla! can you not see the difference? But—what do you owe Benoite?" he added in a different tone.

"I don't owe her anything," replied Sibylla eagerly, quite mistaking the motive of the question. "I have always paid her every month. She'd never let it go on."

"Then there will be the less trouble," thought Lionel.

He called Benoite to him, then packing up Sibylla's things for Deerham Court, inquired into the state of her accounts, and found Sibylla had told him correctly. He gave Benoite a month's wages and a month's board wages, and informed her that as soon as her mistress had left the house, she would be at liberty to leave it. A scene ensued with Sibylla, but for once Lionel was firm.

"You will have every attendance provided for you, Sibylla, my mother said. But I cannot take Benoite; neither would Lady Verner admit her."

John Massingbird had agreed to keep on most of the old servants. The superfluous ones, those who had been engaged when Verner's Pride grew gay, Lionel found the means of discharging: paying them as he had paid Benoite.

Heavy work for him, that day! the breaking up of his home, the turning forth to the world. And, as if his heart were not sufficiently heavy, he had the trouble of Sibylla. The arrangements had been three or four days in process. It had taken that time to pack and settle things, since he first spoke to Lady Verner. There were various personal trifles of his and Sibylla's to be singled out and separated from what was now John Massingbird's. But all was done at last, and they were ready to depart. Lionel went to John Massingbird.

"You will allow me to order the carriage for Sibylla? She will like it better than a hired one."

"Certainly," replied John, with much graciousness. "But what's the good of leaving before dinner?"

"My mother is expecting us," simply answered Lionel.

Just the same innate refinement of feeling which had characterised him in the old days. It so happened that Lionel had never bought a carriage since he came into Verner's Pride. Stephen Verner had been prodigal in his number of carriages, although the carriages had a sinecure of it, and Lionel had found no occasion to purchase. Of course they belonged to John Massingbird, like everything else belonged to him. He—for the last time—ordered the close carriage for his wife. His carriage, it might surely be said, more than John Massingbird's. Lionel did not deem it so, and asked permission ere he gave the order.

Sibylla had never seen her husband quietly resolute in opposing her whims, as he had been with regard to Benoite. She scarcely knew what

to make of it; but she had deemed it well to dry her tears, and withdraw her opposition. She came down dressed at the time of departure, and looked about for John Massingbird. That gentleman was in the study. Its large desk, a whole mass of papers crowded above it and underneath it, pushed into the remotest corner. Lionel had left things connected with the estate as straight as he could. He wished to explain affairs to John Massingbird and hand over documents and all else in due form, but he was not allowed. Business and John had never agreed. John was sitting now before the window, his elbows on the sill, a rough cap on his head, and a short clay pipe in his mouth. Lionel glanced with dismay at the confusion reigning amid the papers.

"Fare you well, John Massingbird," said Sibylla.

"Going?" said John, coolly turning round. "Good day."

"And let me tell you, John Massingbird," continued Sibylla, "that if ever you had got turned out of your home, as you have turned us, you would know what it was."

"Bless you! I've never had anything of my own to be turned out of, except a tent," said John, with a laugh.

"It is to be hoped that you may, then, some time, and that you will be turned out of it! That's my best wish for you, John Massingbird."

"I'd recommend you to be polite, young lady," returned John, good-humouredly. "If I sue your husband for back rents, you'd not be quite so independent, I calculate."

"Back rents!" repeated she.

"Back rents," assented John. "But we'll leave that discussion to another time. Don't you be saucy, Sibylla."

"John," said Lionel, pointing to the papers, "are you aware that some valuable leases and other agreements are amongst those papers? You might get into inextricable confusion with your tenants, were you to mislay, or lose them."

"They are safe enough," said careless John, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

"I wish you had allowed me to put things in order for you. You will be wanting me to do it later."

"Not a bit of it," said John Massingbird. "I am not going to upset my equanimity with leases, and bothers of that sort. Good bye, old fellow. Lionel!"

Lionel turned round. He had been going out.

"We part friends, don't we?"

"I can answer for myself," said Lionel, a frank smile rising to his lips. "It would be unjust to blame you for taking what you have a right to take."

"All right. Then, Lionel, you'll come and see me here?"

"Sometimes. Yes."

They went out to the carriage, Lionel conducting his wife, and John in attendance, smoking his short pipe. The handsome carriage, with its coat of ultramarine, its rich white lining, its silver mountings, and its arms on the panels. The Verner arms. Would John paint them out? Likely not. One badge on the panels of his carriages

was as good to John Massingbird as another. He must have gone to the *Heralds' College* had he wanted to set up arms on his own account.

And that's how Lionel and his wife went out of *Verner's Pride*. It seemed as if *Deerham* pavement and *Deerham* windows were lined on purpose to watch the exodus. The time of their departure had got wind.

"I have done a job that goes again the grain, sir," said *Wigham* to his late master, when the carriage had deposited its freight at *Deerham Court*, and was about to go back again. "I never thought, sir, to drive you out of *Verner's Pride* for the last time."

"I suppose not, *Wigham*. I thought it as little as you."

"You'll not forget, sir, that I should be glad to serve you, should you ever have room for me. I'd rather live with you, sir, than with anybody else in the world."

"Thank you, *Wigham*. I fear that time will be very far off."

"Or, if my lady should be changing her coachman, sir, perhaps she'd think of me. It don't seem natural to me, sir, to drive anybody but a *Verner*. Next to yourself, sir, I'd be proud to serve her ladyship."

Lionel, in his private opinion, believed that *Lady Verner* would soon be compelled to part with her own coachman, to lay down her carriage. Failing the income she had derived from his revenues, in addition to her own, he did not see how she was to keep up many of her present expenses. He said farewell to *Wigham* and entered the Court.

Decima had hastened forward to welcome *Sibylla*. *Decima* was one, who, in her quiet way, was always trying to make the best of surrounding circumstances,—not for herself, but for others. Let things be ever so dark, she would contrive to extract out of them some little ray of brightness. Opposite as they were in person, in disposition she and *Jan* were true brother and sister. She came forward to the door, a glad smile upon her face, and dressed rather more than usual: it was one of her ways, the unwonted dress, of showing welcome and consideration to *Sibylla*.

"You are late, *Mrs. Verner*," she said, taking her cordially by the hand. "We have been expecting you some time. *Catherine!* *Thérèse*, see to these packages."

Lady Verner had actually come out also. She was too essentially the lady to show anything but strict courtesy to *Sibylla*, now that she was about to become an inmate under her roof. What the effort cost her, she best knew. It was no light one: and *Lionel* felt that it was not. She stood in the hall, just outside the door of the ante-room, and took *Sibylla's* hand as she approached.

"I am happy to see you, *Mrs. Verner*," she said, with stately courtesy. "I hope you will make yourself at home."

They all went together into the drawing-room, in a crowd, as it were. *Lucy* was there, dressed also. She came up with a smile on her young and charming face, and welcomed *Sibylla*.

"It is nearly dinner-time," said *Decima* to

Sibylla. "Will you come with me up-stairs, and I will show you the arrangements for your rooms. *Lionel*, will you come?"

She led the way up-stairs to the pretty sitting-room with its blue-and-white furniture, hitherto called "*Miss Decima's room*:" the one that *Lionel* had sat in when he was growing convalescent.

"Mamma thought you would like a private sitting-room to retire to when you felt disposed," said *Decima*. "We are only sorry it is not larger. This will be exclusively yours."

"It is small," was the not very gracious reply of *Sibylla*.

"And it is turning you out of it, *Decima!*" added *Lionel*.

"I did not use it much," she answered, proceeding to another room on the same floor. "This is your bed-room, and this the dressing-room," she added, entering a spacious apartment and throwing open the door of a smaller one which led out of it. "We hope that you will find everything comfortable. And the luggage that you don't require to use, can be carried up stairs."

Lionel had been looking round, somewhat puzzled.

"*Decima!* was not this *Lucy's* room?"

"*Lucy* proposed to give it up to you," said *Decima*. "It is the largest room we have, and the only one that has a dressing-room opening from it, except mamma's. *Lucy* has gone to the small room at the end of the corridor."

"But it is not right for us to turn out *Lucy*," debated *Lionel*. "I do not like the idea of it."

"It was *Lucy* herself who first thought of it, *Lionel*. I am sure she is glad to do anything she can, to render you and *Mrs. Verner* comfortable. She has been quite anxious to make it look nice, and moved nearly all the things herself."

"It does look comfortable," acquiesced *Lionel* as he stood before the blaze of the fire, feeling grateful to *Decima*, to his mother, to *Lucy*, to all of them. "*Sibylla*, this is one of your fires; you like a blaze."

"And *Catherine* will wait upon you, *Mrs. Verner*," continued *Decima*. "She understands it. She waited on mamma for two years, before *Thérèse* came. Should you require your hair done, *Thérèse* will do that; mamma thinks *Catherine* would not make any hand at it."

She quitted the room as she spoke and closed the door, saying that she would send up *Catherine* then. *Lionel* had his eyes fixed on the room and its furniture; it was really an excellent room,—spacious, lofty, and fitted up with every regard to comfort as well as to appearance. In the old days, it was *Jan's* room, and *Lionel* scarcely remembered to have been inside it since; but it looked very superior now to what it used to look then. *Lady Verner* had never troubled herself to improvise superfluous decorations for *Jan*. *Lionel's* chief attention was riveted on the bed, an Arabian, handsomely carved, mahogany bed, with white muslin hangings, lined with pink, matching with the window-curtains. The hangings were new; but he felt certain that the bed was the one hitherto used by his mother.

He stepped into the dressing-room, feeling more

than he could have expressed, feeling that he could never repay all the kindness they seemed to be receiving. Equally inviting looked the dressing-room. The first thing that caught Lionel's eye were some delicate paintings on the walls, done by Decima.

His gaze and his ruminations were interrupted. Violent sobs had struck on his ear from the bed-chamber; he hastened back, and found Sibylla extended at full length on the sofa, crying.

"It is such a dreadful change after Verner's Pride!" she querulously complained. It's not half as nice as it was there! Just this old bedroom and a mess of a dressing-room, and nothing else! And only that stupid Catherine to wait upon me!"

It was ungrateful. Lionel's heart, in its impulse, resented it as such. But, ever considerate for his wife, ever wishing, in the line of conduct he had laid down for himself, to find excuses for her, he reflected the next moment that it was a grievous thing to be turned from a home as she had been. He leaned over her; not answering as he might have answered, that the rooms were all that could be wished, and far superior they, and all other arrangements made for them, to anything enjoyed by Sibylla until she had entered upon Verner's Pride; but he took her hand in his, and smoothed the hair from her brow, and softly whispered:

"Make the best of it, Sibylla, for my sake."

"There's no 'best' to be made," she replied, with a shower of tears, as she pushed his hand and his face away.

Catherine knocked at the door. Lionel called out "Come in," and she entered, saying, Miss Decima had sent her, and dinner was on the point of being served. Sibylla sprang up from the sofa, and dried her tears.

"I wonder whether I can get at my gold combs?" cried she, all her grief flying away.

Lionel turned to Catherine: an active little woman with a high colour and a sensible countenance, looking much younger than her real age. That was not far off fifty; but in movement and lissomeness, she was young as she had been at twenty. Nothing vexed Catherine so much as for Lady Verner to allude to her "age." Not from any notions of vanity, but lest she might be thought growing incapable of her work.

"Catherine, is not that my mother's bed?"

"To think that you should have found it out, Mr. Lionel!" echoed Catherine, with a broad smile. "Well, sir, it is, and that's the truth. We have been making all sorts of changes. Miss Lucy's bed has gone in for my lady, and my lady's has been brought here. See, what a big, wide bed it is!" she exclaimed, putting her arm on the counterpane. "Miss Lucy's was a good-sized bed, but my lady thought it would be hardly big enough for two; so she said hers should come in here."

"And what's Miss Lucy sleeping on?" asked Lionel, amused. "The boards?"

Catherine laughed. "Miss Lucy has got a small bed now, sir. Not, upon my word, that I think she'd mind if we did put her on the boards. She is the sweetest young lady to have to do with, Mr. Lionel! I don't believe there ever was one like

her. She's, as easy satisfied as ever Mr. Jan was."

"Lionel! I can't find my gold combs!" exclaimed Sibylla, coming from the dressing-room, with a face of consternation. "They are not in the dressing-case. How am I to know which box Benoit has put them in?"

"Never mind looking for the combs now," he answered. "You will have time to search for things to-morrow. Your hair looks nice without combs. I think nicer than with them."

"But I wanted to wear them," she fractionally answered. "It is all your fault! You should not have forced me to discharge Benoit."

Leaving her in the hands of Catherine, Lionel went down. Lucy was in the drawing-room alone.

"Lady Verner," she observed, "has stepped out to speak to Jan."

"Lucy, I find that our coming here has turned you out of your room," he gravely said. "I should earnestly have protested against it, had I known what was going to be done."

"Should you?" said she, shaking her head quite saucily. "We should not have listened to you."

"We! Whom does the we include?"

"Myself and Decima. We planned everything. I like the room I have now, quite as much as that. It is the room at the end, opposite the one Mrs. Verner is to have for her sitting-room."

"The sitting-room again! What shall you and Decima do without it?" exclaimed Lionel, looking as he felt—vexed.

"If we never have anything worse to put up with, than the loss of a sitting-room that was nearly superfluous, we shall not grieve," answered Lucy with a smile. "How did we do without it before—when you were getting better from that long illness? We had to do without it, then."

"I think not, Lucy. So far as my memory serves me, you were sitting in it a great portion of your time—cheering me. I have not forgotten it, if you have."

Neither had she—by her heightened colour.

"I mean that we had to do without it for our own purposes, our drawings and our work. It is but a little matter, after all: I wish we could do more for you and Mrs. Verner. I wish," she added, her voice betraying her emotion, "that we could have prevented your being turned from Verner's Pride."

"Ay," he said, speaking with affected carelessness, and turning about an ornament in his fingers, which he had taken from the mantel-piece, "it is not an every-day calamity."

"What shall you do?" asked Lucy, going a little nearer to him, and dropping her voice to a tone of confidence.

"Do? In what way, Lucy?"

"Shall you be content to live on here with Lady Verner? Not seeking to retrieve your—your position in any way?"

"My living on here, Lucy, will be out of the question. That would never do, for more reasons than one."

Did Lucy Tempest wonder what one of these reasons might be? She did not intend to look at

him, but she caught his eyes in the pier-glass, looking at her. Lionel smiled.

"I am thinking what a trouble you must find me. You and Decima."

She did not speak at first. Then she went quite close to him, her earnest, sympathising eyes cast up to his.

"If you please, you need not pretend to make light of it to me," she whispered. "I don't like you to think that I do not know all you must feel, and what a blow it is. I think I feel it quite as much as you can do—for your sake, and for Mrs. Verner's. I lie awake at night, thinking of it: but I do not say so to Decima and Lady Verner. I make light of it to them, as you are making light of it to me."

"I know, I know!" he uttered, in a tone that would have been a passionate one, but for its wailing despair. "My whole life, for a long while, has been one long scene of acting—to you. I dare not make it otherwise. There's no remedy for it."

She had not anticipated the outburst; she had simply wished to express her true feeling of sympathy for their great misfortunes, as she might have expressed it to any other gentleman who had been turned from his home with his wife. She could not bear for Lionel not to know that he had had her deepest, her kindest, her truest sympathy: and this had nothing to do with any secret feeling she might, or might not, entertain for him. Indeed, but for the unpleasant latent consciousness of that very feeling, Lucy would have made her sympathy more demonstrative. The outbreak seemed to check her; to throw her friendship back upon herself; and she stood irresolute: but she was too single-minded, too full of nature's truth, to be angry with what had been a genuine outpouring of his inmost heart, drawn from him in a moment of irrepressible sorrow. Lionel let the ornament fall back on the mantel-piece, and turned to her, his manner changing. He took her hands, clasping them in one of his; he laid his other hand lightly on her fair young head, reverently as any old grandfather might have done.

"Lucy!—my dear friend!—you must not mistake me. There are times when some of the bitterness within me is drawn forth, and I say more than I ought: what I never should say, in a calmer moment. I wish I could talk to you; I wish I could give you the full confidence of all my sorrows, as I gave it you on another subject once before. I wish I could draw you to my side, as if you were my sister, or one of my dearest friends, and tell you of the great trouble at my heart. But it cannot be. I thank you, I thank you for your sympathy. I know that you would give me your friendship in all single-heartedness, like Decima might give it me; and it would be to me as a green spot of brightness in life's arid desert. But the green spot might for me grow too bright, Lucy; and my only plan is to be wise in time, and to forego it."

"I did but mean to express my sorrow for you and Mrs. Verner," she timidly answered. "My sense of the calamity which has fallen upon you."

"Child, I know it: and I dare not say how I feel it; I dare not thank you as I ought. In truth it is a terrible calamity. All its consequences I cannot yet anticipate: but they may be worse than anybody suspects, or than I like to glance at. It is a deep and apparently an irremediable misfortune: I cannot but feel it keenly: and I feel it for my wife more than for myself. Now and then, something like a glimpse of consolation shows itself—that it has not been brought on by any fault of mine; and that, humanly speaking, I have done nothing to deserve it."

"Mr. Cust had used to tell us, that however dark a misfortune might be, however hopeless even, there was sure to be a way of looking at it, by which we might see that it might have been darker," observed Lucy. "This would have been darker for you, had it proved to be Frederick Massingbird, instead of John: very sadly darker for Mrs. Verner."

"Ay; so far I cannot be too thankful," replied Lionel. The remembrance flashed over him of his wife's words that day—in her temper—she wished it had been Frederick. It appeared to be a wish that she had already thrown out frequently: not so much that she did wish it, as to annoy him.

"Mr. Cust used to tell us another thing," resumed Lucy, breaking the silence. "That these apparently hopeless misfortunes sometimes turn out to be great benefits in the end. Who knows but in a short time, through some magic or other, you and Mrs. Verner may not be back at Verner's Pride? Would not that be happiness?"

"I don't know about happiness, Lucy; sometimes I feel tired of everything," she wearily answered. "As if I should like to run away for ever, and be at rest. My life at Verner's Pride was not a bed of rose-leaves."

He heard his mother's voice in the ante-room, and went forward to open the door for her. Lady Verner came in, followed by Jan. Jan was going to dine there; and Jan was actually in orthodox dinner costume. Decima had invited him, and Decima had told him to be sure to dress himself: that she wanted to make a little festival of the evening to welcome Lionel and his wife. So Jan remembered, and appeared in black: but the gloss of the whole was taken off by Jan having his shirt fastened down the front with pins, where the buttons ought to be. Brassy-looking, ugly bent pins, as big as skewers, stuck in horizontally.

"Is that a new fashion coming in, Jan?" asked Lady Verner, pointing with some asperity to the pins.

"It's to be hoped not," replied Jan. "It took me five minutes to pin the thing, and there's one of the pins sticking into my wrist now. It's a new shirt of mine that they've sent home, and they have forgotten the buttons. Miss Deb caught sight of it, when I went in to tell her I was coming here, and ran after me to the gate with a needle and thread, wanting to sew them on."

"Could you not have fastened it better than that, Jan?" asked Decima, smiling as she looked at the shirt.

"I don't see how," replied Jan. "Pins were the readiest to hand."

Sibylla had been keeping them waiting dinner. She came in now, radiant in smiles and in her gold combs. None, to look at her, would suppose she had that day lost a home. A servant appeared and announced dinner.

Lionel went up to Lady Verner. Whenever he dined there, unless there were other guests besides himself, he had been in the habit of taking her into dinner. Lady Verner drew back.

"No, Lionel. I consider that you and I are both at home now. Take Miss Tempest."

He could only obey. He held out his arm to Lucy, and they went forward.

"Am I to take anybody?" inquired Jan.

That was just like Jan! Lady Verner pointed to Sibylla, and Jan marched off with her. Lady Verner and Decima followed.

"Not there, not there, Lucy," said Lady Verner, for Lucy was taking the place she was accustomed to, by Lady Verner. "Lionel, you will take the foot of the table now, and Lucy will sit by you."

Lady Verner was rather a stickler for etiquette, and at last they fell into their appointed places. Herself and Lionel opposite each other, Lucy and Decima on one side the table, Jan and Sibylla on the other.

"If I am to have you under my wing as a rule, Miss Lucy, take care that you behave yourself," nodded Lionel.

Lucy laughed, and the dinner proceeded. But there was very probably an under-current of consciousness in the heart of both—at any rate, there was in his—that it might have been more expedient, all things considered, that Lucy Tempest's place at dinner had not been fixed by the side of Lionel Verner's.

Dinner was half over when Sibylla suddenly laid down her knife and fork, and burst into tears. They looked at her in consternation. Lionel rose.

"That horrid John Massingbird!" escaped her lips. "I always disliked him."

"Goodness!" uttered Jan, "I thought you were taken ill, Sibylla. What's the good of thinking about it?"

"According to you, there's no good in thinking of anything," tartly responded Sibylla. "You told me yesterday not to think about Fred, when I said I wished he had come back instead of John—if one must have come back."

"At any rate, don't think about unpleasant things now," was Jan's answer. "Eat your dinner."

CHAPTER L. JAN'S SAVINGS.

LIONEL Verner looked his situation full in the face. It was not a desirable one. When he had been turned out of Verner's Pride before, it is probable he had thought *that* about the extremity of all human calamity; but that, looking back upon it, appeared a position to be coveted, as compared with this. In point of fact it was. He was free then from pecuniary liabilities; he did not owe a shilling in the world; he had five hundred pounds in his pocket; nobody but himself to look to; and—he was a younger man.

In the matter of years he was not so very much older now; but Lionel Verner, since his marriage, had bought some experience in human disappointment, and nothing ages a man's inward feelings like it.

He was now, with his wife, a burden upon his mother; a burden she could ill afford. Lady Verner was somewhat embarrassed in her own means, and she was preparing to reduce her establishment to the old size that it used to be in her grumbling days. If Lionel had but been free! free from debt and difficulty! he would have gone out into the world and put his shoulder to the wheel.

Claims had poured in upon him without end. Besides the obligations he already knew of, not a day passed but the post brought him outstanding accounts from London, with demands for their speedy settlement; accounts contracted by his wife. Mr. Verner of Verner's Pride might not have been troubled with these accounts for years, had his wife so managed; but Mr. Verner, turned from Verner's Pride, a—it is an ugly word, but expressive of the truth—a pauper, found the demands come pouring thick and threefold upon his head. It was of no use to reproach Sibylla; of no use even to speak, save to ask "Is such-and-such a bill a just claim?" Any approach to such topics was the signal for an unseemly burst of passion on her part, or else a fit of hysteria, in which fashionable affectation Sibylla had lately become an adept. She *tried* Lionel terribly: worse than tongue can tell or pen can write. There was no social confidential intercourse. Lionel could not go to her for sympathy, for counsel, or for comfort; if he attempted to talk over any plans for the future, for the immediate future; what they could do, what they could not; what might be best, what worst; she met him with the frivolousness of a child, or else with a sullen reproach that he "did nothing but worry her." For any purposes of companionship, his wife was a nonentity; far better that he had been without one. She made his whole life a penance; she betrayed the frivolous folly of her nature ten times a day; she betrayed her pettish temper, her want of self-control, dyeing Lionel's face of a blood red. He felt ashamed for her; he felt doubly ashamed for himself; that his mother, that Lucy Tempest should at last become aware what sort of a wife he had taken to his bosom, what description of wedded life was his.

What was he to do for a living? The only thing that appeared to be open to him was to endeavour to get some sort of a situation, where, by means of the hands or the head, he might earn a competence. And yet, to do this, it was necessary to be free from the danger of arrest. He went about in dread of it. Were he to go to London he felt sure that not an hour would pass, should his presence there be known, but he would be sued and taken. If his country creditors showed him forbearance, his town ones would not. Any fond hope that he had formerly entertained of studying for the Bar, was not available now. He had neither the means nor the time to give to it: the time for study ere remuneration should come. Occasionally a thought would cross him

"I am sure I thought you did," said Lady Verner. "I supposed it to have been a pre-arranged thing between you and Jan. Lionel," looking up into his face with an expression of care, and lowering her voice, "but for that hundred and forty pounds, I don't see how I could have gone on. You had been very liberal to me, but somehow debt upon debt seemed to come in, and I was growing quite embarrassed. Jan's money set me partially straight. My dear—as you see you are no 'burthen,' as you call it, you will give up this London scheme, will you not, and remain on?"

"I suppose I must," mechanically answered Lionel, who seemed buried in thought.

He did suppose he must. He was literally without money, and his intention had been to ask the loan of a twenty pound note from generous Jan, to carry him to London, and keep him there while he turned himself about, and saw what could be done. How could he ask Jan now? There was little doubt that Jan had left himself as void of ready cash as he, Lionel was. Dr. West's was not a business where patients went and paid their guinea fee, two or three dozen patients a-day. Dr. West (or Jan for him) had to doctor his patients for a year, and send in his modest bill at the end of it, very often waiting for another year before the bill was paid. Sibylla on his hands, and no money, he did not see how he was to get to London.

"But just think of it," resumed Lady Verner. "Jan's savings for nearly three years of practice to amount only to a hundred and forty pounds! I questioned him pretty sharply, asking him what on earth he could have done with his money, and he acknowledged that he had given a good deal away. He said Miss West had borrowed some, the doctor kept her so short; then Jan, it seems, forgot to put down the expenses of the horse to the general account, and that had to come out of his pocket. Another thing he acknowledged to having done. When he finds the poor can't conveniently pay their bills, he crosses it off in the book, and furnishes the money himself. He has not common sense, you know, Lionel; and never had."

Lionel caught up his hat, and went out in the moment's impulse, seeking Jan. Jan was in the surgery alone, making up pills, packing up medicines, answering callers; doing, in fact, Master Cheese's work. Master Cheese had a head-ache, and was groaning dismally in consequence in an arm-chair, in front of Miss Deb's sitting-room fire, and sipping some hot elder wine, with sippets of toast in it, which he had assured Miss Deb was a sovereign specific, though it might not be generally known, to keep off the sickness.

"Jan," said Lionel, going straight up, and grasping him by the hand; "what am I to say to you? I did not know, until ten minutes ago, what it is that you are doing for me."

Jan put down a pill-box he held, and looked at Lionel.

"What am I doing for you?" he asked.

"I speak of this money that I find you have handed to my mother. Of the money you have undertaken to hand to her."

"Law, is that all?" said Jan, taking up the pill-box again, and biting one of the pills in two to test its quality. "I thought you were going to tell me I had sent you poison, or something; coming in like that."

"Jan, I can never repay you. The money I may, sometime; I hope I shall: the debt of gratitude, never."

"There's nothing to repay," returned Jan, with composure. "As long as I have meat and drink and clothes, what do I want with extra money? You are heartily welcome to it, Lionel."

"You are working your days away, Jan, and for no benefit to yourself. I am reaping it."

"A man can but work," responded Jan. "I like work, for my part; I wouldn't be without it. If old West came home and said he'd take all the patients for a week, and give me a holiday, I should only set on and pound. Look here," pointing to the array on the counter. "I have done more work in two hours than Cheese gets through in a week."

Lionel could not help smiling. Jan went on:

"I don't work for the sake of accumulating money, but because work is life's business, and I like work for its own sake. If I got no money by it I should work. Don't think about the money, Lionel: while it lay in that bank where was the use of it? Better for my mother to have it, than for me to be hoarding it."

"Jan, did it never strike you that it might be well to make some provision for contingencies? Old age, say; or sudden deprivation of strength, through accident or other cause? If you give away all you might save for yourself, what should you do were the evil day to come?"

Jan looked at his arms.

"I am tolerably strong," said he; "feel me. My head's all right, and my limbs are all right. If I should be deprived of strength before my time, I dare say God, in taking it, would find some means, just to keep me from want."

The answer was delivered in the most straightforward simplicity. Lionel looked at him till his eyes grew moist.

"A pretty fellow I should be, to hoard up money while anybody else wanted it!" continued Jan. "You and Sibylla make yourselves comfortable, Lionel, that's all."

They were interrupted by the entrance of John Massingbird and his pipe. John appeared to find his time hang rather heavily on his hands: he could not say that work was the business of his life. He might be seen lounging about Deerham at all hours of the day and night, smoking and gossiping. Jan often got honoured with a visit. Mr. Massingbird of Verner's Pride was not a whit altered from Mr. Massingbird of nowhere: John favoured the tap-rooms like he had used to do.

"The very man I wanted to see!" cried he, giving Lionel a hearty slap on the shoulder. "I want to talk to you a bit on a matter of business. Will you come up to Verner's Pride?"

"When?" asked Lionel.

"This evening. Come to dinner. Only our two selves."

"Very well," replied Lionel.

XIX.

"Gentil oiseau ! gentil oiseau !
Ayez de moy mercy,
Que si est mort mon Chevalier,
Ne tiens point à la vye.

XX.

"Alme loyal ! vaillante espée,
Sir Tristan de Bretagne—
Adieu ! 'Qui me gagne me perd,
Et qui me perd me gagne !'"

XXI.

She died,—well for her in that hour,—
From north, south, east, and west
Much interceding prayer went forth
For her soul's lasting rest.

XXII.

"Ci gist la très hault puissante
Yseult, belle des belles !"
Is on her tomb ; on his alone—
"Passants ! Priez pour Elle !"

R. M. M.

A FELLOW-TRAVELLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER I.

WISHING to trace the valley which runs from the mouth of the Magra to Parma, I arrived at Sarzana, where I was told that a vetturino could easily be procured to make the journey in two easy days. I discovered, however, that the information—like a good deal of that one picks up from chance sources in Italy—was at fault. Sarzana has few vetturini, and none of them at all disposed to travel out of the beaten tracks on one side to Pietra-Santa and Pisa, and on the other to Sestri ; or, perhaps, to Chiavari.

To induce an Italian to do anything out of his ordinary routine, can only be done at a considerable sacrifice of money. All the difficulties, obstacles, even dangers of the newly suggested plan, will be set forth by him with an eloquence positively astounding.

Though he should never have travelled the intended road in his life, he will assume to be familiar with all its obstacles and perils. The torrents, the mountains, the bad roads, the wretched villages, the lawless people who live in them, the vile accommodation to be paid for *prezzo d'oro*, and the atrocious forage, only procurable by bribery, are all themes for description, not the less ample and gloomy because untrammelled by truth.

I was not entirely unacquainted with this feature of Italian travel, and bore up tolerably patiently for two days under the usual torrent of such eloquence, always ending with the same peroration. "But if his Excellency", meaning myself, "insists and must actually go that road, he will surely not grudge to recompense handsomely a poor fellow, who may never bring his horses back to his village, if happily he should return there himself with life again." All this, be it remarked, for a journey of about seventy odd miles on a splendid macadam road, with every possible accommodation for halting by the way.

I say that I endured two days of this sort of pleading ; and, on the third, I was so utterly dis-

gusted with the exaggerated demands of these roguish dealers, that I resolved to give up my intended excursion, and pursue my way along the "riviera" to Genoa. A severe storm of wind and rain, one of those really awful storms which counterfeit tropical hurricanes, detained me the whole of the day ; which I passed in all the unabated misery of a bad inn, without books, papers, or companionship.

After reading a little dirty newspaper, called the "Pungolo," till I had it by heart, from the distinguished catalogue of certain chevaliers, decorated with the order of "St. Maurice and St. Lazare," down to an illustrated advertisement of somebody's "Cod Liver Oil," I sat moodily at the window watching a man polishing a slab in a small archway opposite, a labour so curious and interesting, as to have attracted six spectators, who with loose coats hanging aleeveless on their backs, watched him also, the live-long day, never moving from the spot till the night closed in and ended his work. Wearisome as such superinspection had often seemed to me, I felt at last that there was a state of mind in which it might be pleasurable ; and I own, I sympathised with the patient onlookers, seeing that, had I been a gentleman of Sarzana, I should have come to the like fate.

As night closed in, and the polisher moved away, I sallied forth to see what life might be had in the cafés. Blank disappointment again : of all the dreary abodes of stale tobacco-smoke, flat anise-seed, and dirty guests, there is nothing to compare with a low Italian café. The squalid tables, the unswept floor, and the unwashed company, are about the nastiest things I know of.

I recognised several of my vetturino acquaintances at table, some supping, some domino playing ; while a select circle near the stove, of which the judge and the chief revenue officer formed a part, were exchanging their experiences on the subject of knives, assisted by specimens in all gradations, from the pen-maker, to what one enthusiast proclaimed *un vero scucitore*, "a regular ripper."

Rather overcome by the fumes of the place and a cup of chocolate, I had been rash enough to invest in, I was making my way to the door, when a deep voice from a corner called out :

"Ha ! Inglese, Signorino !"

I turned, and saw a fellow I had been bargaining with in the morning, playing cards with a very poorly clad and sickly-looking priest.

"Ecco !" cried the fellow aloud. "Ecco," pointing to the priest ; "Lo affare suo."

I own I did not see how my interest could possibly attach me to the poor ecclesiastic ; but it was soon explained. The priest lived at a village near Parma, and was about to return thither the next day, in a little calessina, or poney-carriage of his own ; of which, for a consideration, he was disposed to let a place.

The contract was soon made, though greatly to the vetturino's disgust, not paid for in anticipation, for he was intently bent on despoiling the priest of every "soldo" of it ere they parted ; a scheme which I read and thwarted with some pleasure ; and it was settled that the Father, whose name

"You are pressing on eagerly, Don Lertora," said I, as I saw him shake the reins and make other peaceful incentives to speed. "Are you afraid of a coming storm?"

"No, signore," said he; "but there is a bad spot in the road before us, and I'd like to get over it before dark."

"Is it a torrent?" asked I.

No; it was not a torrent, nor was it an unsafe bridge, or a new cutting, or a steep declivity,—so that I was forced to ask, "How is it so bad as you say?"

"As the signore is not a Christian, he would only laugh at me if I told him," said he, after a pause.

"Stay," said I; "I may not observe Christianity after your forms, or accept it entirely at your teachings, but I trust still I am as much a Christian as you are."

A little discussion ensued on this point, wherein by abstaining from anything offensive, and by the exercise of a little patience, I satisfied my companion that, at least, I was not totally unworthy of what I aspired to.

"Well," said he, after some minutes of silence, "we are coming to a spot on the road where a traveller was murdered, and where his spirit still wanders, though the Church has endeavoured in various ways to give him peace. It was no common murder—not one of those crimes instigated by love of gain—for all that he had, purse, watch, and a medal, were found on the dead body."

"But who ever saw the ghost! Have you yourself?"

"No; not his, but I saw his brother's."

"His brother's ghost! Was his brother also murdered, then?"

"Wait awhile—we are just close to the spot now," said he, in a low voice. "I'll tell you the story when we have passed the place."

And so saying, he turned away from me, and I saw by the motion of his hand as he crossed himself that he was praying. I, of course, would not disturb his devotions, and sat silently thinking over what he had said; and in this way we reached a little one-arched bridge over a dried-up torrent. There was no balustrade to the sides, but on the crown of the arch a little wooden cross stood, on arriving at which the priest pulled me sharply by the sleeve, while, in low quickened mutterings, I could perceive how intently and eagerly he now prayed. As I looked down, the bed of the stream seemed about twenty or four-and-twenty feet beneath, but several sharp rocks stood up and made the fall more perilous.

"They threw him over, I suppose?" said I, questioning.

The priest nodded, and continued his prayers. "The blessed Virgin be praised!" said he, or rather, to use his less reverent expression, "Viva Maria, we are past it!" were his first words after we had gone about a quarter of a mile.

"Now for the story, I want to hear that," said I.

"Will you not wait till we reach Garigliano; we shall be there in an hour, and when we have got a good supper and a flask of old wine the story will tell all the better?"

I agreed. Indeed there was a smack of good-fellowship in the proposal which pleased me all the more, perhaps, as I scarcely looked for it.

CHAPTER II.

GARIGLIANO did not, as we entered it, give much promise of those convivialities the priest had depicted. It was a regular tumble-down Italian village, with streets so narrow as barely to admit our little calessina, and a pavement so uneven that we could only creep along step by step. All, too, was in darkness; no lamps without, not even the solitary flicker of a candle within a window, under an archway, or an open door as we passed. Some indistinct traces of men asleep—confused, mishapen groups they were, but except these, not a sign of life or humanity to be seen.

At last we emerged from the dreary labyrinth of close alleys into what, by an imperfect light, I saw was a piazza: there always is a piazza where there is the slightest possible pretension to town-ship. All that I could perceive was a little square, irregularly built, and a sort of basin or fountain in the centre, indicated by a low trickling ripple audible in the intense stillness.

At a low-arched doorway, over which a bough of pine tree hung, in lieu of sign, the priest knocked stoutly with his whip-handle, shouting out a prolonged note of "Ho—oh, Desiderio!" at the same time. No response came to this summons, and he changed it after a while for "Ho—oh, Teresina!" but apparently Teresina slept as soundly as Desiderio, and did not mind us.

"Corpo di Bacco!" said the priest, "how these peasants sleep when once they lay their heads down: you'd think they were in the Campo Santo."

"Is not that large house yonder an inn?—let us try there," said I, pointing to a great massive-looking edifice on the opposite side of the piazza.

"The Madonna protect us from ever setting foot in it," cried he, in terror; when suddenly facing round to the little door, he redoubled his efforts, like one in some great emergency. At last, but not before a long assault, a crackling old casement opened at the very top of the house, and a voice called out—

"Who's there?"

"Don Lertora, the Parroco of San Frediano—your old friend."

"Indeed! Can it be true?"

"Yes: come down quickly and open the door."

"But why are you so late on the road?"

"You shall hear all when you come down."

"Santissima Madre, how impatient you are! Was there any fall of snow on the Faucé as you passed?"

"None whatever, the road as good as this."

"Ah, then, we'll have a wet winter of it. I always said so," said the other, in a reflective and meditative tone.

"Are we to pass the night out here in the open piazza?" cried I, utterly driven beyond all further endurance.

"Who is the Signore?" cried the voice from above.

The change, however, pleased me ; it promised well besides for the story he was to tell me, and which I only waited supper to be over to remind him of.

I saw, too, that the priest's courage had so far rallied that he had no longer any reluctance to approach a theme which an hour back had impressed him only with terror.

"Come to the door," said he, "and I will show you the very spot."

Trusting to ascertain later on to what he referred by these words, I followed him to the little arched portal by which we entered. It was a calm night, without a moon, but the sky was lit up with thousands of stars, so that after the eye became a little habituated, objects could be descried with tolerable distinctness. We walked out into the piazza and drew nigh the fountain, when turning quickly about, the priest faced the large building I have already spoken of, and said :

"There, that's it ; do you see that large window with the balcony over the gate ?—it's walled-up now, and will be for ever ; that was the spot ; mark it well, and come away when you think you have seen it sufficiently."

As he said it he turned his back to the house, and bent his eyes to the ground. So far as the light permitted, I made out a large and somewhat handsome edifice. There were ornamental entablatures over the window ; a richly carved armorial ensign over the entrance gate, and although only one wing of the building had been completed, along this there ran a spacious terrace, the balustrade of which was ornamented with marble urns, in which rare plants had once probably figured, but now were moulded and grass-grown.

Throughout the entire building, however, not a whole pane of glass was to be seen ; all were smashed, and even the framework in some cases shared the ruin.

I drew nigh the entrance-gate, and saw that a brick wall had been built up to about the height of the lock ; above this the panels, which were of massive oak thickly studded with nails, showed innumerable marks of ill usage from stones, with here and there the signs of an attempt by fire. Everything, in short, indicated that violence, even more than decay, was the cause of the ruin and dilapidation, and even to the headless trunks of two gigantic marble caryatides at the gate ; all bespoke a popular vengeance.

A narrow lane flanked one end of the building, and I was about to proceed down this, and so obtain a view of the house from the back, when Don Lertora called out to me to return. His voice—whether the occasion, or the wine, the reason I cannot say—had assumed a tone so peremptory and self-assured, as actually to startle me ; but fearing lest anything like resentment on my part might lose me the story, I suppressed whatever I felt on that score, and slowly walked after him to the house.

"You'll not forget it easily, I think," said the priest, as we resumed our seats beside the fire, and there was as much rebuke in his tone as there was approval.

I merely replied that it was a curious old building, and evidently had seen better days than those which now befel it.

To this he made no answer, but drank off a full bumper of the Garigliano, and refilled his glass.

"Better days," muttered he, repeating my last words. "It has seen the last of its 'better days.' I would not live in the town it stands in to be the canonico of the 'Dome' Church."

I saw that it were better to let him blow off the steam of his indignation than to control it, so I only filled my glass, and lighting my cigar, awaited the time he might think fit to open the story.

"Are you sleepy ? Would you like to go to bed ?" asked he, after a pause.

"Not in the least," said I. "I am Italian enough to think that these tranquil hours of the night are the most livable of the whole four-and-twenty, the pleasantest for conversation, as they are the best for thought and reflection."

"In that case, what if I tell you the story I spoke of ?"

"With all my heart," said I, with a half-careless compliance, for I knew enough of the Don's countrymen to be aware that they always regard eagerness with suspicion, and seldom do with frankness what they perceive to be awaited with any interest or anxiety.

This is one feature of Italian mistrust, whoever has lived much amongst them will not hesitate to recognise.

I wish I could tell the tale as I heard it ; I wish I could even approximate to the mode of Don Lertora's narrative, full as it was of little traits of village life he was so familiar with, and to whose habits he referred from time to time as the great and world-acknowledged standards in morals as well as manners. But to attempt this, I should be led into such constant interpolations of Italian words and phrases, such borrowing of expressions not native to our ears, and such allusions to things unusual to our ordinary ways and habits, that I must fain consent to give the events simply and plainly, without any of that colouring which I am free to own gave the story its chief charm to myself, and may not improbably have misled me when I hoped to make it of interest to others.

(To be continued.)

HELP FOR LANCASHIRE.

"We never thou't it 'ud come to this."

(From Ashton-under-Lyne.)

THEY never thought that it would come to this ;

How should they, while the brain and eye, and hand

Were clear, and keen, and cunning ? And our Land

Had need of such. They ask what went amiss

To throw the busy life-wheel out of gear,

While life was strong and willing in the frame

Of them that toiled ? What raised the pallid fear

In fearless hearts ? What brought the crimson shame

On honest brows, and hungry Death so near ?

Poor, stricken, patient ones ! not theirs the blame :

Man's sin, man's lust of power, wrought evil here,

As ever since the first dire trouble came

That cursed the world.—They justly claim our aid,

Man is man's debtor : let this debt be paid.

G. R. T.

row of similar tenements in which it stands; but I at last succeeded in identifying it. I found the landlady a very deaf old person, whose memory was evidently failing, and was at first unable to extract from her any kind of information on the

1854. Marriage solemnised at the Parish Church in the Parish of Kensington, in the County of Middlesex.

No.	Date.	Name and Surname.	Age.	Condition.	Rank or Profession.	Residence.	Father's Name.	Rank or Profession of Father.
61	6 Nov. 1854.	Carl Schwartz. Charlotte Brown.	Full age. Full age.	Bachelor. Spinster.	Gentleman.	Windermere Villas, Notting Hill. Acacia Cottage.	Carl Schwartz. Not known.	Gentleman. Not known.

Married in the Parish Church according to the rites and ceremonies of the Established Church, after banns, by me,

J. W. EDWARDS, B.A.

This marriage was solemnised }
between us, }
CARL SCHWARTZ,
CHARLOTTE BROWN,

in the presence of us, }
THOMAS JONES,
FREDERICK COLEMAN.

The above is a copy from the Register of Marriages belonging to this Church. Witness my hand 7th day of November, 1854.

R. JOHNSON.

subject, except that "she had had a great many lodgers, and couldn't be expected to know all about all of them." In the course of a second visit, however, I succeeded in persuading her to favour me with a sight of her books, and looking

back to October and November, 1854, I found the sum of 2l. 5s., entered as payment from Miss C. Brown of three weeks' rent, from the 18th October to the 8th November.* On further examining the books, I found that at this time, while the other lodger was charged sundry sums for fire, Miss Brown, though occupying the principal sitting-room, had no fire at all during the whole time of her tenancy, though the commencement of November in that year was unusually cold. There were also sundry other little charges invariable in the other cases, but omitted in the case of Miss Brown; and at length, on these things being pointed out to her, the old lady managed to remember that the rooms had been taken by a gentleman for a lady who was to give lessons in drawing. The gentleman had paid the three weeks' rent in advance, and had specially requested that they might be kept vacant for her, as the time of her arrival was uncertain. He had also begged that any letters or messages received for her should be sent to a certain address immediately. After a great deal of searching, this address was at length found, and proved to be the square glazed card which I enclose.

2. Letters or messages for Miss Brown to be forwarded immediately to care of

BARON R**,

Post Office, Notting Hill.

The old lady further stated that she never saw the gentleman again, and that she had never seen the lady at all. In fact, after payment of the money, nothing further had been heard of either of the parties concerned; and as no inquiries had been made for Miss Brown, the subject had altogether passed from her mind.

Being thus pretty well satisfied of the identity of Madame R**, my next care was to trace the proceedings of the Baron between the time of his marriage and the death of his wife, which took place, as you are aware, in London, about two years and a half subsequently; the insurances having, as you well know, been effected at about the middle of this period. The information afforded me by Dr. Jones, the medical man who signed the certificate to your office in connection with the policy on the life of Madame R**, first gave me the required clue, and you will, I think, find in the depositions immediately following, sufficient, at all events, to justify, if not entirely to corroborate, the suspicions which first gave rise to my inquiries. It is certainly unfortunate that here, too—as in the case of Mr. Aldridge, whose letter first aroused these suspicions—the witness on whose evidence the principal stress must be laid, is not one whose testimony would probably carry much weight with a jury. Such, however, as it is, I have felt it my duty to lay it before you; and I will now leave it, with such other as I have been able to collect, to tell its own tale.

3.—Statement of Mrs. Whitworth.

My name is Jane Whitworth. I am a widow, and gain my living by letting furnished apartments at Bognor, Sussex. The principal season

* Compare Sections II., 2 and 5; and III., 1.

immediately. One was addressed to Notting Hill. I noticed that because I have a sister living there; the other was to some theatre. I forgot where. It struck me, because I thought it odd that a lady should write to a theatre. I didn't think it was right. I would rather not say what I thought. Well, it was that she was connected with some one there. Improperly, of course. The letter was not addressed to a man. It was "Miss Somebody," but that might be a blind. I thought this might account for her behaviour to her husband. I was very angry. A woman has no business to go on so. It is particularly bad when she has such a good husband. I did not say this to her. I did not notice the address till I got down-stairs. I kept the letters, and told the gentleman when he came in. He seemed very much vexed. He took the letters, and was very much obliged to me. He put the letter to the theatre into the fire without opening it. The other he said he would post himself. I don't know whether he did post it, or not. I suppose so, of course. I think he spoke to the lady about it. I am sure he did, for that night when I went up, I could see she had been crying, and she would never speak to me again. She spoke English quite well. The letters were addressed in English. When she spoke to the gentleman it was generally in some foreign language, but she could speak English perfectly. I do not know what became of the girl, Sarah. I think she went into service again at Brighton. I know the gentleman gave her a character. He was very kind to her. He was always very kind. He was the pleasantest and most civil-spoken gentleman I ever met, and I think his wife behaved very bad to him.

4. *Statement of Dr. Jones, of Gower Street, Bedford Square.**

I AM a physician, residing in Gower Street, Bedford Square. In the beginning of December, 1854, I was suffering from a severe cold, and being unable to shake it off, went for a fortnight to the sea for change of air. I selected Bognor, because I had been in the habit of spending my holidays there for two or three years. I was lodging in the Steyne. Some few days after my arrival, I received a message requesting me to call and see a lady who was dangerously ill at a lodging in another part of the town. At first I declined to go, not wishing to interfere with the established practitioners of the place. A gentleman then called upon me, who gave the name of the Baron R**. He informed me that the lady in question was his wife, and that she was dangerously ill from the effects of a considerable quantity of emetic tartar, administered to her by the maid. He was very urgent with me to attend, saying that he was in the greatest anxiety about his wife, and that he could not in such a case sufficiently rely upon the skill of any country doctor. He pressed me so strongly, that I at length consented to accompany him to his lodgings. I found the patient in a very exhausted condition, and evidently suffering from the effects of some irritant poison. From what the Baron

told me, the symptoms were much abated, but the purging still continued, accompanied with severe griping pains and profuse perspirations. I learned from the Baron that, being himself a good amateur chemist, and having accidentally discovered at the outset the origin of his wife's illness, he had so far treated her himself, rather than trust to the chance of a country physician. He described his treatment, which appeared to me perfectly correct. On becoming satisfied of the cause of the disturbance, he first promoted vomiting as much as possible by the exhibition of tepid water, and afterwards of warm water, with a small quantity of mustard. When no more food appeared to be left in the stomach, he then administered large quantities of a saturated infusion of green tea, of which he had a few pounds at hand for his own drinking, and, finally, at the time of my arrival was exhibiting considerable doses of decoction of Peruvian bark: both which remedies are recommended by Professor Taylor in cases of antimonial poisoning. Their action left no doubt on my mind as to the origin of the symptoms; but by desire of the Baron I proceeded to analyse with him portions of the vomited and excreted matter, as also a portion of the arrow-root in which the tartarised antimony was supposed to have been administered. To all of these we together applied the usual tests,—viz., nitric acid, ferrocyanide of potassium, and hydrosulphuret of ammonia,—and succeeded in ascertaining beyond doubt the presence of antimony in all three. The quantity, however, appears to have been small. So far as we could ascertain, there could not have been more than one, or at the most two grains of tartarised antimony in the arrow-root, of which not much more than three parts was eaten. I cannot account for the violent action of so small a quantity. I have frequently administered much larger doses in cases of inflammation of the lungs without ill effect. Two grains is by no means an unusual dose when intended to act as an emetic; but the action of antimony varies greatly with different constitutions. Having certified ourselves of the presence of the suspected poison, the question was, as to the person by whom it had been administered. The Baron said he had no doubt that it was a trick on the part of the servant maid, between whom and her mistress there had been some dispute a few days since. We therefore determined on taxing her with it; but before doing so, proceeded to examine a bottle of prepared tartar emetic, which, as the Baron informed me, he kept for his own use, being subject to digestive derangement. He was, I believe, addicted to the pleasures of the table, and was in the habit of taking an occasional emetic. The bottle was not in its usual place, but was standing on the table at the side of the dressing-case in which it was usually kept. It was labelled, "The emetic. One tea-spoonful to be taken as directed." I remarked that it should be labelled "poison," and the Baron quite agreed with me, and immediately wrote the word in large characters on a piece of paper and gummed it round the bottle. We then weighed the contents of the bottle, from which three doses only had been taken by the Baron, and, on comparing

* Compare Section III., 2.

Mr. Henderson, as he appears interested in Sarah Newman's welfare, in whom Mrs. Throgmorton herself takes great interest.
Cliftonville.

6. *Statement of Mr. Andrews.*

"SIR,

"In reply to your letter of the 25th ultimo, I beg to inform you that the girl, Sarah Newman, certainly was in my service at Brighton for a month or two in the summer of 1854, but was discharged, I think, in September of that year, for various petty thefts. She was a very interesting girl, and took us in completely, but was accidentally discovered by one of our children, and after full proof of her delinquencies, turned away without a character. My own wish was to prosecute her, which indeed I considered almost a duty to others by whom she might hereafter be plundered, but I was persuaded to relinquish my intention by my wife, who had taken a great fancy to her. About two months after her dismissal, a gentleman, who gave some German name—I cannot now remember it—called to inquire our reasons for discharging her, and I then informed him of the whole case. He questioned me pretty closely as to my real opinion of the girl, stating that he was philanthropically disposed, and would give her a chance for reform, if there was any likelihood of her availing herself of it. I told him frankly my own opinion, viz., that the girl was a hardened offender; but my wife was very eager that she should have another chance, and I have very little doubt the German gentleman took her. He was, so far as I remember, a stout good-natured looking man, and he had with him a young lady whom he left in the carriage, and who was, he said, his wife. I think the name you mention—Baron R*, is the same name as that given—or at least something like it—but cannot be quite sure. I am,

"Dear sir,

"Faithfully yours,

"CHARLES ANDREWS.

"P.S.—My wife begs me to ask that should you know anything of the after-career of her protégée, you will kindly communicate it to us.

"R. Henderson, Esq., &c. &c. &c.,

"Clement's Inn, W.C."

7. *Statement of Sarah Newman.*

N.B. This statement was not obtained without considerable difficulty, and must be taken for whatever it may be worth. The girl was naturally anxious to be secured against the possible consequences of her own admissions, and I only at last succeeded in inducing her to speak out by means both of a promise on the part of Mrs. Throgmorton not to discharge her, and a threat of police interference, if she did not confess the whole truth. I have, myself, no doubt whatever of the correctness of her statement as it now stands, and it is, as you will see, corroborated in several very important particulars, but whether it could be produced before a jury, or, if it were so, what effect it would have upon their minds, are both very doubtful questions.

R. H.

My name is Sarah Newman. I was in the ser-

vice of Mr. Andrews at Brighton for three months. I was discharged by him for stealing tea and sugar. Mr. Andrews wanted to take the law of me, but my mistress would not let him. My mistress would have kept me on, but master said, No. She was always very kind to me, and it was very ungrateful of me to rob her. I would never do so again. My present mistress is very kind to me, too. I have never robbed her of a pin. I declare to goodness I have not, nor I never will steal from anybody again. I have often wanted to tell Mrs. Andrews so since, but did not know where she was. I did not say it to her when I left. I felt quite hard like, because of master. I was out of place two months after that. No one would take me without a character. At last a friend at Bognor told me of a gentleman, and I got her to speak to him. It was the Baron. He came to see me one day when he was at Brighton. He insisted on knowing all about me—where I had been and why I had left Mr. Andrews. He was very kind, and said it was hard a poor girl should be ruined for one false step. He said if I would promise never to steal again he would give me a trial. I promised him faithfully, and he at last took me down to Bognor with him. I do not know whether he made any inquiries about me. I think not. He did not tell me he had. I meant to keep my promise. Indeed I did, and I did keep it, almost. I mean I only took one little thing, and I really did not think that was stealing. Nothing was ever locked up. The Baron always insisted on having the tea-chest and other things left open in case he wanted some. I never took any. I might have taken a great deal, but I did not. I used to think sometimes things were left on purpose to tempt me, but of course that was fancy. Often there were coppers left about, but I never touched them. I did take one thing at last. I did not think it was stealing. It was only some orange-marmalade. I am very fond of sweet things. One day there was a pot of orange-marmalade. It was left on the table. It was after they had gone away from breakfast. I couldn't help it. It looked so nice. I just put in my finger. That was all. I declare to goodness that was all. I did not even taste it. The Baron came back and caught me. He did not say anything. He just shut the door close and walked straight up to me. I was so frightened I could not move. He took hold of my wrist and held up my hand. I burst out crying. He said it was no use crying; I had deceived him, and must go. He said if he did his duty he ought to give me up to the police. I said indeed I had taken nothing, but only that little taste of sweets. He said who would believe me with my character? He spoke very kind but very stern, and I was dreadfully frightened. I begged of him not to give me up, and he said he would give me one chance more; but I must go away. I said if he turned me out without a character I might as well drown myself at once. I begged him to let me stay; but he said that was impossible. Then I begged him not to say why I was sent away. He said, what else could he say? I begged him again very hard. At last he said he would think over

and sticks, I thought that they had fallen from a neighbouring tree and been accidentally blown upon the nest, but I have since found that every nest in the wood contains these berries, when a mountain ash is within forty or fifty yards. Their use I cannot imagine, as the ants do not carry them into the nest, but merely mix them with the dried substances of the exterior.

The materials of which the nest is composed are heaped quite loosely and apparently at random on each other. But if the nest be carefully examined, a certain order is to be detected, particularly in the entrances and galleries, which are all made of long sticks widely arranged across each other, so as to form a five-sided aperture. If a twig be brought to the nest, its destination is nearly sure to be at one of the many openings. Being desirous of ascertaining whether the ants would accept extraneous assistance, I broke off a little dried stick to the shape and size of those that were arranged about the aperture, and laid it upon the others so as to match them as nearly as possible. A posse of ants immediately came to look at the new addition, took hold of it with their jaws, and after making a trifling alteration—for form's sake, I suppose, lest I should be too conceited about my architectural skill—they allowed it to remain.

It is most interesting to watch the ants bringing materials for their home. If an ant finds a little piece of broken fern stem that is suitable for the outer wall, he picks it up by one end, holds it out straight before him as if he were smoking a very large cigar, and sets off briskly homewards. This mode of carrying his burden is evidently adopted for the convenience of steering it through the grass blades, fallen fern, and other impediments, which, trifling as they appear to human eyes, are by no means insignificant to the ants. I have even seen an ant carrying off a grub three times its own size, holding it in the same manner; the strength required for such a feat is truly enormous.

But when a heavier or larger burden, such as a piece of stick, has to be transported, a different plan is adopted. Six or seven ants are detached for the work, and they set about it with a unity of purpose that is really surprising. Grasping it with their jaws, they gradually edge it onward in the right direction, one of their number always seeming to act as foreman, and taking hold of the end, which seems to be the post of honour. As long as the ground is tolerably even, the stick is dragged along without difficulty, and the foreman or "ganger" cannot be distinguished from his fellows, save by his position at the end of the stick. But when they get among broken ground, or if the stick should perchance fall into a crevice, and carry its bearers with it, the ganger seldom touches the stick except to pull it into the proper direction, but runs ahead to reconnoitre, then returns to the gang, and is all life and animation. I have seen the clever little creatures make a mistake, and get the stick into a labyrinth of broken ferns and twigs, through which they could by no means steer it, and then seen them carefully return by the same path until they were clear of the thicket, and choose another and a smoother road.

On one occasion I watched a gang of ants, six in number, that had jammed their burden so tightly under a fern stem that they could proceed no further. They immediately tried to extricate it, but were checked by an angular bend in the stick, which had hitched itself under the fern, and prevented it from being moved in either direction. Being curious to know how the ants would surmount the difficulty, and rather fancying that they would leave the stick and fetch another, I watched them for nearly two hours. They evidently had no intention of relinquishing their task, and after a vast amount of excitement, the ganger getting on the top of the stick and down again about fifty times, they hauled the projecting extremity down by main force of numbers, dragged it from below the impediment, and, I suppose, got it safely home. The stick was a trifle more than two inches in length, about as thick as a stout crowquill, and at one end had a knot and a sharp bend upwards. An idea of the strength exerted in the transportation of this burden may be formed by taking the comparative sizes of men and ants, magnifying the piece of stick into a tree trunk of corresponding dimensions, and setting six men to carry that trunk through a virgin forest, and over ravines and precipices, up mountains and down valleys, and lastly to the top of a building shaped something like the great pyramid, but much more lofty, the sides of which are formed of loose sticks and logs.

Nothing short of taking away the object of their labours, seems to divert these industrious creatures from their work. I have laid large flies, little grubs, and other attractive articles of diet in their way, but they suffer them to remain unheeded, though, if unemployed on serious business, they would carry off such prey as soon as they saw it.

The wood ants seem to be acquainted with the leading principles of civilisation, their nest being the centre of a radiating system of roads, extending for a wonderful distance, and as permanent in their way as Watling Street, or any of the old Roman roads which now traverse our land. Mr. William Howitt tells me that he has watched one of these roads for more than twenty years, and found that on every fine day it was crowded with ants going off for plunder, or returning laden with spoils for the benefit of the community. Even on wet and cold days, when the ants, who are chilly beings, wisely stay at home, their roads are plainly perceptible, and are marked out by their freedom from bits of stick, leaves, &c., these having been removed by the insects as materials for their nest. It is always easy to find the nest by following up the road, and the right direction can be at once learned by following the course adopted by the laden insects. The difference in the demeanour of those that are setting out in search of prey or materials, and those that are returning home, is most notable; the former bustling along with a quick, eager step, looking this way and that, running first to one side of the path and then to the other, interchanging rapid communications with their comrades, and altogether brisk and busy. But when they have succeeded in their object, they march steadily homeward, with a preoccupied demeanour, taking

He stood like one forlorn and weary grown,
Who listens alway, but who never hears ;
And yet he weeps not, lest the precious tone
Be quench'd in drowning tears.

At last came one from a far northern sea,
Who said, "O dreamer, listen to my word ;
At Limerick, on the Shannon, tarried we,
And there thy bells are heard."

Sadly he lifted up his head of snow,
And looked across the sea and on the sky ;

"To Limerick, on the Shannon, did they go ;
Then thitherward will I."

It was a springtide evening when his bark
On the broad river-bosom lay at rest :
One latest cloud, half golden and half dark,
Was slumbering in the west.

Birds were at roost, and all stray winds asleep ;
The busy uproar of the town was still ;
Scarcely they heard the distant feeding sheep
Upon the shaded hill.



The kindly-thoughted mariners did not wait,
But manned a little boat with rowers four :
Therein the silent Founding-master sate,
And gazed towards the shore.

Anon the dreaming quiet everywhere
So wrought upon the men that, with one will,
They rested, and amid the tranquil air
The little boat stood still.

With that there came a music from the shore, —
It was the tolling of the minster bells :
It stirr'd each musing rower's lazy oar
And broke their sleepy spells.

Onward they rowed ; but even as they moved,
The ancient Founder's spirit loos'd its band
Upborne upon the music which he loved,
And passed to his own land ;

His own, and yet another ; for he knew
The very heaven of the bells' old tale ;
The happy meadows and the woods he knew,
And seraphs gliding pale.

And lo ! the rowers turn'd ; and on his seat
They found him, while as yet the bells were tolled ;
His face toward the minster ; but his feet,
And hands, and heart were cold. HORACE MOULLE.

work. The insolvent court has got its friendly doors ever open."

The colour came into the face of Lionel. A Verner *there!* He quietly shook his head. "I daresay I shall find a way of paying sometime, if the people will only wait."

"Sibylla helped you to a good part of the score, didn't she? People are saying so. Just like her!"

"When I complain of my wife, it will be quite time enough for other people to begin," said Lionel. "When I married Sibylla, I took her with her virtues and her faults; and I am quite ready to defend both."

"All right. I'd rather you had the right of defending them than I," said incorrigible John. "Look here, Lionel: I got you up here to-day to talk about the estate. Will you take the management of it?"

"Of this estate?" replied Lionel, not understanding.

"Deuce a bit of any other could I offer you. Things are all at sixes and sevens already: they are chaos; they are purgatory. That's our word out yonder, Lionel, to express the ultimatum of badness. Matiss comes and bothers; the tenants, one and another, come and bother; Roy comes and bothers. What with it all, I'm fit to bar the outer doors. Roy, you know, thought I should put him into power again! No, no, Mr. Roy: Fred might have done it, but I never will. I'll pay him well for the services he has rendered me! but put him into power—no. Altogether things are getting into inextricable confusion; I can't look to them, and I want a manager. Will you take it, Lionel? I'll give you five hundred a year."

The mention of the sum quite startled Lionel. It was far more than he should have supposed John Massingbird would offer to any manager. Matiss would do it for a fourth. *Should* he take it?

He sat, twirling his wine-glass round in his fingers. There was a soreness of spirit to get over, and it could not be done all in a moment. To become a servant (indeed it was no better) on the land that had once been his; that ought to be his now, by the law of right—a servant to John Massingbird!—could Lionel bend to it? John smoked, and sat watching him.

He thought of the position of his wife; he thought of the encumbrance on his mother; he thought of his brother Jan, and what *he* had done; he thought of his own very unsatisfactory prospects. Was *this* the putting his shoulder to the wheel, as he had resolved to do, thus to hesitate on a quibble of pride? Down, down with his rebellious spirit. Let him be a man, in the sight of Heaven!

He turned to John Massingbird, his brow clear, his eye serene.

"I will take it, and thank you," he said in a steady, cheerful tone.

"Then let's have some grog on the strength of it," was that gentleman's answer. "Tynn says the worry nearly took my mother's life out of her, during the time she managed the estate; and it would take it out of mine. If I kept it in my

own hands, it would go to the dogs in a twelve-month. And you'd not thank me for that, Lionel. You are the next heir."

"You may take a wife yet."

"A wife for me!" he shouted. "No, thank you. I know the value of 'em too well for that. Give me my liberty, and you may have the wives. Lionel, the office had better be in the study as it used to be: you can come up here of a day. I'll turn the drawing-room into my smoke shop. If there are any leases or other deeds missing, you must get them drawn out again. I'm glad it's settled."

Lionel declined the grog; but he sat on, talking things over. John Massingbird, in a cloud of smoke, drinking Lionel's share as well as his own, and listening to the rain, which had begun to patter against the window panes.

But it is necessary to pay a visit to Mrs. Peckaby, for great events were happening to her on that night.

When Lionel met her in the day, seated on the stump, all disconsolate, she had thrown out a hint that Mr. Peckaby was not habitually in quite so social a mood as he might be. The fact was, Peckaby's patience had run out: and little wonder, either. The man's meals made ready for him in any careless way, often not made ready at all, and his wife spending her time in sighing, and moaning, and looking out for the white donkey! You, my readers, may deem this a rather far-fetched episode in the story; you may deem it next to impossible that any woman should be so ridiculously foolish, or could be so imposed upon: but I am only relating to you the strict truth. The facts occurred precisely as they are being narrated, and not long ago. I have neither added to the story, nor taken from it.

Mrs. Peckaby finished out her sitting on the stump. The skies were greyer than before when she rose to go home. She found Peckaby had been in to his tea; that is, he had been in, hoping to partake of that social meal; but, finding no preparation made for it, he had a little relieved his mind by pouring a pail of water over the kitchen fire, thereby putting the fire out and causing considerable damage to the fire-irons and appurtenances generally, which would cause Mrs. Peckaby some little work to remedy.

"The brute!" she ejaculated, putting her foot into the slop on the floor, and taking a general view of things. "Oh, if I was but off!"

"My patience, what a mess!" exclaimed Polly Dawson, who happened to be going by, and turned in for a gossip. "Whatever have done it?"

"Whatever have done it? why, that wretch, Peckaby," retorted the aggrieved wife. "Don't you never get married, Polly Dawson, if you want to keep on the right side of the men. They be the worst animals in all creation. Many a poor woman's life has been aggravated out of her."

"If I do get married, I shan't begin the aggravation by wanting to be off to them saints at New Jerusalem," impudently returned Polly Dawson.

Mrs. Peckaby received it meekly. What with the long-continued disappointment, the perpetual "aggravations" of Peckaby, and the prospect

two conductors were muffled up, as befitted the inclemency of the night, something like their voices appeared to have been. Mrs. Peckaby was not in her sober senses, sufficiently to ask whether they were brothers from New Jerusalem, or whether the style of costume they favoured might be the prevailing mode in that fashionable city: if so, it was decidedly more useful than elegant, consisting apparently of hop-sacks, doubled over the head and over the back.

"Ready, missus?"

"I be quite ready," she answered, in a tremble of delight. "There ain't no saddle!" she called out, as the donkey was trotted forward.

"You won't want a saddle: these New Jerusalem animals bain't like ord'nary uns. Jump on him, missus."

Mrs. Peckaby was so exceedingly tall that she had not far to jump. She took her seat sideways, settled her gown, and laid hold of the bridle, which one of the men put into her hands. He turned round the donkey, and set it going with a smack; the other helped by crying "Gee-ho!"

Up Clay Lane she proceeded in triumph. The skies were dark, and the rain came soaking down; but Mrs. Peckaby's heart was too warm to dwell on any temporary inconvenience. If a thought crossed her mind that the beauty of the pink ribbons might be marred by the storm, so as somewhat to dim the glory of her entrance to the city and introduction to the saints, she drove it away again. Trouble had no admission in her present frame of mind. The gentlemen in the hop-sacks continued to attend her; the one leading the donkey, the other walking behind and cheering the animal on with periodical gee-hos.

"I suppose as it's a long way, sir?" asked Mrs. Peckaby, breaking the silence, and addressing the conductor.

"Midmlin," replied he.

"And how do we get over the sea, please sir?" asked she again.

"The wayage is pervided for, missus," was the short and satisfactory response. "Brother Jarrum took care of that when he sent us."

Her heart went into a glow at the name. And them envious disbelievers in Deerham had cast all sorts of disparaging accusations to the Brother, openly expressing their opinion that he had gone off purposely without her, and that she'd never hear of him again!

Arrived at the top of Clay Lane, the road was crossed, and the donkey was led down a turning towards the lands of Sir Rufus Hautley. It may have occurred to Mrs. Peckaby to wonder that the highway was not taken, instead of an unfrequented by-path that only led to fields and a wood; but, if so, she said nothing. Had the white donkey taken her to a gravel-pit, and pitched headlong in with her, she would have deemed, in her blind faith, that it was the right road to New Jerusalem.

A long way it was, over those wet fields. If the brothers and the donkey partook of the saintly nature of the inhabitants of the Salt Lake City, possibly they did not find it a weary one. Mrs. Peckaby certainly did not. She was rapt in a glowing vision of the honours and delights that

would welcome her at her journey's end;—so rapt, that she and the donkey had been for some little time in one of the narrow paths of the wood before she missed her two conductors.

It caused Mrs. Peckaby to pull the bridle, and cry "Wo-ho!" to the donkey. She had an idea that they might have struck into the wrong path, for this one appeared to be getting narrower and narrower. The wood was intersected with paths, but only a few of them led right through it. She pulled up, and turned her head the way she had come, but was unable to distinguish anything, save that she was in the heart of the wood.

"Be you behind, gentlemen?" she called out.

There was no reply. Mrs. Peckaby waited a bit, thinking they might have lagged unwittingly, and then called out again, with the like result.

"It's very curious!" thought Mrs. Peckaby.

She was certainly in a dilemma. Without her conductors, she knew no more how to get to New Jerusalem than she did how to get to the new moon. She might find her way through the wood, by one path or another, but, once on the other side, she had no idea which road to turn the donkey to—north, south, east, or west. She thought she would go back and look after them.

But there was some difficulty in doing this. The path had grown so narrow that the donkey could not easily be turned. She slipped off him, tied the bridle to a tree, and ran back as fast as the obscurity of the path allowed her, calling out to the gentlemen.

The more she ran and the more she called, the less did there appear to be anybody to respond to it. Utterly at a nonplus, she at length returned to the donkey—that is, to the spot, so far as she could judge, where she had left it. But the donkey was gone.

Was Mrs. Peckaby awake, or asleep? Was the past blissful dream—when she was being borne in triumph to New Jerusalem—only an imaginary one? Was her present predicament real? Which was imagination, and which was real? For the last hour she had been enjoying the realisation of all her hopes; now, she seemed no nearer their fruition than she had been a year ago. The white donkey was gone, the conducting Brothers were gone, and she was alone in the middle of a wood, two miles from home, on a wet night. Mrs. Peckaby had heard of enchantments, and began to think she must have been subjected to something of the sort.

She rubbed her eyes; she pinched her arms. Was she in her senses or not? Sure never was such a situation heard of! The cup of hope presented palpably to her lips, only to vanish again—she could not tell how—and leave no sign. A very disagreeable doubt—not yet a suspicion—began to dawn over Mrs. Peckaby. Had she been made the subject of a practical joke?

She might have flung the doubt from her, but for a distant sound that came faintly on her ears—the sound of covert laughter. Her doubt turned to conviction; her face became hot; her heart, but for the anger at it, would have grown sick with the disappointment. Her conductors and the donkey were retreating, having played their joke out! Two certainties forced themselves upon her mind.

and Mrs. Peckaby shrieked and sobbed. Chuff began calling out that the best remedy for white paint was turpentine.

"Come along, Peckaby, and open the door," said Jan, rising. "She'll catch an illness if she stops here in her wet clothes, and I shall have a month's work, attending on her. Come!"

"Well, sir, to oblige you, I will," returned the man. "But let me ever catch her snivelling after them saints again, that's all! They should have her if they liked; I'd not."

"You hear, Mrs. Peckaby," said Jan in her ear. "I'd let the saints alone for the future, if I were you."

"I mean to, sir," she meekly answered, between her sobs.

Peckaby, in his shirt and nightcap, opened the door, and she bounded in. The casements closed to the echoes of subsiding laughter, and the echoes of Jan's footsteps died away in the distance.

CHAPTER LII. AN EXPLOSION OF SIBYLLA'S.

SIBYLLA VERNER sat at the window of her sitting-room in the evening twilight: a cold evening in early winter. Sibylla was in an explosive temper. It was nothing unusual for her to be in an explosive temper now; but she was in a worse than customary this evening. Sibylla felt the difference between Verner's Pride and Deerham Court. She lived but in excitement; she cared but for gaiety. In removing to Deerham Court, she had gone readily, believing that she should there find a large portion of the gaiety she had been accustomed to at Verner's Pride; that she should, at any rate, be living with the appliances of wealth about her, and should go out a great deal with Lady Verner. She had not bargained for Lady Verner's establishment being reduced to simplicity and quietness, for her laying down her carriage and discharging her men servants and selling her horses, and living again the life of a retired gentlewoman. Yet all these changes had come to pass, and Sibylla's inward spirit turned restive. She had everything any reasonable mind could possibly desire, every comfort: but quiet comfort and Sibylla's taste did not accord. Her husband was out a great deal, at Verner's Pride and on the estate. As he had resolved to do, over John Massingbird's dinner-table, so he was doing—putting his shoulder to the wheel. He had never looked after things as he was looking now. To be the master of Verner's Pride was one thing; to be the hired manager of Verner's Pride was another: and Lionel found every hour of his time occupied. His was no eye-service; his conscience was engaged in his work, and he did it efficiently.

Sibylla still sat at the window, looking out into the twilight. Decima stood near the fire in a thoughtful mood. Lucy was down-stairs in the drawing-room, at the piano. They could hear the faint echo of her soft playing as they sat there in silence. Sibylla was in no humour to talk: she had repulsed Decima rudely—or it may rather be said fractiously—when the latter had ventured on conversation. Lady Verner had gone out to dinner. The Countess of Elmsley had been there that day, and she had asked Lady Verner

to go over in the evening and take a friendly dinner with her. "Bring any of them that you like with you," had been her careless words in parting. But Lady Verner had not chosen to take "any of them"; she had dressed and driven off in the hired fly alone: and this it was that was exciting the anger of Sibylla. She thought Lady Verner might have taken her.

Lucy came in and knelt down on the rug before the fire, half shivering. "I am so cold!" she said. "Do you know what I did, Decima? I let the fire go out. Sometime after Lady Verner went up to dress, I turned round and found the fire was out. My hands are quite numbed."

"You have gone on playing there without a fire!" cried Decima.

"I shall be warm again directly," said Lucy, cheerily. "As I passed through the hall, the reflection of the blaze came out of the dining-room. We shall get warm there. Is your head still aching, Mrs. Verner?"

"It is always aching," snapped Sibylla.

Lucy, kind and gentle in spirit, unretorting, ever considerate for the misfortunes which had come upon Mrs. Verner, went to her side. "Shall I get you a little of your aromatic vinegar?" she asked.

"You need not trouble to get anything for me," was the ungracious answer.

Lucy, thus repulsed, stood in silence at the window. The window, on the side of the house, overlooked the road which led to Sir Rufus Hantley's. A carriage, apparently closely shut up, so far as she could see in the dark, its coachman and footman attending it, was bowling rapidly down towards the village.

"There's Sir Rufus Hantley's carriage," said Lucy. "I suppose he is going out to dinner."

Decima drew to the window and looked out. The carriage came sweeping round the point, and turned, on its road to the village, as they supposed. In the still silence of the room, they could hear its wheels on the frosty road, after they lost sight of it: could hear it bowl before their house, and—stop at the gates.

"It has stopped here!" exclaimed Lucy.

Decima moved quietly back to the fire and sat down. A fancy arose to Lucy that she, Decima, had turned unusually pale. Was it so?—or was it fancy? If it was fancy, why should the fancy have arisen? Ghastly pale her face certainly looked, as the blaze played upon it.

A few minutes, and one of the servants came in, handing a note to Decima.

"Bring lights," said Decima, in a low tone.

The lights were brought: and then Decima's agitation was apparent. Her hands shook as she broke the seal of the letter. Lucy gazed in surprise; Sibylla, somewhat aroused from her own grievances, in curiosity.

"Desire the carriage to wait," said Decima.

"It is waiting, Miss Decima. The servants said they had orders."

Decima crushed the note into her pocket as well as her shaking fingers would allow her, and left the room. What could have occurred thus to agitate calm and stately Decima? Before Lucy and Mrs. Verner had recovered their surprise she was back again, dressed to go out.

then, tell me what you mean about Rachel Frost."

"I won't," said Sibylla. "You are killing me," and she burst into tears.

Oh, it was weary work!—weary work for him. Such a wife as this!

"In what way am I killing you?"

"Why do you leave me so much alone?"

"I have undertaken work, and I must do it. But, as to leaving you alone, when I am with you, you scarcely ever give me a civil word."

"You are leaving me now—you are wanting to go to Verner's Pride to-night," she reiterated with strange inconsistency, considering that she had just insinuated he did *not* want to go there.

"I must go there, Sibylla. I have told you why: and I have told you truth. Again I ask you what you meant about Rachel Frost."

Sibylla flung up her hands petulantly.

"I won't tell you, I say. And you can't make me. I wish, I wish Fred had not died."

She turned round on the sofa and buried her face in the cushions. Lionel, true to the line of conduct he had carved out for himself, to give her all possible token of respect and affection ever, whatever might be her provocation, — and all the more true to it from the very consciousness that the love of his inmost heart grew less hers, more another's day by day, bent over her and spoke kindly. She flung back her hand in a repelling manner towards him, and maintained an obstinate silence. Lionel, sick and weary, at length withdrew, taking up the parchment.

How sick and weary, none, save himself, could know. Lucy Tempest had the tea before her, apparently ready, when he looked into the drawing-room.

"I am going on now to Verner's Pride, Lucy. You can tell my mother so, should she ask after me when she returns. I may be late."

"But you will take some tea, first?" cried Lucy, in a hasty tone. "You asked me to make it for you."

He knew he had;—asked her as an excuse to get her from the room.

"I don't care for it," he wearily answered.

"I am sure you are tired," said Lucy. "When did you dine?"

"I have not dined. I have taken nothing since I left home this morning."

"Oh!"

She was hastening to the bell. Lionel stopped her, laying his hand upon her arm.

"I could not eat it, Lucy. Just one cup of tea, if you will."

She returned to the table, poured out the cup of tea, and he drank it standing.

"Shall I take Mrs. Verner up a cup?" asked Lucy. "Will she drink it, do you think?"

"Thank you, Lucy. It may do her head good. I think it aches much to-night."

He turned, and departed. Lucy noticed that he had left the parchment behind him, and ran after him with it. Catching him as he was about to close the hall-door. She knew that all such business-looking papers went up to Verner's Pride.

"Did you mean to leave it? Or have you forgotten it?"

He had forgotten it. He took it from her, retaining her hand for a moment.

"Lucy, you will not misjudge me?" he said, in a strange tone of pain.

Lucy looked up at him with a bright smile and a very emphatic shake of the head. She knew by instinct that he alluded to the accusation of his wife, touching Rachel Frost. Lucy misjudged him!

"You should have waited to eat some dinner," she gaily said. "Take care you don't faint by the way, like that sick patient of Jan's did, the other morning."

Lionel went on. At any rate there was peace outside, if not within: the peace of outward calm. He lifted his hat; he bared his brow, aching with its weight of trouble, to the clear night air; he wondered whether he should have, so to bear, for his whole long life. At the moment of passing the outer gates, the carriage of Sir Rufus Hautley drew up, bearing Decima.

Lionel waited to receive her. He helped her out, and gave her his arm to the hall-door. Decima walked with her head down.

"You are silent, Decima. Are you sad?"

"Yes," she answered. "Sir Rufus is dead."

"Dead!" echoed Lionel, in very astonishment, for he had heard nothing of the sudden illness.

"It is so," she replied, breaking into sobs. "Spasms at the heart, they say. Jan and Dr. Hayes were there, but they could not save him."

(To be continued.)

A FELLOW TRAVELLER'S STORY.

CHAPTER III. CONCLUSION.

THE traveller often finds in Northern Italy, families of German name and origin, who, though long rooted in the soil, have never entirely abrogated the traces of a distinct race, but continue to preserve, for centuries even, some of those characteristics which indicate a nationality; in this way, the wider foreheads, yellow hair, and, blue eyes tell of a people not native to the land, long after their possessors have ceased to retain the language or the habits of the "Vaterland."

There was such a one at Garigliano. The Eisingardes, settled there for above a century, had risen from the condition of clock-makers—they had brought the craft from the Black Forest—to become the chief persons in the town. After many changes of domicile, each more pretentious than its predecessor, they had at length arrived at the dignity of the Piazza, having purchased the old palace of the Conte Grignolo—the last of a race who had once owned wide lands around the town. The Eisingardes were now, if not exactly, very nearly, "Signori:" not that in dress, mode of living, or in culture they were really above their neighbours, but they were richer. To them men came for loans or mortgages,—to them offered for sale this homestead or that farm; they were, in short, a sort of village Rothschilds, without whose aid no speculation could prosper. The family reached its culminating point in the person of Carlo

more than thirty, he had passed eight years in exile, having been banished by the ducal government for his extreme opinions. He had spent this interval in England, where he supported himself as a teacher of Italian.

He had now returned to Garigliano under a special permission, which extended to but three days, given him to dispose finally of some small property he owned in the village.

Such was the abject influence of the terrorism that prevailed at the time, that though Sebastian was well liked and esteemed in the place, none had the courage to invite to their house a man who lay under proscription by the government. Whether adversity had taught him to expect hard usage in life, or that his pride would not stoop to resent such meanness, the young man never seemed to notice the coldness of his townsmen, and so he frequented the café and appeared at the bowling-green with the rest, not displaying in any way a sense of the injury done him.

In an evil hour Carlo Eisingarde mistook this forbearance, and read it as a tacit submission to his own sway and a humble recognition of the superior position he occupied. He thought the young Count—for he was a Count—made way for him as he passed with a studied deference; he fancied that he removed his hat in saluting him with a more than common respect; he imagined innumerable little evidences of Sebastian's homage, and persuaded himself that these were only the legitimate tributes paid by a fallen family to the representative of a rich and rising house. Nor was it a small self-flattery to feel that as he lived in the palace of the old lords of the village, a descendant of this haughty race should come to show him personally all the deference due to one above him in station.

In the three days of his stay, Sebastian had never exchanged a word with Carlo; they met frequently, joined in the same sports, and mingled in the same laughter, but never once had come into actual communication with each other. It was on the last day of Sebastian's leave that he was seated in a little arbour in the bowling-green, quietly smoking his cigar, and watching the game with the easy indolence of an idle man: while he sat thus an ill-directed ball rolled into the summer house and struck him lightly on the foot. Sebastian kicked it back carelessly, and sent it again towards the players.

"Who is it that returns my ball in this fashion?" called out Carlo Eisingarde, in the insolent tone he ever assumed towards his companions. No one replied, and he repeated his question more defiantly than before. "I wish that whoever had the temerity to be insolent would have the courage to avow it."

"It was I kicked your ball back," said Sebastian calmly, while he continued to puff his cigar with the greatest composure.

"Then I must say, sir, foreign travel does not seem to have done much for your good manners."

"I am grieved to hear you say so," said Sebastian, with mock humility.

"You shall hear it again, then," said Eisingarde, walking up to him with an insolence all the greater because he saw his opponent disposed to

submission. "Is it because your family called themselves Counts that you attempt these impertinences?—Counts who have not a crown in their coffers!"

"In the money point it were better we had been clockmakers," said the other, with a laugh.

Eisingarde, stung to madness by the retort, sprang towards him, but the other quickly bounded to his feet, and in a voice of a very different tone from what he spoke in before, said:

"Have a care what you do! I have pledged my word of honour to the government of Parma to engage in no quarrel during the few hours I pass within this frontier. To-morrow I will meet you at Massa, at Lucca, on the Lombard frontier, wherever you like, anywhere but here."

"What a convenient pledge," cried out Eisingarde to the by-standers; "we ought to be very grateful to our rulers for their paternal care of us, not but that they might have gone a step further, and where they bound you not to fight, made you promise to behave like a gentleman."

"Will you tell me where it is your pleasure to meet me to-morrow?" whispered Sebastian in a very low voice.

"You shall hear, sir; you shall hear to-night," said the other, as he turned and walked away.

Generosity was not a feature of the bowling-green company, and when Sebastian sauntered towards the inn, no one joined him.

The greater part of the night he sat up writing letters; he had a great deal to do, many friends to communicate with, and business details to complete. He was surprised, as time went on, to receive no tidings of Eisingarde, but occupied so deeply as he was, it was only at intervals that he remembered him. At length the grey dawn began to mingle with the lamp light; he opened his window and looked out; four post-horses were being led along by a postilion, and he asked whither they were going.

"For the Signorino Carlo," cried the man, "he's off for Parma in all haste."

Sebastian closed the window, and went to bed. He slept very soundly, and only awoke late in the afternoon by hearing some loud talking in the room next him.

Some one imperiously asked for the Count Sebastian Spada, and as he hastily slipped on a dressing-gown and presented himself, he was shown a warrant for his arrest and committal to prison at Parma, the routine words—"on the following charges"—being scratched out, and in the after space simply, "by order of me, Wilhelm von Essling, Commandant."

"That's enough," said Sebastian; "when I read that name on the foot of a document, I never ask for an explanation. When I saw it last, it cost me two years and four months of a dungeon, perhaps I may call myself lucky if I escape with as little now."

The grim brigadier gave no sign that he heard him, but merely urged him to be speedy, saying:

"I have five other arrests to make this morning, and came to you first, because, as a gentleman, you would like a little more time for your arrangements than these townsmen."

"And so there are others. Who are they?"

recognised as Carlo Eisingarde. His salutation of his mother, his embrace, the mode in which he presented his companion, the haughty dignity of his manner, were all keenly marked by those who, in their scrutiny of externals, have not their equals in Europe; nor was the look which he gave,

as he turned to the crowd beneath, unnoticed. It was a glance of such contemptuous insolence, that even their hatred seemed powerless to confront it. Like men who had lost the game, the mob broke up, and retired into the side streets, so that when the ceremony was ended, and the



Eisingardes recrossed the piazza, scarcely a lingerer remained to watch them.

The Eisingardes had prepared a great dinner for that day. The chief authorities of the place were invited—the judges, the delegate, the military commandant, and the chief of the police—

all attended, but the festivities were soon over, and it was remarked that the company broke up very early, and that, towards the street at least, the old house wore its aspect of gloom and desolation—just as it had done for years back. As the evening wore on, a messenger appeared at the

"Poor Pietro, my brother, was so excited by the general joy, and so enthusiastic about the event, that he insisted on going about from place to place to see the different objects, and mark how the people had contrived to make their old town so picturesque. At last we reached the piazza, but it was to witness a scene that jarred grievously with the festivity. It appeared that the old widow Eisingarde, though repeatedly called on to illuminate, had sternly resisted the demand. To the loud cry of 'lights, lights!' no answer was given, and at length the mob, grown indignant that the great dark mass of building should seem to rebuke by its sullen aspect the popular joy, assailed it with a shower of stones.

"Almost in an instant every window was smashed, the very framework was broken in some places, and the massive door resounded with the huge stones hurled against it in impotent fury. Long after destruction had done its chief work, the anger of the populace showed itself in desultory assaults, and cries and yells of triumph and derision made the old piazza ring again.

"'You have done enough, far more than enough,' cried my brother, rebukingly, to the mob: and it was only by pleading his sickness as an excuse, that I succeeded in saving him from their vengeance. I carried him away, and got him safely housed within the inn.

"Not exactly caring to face the people next morning, whose temper I could not well calculate on, I resolved that we should start an hour before daylight. It was, then, a little before two o'clock that we prepared for the road. The night was starlight, but not bright; indeed large inky masses of cloud streaked the sky in several places, and seemed to threaten rain. The air, too, was oppressive, like that which precedes a summer storm. My brother was unusually nervous and irritable: he continued to dwell upon the theme that had irritated him, and spoke harshly and severely of the popular demonstration. Our way led through the piazza, so late the scene of outrage and tumult, but now utterly deserted. There was not a single person to be seen there.

"'In Heaven's name, what did they, what could they want?' cried he, growing more and more excited as he spoke. 'Did they expect that

the poor bereaved widow should light her house, and show symbols of rejoicing in her windows? Did they imagine she was to display for them some transparency of young Italy—some gaudy allegory of victory? She who, perhaps, might have had a son in that same field of carnage? Is it out of that heart of misery they want signs of joy? Good Heavens,' cried he, 'what is that!' for now a scream burst forth so fearfully wild and terrible, that we clutched each other as we heard it, and our blood seemed chilled with terror. 'You heard it?' said he. 'You heard it as well as I did?' for he was afraid lest it was some freak of his own excited brain.

"'Yes, I heard it. Come away, Pietro. Let us leave this, the place oppresses me.'

"'O God, look there!' cried he, and as he said, he raised his arm and pointed to the great balcony over the gate, and where now an officer in Austrian uniform was standing, his whole uniform all covered with blood. One hand above his head held his cap, as though cheering on his men. A blaze of light around him made everything distinct as at noonday. This was suddenly extinguished, and the figure was gone.

"'Did you see it, brother?' whispered Pietro, as he lay at my feet; but I never answered.

"'With all the strength I could muster, I whipped the beast to move on, and we drove away at full gallop, not halting till we had left miles between us and the town. My brother never rallied from that shock: he is alive, but his faculties have left him! and to all seeming unconscious he sits all day without speaking, though now and then a fearful shudder will pass over him, showing that the agony of that dreadful night has not died out from his memory.

"'In the 'Mantua Gazette' of June 3rd, where the casualties of Magenta are given, stands the name, 'Lieut. Eisingarde, killed by a grape-shot.'

As the priest finished, he turned away; so I stole out into the piazza to take one more look at the old house ere I parted with it for ever. I asked myself if I could bear to hear that cry and see that figure, but I own that with all my craving desire for the supernatural, I said "No!" and as I left the spot, only prayed it might never come to me in my dreams.

END OF VOL. VII.

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